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# [***Brooklyn School Breaks From the Pack;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41FS-DGM0-00MH-F1SV-00000-00&context=1519360) [***A Case Study in How State Testing Was Used to Improve Education***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41FS-DGM0-00MH-F1SV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ANEMONA HARTOCOLLIS

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**Body**

Just a year ago, John Q. Adams was holding his aching head and wondering what had gone wrong. The results of a new state math test had just come out, and only 39 percent of the eighth graders at his school in Brooklyn had met state standards.

Mr. Adams's students had done better than the abysmal citywide average of 23 percent. But in the surrounding middle- and ***working-class*** neighborhoods of Bensonhurst, Bay Ridge and Sunset Park, where parents are electricians, civil servants, jewelers and doctors, better than average was not good enough.

"It was devastating," Mr. Adams, the principal of Intermediate School 187, recalled this week.

This year, while the rest of the city stagnated, I.S. 187, in Dyker Heights, bucked the trend, posting the biggest gain of any school in the city. Fifty-seven percent of the students passed the test, a rise of 18 percentage points.

It was a gain so rare that in today's cynical education environment it was more likely to invite suspicions of cheating than congratulations.

But in a tour of his school this week, Mr. Adams provided a case study in how high-stakes testing -- often maligned as shallow, misdirected and irrelevant -- can drive improvements in education.

The trick, Mr. Adams said, was hard work, extra hours, small classes and teachers steeped in their subjects.

Over the last school year, dozens of the academically neediest students at I.S. 187 got not just more test preparation, but more hard-core education. Every child who scored in the bottom of four levels -- "far below standards" -- on state and city math tests was scheduled for double periods of math from September to June. Instead of the customary five periods of math a week, these children got 10, giving up electives like physical education, home economics and assembly.

Every day, in classes of just 10 to 12 students, they got a second chance to go over material they had struggled with in their regular classes of 33. Even children who passed the test were offered homework help, peer tutoring and test-taking strategy sessions before and after school and during lunch.

When the state math test was given again in June, 58 more children -- the equivalent of two full classes -- passed it this year than last.

This week, a new round of letters went home to parents, reflecting the latest round of test scores. Children who scored high enough to avoid double math periods, but still below standards, are once again being urged to attend after-school math and homework programs.

Mr. Adams acknowledged that having 57 percent meeting standards, though higher than the city average of 23 percent, still left a lot to be desired. So he is once again devoting time and money to children at the bottom.

The extra classes are paid for with I.S. 187's share of $30 million in "ending social promotion" money -- for programs to help promote struggling students legitimately into the next grades. Such funds were allocated to middle schools throughout the city by the Board of Education, for the second year in a row, but each of the city's 32 school districts is allowed to decide how to spend its allotment, which amounts to $121 for every sixth-, seventh- and eighth-grade student citywide. Other schools used the money to lower class sizes, start new after-school programs and hire specialized teachers.

I.S. 187's decision to add math classes benefits children like Brittany Boccio, a diminutive girl with glasses and a riveting gaze, who was scared of math until she started attending double sessions last year. "Thank heaven for Mrs. Mennella," Brittany said this week, praising her remedial math teacher, Grace Ann Mennella, a certified public accountant with a bachelor's degree in probability theory and statistics. "I can't believe how much I improved."

On Monday, Ms. Mennella reviewed prime numbers for Brittany and nine classmates. They had been introduced to the same material last Friday, in a regular math class, but their grasp of it was still shaky. Using stick figures, charts and a lively sense of humor, Ms. Mennella drew each child into an exploration of prime numbers. She ended the lesson with a mathematical game, the Sieve of Eratosthenes, a grid that showed the pattern of prime numbers.

Most of these children, Ms. Mennella said later, can do the work. But they have fallen so far behind that they have lost faith in their own ability. And they are embarrassed to ask what might be perceived as stupid questions in front of children who understand the work. She sees her job as restoring their confidence.

Mr. Adams has instituted a similar regimen for children who were weak in English. The proportion of his eighth graders meeting state standards in English rose by 8 percentage points to 64 percent.

Asked about curriculum and textbooks -- among the issues that obsess education advocates and teaching colleges -- the teachers at I.S. 187 look bemused. They have not changed textbooks in six years, since I.S. 187, formally known as the Christa McAuliffe School, was founded in a shuttered elementary school at 1171 65th Street, as immigration, the thriving economy and the declining crime rate in the city swelled the ranks of children going to public school in the surrounding neighborhood of modest attached houses.

Their mathematics curriculum is the boilerplate city and state math curriculum, which has been around, as one teacher said wearily, forever. Curriculums come and go, they said, but the constants when it comes to creating a strong school are hiring qualified teachers, keeping the school open to new ideas, encouraging teachers to work as a team, making sure that children who fall behind are noticed and keeping in touch with parents.

"We've all been at other schools where we've never seen the camaraderie that we have," said Dorothy Multari, a math teacher.

Barbara Heinberg, another math teacher, interjected, "We have very cooperative parents."

Ms. Multari added, "And the peer pressure is to do well."

While many schools in New York struggle with uncertified teachers who are not trained in the subjects they teach, a majority of math teachers at I.S. 187 received an undergraduate degree, if not a master's, in mathematics, Mr. Adams said.

I.S. 187 hires its teachers as zealously as a Wall Street investment bank hires its stockbrokers. Most principals pluck their teachers off a list compiled by the Board of Education, in a civil-service system in which seniority counts more than compatibility, talent or skills. At I.S. 187, hiring is done by a committee of teachers, parents, administrators and often a school aide, who interview every candidate.

Since the Board of Education adopted its so-called new standards for math and English several years ago, it has become common to find schools, especially in poor neighborhoods, decorated with jargon-filled posters extolling one or another of the standards. At some schools, teachers are encouraged to memorize the standards verbatim, right down to the code number, like, "Standard M4b: Statistics and Probability Concepts: Display data."

Not here. High standards, Mr. Adams said, are intuitive. "I'd rather have student work posted," he said. "I'd rather have them proud of what they do."

Parents have responded to the school's approach. It has grown from 250 students in 1994 to 1,059 students this year, divided into three smaller academies, each with its own theme: global communication, scientific research, and arts and humanities. The demographics have also changed, from 40 percent white, 29 percent Hispanic, 27 percent Asian and 4 percent black in 1995-96 to 53 percent white, 13 percent Hispanic, 30 percent Asian and 3 percent black this school year. The shift probably represents the area's more middle-class population, Mr. Adams said, and includes 15 classes of gifted students -- admitted by virtue of standardized test scores -- and 20 regular classes.

As the population has shifted, test scores have risen steadily -- but never as greatly as this year. Though he respects the tests, Mr. Adams tries not to get carried away by them.

"It's like the price of my house," Mr. Adams, who was born and raised in Brooklyn and still lives there, said ruefully. "It can't keep going up forever. You can brag and puff out your chest about test scores, but that's not the true essence of our school."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Intermediate School 187 in Brooklyn has improved math scores by using smaller classes, like the one above, and by offering peer tutoring to students like Asim Sabir, far right, and Nicholas Mancini.; Grace Ann Mennella, who teaches math classes at I.S. 187, is a certified public accountant with a bachelor's degree in probability theory and statistics. (Photographs by Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)(pg. B1); I.S. 187 says that math teachers like Christine Walsh are steeped in their subjects, one of the reasons the school has improved its math scores. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)(pg. B8)

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[***A Spot of Tea Party?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5C89-5331-DXY4-X1M8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By GEOFFREY WHEATCROFT

**Body**

After the warm-up speeches, a hush of expectation fell. The Forum in Bath is an Art Deco movie theater now used mostly for concerts and evangelical services, and on the last Tuesday of April, it had the air of a revivalist meeting. In the foyer, they were selling books, button badges and even tea towels, while inside a lively, if middle-aged, audience nearly filled the former cinema.

They had come to hear Nigel Farage, the loquacious, dynamic, bumptious, bibulous, irrepressible leader of the United Kingdom Independence Party, who was touring the country ahead of the elections to the European Parliament later this month. He has himself been a member of that body for 15 years and will doubtless be re-elected, although he belongs to it only to attack it, and his party exists to destroy it, or at least British participation in it and in the European Union.

That still seems quite a remote prospect, but these elections, separate from national elections, could have a drastic impact on British politics. As yet, UKIP doesn't have a single member of Parliament, or M.P., in the House of Commons at Westminster. But if the polls are right, UKIP will come out on top in the European elections, ahead of the Conservatives and the Liberal Democrats, who at present govern the country in uneasy coalition, as well as the opposition Labour Party. Even if UKIP doesn't believe in the E.U., winning in the European elections will greatly enhance their position back home.

Maybe because he thought he was about to upset the political apple cart, Farage had a swagger in his step as he took the stage at the Forum to thunderous applause. He spoke easily, at some length, with no notes or prompter, relentlessly hammering away at his theme: The country threw away its independence and is now governed by the Eurocrats of Brussels, who have let in a flood of immigrants from Bulgaria and Romania. All will be well if the United Kingdom leaves the European Union.

Outside, there was a knot of demonstrators as well as a BBC television truck: Farage is news. Two protesters held a banner that said (incorrectly as it happens) ''Nigel Farage is a banker,'' and one woman had a small handwritten placard reading, ''They called Hitler charismatic too.'' If the comparison is hyperbolic, she's hardly alone. For all his apparent geniality, Farage is seen by plenty of people as a pernicious figure and his party as a danger to the political health of the nation.

In addition to an egg thrown at him as he was walking through Nottingham three days later, a deluge of criticism and scandal has recently washed over him and his party -- from allegations of financial impropriety to a concerted campaign to brand UKIP as racist, an accusation that some of its own activists have done nothing to discourage. And all of it is laughed off by Farage with cheeky bravado. At his peroration in Bath, he said that he had received a letter from a 92-year-old former bomber pilot: ''Nigel, you only start getting flak when you're near the target!''

He likes to dish out flak as well as take it. In February 2010, Farage gained a measure of international fame, or notoriety, when Herman Van Rompuy, a Belgian politician who was the newly appointed president of the European Union, was in Strasbourg, France, to address the Parliament. Farage told Van Rompuy to his face that he was a man with ''the charisma of a damp rag'' -- those tea towels on sale at the UKIP meeting in Bath bore Van Rompuy's face and the words ''Genuine Belgian Damp Rag'' -- and that no one outside Belgium had ever heard of him. It left Van Rompuy in stunned silence and quickly became a YouTube classic.

Among those who cheered Farage's vulgar assault were plenty of Tory M.P.s at Westminster. They are openly rebellious and disloyal to Prime Minister David Cameron and close to UKIP in spirit. Cameron has placated them by promising a referendum on whether or not to stay in the E.U. after the next election.

But here is a tangle of paradoxes. Many voters -- British and otherwise -- use the European elections as a way to vent their spleen against their governments, and conventional politics in general, but then return to the mainstream parties in national elections. However well it does in these European elections, UKIP is still not certain to win any seats at the British general election in a year's time. And because Labour and Liberal Democrats are opposed to a referendum on European withdrawal, one will be held only if the Conservatives win an absolute majority at Westminster. That doesn't seem very likely at present -- and what makes it less so is the prospect of UKIP stealing votes from the Conservatives and handing the election to Labour.

Although UKIP has the E.U. as its central obsession, its support stems from discontent with much broader social and cultural change -- a fundamental disquiet with the rapidly shifting face of England. Farage delights some and disgusts others, and yet no one is quite sure what to make of him, or even knows for sure who he is.

Nigel Farage was born in 1964, the son of a stockbroker who overcame alcoholism but ultimately left his family. Farage grew up in a village on the North Downs of Kent, where he still lives ''within a mile or two,'' and not far from Chartwell, the home of Winston Churchill. His is an incantatory name. Like Ronald Reagan and Benjamin Netanyahu before him, Farage enjoys nothing more than to be photographed in front of a portrait of Churchill, who is continually invoked by UKIP speakers -- four times in Bath, by my count.

Farage went to Dulwich College in south London, an excellent private school with the distinction of having educated P. G. Wodehouse and Raymond Chandler. By his own account, Farage was a noisy and annoying boy, and a letter from his school days recently returned to haunt him. When he was chosen to be a prefect, one of his teachers wrote an objection to the boy's offensively right-wing opinions. ''Of course I said some ridiculous things,'' Farage says with a grin and a shrug, ''not necessarily racist things.'' Grinning and shrugging is something he does often.

As a schoolboy, he was already absorbed by politics. He knew the man who ran the Conservative Party in his village, ''who'd come back from India in '47 and who believed in drinks at 6 o'clock in a truly remarkable way,'' Farage says with a tinge of admiration. ''You know -- six or seven large Scotches before dinner!''

But his real conversion came after a visit to his school by Sir Keith Joseph, that fascinating Tory, very rich and very clever, who was Margaret Thatcher's advance guard, the proto-apostle of a revived free-market creed. Farage says he was ''so taken by Keith Joseph that I joined the Tory Party at 14.''

At 17 he supposed that he would go to college or join the army ''and then think about the City'' -- of London that is, the British Wall Street. But then Margaret Thatcher was elected in 1979. Her government cut taxes, and by 1986 came the so-called Big Bang, the deregulation that quickly transformed the financial sector, for better or worse. Farage heard about the ''bright young things'' in the City who were ''living hard, doing terribly well'' and working at a frenetic pace. ''I thought, Well, I've got to become one of them as quickly as possible.''

So he did, joining the London Metal Exchange as a broker. Farage's book, ''Flying Free,'' is quite readable by the admittedly low standards of political memoirs. In it, he cheerfully describes his City years, not quite an English Wolf of Wall Street but a lad making money fast through a long day and drinking hard through a long night, marrying, chasing women, divorcing.

In 1990, Thatcher was deposed by a party coup, to Farage's disgust. ''The way it was done -- and the people that did it,'' he snorts. ''Chinless bloody nobodies who wouldn't have existed without her.'' In 1992, the Maastricht Treaty turned the European Community into a Union, on paper at least, and conceived the single currency that was adopted by many members 10 years later. Farage was so horrified by this that he joined the group that became UKIP, although he soon fell out with some members.

In those days, he not only said but also did some ridiculous things. When he was 21, he spent an argumentative evening in the pub downing beer and Irish whiskey and was hit by a car while walking home. After months of recuperation, he learned that he had testicular cancer, but he was successfully operated on. (He ''thanked God'' that he'd had ''two of them,'' and he went on to father two sons by his first wife and then two daughters by his second and present wife, Kirsten Mehr, who is German.)

Then, on the day of the last British general election, in 2010, he was in a light aircraft towing a UKIP banner when it crashed. Farage was very lucky to survive, and he turned the disaster into a career move: The title ''Flying Free'' alludes to the crash, and the back cover features a photograph of the author emerging dazed from the wreckage. That kind of brazen cheerfulness is part of his appeal, along with his act as a man of the people (albeit an expensively educated man whose father was a stockbroker).

When the government broke promises last year to set a minimum price for alcohol and to restrict sales of cigarettes, Sarah Wollaston, a family doctor turned Conservative M.P., asked angrily: Who on earth wants to be known as ''the party of booze and fags?''

Her question is easily answered: UKIP does. Rarely is Farage photographed without a glass of beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other, and he has consistently enjoyed good press -- better than he deserves, critics say -- because journalists find him convivial and entertaining, which, it's fair to say, he is.

We met at Boisdale, a restaurant that he frequents not far from Victoria Station and that itself deserves critical deconstruction. Much tartan is spread about, but then ''the owner is the heir to the chief clanship'' of the Macdonalds of Clanranald, Farage assured me. The steaks are man-size, the wine flows freely and there's a smoking terrace above, which is why Farage particularly likes the place.

After we washed down our lunch with Champagne and ''this excellent claret,'' as he politely called the wine I ordered, we repaired upstairs for another glass of wine and, in his case, several more cigarettes. Political lunches in Washington aren't like this nowadays.

Maybe there's a connection between Farage's hail-fellow affability and the antics of his party colleagues: One embarrassing episode after another has suggested that the leader isn't concentrating on keeping order in the ranks. UKIP calls itself ''the libertarian anti-racist party,'' and one speaker in Bath said, ''If you're a racist, leave now.'' That might all sound like protesting too much, especially when one UKIP member has denounced ''the Zionist Jews'' and another has told a popular black entertainer that he should live in a ''black country.''

All that is no more than ''saying some silly things on Twitter after a few pints,'' Farage says, and anyway these are people of no account in the party. But that can't excuse the egregious Godfrey Bloom, a UKIP Euro M.P. By way of denouncing overseas aid last summer, Bloom asked why the British were giving money to ''Bongo-Bongo-land.'' When rebuked, he first said that he had intended ''President Bongo of Gabon'' (the Gabon president is Ali Bongo Ondimba) and then, on television, that a bongo was ''a white antelope that lives in the forest'' (they are actually auburn with white stripes).

When William F. Buckley was helping to mold the modern American conservative movement more than a half-century ago, his first task, he later said, was to purge the nasty racists and anti-Semites. Farage wants us to believe that he is doing the same. He was eager to tell me that he was speaking the following evening at a meeting organized by The Jewish Chronicle, that he had spoken at mosques several times and that his activists now included a rabbi and a Muslim businessman.

Even if you might charitably say that Bloom probably isn't a real bigot, just a boor and a buffoon, that's not really much help to Farage if he's trying to cut a serious political figure. It's also not his biggest problem. On the face of it, UKIP seems to be a single-issue party, but it is hard to imagine how the obsession with Europe can sustain voter interest in the long run. When UKIP claims that this is the central issue of the day for all British people, it is demonstrably wrong. Polls show that Europe is far down the list of voters' concerns, after the economy, employment, health care and immigration.

To be sure, the European Union is not loved in England today, but then neither is it in most other member states, as a startling continentwide survey has just shown. Asked whether they favored ''a more integrated European Union, with more decisions being taken by the E.U.,'' only 15 percent of French voters and 12 percent of Germans agreed. And while a mere 5 percent of British voters did, that was exactly the same as in progressive Sweden.

What's odder is that the issue in question, if it is resolved as the party wants, would mean the party's own destruction. Suppose that UKIP had its way, a referendum were held and the British voted to leave the E.U.? What then for UKIP?

It's true that it does have a ragbag of other policies, some of which resonate even with people who are deeply suspicious of UKIP and allergic to Farage. There is, for instance, UKIP's opposition to the wind turbines that are now covering the countryside or the Pharaonic plan for a high-speed railway line that will cost untold billions while destroying more of rural England. And there is also its hostility to military intervention.

''I would gladly have put on a uniform to fight for the Falklands,'' Farage told me, but he and his party opposed Tony Blair's crusade in Iraq. And it was the cranks of UKIP, rather than the bellicose Labour and Tory Parties, that represented the British public, which never wanted the war. Since then, UKIP has opposed the intervention in Libya and the intervention that might have been in Syria.

At the beginning of April, Farage debated on television with Nick Clegg, the leader of the Liberal Democrats, and taunted him for his support for bombing Libya. ''The British people have had enough of endless foreign military interventions,'' Farage said to loud applause. It was notable that while the mainstream pundits who were there to comment on the debate thought that Clegg won, the public, by way of pollsters, gave the victory to Farage, 68 percent to 27 percent.

Much of UKIP's appeal is resentment at a fast-changing world and yearning for a lost -- and no doubt largely imaginary -- England, whispering the last enchantments of the 1950s. It may be retrograde, but some of it is harmless. Farage told me that one of the proudest moments of his life was appearing on ''Test Match Special,'' the BBC radio program covering cricket. Explaining that to American readers is a little like describing the arcane rites of a tribe in the Borneo rain forest, but anyway, a test match, or an international cricket game, say between England and Australia, lasts from 10:30 in the morning to 6 at night for five days running.

That means that ''T.M.S.,'' which seems to have been on air all my life, provides endless opportunity, apart from actual commentary on the play, for old codgers to ruminate, tease one another and exchange anecdotes, all as if time had stood still since Compton and Edrich were batting for England 60 or more years ago.

Or even before that. ''When I first spoke at UKIP meetings,'' Farage told me with a smile, ''half the chaps in the audience were wearing Bomber Command ties,'' those brave old men no doubt thinking wistfully of the days when they could give more forceful expression to their Euroskepticism by incinerating Hamburg and Berlin.

There aren't many aircrew left, or enough men whose natural habitat is the bar at the golf club to form a real electoral constituency. What the latest research shows, not so surprisingly, is that a large part of UKIP's support comes from former Labour voters, the old ***working class***, who feel left behind and excluded. ''White face, blue collar, gray hair'' was one succinct description of these voters.

Even if the UKIP voter profile isn't so much mature as downright elderly, with very few young supporters, that might not be such a disadvantage. In all recent British elections, people over 60 have been far more likely to vote than those under 30, which in itself is quite ominous for the future of democracy.

Strange things have been happening in British politics. The old Tory-Labour duopoly is gone (the two parties divided more than 97 percent of the vote between them in 1951, barely 65 percent by 2010), while voting turnout and party membership have plummeted, likewise ominously for democracy: From 1950 to 2001, the percentage of British citizens who voted fell to 59 percent, from 84 percent.

Today's parliamentary leaders of the larger parties -- Cameron, Clegg and Ed Miliband of Labour -- are all uncharismatic, unexciting and unconvincing. At the same time, far and away the most colorful and provocative politicians of the moment are not in Parliament at all. One is Boris Johnson, the roistering, entertaining and extremely ambitious mayor of London. Another is Alex Salmond, the crafty and formidable leader of the Scottish National Party. And then there is Farage.

They might all in their different ways be considered mountebanks, but they appeal to more and more voters who are disenchanted with mainline politics -- a disenchantment that has helped Farage personally as well as politically. Quite apart from the political charges, he has been accused of tax avoidance, as well as other shady financial dealings. He employs his wife on the public payroll and was said to have employed a former mistress as well. (Farage has denied this in print.) And none of it matters. Farage almost relishes playing the stage villain, the bounder or rotter, and he sails through it all with the accusations running off him like rain off his waterproof Barbour coat. It's the same with Johnson, London's mayor, whose highly eventful sex life doesn't seem to have damaged him politically at all.

If anything, Farage's brashly rebarbative manner and checkered career have made it too easy for the respectable consensus to dismiss him and to overlook the fact that not everything he says is wrong. The European Union really is bloated, corrupt and undemocratic. Its ruling elite is indeed an unaccountable, self-perpetuating and self-satisfied oligarchy.

A single currency embracing countries wildly disparate in economic performance has been a disaster for many, leaving tens of millions of young people in Greece, Spain and Italy with no jobs, no money and no future. The grandiose posturing of that oligarchy in Brussels or Strasbourg is embarrassing in the circumstances. They speak as if the ''European Union'' were some equivalent of, and rival to, the American Union, when in reality the member states can't agree on anything from banking policy to Ukraine.

In one European country after another, nationalist or nativist or frankly racist parties -- and UKIP has had a tinge of all these characteristics -- are on the rise. It's possible that many representatives of such parties will sweep into the European Parliament this week, but if that happens, it will not be good enough to blame those who vote for them. To the contrary, it will be hard not to feel that the complacent Eurocracy had it coming.

As for UKIP, it may or may not be a serious political force with a real future, but its rise is a reproach to the mainstream political parties. Next year's British general election is the hardest to call in many years, with the Tories fractious and contumacious, Labour still baffled by how to deal with the legacy of Blair (''my closest partner and best friend on the world stage,'' as George W. Bush so truly called him) and the Lib Dems possibly facing electoral implosion.

All of that, and the wild card of UKIP. Nigel Farage and his team of oddballs may not have any very constructive answer to our problems. But as Farage has put it: ''If you're on a train headed for a crash, you get off.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/05/18/magazine/nigel-farage-and-his-uk-independence-party-want-out-of-europe.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/05/18/magazine/nigel-farage-and-his-uk-independence-party-want-out-of-europe.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (MM23)

Nigel Farage was hit by an egg during an appearance in Nottingham on May 1. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY IMMO KLINK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM25)

**Load-Date:** May 22, 2014

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[***The Talk of Middletown;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PS00-0038-D3W3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***1950's Town Now Battles 1990's Woes - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PS00-0038-D3W3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1124 words

**Byline:** By NICK RAVO, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MIDDLETOWN, Conn., April 1

**Body**

At first glance, this seems like an aptly named small city. It is in the middle of the state and midway between New York and Boston. It is still dotted with many of the symbols of middle-class, middle-American life from the mid-20th century: homes with big porches, a roadside diner and a Main Street complete with a striped barber's pole, an old movie marquee and an Art Deco-style Woolworth's.

Lately, though, Middletown's mainstream facade has started to fade. The feature advertised at the Capitol theater is ''Discount Wine Liquor Beer.'' The biggest business in town, Wesleyan University, has been racked by a student takeover of the admissions office, a flag-burning incident and widespread publicity over parties involving drugs. And the new Mayor, Paul Gionfriddo, has been criticized for allowing city employees to bring their children to work.

There are more ominous problems in this city of 42,000 people on the Connecticut River. Homeless people now outnumber shoppers on some parts of Main Street. The Police Chief is being investigated by the United States Attorney's office. And many residents are still angered by the fatal stabbing last summer of a 9-year-old girl by a patient who had walked away from a nearby minimum-security mental hospital.

'Nobody Would Bother You'

''Middletown used to be the greatest,'' said Joseph Lombardo, 74 years old, a lifelong resident who owns the Friendly Barber on Main Street. ''You could leave with your door unlocked, and nobody would bother you. And Main Street was filled with people. Now sometimes you could roll a tire down the sidewalk and it wouldn't hit anyone.''

Last July, David Peterson, 38, walked away from the Connecticut Valley Hospital, took a bus to Main Street and stabbed 9-year-old Jessica Short 34 times with a hunting knife in front of hundreds of shoppers at an annual sidewalk sale.

On Friday, Mr. Peterson, a paranoid schizophrenic who has spent almost half his life in mental institutions, was found not guilty by reason of insanity.

Many residents of this predominantly Italian-American city reacted to the verdict with disgust. ''I'm appalled,'' said Tara Carbo, 20, a waitress.

Others, particularly those who live near the hospital, were troubled that there are no fences or security system to prevent such a crime from happening again. ''They should tear it down,'' said Nick Kranczwk, 76. ''They used to have guards up there.'' The crime is perhaps the most jarring example of how Middletown, to many residents, is not the somnolent, sweet-souled city of days past. There are other examples. Police Chief George R. Aylward and the Police Department are being investigated by the United States Attorney in Connecticut, Stanley A. Twardy Jr., for possible links to organized-crime figures in the state.

Then there are the 30 to 40 homeless men and women who gather each day on the north end of Main Street and eat at a soup kitchen. Their presence has disturbed the tranquillity of the street, which like many city thoroughfares is attempting to revitalize itself.

''Why here?'' said Mr. Lombardo, whose barbershop is opposite the soup kitchen.

Bob Kaczmarek, 50, a homeless man, has an answer. ''This is God's gift to many of the street people here,'' he said. ''Without the soup kitchen, there would be a lot of dead bodies lying on Main Street.''

A Bottle for the Baby

Of all the controversies, Mr. Gionfriddo's ''kid policy'' has ended the fastest. A few weeks after he was elected last November, the 36-year-old Mayor decreed that city workers could bring their children to work in an emergency - meaning if they could not find a baby sitter.

The order was criticized by Mr. Gionfriddo's political opponents and by newspapers like The Hartford Courant as an obstacle to efficiency and as self serving. Mr. Gionfriddo has three children, ages 5, 4 and 9 months.

Within weeks, however, it became evident that the city's municipal building was not turning into a nursery; the policy was used only occasionally by a few city employees, both men and women. Mr. Gionfriddo has used it about a half-dozen times, he said, after failing to secure the services of a day-care center, a baby sitter, his mother, his sister, his mother-in-law or his wife, Linda Rammler. ''If this is unusual, it's only unusual for men,'' he said.

Mr. Gionfriddo, a liberal who is perhaps best known in Connecticut for his efforts as a State Representative in 1988 to censure a fellow lawmaker who had referred to homosexuals as ''lollipops,'' said the policy had not affected city business - not even when he walked away from a table during a meeting to give his youngest child a bottle.

''It's no big deal,'' he said. ''I can get up and do it without missing a beat.''

No Reagan Look-Alikes

Wesleyan University has always been an outpost of radicalism in Middletown, and nationally it has always been known as an unusually progressive school. Even in the more conservative 1980's, some undergraduates could be found reading Herbert Marcuse and wearing sandals in the snow.

''I've never seen Ronald Reagan look-alikes here,'' said Bobby Wayne Clark, the university's director of public information.

In the last year, however, the private school has developed a reputation for a libertine as well as liberal student body. In October, 400 students attended a ''smoke out,'' a party-protest that included about 100 people smoking marijuana in public. There was one arrest. A day later, students held their annual ''Uncle Duke Day,'' an outdoor party honoring the Doonesbury cartoon strip character modeled after Hunter S. Thompson, the writer whose work often celebrates illegal drug use.

Many of the school's 3,500 students say the drug situation has been blown out of proportion by news organizations. Officials are also angered by a perception that they may be too lax about drug enforcement.

The school's outlaw image, however, was sharpened in November when a dozen students burned a flag to protest legislation prohibiting defacing of the flag. And last month, about 60 students took over the admissions office to protest what many students say is a lack of support for minority students and faculty members.

Students, who with their ponytails and peace symbols create a sharp contrast in fashion when they dine alongside ***working-class*** Middletown residents at places like O'Rourke's Diner, were widely credited with electing Mr. Gionfriddo, an alumnus. He defeated the incumbent, Sebastian J. Garafalo, by 263 votes. About 350 Wesleyan students who cast votes are believed to have voted for Mr. Gionfriddo; only about 800 Wesleyan students come from Middletown.

''This is a great place for a '60s atmosphere,'' said David P. McMahon, 19, a sophomore from Boston. ''We're not Kent State, but we're liberal.''

**Correction**

An article on April 2 about local controversies in Middletown, Conn., misstated the enrollment of Wesleyan University. There are 2,700 undergraduates and 150 graduate students.  
**Correction-Date:** April 10, 1990, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

**Graphic**

Photo: To many residents, Middletown, Conn., is not the quiet mainstream city of days past. Mayor Paul Gionfriddo caused a stir by decreeing that city workers could bring their children to work in an emergency. With him in his office are his children, Timothy, 5 years old, and Larissa, 4. (The New York Times/Steve Miller); map of Connecticut showing location of Middletown (The New York Times) (pg. B5)

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[***G.O.P.'s Favorite Finds Weicker Complicates the Race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PWX0-0038-D0VS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 14, 1990, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 5; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1185 words

**Byline:** By NICK RAVO, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WATERBURY, Conn.

**Body**

It was an ordinary Saturday morning here at the hilltop home of Representative John G. Rowland. Upstairs, Julianne, 9 months old and named for Bruce Springsteen's ex-wife, screamed for a bottle. Downstairs, R.J., 3 years old and named for his granddad, wiggled under his father's arm and cried at the mention of putting on his ''p-a-n-t-s.''

''Now R.J., remember what mommy told you about daddy running for governor,'' said Mr. Rowland's wife, Deborah. ''You have to look nice when you go out.''

This youthful and familial picture, complete with toys left in the front yard and a Siberian husky dozing on the porch, is one of several Connecticut will see this year as Mr. Rowland, 32, wages what many Republicans hope will be his party's strongest campaign for the governorship since Thomas J. Meskill of New Britain was elected in 1970.

Of 'Average Background'

''I don't think I'm a stereotype Republican from Fairfield County and have a lot of wealth and classical blue blood,'' Mr. Rowland said on his way to St. Patrick's Day parades held a week early in Waterbury and Meriden, two ***working-class*** cities in central Connecticut. ''I'm more of a traditional Irish-Catholic, despite the Waspy last name, of kind of average means and average background.''

Implicit in that self-characterization is a swipe at former Senator Lowell P. Weicker Jr. of Greenwich, the maverick liberal Republican whose announcement this month that he will run for governor as an independent opened a long-running fissure within the party. He now poses a serious threat to Mr. Rowland's once-bright prospects.

Mr. Weicker's candidacy continues to confound politicians in both parties. But most Republican leaders believe Mr. Weicker's decision to leave the party and avoid a primary improves Mr. Rowland's chances for the nomination against three lesser-known candidates: Senate Minority Leader Reginald J. Smith of New Hartford; Joel Schiavone, a New Haven businessman, and Joseph McGee, a Fairfield banker.

Most also predict that Mr. Weicker's candidacy would help Mr. Rowland in a general election by siphoning liberal and moderate voters from Gov. William A. O'Neill, who is seeking a third full term, or Representative Bruce A. Morrison of New Haven, who is challenging Mr. O'Neill for the Democratic nomination.

''We just won the election,'' the State Republican chairman, Richard Foley, said minutes after Mr. Weicker's March 2 announcement.

The Weicker candidacy, however, has intensified the feud between liberals and conservatives in the party and forced many Republicans to agonize over whether they should leave the party to support the former Senator.

Some are angry with Mr. Foley for rebuffing Mr. Weicker's desire to run for governor as a Republican. Others are critical of the chairman for tacitly supporting Mr. Rowland, though he has vowed to remain neutral.

''We have very serious problems,'' said Mr. Smith, a liberal Republican and Weicker ally. ''This may even draw some organizational Republicans away, which I find very alarming.''

Last week, Mr. Smith and Mr. McGee asked Mr. Foley to invite the former Senator back into the party as a candidate. In exchange, they offered to withdraw. Mr. Foley rejected the request.

He also dismissed two statewide polls conducted by the University of Connecticut and Quinnipiac College. The results, released last week, gave Mr. Weicker large leads over candidates in both parties.

Mr. Rowland said the polls reflected the former Senator's high name recogition, the publicity generated by his announcement and a large number of undecided respondents.

Among liberal Republicans, the foremost complaint about Mr. Rowland is his ideology. ''He has extremely conservative views, and I am not sure they represent Republicans in this state,'' Mr. Smith said. They also fear that his failure to mend fences with the party's liberals may presage problems in reaching the broad constituency needed to win the governorship of this largely Democratic state.

P.O.W.'s and the Pledge

''The lesson Weicker tried to teach, by example if nothing else, is that a Republican needs to take more moderate stands to get elected to statewide office in Connecticut,'' said Peter W. Gold of Avon, a former executive director of the party who is now a co-chairman of Mr. Weicker's campaign.

Mr. Rowland is perhaps best known for his work in Congress in trying to find prisoners of war still held in Vietnam. He also led the fight to have members of the House of Representatives say the Pledge of Allegiance each day.

On the fiscal crisis gripping Connecticut, Mr. Rowland opposes a state income tax and would consolidate 27 of the state's agencies into 14, dismiss 1,500 to 2,000 state workers and renegotiate all health benefits.

Last summer, though, Mr. Rowland tempered his conservative image by switching from an anti-abortion stand to a position that supports a woman's right to choose abortion. He now also supports Medicaid payments for them.

''I support Roe v. Wade,'' he said. ''I pull from the basic philosophy and principle of our party, and I contend that the government should not be involved in the decision. It's a personal decision.''

Mr. Rowland denies that his switch was born of political opportunism, coming as it did shortly after the United States Supreme Court curtailed abortion rights last summer in Webster v. Reproductive Health Services.

Has Raised $700,000

Mr. Rowland, who has raised more than $700,000 and expects to raise $3 million, has some former Weicker backers in his camp. He has also obtained the endorsements of 54 of the 63 Republicans in the state House of Representatives and 78 of the 120 Republican town chairmen and state committeemen who responded to an Associated Press survey earlier this year. There are 169 town chairmen in the state.

Mr. Rowland, who was elected to the state House at 23 and to Congress at 27, has been called too young for the job. If elected, he would be the youngest governor in the nation by two years. Indiana Gov. Evan Bayh is 34.

His supporters, though, say this is an attribute, particularly as a counterpoint to Mr. O'Neill, who at 59 is suffering from the lowest popularity ratings in his nine years in office.

''The times have changed; we need someone young and energetic,'' said Lillie Head, a teacher, Democrat and former O'Neill supporter.

Backers of Mr. Rowland say he is an articulate and occasionally glib candidate, whereas Mr. O'Neill, a former bar owner who was lieutenant governor in 1980 when Gov. Ella T. Grasso resigned in failing health, is a lackluster campaigner, they say.

They also believe that Mr. Rowland naturally appeals to thousands of other young-to-middle-aged and middle-class residents who are struggling to pay a mortgage and educate young children.

Mr. Rowland, who calls reform his main theme, said he expects to attract conservative Democrats who have supported both Mr. O'Neill and Republican presidential candidates.

''Bill O'Neill is more of the old Democratic political machine, the political boss, patronage, all that,'' Mr. Rowland said. ''I'm the new guard, but we probably have the same traditional bases.''

**Graphic**

Representative John G. Rowland held his 3-year-old son, R. J., at a campaign appearance at a St. Patrick's Day parade in Waterbury, Conn. Republicans are hoping that Mr. Rowland will wage the party's strongest campaign for governor since 1970. (NYT/Steve Miller)

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[***All -------------- on the Western Front (You Decide) - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4N1J-GYH0-TW8F-G2K4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 11, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 9; THEATER

**Length:** 1660 words

**Byline:** By FRED SMOLER

Fred Smoler, a historian, teaches literature and history at Sarah Lawrence College and is a contributing editor at American Heritage magazine.

**Body**

AFTER seeing the first 1929 production of the great World War I drama ''Journey's End,'' the journalist J. B. Priestly called it ''the strongest pleas for peace I know.'' A reviewer for The Daily Mirror in London called it ''a much better argument against war than sentimental propaganda plays,'' and the novelist Hugh Walpole said it ''managed to hit the hardest blow in its swollen stomach that war has yet had.''

More than 75 years later a revival of the play, by R. C. Sherriff, is opening on Broadway against the backdrop of disillusion with the war in Iraq, and the play's antiwar reputation remains strong. The British equivalent of CliffsNotes, the Methuen study guide, baldly asserts that ''Journey's End'' is ''a message-carrying play with a definite purpose in mind: to make people ponder the stupidity and horrors of war.'' So it may come as a surprise that the playwright insisted that his work was nothing of the kind.

Mr. Sherriff, who maintained this view to the end of his life, thought he was celebrating the men with whom he had fought. At the moment of his success -- ''Journey's End'' made him independently rich -- he insisted: ''I have not written this play as a piece of propaganda. And certainly not as propaganda for peace.''

Nevertheless his producer, Maurice Browne, a pacifist and conscientious objector who spent World War I in America, took the opposite view. Mr. Browne's enthusiasm for the play baffled Mr. Sherriff, who wrote, 40 years on, that he had thought Mr. Browne ''would have had a violent revulsion against a war play in which not a word is spoken against the war, in which no word of condemnation was uttered by any of its characters.'' Yet over the years Mr. Browne's interpretation has generally prevailed. Which one has the better case?

Little known in the United States, ''Journey's End'' has always been popular in Britain, where it is still widely read and performed in schools. But it had a hard time getting that first staging. Then George Bernard Shaw praised the manuscript in a letter, and Mr. Sherriff relayed this opinion to his first producers, who arranged for a two-night run in the West End, in December 1928. Mr. Browne, tipped off by a friend who had seen it, immediately raised the money for more performances, which turned out to total 593, the longest run the West End had then seen.

The show was praised for its extraordinary realism, which fascinated both soldiers who had served on the Western Front and also civilians who had not. That first production starred a 21-year-old Laurence Olivier as Captain Stanhope. The action spanned four days while British soldiers, holding a section of trench line, await an offensive that seems likely to kill every one of them. Within the year ''Journey's End'' -- Mr. Sherriff's seventh play but his first to be produced -- was being performed in 25 languages. It ran for nearly 500 performances on Broadway. The latest revival is directed by David Grindley, who was responsible for a well-received British production in 2004.

Like Mr. Sherriff, Mr. Grindley does not think that the play is an attack on war, and he is struck by its realism and ambiguities. ''Every single character in the play accepts that the war is necessary,'' he said recently by telephone during a break in rehearsals, ''and that Great Britain is resisting German aggression.'' But in London Mr. Grindley's view was overshadowed by critics who were dazzled by his production. The Daily Telegraph, for example, praised that show as ''powerfully capturing the waste and futility of the conflict.''

Why is the interpretation of ''Journey's End'' by many modern audiences so different from its author's? For one thing, we probably see more dramatic paradoxes than were intended. It is set on the eve of Field Marshal Ludendorff's great Spring Offensive, which opened on March 21, 1918. This is like setting a drama in Manhattan on Sept. 10, 2001: the audience already knows what is going to happen, and the characters do not. In ''Journey's End'' the characters do have inklings of the future. A deadly offensive is imminent. But they don't know, as Mr. Sherriff and his audience did, that the British Army would survive this ordeal, then counterattack and win the war.

For many members of that first audience the world the war had made looked better in early 1929 than it would for many decades afterward. But within a year literary and popular views of the war (and the world it had made) grew darker. Critics and theatergoers on the leading edge of that change, who thought the war an avoidable catastrophe, were convinced that their passionate conviction was reflected in ''Journey's End.'' Modern audiences tend to see the play in light of that subsequent literary and political tradition, which depicted the cannon fodder on both sides of the barbed wire as victims. In this reading the war's cost absurdly exceeded any gains, and the soldiers were at best lions led by donkeys. This remains an extremely influential view of war generally, but it does not descend from ''Journey's End.''

Mr. Sherriff wrote his play on the cusp between the first, more patriotic phase of British war literature and the second, more pacifist one. ''Journey's End'' certainly has a few elements of the now-canonical antiwar view: the suicidal timing of a trench raid, for instance, may possibly be determined by the generals' dinner hour. By the standards of novels like ''All Quiet on the Western Front'' or ''Catch-22,'' or the poetry of Wilfrid Owen, this is pretty small beer.

On the other side of the ledger, all but one of the officers in ''Journey's End'' are competent and praiseworthy. The exception, Hibbert, invokes neuralgia to avoid combat, as Mr. Sherriff himself did. Mr. Sherriff's courage eroded under the sustained tension of shelling, and he suffered from the same apparently psychosomatic illness that afflicts Hibbert. The character later earns redemption by risking death in battle, just as Mr. Sherriff forgave himself for his fears after being wounded by 52 pieces of shrapnel. Compare author and character to ''Catch-22's'' Yossarian, who, as the hero of what is probably the most influential American antiwar novel, shams illness to avoid combat but is never ashamed of it.

The later antiwar tradition runs to accounts of middle- and upper-class fools leading ***working-class*** sheep to the slaughter. But most of the officers celebrated in ''Journey's End'' are members of the traditional officer class, graduates of the better schools, with one exception. That is the very capable Trotter, who has been promoted from the ranks and is welcomed by the officers. Trotter drops his H's and doesn't fit into his uniform, but like another lower-class character in ''Journey's End,'' Mason, he is as much a wit himself as the occasion for wit in other men. Within the play war does not heighten class consciousness nearly as much as it softens and blurs it.

Another indication of the play's sympathies can be found in its attitude toward heroism. From ''The Iliad'' on, the dominant strand in the literature of war depicts combat as the supreme test of masculine prowess: the battlefield is where men attain glory, with fearlessness and skill at arms the highest virtues. Writing to his mother from the Western Front, Mr. Sherriff complained that modern infantry combat didn't allow glory and expressed his desire to transfer to the Royal Flying Corps. By 1928 he had significantly changed his view.

What is admirable in ''Journey's End'' is to endure, for as long as possible, something that over time is unendurable, without changing for the worse. (This wasn't an entirely new idea. Officers in Wellington's army were admired for their imperturbability, not for their murderous fury; they were not Achilles.) In the play Stanhope, who has seen far too much of the war, drinks, and Trotter eats, both to excess. Yet both succeed in controlling their fear.

War in ''Journey's End'' is ugly, an inverted world where a May tree has a disturbing odor but phosgene gas does not, and an agonizing wound is in wartime a fabulous stroke of luck if it gets you home alive. But men at war must endure this inverted world if they are to defend and restore the decent peacetime order of things. Stanhope thinks civilians cannot understand the inverted world of the Western Front. He is certain that a girl he loves would recoil from him if she knew what war has done to him: ''She doesn't know that if I went up those steps into the front line -- without being doped with whisky -- I'd go mad with fright.'' Mr. Sherriff clearly thought Stanhope wrong: ''Journey's End'' is intended to make civilians understand war, which did not, for Mr. Sherriff, mean despising it or the inevitable changes in the men who wage it.

Interpretations, of course, are never wholly constrained by the intentions of authors or the responses of audiences: great, good and sometimes mediocre works of literature yield new meanings for posterity. When my parents saw ''Journey's End'' a few years ago, my father, a World War II veteran, interpreted it as a play about the certain and foreknown death of young men. Although he knew what the audience in 1928 could not -- that World War I was not the war to end all wars -- he did not see it as a play about the futility of war.

As the only member of his platoon to walk into the Ardennes and out of it, he found the play's vision of the cost of war devastating. Then again, when his division chaplain recited the St. Crispin's Day speech from ''Henry V'' to the survivors of that battle some 50 years later, my father was also very keen on its promise to a band of brothers that they would be remembered until the ending of the world. I suspect that my father, like Mr. Sherriff and his audience, did not think war had but a single truth. Journey's EndBelasco TheaterPreviews begin Thursday, opens Feb. 22, 111 West 44th Street, telecharge.com.

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about the World War I play ''Journey's End'' misspelled the surname of a critic who saw it as a plea for peace. He was J. B. Priestley, not Priestly.

An article on Feb. 11 about the World War I stage drama ''Journey's End,'' set on the eve of Germany's Spring Offensive, misidentified the rank of Erich Ludendorff, who led the campaign. It was deputy chief of the general staff, not field marshal.

**Correction-Date:** March 4, 2007

**Graphic**

Photo: From left, John Ahlin, Stark Sands, Boyd Gaines and Hugh Dancy in the revival of R. C. Sherriff's ''Journey's End.'' (Photo by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)

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[***NEW JERSEY & CO.;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3SJ0-0005-G0T3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Karaoke Crackdown Stirs Ethnic Anger in Palisades Park***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3SJ0-0005-G0T3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DAVID W. CHEN

By DAVID W. CHEN

**Dateline:** PALISADES PARK

**Body**

On Broad Avenue, the aptly named main drag of this ***working-class*** borough, there is a nocturnal world that most of its 16,000 residents never see: a world of Korean businesses that hum until the wee hours.

There are three karaoke lounges, six all-night restaurants, a parlor where patrons can play the Japanese game go. These establishments draw Koreans not just from Palisades Park itself, where the Korean population has swelled to more than 20 percent, from 6 percent in 1980, but from elsewhere in Bergen County and even New York City. The changes have transformed a sleepy thoroughfare into a bustling, high-rent one where cars compete for parking spaces and neon blazes at all hours.

"Many of the Koreans work very late hours," said Regina Yoo of Fort Lee, a regular at Woo-Jung, a 24-hour restaurant that is often full at 4 A.M. "So a way for them to relax is to enjoy Korean culture and food."

Last month this nighttime world was suddenly thrown into sharp focus when the Palisades Park Council adopted an ordinance requiring retail businesses like karaoke lounges to close at 9 P.M. and restaurants to close at 3 A.M. It excluded "premises commonly known as 'diners,' " a clause that allows the borough's one 24-hour diner, owned by a Greek-American, to stay open.

For now, the ordinance is not being enforced because of legal challenges and public outcry, although merchants say that mere news of it has already driven customers away. But whatever its intent, it has stirred bitter arguments in a borough that has had more than its share of ethnic tension.

Opponents say it discriminates against Korean establishments. Andy Nam, owner of Grand Furniture and one of the first Korean merchants in town, likened it to "martial law."

Supporters say it merely reflects a desire to maintain the borough's "tranquil residential character," in the words of the ordinance. "We never, ever -- and no one will believe us -- intended this to be a racial issue," said an exasperated Mayor Susan Spohn. "It's an issue of business versus quality of life. We want our town to become much more residential; this isn't New York, the city that never sleeps."

Still, Korean merchants and residents say the new ordinance is just the latest in a long string of slights and insults. In 1994, the borough required businesses with Korean signs to put up English signs with letters of equal size. In July, the wife of a former councilman was arrested for defacing a truck with a key, erroneously thinking that the truck was Korean-owned. Last month, vandals hurled tomatoes at a pizza shop with signs in Korean and English.

"All these serious incidents, as much as I know, are not related to each other," said Jason Kim, a Palisades Park school board member. "But the Koreans see all these things, and ask themselves, 'What's going on in this town?' "

Non-Koreans on the residential blocks on either side of Broad Avenue have complained about double parking, U-turns, late-night rowdiness, urination on their lawns. "The avenue has changed, and it's a shame," said a man on East Homestead Avenue who would give his name only as Sonny. "It gets loud, because they party all night. And you go into some Korean stores, they ignore you."

Still, even some non-Korean residents and merchants are unhappy with the all-night ordinance. Martin A. Gobbo, president of the Palisades Park Homeowners Association, said the ordinance, which his group had long wanted, was done sloppily and hastily, perhaps because three council seats are up for grabs in November. And two Sunoco gas stations on Route 46 have sued the borough, upset at the possible economic impact.

Now, some officials think revisions may be in order.

"We looked at it from a selfish, American point of view," said councilman J. Luis Vidal, who voted for an ordinance that he felt was a good, but flawed, idea. "Obviously it was a mistake, and we have to go back to the bargaining table and think this over."

Joseph J. Rotolo, the borough attorney, said future exemptions were possible for several late-night Korean businesses, like comic book stores, that officials were not even aware of. The Golden Eagle Diner, by contrast, was exempted because it was a known quantity.

"A diner is a diner is a diner: everyone knows what it is," Mr. Rotolo said. "The fact that nobody really knew what those other places did, or that people had suspicions about what they did -- that was probably part of the consideration for the ordinance."

A recent tour of Broad Avenue's night life, led by Daniel Copp, owner of the Fort Lee Sign Company on Broad Avenue, and Chuck No, a Palisades Park interior designer, shed light on some of those questions.

In a second-floor club on the site of former Chevrolet dealership, about a dozen men were playing go, which resembles chess and is as raucous as, well, chess. The manager, Jung P. Lee, said that under the new ordinance, the club would probably go under because many patrons do not arrive until 8 or 9 P.M.

Then there are the karaoke studios, which, with their blackened windows and late hours, have generated rumors of prostitution. Nonsense, say the Koreans. On this night, the only people singing at the New Jersey Music Studio at 11:30 P.M., in a comfortable, carpeted room with leather sofas and a music system as big as a refrigerator, were two families, children included, warbling Korean children's songs and "Stand by Me."

At the Dolce Music Studio, a block south, Myung Sun Lee and Dae Young Park of Fort Lee belted out "Sad Promise," a Billy Joel-style Korean ballad with cranked-up, wailing electric guitars, then took a moment out to talk about the new ordinance.

"It's really sad," Ms. Lee said. "This is good recreation for everyone to enjoy. I don't understand why they are doing this."

Margaret Lee, a Manhattan resident who occasionally comes to Palisades Park to eat a late dinner and sing karaoke, said: "I think a lot of Americans are shy about singing, but Koreans are not. Your parents make you stand up and sing in front of people when you're young, and music variety shows are popular in Korea. It's a clean and fun activity."

Koreans say some patrons may surreptitiously bring alcohol into the karaokes and come out at 4 A.M. with a song in their hearts and alcohol on their breath. But they say they are willing to work with borough officials.

"The tension has been there for quite some time, but what is happening is that the tension is coming out, which is good," said Mr. Copp, a veteran of the Persian Gulf war, who is married to a Korean. "The more it's exposed, the more likely it is to be corrected. The more you let it boil under, the more likely there will be an explosion. And no one wants an explosion."

**Graphic**

Photo: A Palisades Park ordinance would force karaoke lounges like the New Jersey Music Studio to close at 9 P.M. Above, members of the Wan family sang at 11:30 one recent evening. (Lenore Victoria Davis for The New York Times)

Diagram: "Transformation of a Town" shows the location of Korean merchants on Broad Ave in Palisades Park.

Map of Bergen County, New Jersey highlighting Broad Ave in Palisades Park.

**Load-Date:** September 8, 1996

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[***Europe's Anti-Semitism Comes Out of Shadows***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5D6S-BY31-DXY4-X4CM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JIM YARDLEY; Aurelien Breeden and Maïa de la Baume contributed reporting from Sarcelles, and Katarina Johannsen from Wuppertal, Germany.

**Body**

SARCELLES, France -- From the immigrant enclaves of the Parisian suburbs to the drizzly bureaucratic city of Brussels to the industrial heartland of Germany, Europe's old demon returned this summer. ''Death to the Jews!'' shouted protesters at pro-Palestinian rallies in Belgium and France. ''Gas the Jews!'' yelled marchers at a similar protest in Germany.

The ugly threats were surpassed by uglier violence. Four people were fatally shot in May at the Jewish Museum in Brussels. A Jewish-owned pharmacy in this Paris suburb was destroyed in July by youths protesting Israel's military campaign in Gaza. A synagogue in Wuppertal, Germany, was attacked with firebombs. The list goes on.

The scattered attacks have raised alarm about how Europe is changing and whether it remains a safe place for Jews. An increasing number of Jews, if still relatively modest in total, are now migrating to Israel. Others describe ''no go'' zones in Muslim districts of many European cities where Jews dare not travel.

But there is also concern about what some see as an insidious ''softer'' anti-Jewish bias, which they fear is creeping into the European mainstream and undermining the postwar consensus to root out anti-Semitism. Now the question is whether a subtle societal shift is occurring that has made anti-Jewish remarks or behavior more acceptable.

''The fear is that now things are blatantly being said openly, and no one is batting an eyelid,'' said Jessica Frommer, 36, a secular Jew who works for a nonprofit organization in Brussels. ''Modern Europe is based on stopping what happened in the Second World War. And now 70 years later, people standing near the European Parliament are shouting, 'Death to Jews!' ''

This is not the Europe of 1938. French leaders have strongly condemned the violence. Chancellor Angela Merkel of Germany this month led a rally against anti-Semitism in Berlin at which she told Germans, ''It is our national and civic duty to fight anti-Semitism.''

Europe has seen protests and outbursts of anti-Semitism whenever the Israeli-Palestinian conflict has erupted, and some analysts say this summer's anger is a cyclical episode that like others will fade away. Some note that the number of reported anti-Semitic incidents this year in France, for instance, is well below some years in the 2000s.

Yet as European support for the Palestinian cause and criticism of Israel have hardened, many Jews describe a blurring of distinctions between being anti-Israel and being anti-Jew.

With Europe still shaking from a populist backlash against fiscal austerity, some Jews speak of feeling politically isolated, without an ideological home. Many left-wing political parties are anti-Israel. Many right-wing parties, some with anti-Semitic origins, are extremist and virulently anti-immigrant. And many Jews who have voted with the Socialist Party in France and Belgium worry that those parties are weak and becoming more dependent on fast-growing Muslim voting blocs.

Even among those inclined to condemn racism in any form, fighting anti-Semitism is no longer seen as a priority, with Jews often perceived as privileged compared with Muslims and other minorities confronted with discrimination.

Many younger Muslims often seem alienated in Europe. Struggling to find work and frustrated by their lack of acceptance, a small but vocal group of them has become inflamed by the politics of the Middle East, especially the Israeli-Palestinian conflict.

European officials are deeply concerned that radical Islam, nurtured in the Middle East, could take root in Europe. Mehdi Nemmouche, a French Muslim arrested in connection with the killings at the Jewish Museum in Brussels, fought as a jihadist in Syria. A French journalist who was held captive in Syria until April said Mr. Nemmouche had been one of his torturers.

''We are a microcosm of the Middle East,'' said Philip Carmel, European policy director for the European Jewish Congress. ''The Middle East is being imported into Europe.''

Visits to some of the flash points of the summer violence revealed a picture of what Prime Minister Manuel Valls of France has called a ''new anti-Semitism.'' In Sarcelles, the Paris suburb where pro-Palestinian protests spiraled into riots, the alienation of France's immigrants and minorities lies just below the surface. In Brussels, the headquarters of the European Union, some secular Jews described a changing atmosphere and questioned whether it was time to leave.

And in Wuppertal, Germany, a city proud of its commitment to religious and ethnic diversity, the attempted firebombing of a synagogue exposed underlying tensions that became even clearer this month when, unexpectedly, a group of Muslim men patrolled a neighborhood wearing makeshift uniforms that said ''Shariah Police.''

The French Melting Pot

On the afternoon of July 20, a siege mentality gripped Little Jerusalem, the Jewish commercial district in Sarcelles. A crowd of young Jewish men had gathered at the synagogue as a pro-Palestinian protest was held a few blocks away. France's Interior Ministry had tried to ban the protest, which spun into a riot. Cars were burning. Young men were throwing rocks as the police fired tear gas. A Jewish-owned pharmacy was set on fire.

''We were all concentrated here to defend the synagogue,'' said Levi Cohen Solal, 21, who joined the human cordon outside the synagogue. ''Everybody was scared.''

Blocked by the police, the rioters never reached the synagogue, but Sarcelles became a televised symbol of France's new anti-Semitism -- a depiction many local residents did not recognize. A ***working-class*** suburb where generations of immigrants are packed into government housing, Sarcelles is a melting pot of religions and ethnicities, where many people speak of a largely peaceful coexistence.

To many residents, the demonstration, which was organized by outsiders on social media, was an indictment not of Sarcelles, but of France. Youth unemployment is soaring, especially in immigrant havens like Sarcelles, and many French-born children and grandchildren of immigrants have become alienated from French society.

''They have a real hatred against the state,'' said Bassi Konaté, a city social worker, who added that many of the protesters came from poorer districts nearby. ''A big proportion of these people feel neglected. A lot of these people don't know anything about Gaza. But they want to confront the police.''

An early sign that these broader resentments were morphing into more open expressions of anti-Semitism came with the emergence several years ago of Dieudonné M'bala M'bala, a French comedian who lashed out at Jews and played down the Holocaust. He has since allied himself with Jean-Marie Le Pen, the 86-year-old founder of the far-right National Front, who this summer used an apparently anti-Semitic pun, which alluded to Nazi crematories, as a riposte to a Jewish critic. Many of the comedian's shows have since been banned in France, but his popularity has continued to rise, unnerving many Jews.

''For the past four or five years, we have felt a growing insecurity,'' said David Harroch, who runs a Jewish bookstore in Little Jerusalem. ''My customers tell me how worried they are about the climate here, the situation. A lot of people have left.''

Israeli officials predict that as many as 6,000 Jews will migrate from France this year, a stark reversal from the 1950s, when Sephardic Jews, Arabs and others began arriving in Sarcelles from North Africa. A booming economy made work plentiful.

But during France's recession in the late 1970s, the city's ethnic groups became pitted against one another for limited public resources. Rahsaan Maxwell, a political scientist who has studied Sarcelles's ethnic groups, said the Sephardic Jews had incurred resentment because they were better organized and able to mobilize politically to win certain perks from the elected local council: a special Jewish section in the local cemetery, widening of a road in front of the main synagogue, kosher offerings at an annual city dinner for the elderly, and segregated swimming hours for men and women at a city pool.

In his 2012 book, ''Ethnic Minority Migrants in Britain and France,'' Mr. Maxwell wrote that Sephardic Jews became so influential that ''when Israel was at war with Lebanon in the early 1980s, Sephardic Jewish activists in Sarcelles were aggressive about using it as a litmus test for local politicians to see whether they supported Israel and the Jewish people.''

Yet many Jews and Muslims born in that era grew up together without rancor in government housing. Not far from one of the city's storefront mosques is a small Superette grocery owned by a Muslim family. One of the owners, Abdel Badaz, recently stood behind the counter with a childhood friend, Mickaël Berdah, 36, a Jew whose family emigrated decades ago from Tunisia. They both criticized the riot as the work of young troublemakers.

''When you've grown up in the neighborhood, and you know everybody, there isn't that kind of hate,'' Mr. Berdah said. ''When there is that kind of hate, it is at the roots, something about the way parents have educated their children.''

Later, near the grocery, a tall teenager pedaled his bicycle toward two journalists and shouted at them to leave, saying the media had lied about Sarcelles. The youth, Diakité Ismael, 19, the French-born son of Senegalese immigrants, soon calmed down and, like others, argued that there was no animosity in Sarcelles between local Muslims and Jews.

''Look,'' he said, as a bearded Jewish man in a dark suit and skullcap walked by, ''there's one.''

But when asked about Gaza, Mr. Ismael became agitated, rambling and warning that the world was hurtling toward a catastrophe. He said he had seen video of an Israeli bomb hitting a funeral in Gaza. ''Somehow, some Jews control politics, information, business and finance,'' he said. ''I'm not talking about the Jews here. I'm talking about Jews in general.''

''Jews, in general,'' he added, ''only let you see what they want you to see.''

In Brussels, Heightened Alert

Music rose from the center of Brussels on Sunday, with joggers and bicyclists moving freely down city streets as the seat of the European Union held its annual no-car day. It had the giddy air of a street fair, if less so for the city's Jewish organizations, which the police had placed under heightened security since two recent incidents.

The first happened the previous Sunday, Sept. 14, which marked the European Day of Jewish Culture. As people gathered to dedicate a plaque at a Holocaust memorial, youths hurled stones and bottles until the police arrived. Three days later, a fire erupted on an upper floor of a synagogue in the city's Anderlecht district; the authorities are investigating the incident as arson.

It was the May shooting at the Jewish Museum in Brussels -- and the subsequent arrest of Mr. Nemmouche -- that attracted international attention, as four people were killed, including two Israelis. But there have been smaller incidents that received less notice: a Turkish shop owner in Liège who posted a sign saying he would serve dogs but not Jews, a voice on the intercom of a commuter train that announced a stop as ''Auschwitz'' and ordered all Jews to get off.

''This summer, I started to see the world in a different way,'' said Marco Mosseri, 31, a native Italian who works in the automotive industry in Brussels. ''I was scared. I spent several nights without sleep. For the first time, I was thinking that maybe I could die from my religion.''

With its chocolate shops, Trappist beers and gray gloom, Brussels is the center of Europe's sprawling bureaucracy, a symbol of the loathed policies of austerity. But Brussels also embodies the demographics transforming much of urban Europe, with generations of Muslim immigrants and their descendants now representing roughly a quarter of the population.

The Jewish community is small, about 20,000 people, most of them assimilated, secular Jews like Mr. Mosseri, who usually do not draw attention to their heritage. (A recent report issued jointly by two European Jewish organizations found that 40 percent of European Jews hide their Jewishness.) Now some secular Jews say they have stopped wearing a necklace with the Star of David, or allowing their children to wear T-shirts for a Jewish summer camp on public buses or trains.

And since the start of the conflict in Gaza this summer, many describe social media, especially Facebook, as a swamp of hatred.

''I have friends who are never political and they are posting things about Gaza every day,'' said Ms. Frommer, the employee of the nonprofit organization. ''It seems like an obsession. Is your obsession because you want to save children, or because you have a problem with Jews?''

In a city so devoted to politics, the issue of Israel can seem unavoidable to some Jews, even those who strive to be apolitical or tend to be critical of Israeli policy. Ms. Frommer grew up in Brussels, but then left for college in Britain, followed by a long stint working in Cambodia. When she returned to Brussels four years ago, she was struck by how much more polarized life seemed. Her Jewish friends were sticking closer together as office chatter now sometimes bore a sharper edge.

This summer, one of her Belgian colleagues repeatedly mentioned the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. ''He would often try to bring up the subject when I tried not to,'' she said. ''Then the subject would shift from Israel to Jews. Then it was, 'Were there really six million Jews killed in the Second World War?' ''

Nor was the comment isolated. There have been signs that anti-Jewish sentiment transcended the immediate backlash against the Gaza war. In Hungary, the rise of the far-right Jobbik party has brought concerns that anti-Semitic views are gaining mainstream traction.

In Italy, extreme right-wing activists were blamed for a flurry of anti-Jewish graffiti, including Nazi swastikas, on buildings in various cities. In Rome, f liers calling for a boycott of at least 40 Jewish-owned stores appeared last month with the signature of the far-right group Vita Est Militia. Italian investigators were also looking into whether such far-right parties were building alliances with extremist left-wing groups.

In Brussels, several pro-Palestinian marches were held this summer, most of which were peaceful, but a few bore an anti-Semitic edge, including shouts of ''Death to Jews!'' While Belgian politicians quickly condemned the shooting at the Jewish Museum, some Jews felt the response to the protests, including that of the center-left Socialists, was tepid at best.

''The Socialist Party is afraid, because of the votes here in Belgium,'' said Dr. Maurice Sosnowski, an anesthesiologist and prominent Jewish leader in Brussels. ''In Belgium, they are not willing to speak loudly, because there are a lot of Muslims.''

In the nonprofit world of Brussels, the politics of Israel, which some on the European left view as essentially the pursuit of racist objectives against Palestinians, have made it difficult to keep the fight against anti-Semitism high on the agenda.

''Some see it in conflict with the anti-racism movement,'' said Robin Sclafani, director of the Brussels-based group A Jewish Contribution to an Inclusive Europe. The organization, also known as CEJI, provides anti-discrimination training to teachers, social workers and others. Ms. Sclafani said she now receives numerous requests for training sessions to combat discrimination against Muslims, yet there is little interest in workshops on anti-Semitism.

''Nobody comes,'' she said, adding that she has started pairing the sessions together.

Michaël Privot, director of the European Network Against Racism, said that blaming only the Islamic fringe for anti-Semitism discounted academic studies that show how deeply ingrained it remains among all Belgians -- as well as other Europeans -- and risked giving a free pass to right-wing extremist groups.

''You have, basically, a golden opportunity for the right fringe to blame it on Muslims and claim innocence,'' Mr. Privot said.

On Sunday, as much of the city enjoyed the car-free streets of Brussels, a group of secular Jews gathered at the headquarters of CEJI with a visiting journalist to discuss ordinary life for them. Because of the heightened security alert, three plainclothes police officers were stationed in the lobby.

Like others in the room, Ms. Frommer described a growing sense of isolation. As a teenager, she participated in left-wing Jewish youth groups, but she said some of her friends were now attracted to the extremist right-wing party Vlaams Belang. The party is led by Filip Dewinter, an outspoken critic of Muslim immigration who has been courting Jews, despite his party's past links to anti-Semitism.

''I would never be able to vote for someone like that,'' Ms. Frommer said. ''But some people are now. It is more and more legitimate to vote right wing.''

She and others said that many friends were talking of moving to Canada or to the United States, if not Israel, even though they are uncertain whether their anxieties are fully justified.

''These are people with good jobs,'' she said. ''And life is comfortable here. The big question is: Should we be paranoid or not?''

Anxiety in Germany

The news spread quickly in the early morning of July 29 among the Jews of Wuppertal, Germany. Someone had tried to firebomb the city's synagogue. The devices had failed to ignite, leaving the building with little damage, unlike the collective psyche of its members.

''For Jews in Germany, especially for us, this has very, very deep meaning,'' said Artour Gourari, a local businessman and synagogue member. ''Synagogues are burning again in Germany in the night.''

Nowhere in Europe has the postwar imperative to fight anti-Semitism been more complete -- and more intertwined with national redemption -- than in Germany. In Wuppertal, a manufacturing center, the city's synagogue was burned in 1938 during the two-day rampage known as Kristallnacht, when an anti-Jewish pogrom swept across Nazi Germany.

After the war ended, Wuppertal's Jewish community had no synagogue and, with only 60 members, seemed destined for extinction. But with the collapse of the Soviet Union in the 1990s, the German government opened the country to persecuted Soviet Jews, and soon refugees from Uzbekistan, Belarus, Ukraine and Russia had settled in Wuppertal. The local Jewish population reached 2,500. The presidents of Germany and Israel attended the 2002 inauguration of the new synagogue.

Now a police van is stationed around the clock in a small park across from the synagogue. The police have arrested three suspects in the firebombing attack, all Palestinians, including one from Gaza, as well as a 17-year-old refugee. The refugee has lived in Wuppertal for two years, among the different Muslim communities of Turks, North Africans and asylum seekers from Egypt, Syria, Jordan and Lebanon.

Until the synagogue attack, Wuppertal officials had taken pride in the peaceful coexistence of so many religions and ethnicities. Many of the older Muslims had arrived in the 1960s for work but assumed they would eventually return to their home countries. Now a third generation, born in Germany, is growing up with different expectations, as well as a sense of alienation.

''They have to justify why they don't fully belong to the society,'' said Samir Bouaissa, a local Muslim leader.

One of the local high schools is named after a famous Jewish poet, Else Lasker-Schüler, and is commonly called ''The School Without Racism.'' Yet two recent graduates described rising tensions in the multiethnic student body, including resentment by some Muslim students over a sister-school arrangement with a school in Israel. This summer, during the Gaza crisis, several Muslim adolescents began circulating anti-Israel posts on social media.

This one ''got shot yesterday,'' said a Facebook post from Gaza shared by a student. It showed a photograph of a female Israeli soldier and added an obscenity. The student added his own postscript: ''You get what you deserve.''

Antonia Lammertz, 19, a recent graduate, said only a small minority of students were extreme but that a softer bias was common even among the mainstream. ''In my school, to be called a Jew was to be cursed, or insulted,'' she said, noting a problem that officials have tried to root out at many German schools.

City religious leaders reacted quickly after the synagogue attack. Imams and Christian ministers rushed to the building to pledge support. More than 300 people came to a hurriedly organized peace meeting the next day.

''People were shocked,'' Mr. Bouaissa said. ''A threat against one of our religious houses is a threat against all of us.''

Earlier this month, the city's religious leaders, including many Muslims, got another shock: a small group of men, one only 19, spent an evening walking through a Muslim neighborhood, lecturing young people about vices like gambling (while apparently not mentioning Jews). They were wearing orange jackets that read ''Shariah Police.'' The leader was a Salafist, Sven Lau, who called the event a one-time publicity move to stir more ''Islamic discussion.''

That, it did. Local prosecutors filed charges. German officials, including Ms. Merkel, reacted with a blend of shock, indignation and alarm, while mainstream Muslims also protested. And local neo-Nazis responded with their own patrol, dressing in red pullovers and pledging to protect the public from Islamists.

For Leonid Goldberg, the community leader of the Wuppertal synagogue, the emergence of a radical Islamic fringe is less a surprise. Just four days before the synagogue attack, someone had spray-painted ''Free Palestine'' on the front wall of the building. In recent years, Mr. Goldberg has used a celebration of Rosh Hashana at the synagogue -- an event attended by elected officials and religious leaders of the city, including Muslims -- to warn about rising anti-Semitism among extremist Muslims in the city.

''No one wanted to hear that,'' he said.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/09/24/world/europe/europes-anti-semitism-comes-out-of-shadows.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/09/24/world/europe/europes-anti-semitism-comes-out-of-shadows.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: FRENCH FRIENDS: Abdel Badaz, left, a Muslim, and Mickaël Berdah, a Jew, at the Badaz family store in Sarcelles, a suburb of Paris.

RECALLING HATE: Jewish residents of Mechelen, Belgium, gathered this month to remember the Holocaust.

GERMAN WORRY: The synagogue in Wuppertal, Germany, where a firebomb landed this summer but failed to ignite. For Jews in Germany, ''this has very, very deep meaning,'' said one member of the synagogue. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SERGEY PONOMAREV FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A12)

FRANCE, JULY 20: A pro-Palestinian protest in Sarcelles, which officials tried to ban, descended into rioting. Outsiders organized the demonstration. (PHOTOGRAPH BY THIBAULT CAMUS/ASSOCIATED PRESS)

BELGIUM, MAY 25: Police officers helped arrange flowers in front of the Jewish Museum in Brussels the day after a deadly shooting there. (PHOTOGRAPH BY OLIVIER HOSLET/EUROPEAN PRESSPHOTO AGENCY)

GERMANY, JULY 29: Police officers outside the Wuppertal synagogue, which earlier in the day had been the target of a firebombing that failed. (PHOTOGRAPH BY OLIVER BERG/DEUTSCHE PRESSE AGENTUR VIA AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE -- GETTY IMAGES) (A13)

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[***In Chicago, Renewed Uproar on Bigotry***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PV00-0038-D2F8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, March 23

**Body**

Days after winning a bitterly fought primary election here, Representative Gus Savage is back in the trenches, this time in a battle over remarks he made in the closing days of the campaign.

Mr. Savage, who is headed for a sixth term in Congress, spent nearly two hours early today on a black talk-radio station here, repeating his view that a white-controlled press in Chicago and groups of Jews who are ardent supporters of Israel had tried to defeat him in the Democratic primary on Tuesday.

At least three Jewish groups and The Chicago Tribune have denounced recent comments by the flamboyant South Side Congressman. On election night, he said his victory represented a defeat for the city's ''white racist press'' and ''suburban Zionist lobby.''

As outrageous as Mr. Savage's behavior seems to many who live outside the district, political analysts here said the election underscored Mr. Savage's enduring appeal in many of the city's poorer South Side neighborhoods.

Tactics of White Segregationists

Just as George C. Wallace was able to play so successfully on the fear of poor whites in Alabama, who felt threatened by the specter of racial integration, Mr. Savage cultivates a strong following among blacks who feel dispossessed and powerless.

His chief Democratic opponent in the primary, Mel Reynolds Jr., said that Mr. Savage, in his campaign strategy, had taken a page from white segregationists in the South.

''Andy Young used to say of the South that when it came time to pick a Congressman, they would get all the white people in a big room, and whoever yelled 'nigger' the loudest won,'' said Mr. Reynolds, who is black. ''Gus Savage's idea is to get all the black people in the same room, and whoever yells 'honky' the loudest wins.''

In addition to support from blacks in his district, however, Mr. Savage has received the support of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., and high ratings for his legislative record from such liberal organizations as Americans for Democratic Action, the American Civil Liberties Union and the Consumer Federation of America.

The dispute over Mr. Savage's remarks has spilled over to embroil two of his Democratic colleagues in Congress, Charles B. Rangel of Manhattan and William H. Gray 3d of Pennsylvania.

The two Congressmen spoke at a campaign rally in Chicago last weekend at which Mr. Savage pubicly singled out several contributors with Jewish names who had given money to Mr. Reynolds, a former university administrator and Rhodes scholar who was his chief opponent in the primary.

Mr. Savage was complaining about ''pro-Israeli money'' coming into the district, aimed at defeating him because he is a frequent critic of Israel. Throughout the campaign, Mr. Savage and his aides complained about efforts by the American Israel Public Affairs Committee to mark him for defeat.

On Thursday, both Mr. Rangel and Mr. Gray told reporters they had not heard Mr. Savage's comments, because they both left the South Side rally before the Congressman spoke.

Rangel 'Shocked and Surprised'

But Mr. Rangel was quoted today in The Chicago Sun-Times as saying that he was ''shocked and surprised'' by reports about the rally. If Mr. Savage made such remarks, he told the newspaper, ''I would not have hesitated to refuse any requests that were made to come to Chicago and indeed to endorse him.''

Mr. Gray, in an interview today in New Orleans, said: ''If anti-Semitic bigoted statements were made, I condemn them, totally, unequivocally.'' He said he was ''disturbed and terribly troubled by reports I've heard'' and planned to review a videotape of the event when he returned to Washington.

Ronald H. Brown, the Democratic national chairman, who was also in New Orleans to attend a meeting of party leaders, said he had not read or heard the statement attributed to Mr. Savage. ''I understand there were some controversial remarks,'' Mr. Brown said. ''If those remarks smacked of racism or anti-Semitism, I abhor it.''

The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith in Chicago and the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles, a center for the study of the Holocaust and anti-Semitism, both accused Mr. Savage of making anti-Semitic remarks. In a statement issued today, the American Jewish Committee in Chicago said, ''Hatred of this sort has no place in American politics.''

Attempts today to telephone Mr. Savage or a spokesman were unavailing.

The Chicago Tribune, in an editorial Thursday, decried Mr. Savage's ''venom,'' and compared the Congressman with David Duke, the former Ku Klux Klan leader who is said to have used race to win a seat in the Lousiana Legislature.

Mr. Savage, who is 64 years old, won about 51 percent of the votes cast in Tuesday's primary in the Second Congressional District, which includes a large area of Chicago's South Side and several ***working-class*** suburbs. The district is more than 70 percent black.

Mr. Reynolds, 38, received about 43 percent of the vote, and a third candidate took about 6 percent.

Although Mr. Savage still faces the general election in November, he is expected to win easily over William T. Hespel, the Republican candidate.

Supporters of Mr. Reynolds were encouraged by their candidate's showing at the polls, which was better than any other of Mr. Savage's challengers since he was first elected to Congress in 1980.

''His days are numbered,'' Mr. Reynolds said in an interview.

He would not say whether he intended to run against Mr. Savage again in 1992, but he hinted strongly at it, saying, ''I got 33,500 people in this district who say I should be in Congress.''

But Don Rose, a Chicago political consultant, said he thought the election results showed no erosion in Mr. Savage's political base, which he said is derived from his long history in Chicago as a outspoken black nationalist.

An analysis of past elections shows that Mr. Savage has never received more than 52 percent of the votes cast in any of the five previous Democratic primaries that he has won.

''The base of opposition to Gus Savage has always remained pretty much the same,'' Mr. Rose said.

Rebuke on Sexual Advances

Mr. Savage's caustic and freewheeling style have got him into trouble before. Last month, the House ethics commmittee rebuked him for making sexual advances on a black Peace Corps volunteer in Zaire. In response, Mr. Savage said the charges against him were racially motivated attacks by the ''white media'' and ''co-conspiring Government agents.''

Callers to radio station WVON-AM today uniformly praised Mr. Savage as speaking the truth. In rambling comments, he urged black listeners to boycott the Chicago daily newspapers, and spoke out sharply against ''a certain segment of Jews'' who, he said, are out to get him and other blacks because of their criticism of Israel.

''Jews who were financing my opponent's campaign were the ones hurting black-Jewish relations,'' Mr. Savage said today. ''They are the ones who are anti-Semitic.''

**Graphic**

Photo: Representative Gus Savage after his primary victory this week. He has been criticized for remarks regarded as racist and anti-Semitic.

**End of Document**



[***THEATER REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4175-BWT0-00MH-F3RR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Timeless Morality Tale Cloaked in Politics***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4175-BWT0-00MH-F3RR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By BEN BRANTLEY

By BEN BRANTLEY

**Body**

When an ambitious young senator who would soon be president first saw "The Best Man" 40 years ago, he was quick to point out to its author that the play's vision of politicians wasn't exactly authentic. "You know," John F. Kennedy is reported to have said to Gore Vidal, "in a campaign we don't have all that much time to talk about the meaning of it all."

Well, no, probably not. And the senator might well have gone on to observe that no American statesman, at least since the country's earliest years, is likely to have spouted the kind of elegant epigrams that Mr. Vidal's characters (the ones he likes, anyway) come up with extemporaneously.

Still, as current evidence makes narcotically clear, politicians can afford to be boring in ways that fictional characters cannot. And whatever the weaknesses of the unsteady revival that opened last night at the Virginia Theater under the amended title of "Gore Vidal's 'The Best Man,' " the production makes you wish that Mr. Vidal were writing the dialogue for the forthcoming, much-debated presidential debates.

Despite the notoriously short shelf life of satire in the theater, this morality tale of a national political convention still rings appealingly with the whip cracks of abiding worldly wisdom dispensed in quips. You can sense from the audience's gratified laughter that some of the play's shapely lines are sure to be repeated at cocktail parties in this election season, prefaced with something like, "Old Gore Vidal said it best, 40 years ago." The observations made here on the very different and often incompatible virtues of good statesmanship and good politics, and of public and private morals, have aged surprisingly well, more like fine Bordeaux than Beaujolais. References to sexual escapades in the White House and to the role of God in campaigning are guaranteed to evoke smiles of recognition.

At its best the play brings to the backstabbing world of campaigning some of the artificial but bright verbal fire that two movies from the same period, "All About Eve" and "The Sweet Smell of Success," brought to the backstabbing worlds of show business and journalism.

Unfortunately what those movies -- and to a lesser degree the 1964 film version of "The Best Man" -- have that this production does not is a rousing, melodramatic vigor. Led by Charles Durning, Spalding Gray and Christopher Noth, under the direction of Ethan McSweeney, the starry ensemble often gives off a frustratingly tentative quality.

The casting is sometimes wonderfully apt, especially in the surprising case of Mr. Gray, best known as a self-searching monologist, as a Brahminlike presidential candidate a la Adlai Stevenson. Yet the evening rarely finds the crackling, confrontational rhythms it needs. Tellingly, when Brooks Atkinson reviewed the original production in The New York Times, he admired the appropriateness of its being acted in "the broad style of a political poster."

It is bizarre to fault any production with the scenery-chomping Elizabeth Ashley, who has a small but vivid role here, for lacking broadness. But this "Best Man" does not have the conviction to be big. Without that confident, breakneck swagger, what has dated in "The Best Man" becomes too apparent: its formal, debatelike structure; the essential flatness of most of its characters and a raw streak of elitism that is pure Vidal.

For its first 10 minutes the production promises to turn into just the sort of hokey, bare-fisted word fight that you so long for it be. The arena is two suites (designed with a strange mix of naturalism and minimalism, with confusing invisible walls, by John Arnone) in a hotel in Philadelphia, where the convention is taking place.

The front-runner is Mr. Gray's William Russell, a former governor and secretary of state with a quick wit, a patrician sensibility, high ideals and a penchant for womanizing to which his rock-solid wife (Michael Learned) has long been resigned. In the other corner is Russell's crude, pragmatic opposite, Senator Joseph Cantwell (Mr. Noth), a self-styled pillar of virtue with ***working-class*** roots who is not averse to dirty campaigning. (Think Richard Nixon airbrushed into handsomeness).

Arbitrating between the two is the ex-president, Arthur Hockstader (Mr. Durning), an earthy Truman esque figure. The former president knows what it takes to run a country. He is also terminally ill. Mr. Vidal is obviously not above stacking the dramatic deck.

With a life, a presidential nomination and a marriage all hanging in the balance, "The Best Man" should be awash in tension. The advance press for the production has emphasized the appealing quaintness of an age in which nominating conventions were packed with drama and suspense. And Mr. Vidal ups the ante by having each candidate discover a potentially annihilating secret about the other's past.

Yet the anxiety onstage often seems to come more from the performers' uncertainty than from their characters' nail-biting ambition. This may be a consequence of a too-short rehearsal process and could, with time, partly right itself. Mr. Gray, Mr. Durning and Ms. Learned all have it in them to be first-rate in their roles. For the moment, however, only Mark Blum and Jordan Lage, as adversarial campaign managers, and Jonathan Hadary, as an uneasy figure from Cantwell's past, give off the heady nervousness that the audience is meant to feel vicariously.

There is no doubt as to where Mr. Vidal's sympathies lie. And his rendering of the classic dictum that character is fate makes the political destinies here a bit too easy to chart in advance.

Russell is a complex charmer, undone by his own ethics and his love of abstraction, and Mr. Gray delivers these traits with delightful, low-key eccentricity. Being an intellectual, given to quoting Bertrand Russell and Oliver Cromwell, he also gets the best lines. (On the politician's mandatory smile: "All these predatory teeth, reminding us of our animal descent.") In contrast Cantwell feels more like the product of a cynical cartoonist, all smooth surface and jagged self-interest.

Mr. Noth, best known as Sarah Jessica Parker's high-living lover in "Sex and the City," never gives Cantwell the all-consuming, compulsive drive that would make him horribly irresistible. The variations on Nixonian tics, like bringing his hand nervously to his throat, have the imposed feeling of a director's suggestions.

As his shrill Southern wife, Christine Ebersole brings to mind a tin-plate version of the greedy sister-in-law from "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." She is more fun to look at than to listen to, since she has been styled in the image of Pat Nixon by Theoni V. Aldredge, who also did the costumes for the original "Best Man."

In comparison Ms. Learned is refreshingly subdued, and with her air of fractured dignity she gives the evening some genuine tremors of emotion. So does Mr. Durning. Though he still had a shaky grasp of his lines on the night I saw him, he nonetheless had moments that broke through the gloss of the script to discover an affecting sense of mortality.

And of vitality, too. At the end of the first act, Mr. Durning's Hockstader, who has gone wan with pain, suddenly springs back to life when he learns of a new, knotty kink in the competition between Russell and Cantwell.

"Oh, I tell you Bill, I feel wonderful!" he says to Russell. "Up all night -- on the go all morning, seeing delegates -- I tell you there is nothing like a low-down political fight to put the roses in your cheeks."

As Mr. Durning lustily renders the lines, they're a compelling argument for political adrenaline as a life force. For "The Best Man" to be the hearty entertainment it should and could be, this production needs to elevate its own pulse and to put the roses in its cheeks.

GORE VIDAL'S

'THE BEST MAN'

Directed by Ethan McSweeny; sets by John Arnone; costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge; lighting by Howell Binkley; sound and original music by David Van Tieghem; technical supervisor, Neil A. Mazzella; hair by Bobby H. Grayson; general manager, Albert Poland; production stage manager, Jane Grey; associate producers, Francis Finlay, Norma Langworthy and Louise Levathes. Presented by Jeffrey Richards, Michael B. Rothfeld, Raymond J. Greenwald, Jerry Frankel and Darren Bagert. At the Virginia Theater, 245 West 52nd Street, Manhattan.

WITH: Charles Durning (Ex-President Arthur Hockstader), Spalding Gray (Secretary William Russell), Michael Learned (Alice Russell), Chris Noth (Senator Joseph Cantwell), Christine Ebersole (Mabel Cantwell), Elizabeth Ashley (Sue-Ellen Gamadge), Mark Blum (Dick Jensen), Jonathan Hadary (Sheldon Marcus), Ed Dixon (Senator Clyde Carlin), Jordan Lage (Don Blades), Michael Rudko (Dr. Artinian) and Walter Cronkite (News Commentator).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Charles Durning, left, as an ex-president and Spalding Gray as a presidential candidate. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E1); Chris Noth plays a senator running for president who is not averse to dirty campaigning, while Christine Ebersole portrays his shrill wife. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E5)

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**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:418N-4D80-00MH-F1PX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Following Silk Roads On New Paths Of Dance***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:418N-4D80-00MH-F1PX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ANNA KISSELGOFF

By ANNA KISSELGOFF

**Dateline:** LYON, France, Sept. 24

**Body**

On his deathbed in Venice in 1324, Marco Polo was ordered by a priest to recant, as lies, all his tales of the fabled silk roads from Asia to Europe. "I haven't described half of what I've seen," he retorted.

Yet even Marco Polo might find the current Lyon Dance Biennial, one of Europe's prime international festivals, stranger than reality. "The Silk Roads," its theme, is inspired by the maritime and overland routes explored by this famous traveler and has transformed the biennial, the ninth since its inception in 1984, into an Asian dance festival. Yet this is hardly your standard overview.

The other day about 25 good citizens of Lyon moved slowly in a public square in a tai chi workshop under the watchful eye of a master from Taiwan. A Dutch folk troupe with Slovak dancers performed Tibetan dances in the evening. Earlier a male soloist from Hong Kong ran nude around the stage during his concert. In a premiere a French choreographer offered a meditation on an actual case study of three women erotically obsessed with silk.

Kilina Cremona, another French choreographer (once a teacher at Merce Cunningham's school), has included dancers from Mongolia in a Croatian ballet company she directs in Split, which faces Korcula, an island under Venetian rule when Marco Polo was born there in 1254.

Paradoxes abound here. Westernized dance companies from Taiwan have focused on their Chinese roots. By contrast the Beijing Modern Dance Company, founded a few years ago, has a postmodern look, and its intense dancers received a stamping ovation.

To distill the entire festival, 4,000 participants from Lyon, its suburbs and nearby cities took part in the biennial's parade before 200,000 spectators. The mix of hip-hop and Chinese dragon dances said a great deal about this year's eclectic tone.

As usual, Guy Darmet, the biennial's indefatigable artistic director, has made imaginative use of a geographical springboard, the aspect that distinguishes this festival from all others. The focus is on Asia and the silk trade, but folk material has been deliberately played down. The event is essentially a contemporary dance festival, thankfully free of embarrassing Orientalisms.

Among the more than 30 groups performing here through Oct. 1, Chinese (including Hong Kong), Taiwanese, South Korean and Japanese modern dance troupes are dominant. But the geographic image associated with the old trade routes by which silk traveled from China to Europe has also allowed Mr. Darmet to make some ingenious connections to Lyon as a silk center. Silk is a slippery fabric, as Mr. Darmet's surprising combinations of dancers and events show.

On the one hand the biennial is celebrating Lyon as a longtime silk capital (from the 16th century to World War I), still appreciated for the high quality, if not quantity, of its silk and fiber-optics industries. As part of the biennial 300 silk banners from leading manufacturers hang high above the city's main avenues.

On the other hand one of the best modern dance works seen so far in the three-week festival brought into relief a less commercial aspect of silk's appeal. Delphine Gaud, a 28-year-old newcomer, is one of the few French choreographers from the Rhone region invited to create premieres for the biennial. She has focused on a study by a turn-of-the-century Parisian psychiatrist, Gaetan Gatian de Clerambault.

At a news conference she said her piece, "Bombyx Mori" (the scientific name for the silkworm butterfly), was not influenced by a French film, "La Crie de la Soie" ("Silk's Cry"), which deals with the same incident. Instead she worked from the psychiatrist's interviews (1902-6) with three women who stole pieces of silk from stores. Erotically obsessed with the fabric, the women were jailed for theft or put into an asylum.

Although the real events are not depicted onstage, and a stylized loom is visible for only a few minutes, Ms. Gaud succeeds in conveying a sensual unease among women who cannot relate directly to men. Some in the audience found her piece, with three women and one man, too oblique, but the soundtrack was a wonderfully resonant collage: the steady rhythm of a mechanical silk loom, a stallion's neigh symbolizing virility, the overlay of the voices of women who had worked the looms in Lyon, speaking of their fatigue.

Most impressive was the choreography. In a duet that seemed Sisyphean, Ms. Gaud and Mychel Lecoq repeatedly collided chest to chest, fitting their bent bodies into each other's contours and yet failing to make emotional contact. La Trisande, Ms. Gaud's company, is a troupe to follow.

On the more festive side the first ball of this biennial and the festival's third parade in six years have swept much of Lyon into moderate exotica. Those who paid to go to the masked ball, "Carnival in Venice," also paid tribute to Marco Polo's heritage. Dressed in silk capes, masks, turbans and commedia dell'arte costumes, they gyrated to a French pop band singing in English in the basement of the Gallo-Roman Museum. Berangere Salagnon, a student, decided to forgo silk and lace and made her 17th-century dress out of pages from Le Dauphine, a newspaper.

The festival's parade on Sept. 17 has been the biggest success so far. Unlike the 1998 event, whose Mediterranean theme was attacked by representatives of the National Front, France's extreme-right political party, for its interracial and multicultural aspects, this parade benefited from the sun (it poured last time) and general good cheer.

Lyon's ***working-class*** suburbs, largely populated by North Africans, were again represented, but the city's middle class was also visible among the participants dancing their way down the Avenue de la Republique. Mr. Darmet said in an interview that despite the parade's community outreach, he still saw it as a creative and artistic event that involved amateurs guided by professional choreographers.

The parade was most beguiling when it was most inventively homemade. A circus group from Taiwan led the way with an authentic dragon dance. But more fun came from the young people moving along a serpentine path, creating a dragon out of blue umbrellas. Drums were made out of plastic water coolers. Stilt dancers encased in huge white balloons represented cocoons, and floats laden with suitcases recalled the many Armenians who came to Lyon to work in the silk industry. Carpets and horsemen evoked Central Asia.

But Central Asia, a key stretch of the silk route, is largely missing from the biennial. Mr. Darmet said he did not find modern dance companies there that were suitable for the festival's focus on contemporary dance. He did, however, present "Samarkand, Samarkand," a program of traditional music superbly performed by musicians from Uzbekistan, and will present a similar group of Iraqi musicians. Dancers from India, Thailand and South Korea, as well as the Kabuki star Kankuro Nakamura, will pay tribute to tradition, although sometimes with a modern creative touch.

The core of the festival remains Asian experimental companies unfamiliar to the French but often seen in New York. Taiwan's Cloud Gate Dance Theater, a major company here, will appear next month at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

There is more novelty for an American in another Taiwanese group, Han Tang Yuefu, whose artistic director, Chen Mei-O, presents reconstructions of exquisite songs and dances in what is known as the Pear Orchard Theater style (12th-14th centuries). Here is a group that should be seen in the United States, as should the Dutch professional folk troupe Het Internationaal Dansthea ter. Its "Gold of Xian" program offered a cheerful panorama of dances from Central Asia, China, Tibet, India and the Caucasus.

The troupe's approach is decorative rather than deep. But Dutch musicians singing in Uzbek and blond women performing dances from Tajikistan looked as polished as any theatricalized folk group. In any case, Maurits van Geel, the Dutch artistic director who has been researching Central Asian dances since 1991, gave Mr. Darmet just the package tour he needed.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Saskia Franke of Het Internationaal Danstheater at the Lyon Dance Biennal. (Frederic Jean)(pg. E1); The opening of the Dance Biennal, whose theme is "The Silk Roads," was celebrated on Sept. 17 with a huge parade through the streets of Lyon. (Philippe Schuller/Editing, for The New York Times)(pg. E3)

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**End of Document**



[***POLITICS: THE VOTERS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3V90-0005-G2XM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***For Convention Viewers, One Person's Pizazz Was Often Another's Pshaw***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3V90-0005-G2XM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DIRK JOHNSON

By DIRK JOHNSON

**Dateline:** ST. LOUIS, Aug. 31

**Body**

Tough as nails at 6-foot-5 and in a hard hat and steel-toed boots, Duane McGowan, a brewery worker, just about melted as he talked about some heart-tugging moments at the Democratic National Convention.

"I saw Superman," Mr. McGowan, 28, said softly, referring to the actor Christopher Reeve, who addressed the delegates from a wheelchair. "Man, he was something. Really made me think."

Inside a bookstore in the affluent, shady suburb of Webster Groves, meanwhile, 62-year-old Ann Streeter was shaking her head with disdain as she questioned the tastefulness of it all. "Having poor Jim Brady up on that stage," she said. "I mean, really."

And at a park downtown, Lisa Ross, a 25-year-old bank worker, was delighting co-workers with her imitation of President Clinton gazing across the convention floor at his wife, Hillary, and mouthing the words, "I love you," as he did from the podium in Chicago.

Some loved it. Some loathed it. Some could scarcely take it seriously.

It was the style of the Democratic convention, more than its substance, that has most Americans talking, judging from more than three dozen interviews, in New England and Texas, in South Carolina and Washington State, and in this old city on the Mississippi River.

For people who ordinarily find politics as dry as dust, the talk-show touches made the convention more palatable. For traditionalists who wish Presidents would go back to using full first names, there was fretting that the convention had almost nothing to say about politics, or perhaps everything.

Of the sex scandal involving Dick Morris, the former White House political consultant, almost nobody seemed to care. People would rather debate the role of Hispanic line-dancing in politics.

"I know some people think it's silly to be out there dancing the 'Macarena,' " said Shelley Smugala, a 30-year-old paralegal. "But I think maybe we take things too seriously."

Giving the convention a little Academy Awards pizazz, she said, can serve the aims of democracy by interesting more Americans, like her.

"I thought, hey, I like Christopher Reeve; I'll tune in," said Ms. Smugala, who plans to vote for Mr. Clinton.

But Kim Steinman, a 35-year-old beauty shop manager, was taken aback. "The whole thing was such a big show," she said, as she gave a $12 haircut to a customer. "It's like everything else with Clinton. It's not real, not sincere."

Susie Krug, a 37-year-old homemaker who was taking her two preschool children to the Daniel Boone branch of a suburban St. Louis library, said the convention was so saccharine it nearly made her gag at times.

"That time Hillary was on the phone with Bill, and she tells him, 'I love you,' " she said, "and I thought, 'Is this really for us to watch?' "

But Mrs. Krug, who lives in one of the affluent new subdivisions in the fast-growing West County region, said she had decided to vote Republican, long before the convention.

"But all this family, family, family business at the Democratic convention, it was just so packaged," she said.

To Gail A. Johnson, a high school English teacher, however, it seems natural to expect each political party to have scripted conventions.

"They're selling a candidate, and a party," she said, "and this is the presentation of the marketing strategy."

Ms. Johnson, 46, could not help but remember the stark differences in the convention, and the nation, with the Democrats' last trip to Chicago, in 1968.

"My father worked for Dow Chemical, makers of Saran Wrap and napalm," she said. "And we sat in the family room with the convention on the television, and screamed at each other -- I mean, screamed."

In suburban New Hampshire, 39-year-old Al Blicker, a recruiter of temporary workers, found the President to be an inspiration.

"The way I feel when he connects with me is uncanny," he said. "He made me feel there is hope."

And in the ***working-class*** Dutch Town neighborhood on the south side of St. Louis, a modest, but meticulously tended neighborhood, Russ Wood, a 73-year-old retired machinist, said he found the personal accounts of tragedies very moving. And he thought the speech by Vice President Al Gore, who told of losing a sister to cancer, was more powerful than a mere discussion of policy.

"These cigarette companies, you know, they're always hollering that tobacco is not a drug," said Mr. Wood, who once smoked heavily, and struggled mightily before quitting for good. "And Gore says, 'Look what it did to my sister.' "

And he was as bright as sunshine about President Clinton. "He was just kind of a yuppie when he got into office, but he's really been maturing," Mr. Wood said, with an approving nod. "He's getting a real feel for the job."

In the desperately poor neighborhoods of East St. Louis, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, Gia Johnson, an unemployed 38-year-old woman, spoke with bitterness. "I give up on them all," said Ms. Johnson, walking past the Second Chance Mission. "That convention, it just took up space on the television."

But her companion, Leonard Sims, 48, a former construction worker who became disabled after being stabbed in the spine, said that a Democratic White House had made a difference.

"The biggest problem we've got is dope," Mr. Sims said. "This crack is killing neighborhoods. And there's not much a President, or anybody else, can do about it. As long as people want it, they're going to be shipping it up from South America."

He credited Mr. Clinton with improving the national economy, which was helping conditions in a place like East St. Louis, at least a little.

St. Louis, which has the headquarters of companies like Anheuser-Busch, McDonnell Douglas, Trans World Airlines and Monsanto, is a city tied closely to the rhythms of the national economy. And times seem good in St. Louis these days.

For Dwight Day, a 46-year-old union electrician, the economy was reason enough to give Mr. Clinton another term.

"I'm no economist, but it seems like most of my friends are doing better than they were a few years ago," said Mr. Day, who had a tool bag slung over his shoulder as he hustled to make the 8 A.M. shift at Anheuser-Busch. Some people say they have more personal respect for Bob Dole, the Republican nominee, but more confidence in Mr. Clinton as a leader of the Government.

Indeed, as Mr. Clinton comes to the end of his first term in the White House, questions about his marriage, his actions to avoid the draft, and his youthful use of marijuana seem to have largely run out of gas.

David Shellhammer, a 49-year-old funeral director in Springfield, Ill., has not decided how he will vote. But he knows it will not center on worries about personal transgressions.

"I'm a baby boomer, too," said Mr. Shellhammer, "and I inhaled."

He paused for a moment, then smiled.

"And you know what? I still inhale."

**Graphic**

Photos: UNIMPRESSED Susie Krug, above, a Republican, did not like the Democratic convention. "All this family, family, family business," she said. "It was just so packaged." Ann Streeter questioned the tastefulness of the convention, finding the appearance of James Brady on the stage especially inappropriate. IMPRESSED Dwight Day, above, is for Bill Clinton. "I'm no economist, but it seems like most of my friends are doing better than they were a few years ago," he said. Shelley Smugala enjoyed the glitz. She applauded the Democrats for their efforts to draw viewers in. "Maybe we take things too seriously," she said. (Photographs by Bill Stover for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 1, 1996

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[***POLITICS: THE VOTERS -- AN AMERICAN PLACE: Watching From Afar;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4160-0005-G32B-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Kemp Brings Sense of Relief And Hope for Ohio's G.O.P.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4160-0005-G32B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 12, 1996, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; ; Section A;  Page 1;  Column 3;  National Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1201 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL WINERIP

By MICHAEL WINERIP

**Dateline:** CANTON, Ohio, Aug. 11

**Body**

From Bill Ovecka, a salesman who had just finished 18 holes at the Bob-O-Link golf course, and Harold Ebert, a tree surgeon carrying a new shovel out the front door of Frye Servistar Hardware, to Norman Dick, polishing off his usual Sunday morning coffee and glazed at the Donut Kettle, and Dale Holwick Jr., an usher at the United Methodist church where President William McKinley used to worship, Republicans here had nothing but hopeful things to say about the choice of Jack Kemp as their Vice-Presidential candidate.

At times, they shouted, they were so worked up. On Saturday, as Representative Ralph Regula, the Republican Congressman from the area, marched through nearby Alliance in the annual Carnation City Festival parade, people yelled, "Yo!" "Ralph!" "Kemp!" and gave the thumbs-up sign.

But in their praise, the Republicans also revealed their fears about Bob Dole's candidacy for President. Mr. Ebert, like so many interviewed, was happy to have a younger man on the ticket. "Dole's age may be agin him," he said. And Mr. Ovecka was excited about adding someone he called so "Reaganesque." Mr. Dick was relieved to have a candidate he thought was impressive on television. "CNN and all of those guys seem to like Kemp," he said. And Mr. Holwick said the selection of Mr. Kemp was a welcome break after the "problems in the party," meaning abortion.

Furthermore, if the men getting their hair cut at Brunner's, a barbershop on South Market Street with a black clientele, are any indication, Mr. Kemp's supposed appeal in minority neighborhoods has not registered. "Kemp? He won't get my vote," said Raphiel Carter, who works two jobs that pay little more than minimum wage to make ends meet. "Republicans are the ones who create $4.95-an-hour factory jobs."

Here in Stark County, a place that mirrors national voting trends, the selection of Mr. Kemp appears to be a good one for Republicans. They have plainly been energized by his choice. Virtually every one of the three dozen interviewed from both parties recognized his name, and no one had anything bad to say about him personally. There are even Democrats, like Chris James, a union leader and a Clinton supporter, with nice things to say. "Jack Kemp's a good person and he gets across to more people," said Mr. James, vice president of a union local at Republic Engineered Steels.

While none of them said Mr. Kemp would prompt them to cross party lines, a few Republicans, like Claire-Marie Brown, a retired teacher who is leaning toward President Clinton, now say they will take a second look at the Republicans. "I'm not terrified of Dole's age, but it is a factor," Ms. Brown said. "Right now, I'd still go for Clinton, but I like that Kemp's not as stodgy as Dole, and I'm going to research him."

The national commentators have made much of the past policy differences between the two top Republicans, but many here see it as a sign of strength that Mr. Dole would pick someone who disagrees with him on some matters. As Representative Regula said, "If John Kennedy could pick Johnson, anything can work."

Jim Leath, a computer salesman and a Republican, said that the choice of Mr. Kemp had given him faith that the 15 percent cut in Federal income taxes promised by Mr. Dole would actually happen. He admires Mr. Kemp for holding to ideas, like supply-side economics, when they grew unpopular. "Kemp sticks with things," he said. "Clinton talks about things, shallow things that satisfy for the moment."

The Stark party leaders -- including Representative Regula; Charles Brown, the party chairman, and W. R. Timken Jr., chairman of the Timken bearing and steel company -- all said they were pleased that Mr. Kemp was the choice instead of the three men most often mentioned last week, Gov. John Engler of Michigan, Senator Connie Mack of Florida and former Gov. Carroll A. Campbell Jr. of South Carolina.

Mr. Ovecka agreed. "Kemp's a national figure -- he's not like the Mayor of South Carolina or Governor or whatever," he said.

In the course of a 15-minute telephone interview from San Diego, Mr. Timken, a Dole delegate to the convention, referred to Mr. Kemp as "Mr. Honesty," "Mr. Integrity" and "Mr. Outreach."

But whether Mr. Outreach will help Mr. Dole with two constituencies he desperately needs to attract -- women and minorities -- is not a sure thing. A poll of the county by The New York Times in the spring indicated that both groups were leaning strongly toward Mr. Clinton.

In interviews, Republican women like Judy Vaughn sounded less enthusiastic than their husbands about Mr. Dole and Mr. Kemp.

"I will vote for Mr. Dole," said Charles Vaughn, who owns a business.

"Dole? Yes, I guess," said Mrs. Vaughn, a stockbroker's assistant.

Beverly White, a county social service worker who worshiped this morning at the United Methodist Church of the Savior, had thought she would vote Republican this time, but now plans to vote for Mr. Clinton. "Kemp? she said. "I hardly know him beyond his name."

Representative Regula pointed out that he and Mr. Kemp had served together on the Federal committee to promote Martin Luther King Day as a national holiday. And Mr. Regula had a major role in bringing in Representative J. C. Watts, a black Republican Congressman from Oklahoma, as the featured speaker for the Stark County party's annual McKinley dinner in May. But it was striking that of the 300 Republicans who attended that night, Representative Watts was the only black person.

At Brunner's barbershop this morning, Mr. Kemp inspired little interest among the black middle- and ***working-class*** men getting their haircuts. "As a football player, he was O.K.," said the barber, Delbert Brunner Jr., "but as a government official, no."

Even Emmit Jones, a pipefitter for East Ohio Gas who was the most positive about Mr. Kemp among those in the barbershop -- saying he was willing to listen because of his concern about cutting welfare rolls, crime and taxes, all popular Republican positions -- said it would take a drastic change in the Republicans to get him to switch from Mr. Clinton.

Mr. Carter, who lost a union job at an auto plant when the company, the Dyneer Corporation, moved south, said that he was angry he had to hold down two jobs just to keep up, and that he, like most people, would vote his pocketbook this time. "Republicans never did anything for a poor man," he said.

Indeed, as people from Stark County drove home from the barber and church and the doughnut shop this afternoon, the news announcer on WHBC, the local radio station, was saying that a new state report indicates that the personal income of the average Ohio resident was lagging because of job losses in the high-paying manufacturing sector.

An American Place

Living midway between Democratic Cleveland and Republican Columbus, the citizens of Canton, Ohio, and surrounding Stark County have a history of voting for the winning Presidential candidate. As the November election approaches, this is the 21st article in a yearlong series that seeks to explore the forces shaping the political debate at the grass roots. (Previous articles are available to computer users on The New York Times on the Web, at [*http://*](http://) [*www.nytimes.com/specials/*](http://www.nytimes.com/specials/) canton.)

**Graphic**

Photos: Bill Ovecka: Salesman; Delbert Bruner: Barber; Beverly White: County Social Service Worker (Terry Clark and Scott Heckel for The New York Times) (pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** August 12, 1996

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[***An Ultimate Capital Insider -- John Glover Roberts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GNS-8M60-TW8F-G259-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 20, 2005 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 5; National Desk; Pg. 1; COURT IN TRANSITION: MAN IN THE NEWS

**Length:** 1571 words

**Byline:** By NEIL A. LEWIS; John Files and Glen Justice contributed reporting for this article.

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, July 19

**Body**

In nominating Judge John G. Roberts for the Supreme Court, President Bush, who likes to portray himself as an outsider to Washington and its culture, chose an ultimate insider in the capital.

Mr. Bush considered candidates from around the country, his aides had said. But his choice, Judge Roberts, 50, owns the kind of resume and experience that is prized in Washington; a driven student, he graduated from Harvard College in only three years and went on to Harvard Law School. That was followed by a clerkship on the Supreme Court with William H. Rehnquist when he was an associate justice.

Mr. Bush's father wanted to put Judge Roberts on the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, regarded as second in importance only to the Supreme Court, when he was 36. When the Democrats who controlled the Senate at the time balked, he went out and developed a lucrative private practice at Hogan & Hartson, a top-tier Washington firm, attracting a flock of corporate clients.

Judge Roberts, widely described as cordial and wry, has been comfortable in the Washington world in which top lawyers, journalists and others mix easily.

''John is one of those guys who is almost always the smartest one in the room, but you'd never know it,'' said J. Warren Gorrell Jr., chairman of Hogan & Hartson. ''He doesn't take himself too seriously and is always careful to acknowledge the accomplishments of other people. He has a great legal mind.''

Mr. Gorrell and others who know Mr. Roberts, who grew up in Indiana, describe him as unasssuming and modest.

''It sounds a little awkward to say that a person who was just nominated to the Supreme Court of the United States is a regular guy, but he is,'' Mr. Gorrell said.

Patricia A. Brannan, a partner at Hogan & Hartson who attended Harvard Law School with Mr. Roberts, said her former colleague possessed what she called a ''Midwest calm.''

''He would wear very well'' in the cloistered world of the Supreme Court, Ms. Brannan added.

Judge Roberts and his wife, Jane Marie Sullivan, also a lawyer, live in Chevy Chase, Md., and have two children, Jack, 4, and Josephine, 5. Friends described the couple as devout Catholics.

If he is confirmed to the Supreme Court, he will find himself on familiar ground. He has stood in the well of the court 39 times arguing cases before the justices he may soon join on the other side of the bench.

The number of cases, some on behalf of the government when he was a deputy solicitor general, the rest representing private clients, puts him in an elite company of lawyers who regularly appear before the court.

In winning 25 of those cases, he has gained a reputation as one of the handful of lawyers in the nation who are at the top of their game when the game is making a clear-headed argument and remaining cool when nine justices can fire questions at you.

Even though Judge Roberts has practiced law in the headiest of environments, he has generally avoided revealing much about his personal views on issues or some of the hot-button cases that are often at the center of confirmation battles.

Even in the last two years as a judge on the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit he has not produced any especially provocative writings.

The one arguable exception in his career is that as deputy solicitor general in 1991, he signed a legal brief to the Supreme Court arguing on behalf of the first President George Bush: ''We continue to believe that Roe v. Wade was wrongly decided and should be overruled,'' a reference to the 1973 opinion that first found a Constitutional right to abortion.

That brief is sure to become a topic of debate in his confirmation hearings as abortion rights advocates have already suggested it will be their prime exhibit in opposing his nomination. His supporters will almost certainly respond by raising the issue as to whether it is fair to attribute to a lawyer the views of his client, in that case the president.

In his first year on the appeals court he seemed to throw in his lot in one case with advocates of the new federalism, that is, judges and scholars who believe Congress is limited in the laws it may enact, leaving some issues to states.

In the case in which a California resort sued the Interior Department over a regulation governing arroyo toads, he wrote that the full court should reconsider the resort's claim because the toads had no effect on interstate commerce, the rationale for federal intervention. The toad, he wrote, ''for reasons of its own, lives its entire life in California.''

Judge Roberts also upheld the arrest of a 12-year-old girl who was handcuffed by transit police on the Washington area subway system for eating a single French fry. ''No one is very happy about the events that led to this litigation,'' he wrote, but that the police did not violate the girl's rights under the constitution's Fourth Amendment guarantee against unreasonable searches.

Last week, Judge Roberts was one of three judges who ruled unanimously that the Bush administration and the White House could conduct war crimes trials against suspected terrorists detained at the naval base in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. The opinion reversed a ruling from a lower court judge that the military commissions used to try detainees on war crimes violated the Constitution and international law.

Because he has such a scant record on many of the social issues that come before the courts, some conservatives have suggested that his political profile is similar to that of Justice David H. Souter. When Justice Souter was nominated by President Bush's father in 1990, the White House and others said he would prove a reliable conservative; instead, he proved a profound disappointment.But unlike Justice Souter, who hailed from New Hampshire, Judge Roberts is well known in Washington legal circles; has been active in the Federalist Society, the conservative lawyers group; and has many people to vouch for his conservative instincts.

On the other side of the political equation, he is likely to be confirmed, at least with far less trouble than many of the other candidates who had been listed as possible Bush choices. Even as Democrats were resisting many of Mr. Bush's other appeals court candidates with filibusters, Mr. Roberts was approved by a vote of 16 to 3 in the Judiciary Committee and confirmed unanimously by voice vote on May 9, 2003. As befits a Washington player, he brought endorsements from many Democrats, including Seth P. Waxman, President Bill Clinton's former solicitor general, who described the nominee as ''an exceptionally well-qualified appellate advocate.''

Since he served inside the Reagan White House, where he helped choose judges, Mr. Roberts has helped strengthen the conservative hold on the federal judiciary. But as an established member of the Washington legal scene, Mr. Roberts also learned how to navigate a bipartisan capital, working alongside many Democrats at Hogan & Hartson.

John Glover Roberts was born in Buffalo and grew up in Indiana, the son of an executive for the Bethlehem Steel Company and a homemaker. When Mr. Bush presented Judge Roberts in the Cross Hall on Tuesday night, he made special mention of the judge's having worked summers in steel mills, an apparent effort to give him some ***working-class*** cachet.

When Justice Stephen G. Breyer was nominated to the court by Mr. Clinton, he stressed that he once dug ditches for a summer.

Judge Roberts attended the La Lumiere School, a small, nominally Catholic boys' boarding school in La Porte, Ind., where he quickly outpaced his classmates and was given a special curriculum.

Rob MacLaverty, a Chicago businessman who went to the school with Judge Roberts, recalled that he was admired by the faculty as well as his fellow students.

''They figured out pretty quickly that he was ahead of the rest of us,'' Mr. MacLaverty said. ''He pretty much finished high school by his junior year and they put together some individual tutorials to keep him occupied.''

Mr. MacLaverty said that Judge Roberts, who was captain of the football team, was remarkable in that while he was clearly special he never behaved as he was.

''He had a nice, friendly demeanor then,'' he said. ''Just as he has now.''

Although it was a boarding school, Judge Roberts' family lived nearby in Long Beach, a quiet lakeside town.

Richard Lazarus, a law professor at Georgetown University, described himself as a liberal but said that was no impediment to being a good friend to Judge Roberts. Judge Roberts's mode and mentor, he said, was not Chief Justice Rehnquist, but rather the appeals court judge for whom he clerked, Henry J. Friendly, who served on the appeals court based in New York until his death in 1986.

''They were very much alike,'' Professor Lazarus said. ''He was hired by Judge Friendly without an interview because John's credentials were like his. They won the same history prize at Harvard and each had the same position on the law review there.''

Professor Lazarus said that as an advocate before the court, Judge Roberts had a precise practice regimen. He would divide up his argument into about eight sections and first memorize them and then practice reciting them in random order to account for the justices' questions.

''He looks relaxed and spontaneous,'' he said. ''But it's all based on an extraordinary amount of work and preparation.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Judge John G. Roberts reacting last night as President Bush nominated him to the Supreme Court. (Photo by Shawn Thew/European Pressphoto Agency)

(Photo by Jim Watson/Agence France-Presse -- Getty Images)

(Photo by Shawn Thew/European Pressphoto Agency)(pg. A14)

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[***Prenuptial Pacts Increasing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PYY0-0038-D4TK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1166 words

**Byline:** By JUDY GLASS

**Body**

THE divorce courts on Long Island are not spilling over with Donald and Ivana Trumps, but the highly publicized marital split will probably create more demand for prenuptial agreements, Long Island lawyers say.

In the 10 years since New York State enacted equitable-distribution divorce laws, prenuptial agreements on Long Island have increased, mostly in second marriages, said Michael Ostrow, a Garden City matrimonial lawyer.

He is president of the New York State chapter of the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers and chairman of the Family Law section of the New York State Bar Association.

''Equitable distribution in divorce court does not necessarily mean equal,'' Mr. Ostrow said. ''It is usually a man with more money, a business he wants to protect and financial obligations from a first marriage who most wants a prenuptial agreement.''

Court Approval Not Required

Unlike divorce agreements, pre-nuptial pacts need not be approved by the courts or filed there. Therefore, there are no statistics on how many have been written on Long Island but lawyers agree that the number is on the rise.

On Long Island, many women with homes and children from a previous marriage also have sought prenuptial agreements.

Joseph Vitale, a partner in the Huntington law firm of Kotler, Vitale & Levitt, wrote about a dozen prenuptuals agreements last year. He estimates that fewer than 10 percent of any law firm's matrimonial work involves prenuptual pacts, unless the firm is in a wealthy area.

''I'm happy about that because it suggests that romance is still the primary element in marriage,'' he said.

A prenuptial agreement, said Peter Rubinton, a Huntington matrimonial lawyer, ''is like drawing up a divorce in advance. Philosophically, I don't approve of them. As a lawyer, I do.''

Most ***working-class*** people and young people embarking on a first marriage do not seek such pacts, Mr. Ostrow said, because there are not a great many assets and the distribution of those accumulated during the marriage can be determined by existing divorce law, wills, trusts and tenancy agreements.

Mr. Ostrow said that he once wrote an agreement for young newlyweds that was requested by the couple's parents; they were rivals in business and wanted to protect their business interests.

Before 1980, prenuptials agreements were written almost exclusively to establish distribution of property in the event of death. Typically, couples with children from a first marriage wanted to be sure that their children, rather than a second partner, inherited their estate.

''It's only 10 years since the equitable-distribution divorce laws were enacted,'' Mr. Ostrow said. ''That's a relatively short time in terms of marriage, and I would guess that any disagreements about their terms would, like divorces, be settled out of court. Those that get to court stand up in court because the courts are anxious to have them stand up.''

Mr. Ostrow hastened to add that he personally did not like the agreements and tried to talk people out of them because, he said, ''They are not a good beginning to a marriage.''

People who have been through divorces - often messy ones - may insist on prenuptial agreements, he said, adding that second and third marriages are not all that uncommon any more.

When both parties reach a mutual agreement on the terms beforehand, they ''are pretty clear-cut,'' Mr. Rubinton said. When there is significant disparity in wealth or age and a person is really just trying to preserve his assets for himself, they can be as stressful as a divorce, he said.

What the Man Usually Says

Typically, Mr. Ostrow said, the man in the prenuptial agreement says:

'' 'I'll give her X amount of dollars after five years if we divorce. Any assets I had before are mine and any assets she had before are hers.

'Any assets I acquire after the marriage in my name are mine, and the same with her. Any assets in joint names, we split equally. Any gifts we give each other belong to that person only.' ''

There is no reason why the prenuptial agreement cannot be used to obtain more favorable terms than prevailing law, Mr. Ostrow said.

For instance, under current equitable-distribution divorce law, he said, property acquired after the marriage - even if it is in both names - may not be divided ''equally'' in a divorce. If one person contributed twice as much as the other to purchase a new home, the judge would probably award that person more, Mr. Ostrow said.

Also, under current New York State divorce law, infidelity and other grounds for divorce have no bearing on the equitable distribution of assets. The lawyers interviewed saw no reason why such grounds could not be written into a prenuptial agreement so that either party could say, ''The agreement is null-and-void if the marriage contract calling for fidelity is broken.''

Terms Are Hammered Out

''As they are now written, prenuptial agreements usually attempt to restrict the woman in a marriage to a wealthy man,'' Mr. Ostrow said. ''And she's probably better off without one [an agreement].'' Usually, each party has a lawyer, and the terms are hammered out as they would be in a divorce agreement.

''I've advised women not to accept terms that I thought were unfair,'' Mr. Rubinton said. ''On the other hand, if I've been retained by the man, my job is to protect his assets for him. If she won't accept his terms, he has to decide if he really wants to marry her.''

Without an agreement or will, a surviving spouse in New York State is entitled to half the estate if there are no children and a third if there are.

If the second wife dies before her husband and all of their property is owned jointly, there is a chance that her children from her first marriage might not get anything from her estate if there is no prenuptial agreement.

Without an agreement, under joint tenancy law,he would inherit the house and the assets, and wife No. 3 might eventually be the beneficiary of it all.

Not Like a Contract for Wheat

Said Leon Friedman, a professor at the Hofstra University School of Law who was involved in the contractual aspects of the Baby M surrogate motherhood case:

''Bargaining a prenuptial contract is not like bargaining a contract for a bushel of wheat. The bargaining position of the woman is totally out of line.

''The woman is usually more emotionally involved and reluctant to question the man's motives or purposes. She wants to get married and doesn't contemplate the agreement being tested in a divorce court. But if it is, she stands to lose.''

A major component of prenuptial agreements as they are written today is ''full disclosure,'' Mr. Ostrow said. If either party conceals or misrepresents the value of assets, he said, the agreement is fraudulent and invalid. Ordinarily, the prenuptial agreement has a financial statement attached to it.

Many pacts are written for a specific period of time and the man may increase the amount of money he will give his wife if they stay married 5 or 10 years. Beyond that, the agreement might simply expire.

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[***MAKING IT WORK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-27Y0-0005-G0H3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***He's a Real Detective. And He Plays One on TV.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-27Y0-0005-G0H3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1017 words

**Byline:** James Pelliccio

By ANDREW JACOBS

By ANDREW JACOBS

**Body**

DURING his 25 years as a New York City police officer and homicide detective, many of them in the East Village, James Pelliccio has seen his share of bloody endings.

"I've probably stood over 1,000 dead bodies in my life," he said last week, sitting in a diner at Second Avenue and Fifth Street as he sucked on yet another cigarette, chased down by yet another cup of black coffee.

But as a character actor who often plays street thugs, blowhard cops or mafioso enforcers in films and television shows like "Bullets Over Broadway," "Law and Order" and "Married to the Mob," Mr. Pelliccio, usually ends up with a slug in the back or a knife in the gut. His character rarely makes it to the closing credits. "I must have watched my funeral a half dozen times," he said with a grin. "My mother still cries every time I get iced on film."

With his rough-hewn features, macho swagger and penetrating steel-blue eyes, Mr. Pelliccio, 45, has the kind of face that makes both criminals and casting directors quake. Mr. Pelliccio is "not exactly the boy-next-door type," said his agent, Michael Amato. His boss at the Ninth Precinct, Detective Squad Commander Arthur Monahan, agrees. "Whether you're good or bad, James isn't the kind of guy you want to meet on a street corner late at night," he said.

After a decade playing the wise guy, Mr. Pelliccio, whose stage name is James Reno, is "ready to diversify," as he puts it. Two weeks ago, he landed a role in the Off-Broadway show "Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding." He plays Anthony Nunzio, the groom's blustery father, in the roving audience-participation farce that showcases a tumultuous Italian wedding.

But in a city awash with professional -- though mostly unemployed -- actors, Mr. Pelliccio finds that many directors, casting agents and fellow thespians don't take him seriously. Although he is a member of the Screen Actors Guild, his formal training is minimal and as a result, he says, he is often looked down on by other actors who see him as a moonlighting off-duty cop. "I may not have gone to Julliard," he said, "but I'm still up there like the rest of them pouring my guts out."

In a sense, Mr. Pelliccio has been an actor much of his life. Soon after joining the police force in 1969, he was assigned to a wide variety of undercover operations, playing parts ranging from drug dealers and mafia underlings to wayward street punks. In many instances, his acting skills have kept him out of harm's way. Not once, he said, has his cover been blown by a faulty performance. In one of his more sensational assignments, Mr. Pelliccio was sent to Sing Sing, where, dressed in prison garb, he pretended to be a convicted hit man set for an early release. He said he gained the confidence of an imprisoned crime boss intent on killing two former associates, and his work headed off the bloodshed and helped lead to the capo's conviction.

His first real break in the theatrical world came in 1981, when he stumbled onto the set of "Ragtime," which was being filmed on East 11th Street. He offered himself as a security guard on his own time, but after a few days watching the set, he was hired to play a turn-of-the-century beat cop.

Despite extensive work as an undercover agent, Mr. Pelliccio has found acting on stage nerve-racking. Just before opening in "Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding," he did his best to keep cool but confessed to a case of butterflies. "I've been in gunfights where I was less afraid," he said.

The contradictions of law enforcement and theater are not lost on Mr. Pelliccio, who tosses out Tennessee Williams quotes and waxes philosophical with a wiseguy New Yorkese patter interspersed with expletives. In police work, he says, a good cop keeps his emotions bundled up inside; the opposite is true in theater.

"Acting has helped me get in touch with myself and feel O.K. with who I am," he said. "It's very gratifying."

Mr. Pelliccio, who was born and raised on ***working-class*** Staten Island, still lives there, a few minutes from his parents, Italian immigrants whom he describes as "Old World people who get teary-eyed just by hearing the name Joe DiMaggio." Nine years ago, after returning home from the set of "Married to the Mob," Mr. Pelliccio found a note from his wife, telling him she had left home with their two children. They have since divorced and Mr. Pelliccio acknowledges that the long, erratic hours of police work and his disciplinarian style have made family life, at times, difficult. His 16-year-old son, whom he sees on weekends, thinks of him as a Marine sergeant, he says.

"Cops have this fix-it mentality," he said, looking away. "They think they can sweep into a situation like a white knight and make everything fine in a snap."

Even for a self-described tough guy, maintaining two careers isn't easy. Last week, after a long day working on a homicide case, Mr. Pelliccio's exhaustion was apparent. On this night, he sniffled between drags on his cigarette, nursing the remnants of a cold he says he caught from "kissing 40 strangers" during "Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding." Nattily dressed in a charcoal double-breasted suit and brown wingtip shoes, he explained that looking the part of a detective is half his job.

"Mind you, this isn't expensive," he said, tugging at his lapels. "I mean, if someone spits up or dies all over this, you don't want to wear it again. You never get the smell of a D.O.A. out of your threads."

Although he is long past putting in his 20 years and could retire on a full pension like many of his peers, Mr. Pelliccio says he's not ready to turn in his shield. "So much of my identity is tied to being a cop," he said, his hands, as always, gesticulating. "Leaving the department is not as easy as cutting off a boil."

He will, however, retire when he feels secure that he can make it as a full-time actor.

"All I need is the big break," he said, displaying a rare flash of vulnerability. His family is also eager for him to leave the police force. "They're proud when they see me on film or on stage," he said. "But more important, they don't have to worry about me getting killed in a blaze of gunfire."

**Graphic**

Photo: James Pelliccio, star of stage, screen and stationhouse, with Allison Furman, actress. (Thomas Dallal for The New York Times)

Chart: "UNSCRIPTED: Shooting From the Hip"

James (Jake) Pelliccio, homicide detective, is also known as James Reno, actor. He had this to say about his two worlds:

On Acting: "In police work, it's about people running from the truth. In acting, it's about people seeking the truth."

On Police Work: "People have such a contempt for cops. They get blamed for everything that's wrong with society's problems but we're out working lousy hours, giving our lives to the public. Next time you see a cop, give him a hug and say 'I understand.' "

Personality Quirk: "I wash my hands before I go to the john because of the filthy people I touch on the job."

Favorite Film: " 'On the Waterfront' because every scene stands on its own."

Favorite Actor: Frederic Forrest.

Most Embarrassing Faux Pas: Tripping over a cable on stage during the taping of "Kate and Allie."

How to Spot Me at a Party: "I'm the guy standing in the corner watching people, figuring out what they're about. To me, everyone is a potential client, so you try to get a head start."

**Load-Date:** August 18, 1996

**End of Document**



[***ONE STREET AT A TIME; Nashville's 12South***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48VD-4T80-01KN-20H2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 15, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 6; Part 2; Column 2; Sophisticated Traveler Magazine; Pg. 14

**Length:** 1372 words

**Byline:**  By Bill Friskics-Warren; Bill Friskics-Warren is the author, with David Cantwell, of "Heartaches by the Number: Country Music's 500 Greatest Singles" (Vanderbilt University Press).

**Body**

Two hundred years ago, the widow Granny White packed up her orphaned grandchildren and trudged some 800 miles west from North Carolina to Tennessee, over the Cumberland Plateau. She settled along the old buffalo path south of Nashville, now known as Granny White Pike, first selling ginger cakes from a roadside stand, then opening an inn for travelers making their way up and down the Natchez Trace, a few miles to the west.

Lately, much the same spirit of hospitality and entrepreneurship has returned to the thoroughfare that bears her name, or at least to the funky stretch of 12th Avenue South that empties into it. The difference, today, is that instead of the pancakes, clean sheets and applejack for which White was famous, Nashvillians and tourists frequent the street for gourmet popsicles, rodeo couture and cucumber martinis.

Until recently, this strip of 12th Avenue South had no identity, other than a reputation for being a rough part of town. Apart from the presence of a handful of tenacious merchants, 12th Avenue wasn't so much a destination as a means of getting somewhere else. Now, lined with galleries, sweet shops and other mom and pop stores, the 10 blocks that run from Linden Avenue to Sevier Park bisect one of the hippest up-and-coming neighborhoods in Nashville.

The area isn't completely gentrified, and, despite being rechristened "12South," likely won't be any time soon. Only two miles below the downtown loop, it has a mix of ***working-class*** people and new bohemians that is a little too urban, the assortment of high-end specialty shops and blue-collar businesses too heterodox, to be ripe for colonization by adventurous suburbanites.

TwelveSouth begins as you crest 12th headed out of town and meet the brooding hills of Williamson County looming in the distance. Heralding your arrival is Serendipity, an upscale boutique, in a two-story brick edifice called the Linden, that trades in chic clothing and accessories. A block farther out is Trim Classic Barber and Legendary Beauty, a retro hair salon (one side for him, the other for her) where men can be treated to a shave with a straight razor, hot towels and all.

Anchoring this upper end of 12South is Mirror, the restaurant that initiated Nashvillians into the mysteries of tapas. The blue cheese polenta fries, served with a charred tomato dipping sauce, are amazing, as is the bruschetta. The proprietors recommend a dry sherry to go with both, but you also can't go wrong with a cucumber martini or a Belgian Trappist ale. Or the "Bob Deanie," a froth of single malt and bitters served, as the menu promises, "ice-cold like the heart" of the restaurant's droll barkeep, the drink's namesake and creator.

Across the street from Mirror on 12th is a row of refurbished bungalows inhabited by dealers of antiques and collectibles. At the Emporium, you'll find singularities like wood sculptures made with chain saws and a light fixture fashioned from a clarinet by a pair of artists who call themselves the Twisted Sisters. One door down from Mirror to the south (unknown to most local people) is Dolly Parton's rehearsal studio, a faux hacienda complex that could have been airlifted from the back lot of Universal Studios. Of special note is the kitschy chapel, which accommodates five people, tops. Regrettably, it's not open to the public.

Nashville, of course, is the buckle of the Bible Belt, and there is no shortage of churches along 12South. Almost all of them are Protestant and African-American and, with one exception, modest red-brick buildings with small white steeples. The house of worship that stands out, however, is the Islamic Center, a hub for the city's growing Muslim population. Those who congregate out front and in the parking lot after services represent one aspect of the changing face of Nashville, which is now home to tens of thousands of people from Eastern Europe, the Middle East and Far East and central Africa. It's not unusual, on a Friday afternoon, to see a ribbon of yellow and orange taxis parked around the Islamic Center belonging to the Somali drivers inside. On Fridays passers-by may hear the numinous droning of those assembled for evening prayer drifting into the street.

Such epiphanies are more accessible now that there are sidewalks along this part of 12th Avenue. The street has yet to give way to a proliferation of strollers and joggers, though; there's just not enough of a shoulder, and traffic tends to speed by at a nerve-racking clip. Better to park near a favorite spot and work your way a few blocks up and down in each direction, and then drive to another point and do the same.

You can't go wrong starting at Becker's, a family-owned bakery that's been in business for more than 75 years. Everything is made from scratch; both the fancy wafers (pastel-colored butter cookies) and the chess tarts (with a rich Southern pie filling consisting of butter, sugar and eggs) are great with a double espresso from Portland Brew across the way. A block or so north, you can browse for vintage clothing at Katy K Ranch Dressing.

Katy K is the brainchild of Katy Kattelman, who used to have a shop in Manhattan. Besides her own handmade creations, which run a gamut of styles from rockabilly to punk, Katy sells rhinestone-studded originals by celebrated rodeo tailors like Nudie and Manuel. A canary-colored cowboy shirt stitched with wagon wheels and cactuses, once worn by a member of Porter Wagoner's band, was on display until recently when it went for $200 on eBay.

For a different sort of wearable art, there's Tye Dye Mary's, above Granny's Flower Shop at the south end of the strip, right before 12th turns into Granny White Pike. My 12-year-old son, Marshall, has at least a dozen of Mary's T-shirts. She tie-dyes everything from panties and prom jackets to linens and doggy T-shirts, the last adorning the dogs who chase Frisbees on the sloping green of Sevier Park across the street.

Nashville, of course, is renowned as Music City, and as the Country Music Capital of the World in particular. Yet there aren't any listening rooms along 12South, just a pair of music stores, Corner Music and Fork's Drum Closet. Occasionally, a portable stage or band shell goes up in Sevier Park, where the likes of Uhuru, an African dance troupe, and Mystic Meditations, a local reggae band, have performed. For country music, though, you have to head back up 12th toward downtown, about a mile or so past the 12South strip, to the Station Inn. A roadhouse straight out of a mountain hollow, the Station has been a mecca for bluegrass since the 1970's. The heady likes of Bill Monroe, Ralph Stanley and Earl Scruggs as well as inheritors like Alison Krauss and Nickel Creek have graced its stage.

Five blocks north of the Station Inn on 12th as you cross Broadway is 12th and Porter Playroom, a cave of a lounge known for booking rootsy singer-songwriters like Alejandro Escovedo and Freedy Johnston. In a series of memorable acoustic dates at 12th and Porter in the mid-90's, Lucinda Williams worried over the songs that became "Car Wheels on a Gravel Road."

On 12th as you head into town, at the corner of 12th and Edgehill, is a historic marker commemorating the legendary harmonica player DeFord Bailey. A favorite on the Grand Ole Opry from 1927, and the first black star in country music, Bailey was fired from the Opry under murky circumstances in 1941, after which he opened a shoeshine shop, eventually dying in obscurity. It's a disgrace that he's not yet a member of the Country Music Hall of Fame.

Before venturing from 12South downtown in pursuit of music, though, stop at Las Paletas for a handmade Mexican popsicle. Made from fresh ingredients by Irma and Norma Paz, paletas are an ordinary treat in Mexico but still a novelty in Nashville. The flavors range from mango and hibiscus to chocolate-wasabi and cucumber-chili-pepper. "Two-dollar adventures," one customer called them.

There's no sign out front of Las Paletas, so keep an eye out for 2907 12th Avenue South; for advertising, the Paz sisters rely on the vigorous word-of-mouth of their evangelical customers. No doubt Granny White, whose delicacies and gift for hospitality inspired similar devotion, would have been proud.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Beginning the evening at Mirror, the stylish bar and restaurant that introduced tapas to Nashville.; A cooling snack at Las Paletas; Tye Dye Mary's, where Mary tie-dyes almost anything.; A musical jacket at Katy K, where styles run from rockabilly to punk.; An informal outdoor exchange of vinyl (yes, vinyl) records. (Mark Peterson/Corbis Saba for The New York Times) Map (Joe LeMonnier for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 15, 2003

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[***Salvation Army Is More Than Christmas Kettles***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0RK0-002S-X4B4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 18, 1989, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 16, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1151 words

**Byline:** By PETER STEINFELS

**Body**

Even in New York, successful young bankers are not usually found playing music for coins on the sidewalk. Yet no one batted an eye when Kenneth Burton, assistant treasurer and manager of the mortgage administration department for the Bank of New York, recently stood outside Macy's on a freezing cold evening playing Christmas carols on his euphonium.

Of course, Mr. Burton was not wearing banker's pin stripes. Instead, he was dressed in the blue and red uniform of the Salvation Army. It is the same uniform he wears every Sunday to services at the Harlem Temple Corps at Lenox Avenue and 137th Street.

Mr. Burton is a front-line soldier in an unusual Christian denomination. It is organized along military lines but also touched by the spirit of Quaker simplicity. It hews to strict, conservative beliefs but avoids theological quarrels. Concerned about relieving immediate physical suffering, it is no less dedicated to winning souls for Jesus.

The Salvation Army began in London's desperately poor East End, where William Booth, an English evangelist, set up a mission in 1865. Thirteen years later, he reorganized what had become a flourishing team of preachers and volunteer church workers into the Salvation Army. Its very name signifies its religious inspiration, but many people assume that the organization is a social service agency, staffed by full-time workers, rather than a church with clergy and lay members.

In fact, in the United States, the Salvation Army has only 3,600 full-time active officers, who constitute the denomination's clergy. There are 80,000 fully pledged members plus another 46,000 pledged youth members and other people who regularly attend the Army's Sunday services.

Techniques Have Changed

The colorful, almost vaudevillian revival techniques that marked the Army's early history have given way to professional skills in alcohol and drug rehabilitation, and the Army employs about 35,000 people nationally to conduct its array of social service projects, and also more than one million volunteers.

Like lay people in other religious bodies, many of these Salvationists have grown up in the church. They pursue ordinary jobs during working hours, but often devote much of their free time to Army activities, which grow even more intense at this time of the year. Many take very visible posts as sidewalk kettle-watchers.

Two weeks ago, at the Harlem Temple, Mr. Burton, 37 years old, and his wife Judythe, 34, who supervises occupational therapy at North Central Bronx Hospital, talked about their lives in the Salvation Army.

''As soon as I could hold a crayon, I was coloring in the letters on Sunday School material,'' Mrs. Burton recalled. Mrs. Burton's mother was in charge of the youth activities at the Harlem Temple.

Mr. Burton's ties with the Temple were equally longstanding. His grandparents were the Salvation Army officers in charge there in the 1940's. Although the Burtons now live in Teaneck, N.J., and he works in the Bank of New York office in Harrison, N.Y., he is at the Harlem Temple three or four nights of the week.

Basketball to Music

On Monday he plays with about 13 neighborhood young people on an Army-sponsored basketball team. Twice a month on Tuesday, he attends church committee meetings. On Wednesday, he gives music lessons to a dozen children. On Thursday he works with a small musical group, New Sounds for Christ. It has performed from Detroit to St. Thomas, the Virgin Islands, and often plays on Friday and Saturday evenings.

Like her mother, Mrs. Burton directs Sunday school at the Temple, runs Bible study groups for young people in her home and belongs to the Home League, the Army's women's organization.

Mrs. Burton, who has a degree in occupational therapy from New York University, said. ''I chose to stay in a hospital that services the poor,'' because of her Salvation Army background and because ''I was poor once, and know what it's like to get shabby health care.''

Its bands and its military imagery are the most colorful aspect of the Salvation Army. The bands were adopted because brass bands were a popular part of English ***working-class*** life a century ago and also a handy way to drown out hecklers at outdoor services.

Congregations are known as corps and members of the clergy are referred to as commissioned officers. The Army's basic declaration of doctrine and duties is called ''The Articles of War,'' and people formally subscribing to it become soldiers.

The group's chief publication has long been The War Cry. When Salvationists die, they are said to have been ''promoted to glory.''

Unusual Mixtures

But the Army is unusual in other, perhaps more important ways. It mixes traditional evangelical beliefs with a concern for social ills more characteristic of liberal religious groups.

It adheres to strict moral and theological principles. In 1976, the American branch dropped out of the United Service Organizations Inc. because the U.S.O. had begun serving alcohol to servicemen. In 1984, citing Scripture, the Army joined John Cardinal O'Connor and the New York Roman Catholic archdiocese in challenging Mayor Edward I. Koch's order barring discrimination against homosexuals in programs supported by city contracts.

But the Army, although it sticks to a literal understanding of the Bible, manages not to enmesh itself in debates about Scripture. Influenced by the Quakers, it does not consider any sacraments necessary for salvation. ''The sacraments have been the source of so many disputes and wars over the centuries,'' said Commissioner James Osborne, the national commander of the Army.

In the United States, the Army's headquarters are in Verona, N.J. Local units plan and pay for their own projects, but total spending for the country is about $864 million a year. Ninety percent comes from individual donations, national officials say.

Married men and women can serve as officers only if both husband and wife undergo equal training, hold equal rank and share their pastoral responsibilities.

'Stop Whining and Do Something'

At the head of the Army worldwide is Gen. Eva Burrows, a 60-year-old Australian and the second woman to lead the denomination's 1.5 million adherents and 17,000 active officers working in 90 nations. Evangeline Booth, the founder's daughter, served as international commander from 1934 to 1939.

Taking a coffee break from ''standing kettles'' by Grand Central Terminal and Rockefeller Center, Chris and Cynthia Smith said they left Maine, where Chris had a well-paying job as a Postal Service labor relations official, and entered the Army's training school for officers. ''We weren't rich, but we were warm and well fed,'' Mrs. Smith said. She and her husband, in their early 30's, have two children, 6 and 4 years old.

''I used to watch the news at night and would say I didn't do anything about all that suffering. Now the Lord is saying, 'Stop whining and do something,' '' she said.

**Graphic**

Photo of Kenneth Burton, left, a banker, who is among the soldiers doing the work of the Salvation Army (NYT/Linda M. Baron)

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[***UPHEAVAL IN THE EAST;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R280-0038-D4F4-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Moscow a Year Later: Rutted Streets and Despair***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R280-0038-D4F4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 19, 1990, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 0; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1163 words

**Byline:** By CRAIG R. WHITNEY, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MOSCOW, Feb. 16

**Body**

A few impressions of Moscow after an absence of a year:

The rutted streets and cluttered courtyards of the city center speak of a marked deterioration in the economy, in just a year. Russian friends speak of empty shelves in the stores, which seem about as empty as they were a year ago, and say the reason for this is that nobody sees much point in working hard anymore.

And there is a sense of despair about the process of change that was not evident a year ago.

Echoing several other intellectuals, a friend who works on the staff of the Central Committee of the Communist Party said President Mikhail S. Gorbachev waited too long to try to push through serious economic changes. Now it may be too late. New Executive Powers Diplomats and Russians agree that the Communist Party, whose Central Committee voted last week to give up its constitutional guarantee of the leading role prescribed for it by every Soviet political leader since Lenin, had long ago lost the authority or the ability to put the country's affairs in order.

It will not collapse suddenly like the Communist parties of East Germany and Czechoslovakia, they say, not in Russia at least, but the parties of the ethnic Muslim republics along the country's southern border are beginning to collapse in a way that looks, from a distance, remarkably like the way the ones in Eastern Europe fell apart.

''Perestroika,'' which has brought a new openness and freedom of debate, seems to have gone seriously wrong as a policy of pulling the country out of economic decline, and Mr. Gorbachev told the elected legislature this week that it was in a critical stage.

Now, too late, some believe, he is asking for sweeping new executive powers. The legislature, several deputies say, talks and talks, just as freely and openly as the House of Commons or the United States Senate does, but unlike them it gets little done. The country needs a strong executive, Mr. Gorbachev told them, because an elected president ought to replace the Communist Party Politburo, which in a democracy should not have such executive powers anyway.

Not Yet a Democracy

''A rule-of-law state has no room for dictatorship by any class, and even less so for the power of a management bureaucracy,'' said the party's draft platform that the Central Committee approved last week. But it only recognized a state of affairs that already exists. The party is no longer ''the'' party.

But neither is the Soviet Union, yet, a democracy. ''We don't have a tradition of democracy in this country,'' said the writer Anatoly N. Rybakov, one of the earliest beneficiaries of Mr. Gorbachev's policy of glasnost. ''People don't understand that in a democracy, you can lose elections, and when you lose, you have to submit to the rule of the majority until your turn comes again.''

Mr. Gorbachev has not yet proceeded to serious economic revision. The legislature is still debating whether and how to introduce private property.

But the only kind of private enterprise ordinary people can see around them, they do not like much: private farmers charging 15 rubles a kilogram for hothouse tomatoes, and mafia-like joint-venture businessmen who rent Zil limousines and dine in private restaurants that accept Western currency only, imitating the mores and privileges of the now discredited party elite.

''People in Russia are used to having nothing,'' said Anatoly S. Pankov, a journalist from Siberia. A Central Committee official said, ''The ideal of social justice here is that everybody should have nothing not that entrepreneurs should prosper and spread the wealth.''

Mood of Gloom and Anxiety

The party's draft platform puts it this way: ''We have approached a point when the previous system of economic management and government is not operating to a considerable extent, while new mechanisms have not yet started to work at full capacity.''

In plain Russian, to many people, that means that Mr. Gorbachev has wrecked the old system, with its assurances of social and economic stability at the price of intellectual freedom, and given them a half-baked new one that does not work but leaves them free to take to the streets to protest.

And so the mood among the ordinary people in Moscow, unlike the mood in Prague or even East Berlin these days, is not one of eager anticipation of new freedoms but one of gloom and anxiety.

''I hear a million people could be on the streets on Feb. 25,'' a Communist functionary said of a rumored demonstration, though that seemed like just one more rumor. But it seemed credible because several hundred thousand people did take to the streets on Feb. 4, as the Central Committee was gathering for its session, to tell their leaders that they were not happy with the way things were going.

Concessions on Arms Control

Small wonder, with all of that going on, that Mr. Gorbachev is making concession after concession in arms control, and even seeming to agree to the idea of German unification in a country that still remembers, painfully, the 20 million dead it suffered at the hands of the Nazis in World War II.

''He has to find some way to sell that to the people at home that doesn't make it sound like a capitulation,'' a Western diplomat said. A Russian journalist friend thought that would be difficult. ''A lot of people think he's wrecked our internal stability, now he's taking away our external security belt,'' he said. ''And maybe they'll decide pretty soon that they don't want him anymore.''

Perhaps. The only thing that is certain in Moscow these days is that everything is uncertain.

2,000 NATIONALISTS PROTEST

MOSCOW, Feb. 18 (AP) - About 2,000 Russian nationalists staged a rally today to complain about President Mikhail S. Gorbachev's reforms, the warming of relations with the United States and the growing nationalism in non-Russian republics.

The protesters gathered in deep snow near the Soviet television's 1,600-foot-tall transmission tower also heard speakers accuse Mr. Gorbachev of being power-hungry and plunging the Soviet Union into poverty and misery.

The harshest attack on Mr. Gorbachev came from Boris Unko of the United Front of Workers of Russia, a group fighting Gorbachev's market-oriented economic reforms and unhappy about the nationalism in non-Russian republics.

Among the evils wrought by Mr. Gorbachev's reforms, Mr. Unko said, were rock music, ''modernism and pornography,'' ''insults'' to heroes of the Bolshevik Revolution and World War II and others ''who built socialist society.'' He said Mr. Gorbachev had sold out to the elite and forgotten about the ***working class***.

He said Mr. Gorbachev is trying to become a dictator, adding that the Soviet leader should have known his reforms would bring more harm than good.

Mr. Unko said: ''Any grandmother could have predicted the consequences of such a course. But you keep different company, the elite, property-holders. You make friends with President-murderer Bush, also a fighter for democracy who spilled blood in much-suffering Panama.''

**End of Document**



[***Part II: The Iraq War 2003--2011***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5KFY-3VN1-DXY4-X2J0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 14, 2016 Sunday

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**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 21; FEATURE

**Length:** 6538 words

**Byline:** By SCOTT ANDERSON

**Body**

5. Khulood al-Zaidi

Iraq

As the second-youngest of six children -- three boys and three girls -- born to a hospital radiologist and his stay-at-home wife, Khulood al-Zaidi had a relatively comfortable middle-class childhood. But like most of the other girls in Kut, a low-slung provincial city of some 400,000 located 100 miles down the Tigris River from Baghdad, she lived a life that was both cloistered and highly regimented: off to school each day and then straight home to help with household chores, followed by more study. Save for school, Khulood seldom ventured from home for anything beyond the occasional family outing or to help her mother and older sisters with the grocery shopping. In 23 years, she had left her hometown only once, a day trip to Baghdad chaperoned by her father.

Yet, in the peculiar way that ambition can take root in the most inhospitable of settings, Khulood had always been determined to escape the confines of Kut, and she focused her energies on the one path that might allow for it: higher education. In this, she had an ally of sorts in her father. Ali al-Zaidi was insistent that all his children, including his three daughters, obtain college degrees, even if the ultimate purpose of the girls' education bordered on the obscure.

''My father was very progressive in a lot of ways,'' she explained, ''but even with him, going to college was never about my having a professional career. Instead, it was always the idea of 'Study hard, get a degree, but then find a husband.' '' She shrugged. ''This was the Iraqi system.'' Khulood pursued a degree in English literature at a local university, but the expectation was that, degree in hand, she might teach English at a local school for a few years, then marry and start a family. Khulood had different plans, though: With her English proficiency, she would go to Baghdad and look for work as an interpreter for one of the few foreign companies then operating in Iraq.

That scheme was sidetracked when, just three months short of her graduation, the Americans invaded Iraq. In the early morning of April 3, 2003, the fighting reached Kut. Advance units of the United States First Marine Expeditionary Force encircled the city, and for the next several hours methodically destroyed one Iraqi redoubt after another, their tanks and artillery on the ground complemented by close air support. Of this battle for her hometown, Khulood, then 23, heard a great deal but saw nothing. There was a simple explanation for this. ''Women weren't allowed out of the house,'' she said.

Before the invasion, Vice President Dick Cheney predicted that Americans would be ''greeted as liberators'' in Iraq, and his prediction was borne out in the streets of Kut on April 4. As the Marines consolidated their hold on the city, they were happily swarmed by young men and children proffering trays of sweets and hot tea. Finally permitted to leave her home, Khulood, like most other women in Kut, observed the spectacle from a discreet distance. ''The Americans were very relaxed, friendly, but mostly I was struck by how huge they seemed -- and all their weapons and vehicles, too. Everything seemed out of scale, like we had been invaded by aliens.''

While there continued to be sporadic fighting elsewhere by remnants of Saddam Hussein's Baathist government -- given the Orwellian label of ''anti-Iraqi forces'' by the Bush administration -- the few coalition troops who remained in Kut that spring and early summer felt secure enough to mingle free of body armor with residents and to patrol its streets in unprotected trucks. Those soldiers also quickly returned the city to something close to normalcy. The university was reopened after just a two-month interruption, enabling Khulood to obtain her bachelor's degree that August. The real work now was in rebuilding the nation's shattered economy and reconstituting its government, and to that end a small army of foreign engineers, accountants and consultants descended on Iraq under the aegis of the Coalition Provisional Authority, or C.P.A., the American-led transitional administration that would stand down once a new Iraqi government was in place.

One of those who came was a 33-year-old lawyer from Oklahoma named Fern Holland. A human rights adviser for the C.P.A., Holland had a special brief in the summer of 2003 that included developing projects to empower women in the Shiite heartland of southern Iraq. In September 2003, that mission took her to Kut and her first encounter with Khulood.

''I will always remember the first time I saw Fern,'' Khulood said. ''She brought a group of us women together to talk about the work she wanted to do in Iraq. She was surprisingly young -- this is easy to forget, because her personality was so strong -- with bright blond hair and a very open, friendly manner. I had never met a woman like her. I don't think any of us in that room had.''

What Holland told the women in the Kut meeting hall was no less exotic to them than her appearance. With the overthrow of Saddam Hussein, she said, a new Iraq was being established, one in which democracy and respect for human rights would reign supreme. What's more, to consolidate this new Iraq, everyone had a role to play, not least the women of Kut.

For Khulood, that talk struck with the force of epiphany. This was the moment she had been waiting for her entire life. Almost immediately, she began doing volunteer work on women's rights projects for Holland. ''I had thought about these issues before, but under Saddam Hussein they were like fantasies,'' Khulood said. ''Now, I saw a future for myself.''

Holland was perhaps less confident. From past experience working in conservative and male-dominated societies in Africa, she suspected that it would only be a matter of time -- and probably a very short time -- before the forces of tradition rose up in opposition to her work, so she had to set change in motion quickly. She also knew that, as an outsider, her role needed to be a limited one; what was required was dynamic local women to spearhead the effort, women like Khulood al-Zaidi.

The following month, Holland chose Khulood to be a representative at a national women's leadership conference, held under the auspices of the C.P.A. At that conference, Khulood received even headier news: She had been selected as part of a women's delegation that would soon travel to Washington to help draft the new Iraqi Constitution. When word of this spread at the conference, it provoked a backlash. ''A lot of the other women objected because I was so young,'' Khulood said. ''Even I thought it was maybe too much. But Fern insisted. She told the other women, 'Khulood represents the youth of Iraq -- she is going.' She was my biggest supporter.''

On that November 2003 trip to Washington, the 23-year-old fresh out of college met with a parade of dignitaries, including President George W. Bush. Upon her return, she was formally hired by the C.P.A. to serve as an assistant manager of the Kut media office. It was a very long way for a young woman who, less than a year earlier, had imagined no greater future than finding interpreter work with a foreign company. ''It was a very exciting time,'' Khulood said. ''Because you could feel everything changing so fast.''

6. Wakaz Hassan

Iraq

Wakaz Hassan is saved from ordinariness by his eyes. In most every other way, the tall and gangly 22-year-old would appear unremarkable, just one more face in the crowd -- but so intensely dark and arresting are his eyes that you might initially think he was wearing mascara. In his stare is a kind of mournful impenetrability that hints at the hard world he has seen.

Only 8 years old in 2003, Wakaz seemed destined for an exceedingly normal life, even a prosaic one. The youngest of five children born to an Iraqi bank clerk and his wife, he spent his childhood in the drowsy farming community of Dawr, just 15 miles down the Tigris River from Saddam Hussein's hometown, Tikrit. ''All was very good there,'' he recalled. ''Easy.''

That changed with the American invasion. Long considered a Baathist stronghold by virtue of Hussein's origins there, Tikrit and its environs were a prime early objective of the invaders, with the city itself the target of intense aerial bombardments. By mid-April 2003, coalition troops occupied the string of gaudy palace buildings erected by Hussein along the Tikrit riverfront and began conducting raids through the surrounding river towns in search of fugitive Baathist officials. The May 15 raid on Dawr netted 30 suspected Baathists -- a startling number for such a small commu­nity -- but the town was soon to yield up an even greater prize. In mid-December 2003, American troops discovered a ''spider hole'' on the northern edge of Dawr and pulled out Hussein himself.

The young Wakaz had only the vaguest grasp of all this. According to him, his family -- Sunni, like most all residents of the Tikrit area -- was not particularly religious, nor was it political in any way. He remembered hearing something about the mistreatment of Iraqi prisoners at an American-operated prison -- clearly a reference to the Abu Ghraib scandal -- and then there was the time American soldiers searched his family's home, but those soldiers were quite respectful, and the episode passed without incident.

''I know others had problems with the Americans,'' Wakaz said, ''but my family, no. For us, we were really not affected at all.''

What the Hassan family did blame the invaders for, at least in a general way, was the ensuing collapse of the Iraqi economy, a downturn that cost Wakaz's father his job at the Rafidain Bank. To support his young family, the Hassan patriarch used his savings to open a small sweet shop on Dawr's main street. ''So yes, our life was definitely much easier before the Americans came,'' Wakaz conceded. ''Even if it wasn't their fault directly, that is when everything became much harder.''

7. Khulood al-Zaidi

Iraq

As she entered the new world opened up to her by Fern Holland, Khulood remained unaware that the seeds of disaster for the American intervention had already been sown.

In their Iraqi war plans, the Pentagon had set down comprehensive blueprints detailing which strategic installations and government ministries were to be seized and guarded. But the American military seemed to have given little thought to the arsenals and munitions depots that Hussein had scattered about the country. In one town and city after another, these storehouses were systematically looted, sometimes under the gaze of coalition soldiers who did not intervene.

The occupying authorities soon compounded this misstep. In a move now largely regarded as calamitous, one of the first actions taken by the C.P.A.'s administrator, Paul Bremer, was to disband the Iraqi military. Just like that, hundreds of thousands of men -- men with both military training and access to weapons -- were being put out of their jobs by the summer of 2003.

It may have been the edict immediately preceding that decree, however, that had the most deleterious effect. Under the terms of C.P.A. Order No. 1, senior Baath Party members were summarily dismissed from government positions and placed under a lifetime public-employment ban. In addition, employees in the upper echelon of all government institutions were to be investigated for Baathist affiliations. As critics pointed out, tens of thousands of apolitical Iraqi professionals -- a group that included Khulood's radiologist father, Ali al-Zaidi -- were compelled to join the party in the 1990s as part of a ''recruitment drive'' by Saddam Hussein; now these teachers and doctors and engineers were at risk of being disenfranchised.

The effects of Order 1 stretched far beyond the dismissed Baathists. In Iraq, as in much of the rest of the Middle East, government offices operated on an elaborate patronage system in which most every employee, from senior staff down to the steward who brought refreshments to visitors, owed their jobs to the head man; as might be expected, that man -- almost invariably a Baath Party member during Saddam Hussein's reign -- usually handed out those jobs to members of his extended family or tribe. What the firing of as many as 85,000 Baathists actually meant, then, was the cashiering of countless more people and the instant impoverishment of entire clans and tribes.

Under the weight of these blunders, it's remarkable that the Iraqi occupation didn't blow up sooner. An omen of what was to come occurred in August 2003, when the United Nations headquarters in Baghdad was destroyed by a truck bomb, killing 22, including the U.N.'s special representative for Iraq, Sergio Vieira de Mello. That was followed by a steady escalation in attacks against coalition forces. By the beginning of 2004, C.P.A. officials perceived a deepening hostility toward their initiatives, so much so that even Fern Holland began to worry. As she wrote in an email to a friend in late January: ''We're doing all we can with the brief time we've got left. It's a terrible race. Wish us luck. Wish the Iraqis luck.''

On March 8, 2004, the new provisional Constitution of Iraq was signed. The clause that set a goal of having 25 percent of future parliamentary seats held by women was largely credited to the behind-the-scenes lobbying of Fern Holland.

The following afternoon, a Daewoo containing three C.P.A. civilian employees was traveling along a provincial highway when an Iraqi police pickup truck pulled alongside. With a blast of automatic gunfire, the car was sent careering across the highway before stalling on the shoulder; the men in the police truck then clambered out to finish off their victims with assault rifles. All three of the Daewoo's occupants were killed in the fusillade, marking them as the first C.P.A. civilians to be murdered in Iraq. That included the driver and presumed target of the attack, Fern Holland.

Following Holland's murder, a sense of trepidation spread among the thousands of C.P.A. personnel scattered across Iraq. ''We were all in a state of shock, of course,'' Khulood al-Zaidi said, ''but I think we were also waiting to see what it meant, if it had been an attack on Fern in particular or if this was going to be something larger.''

The answer came very soon. In tandem with the growing Sunni insurgency in central Iraq, through the first months of 2004, a radical Shiite cleric in Baghdad, Moktada al-Sadr, had been demanding a withdrawal of all coalition forces from the nation. In early April, Sadr unleashed his militia, the Mahdi Army, in an effort to bring that withdrawal about through a series of well-coordinated attacks against military and C.P.A. installations. Kut's turn came on April 5, when some 200 Mahdi militiamen began attacking the C.P.A. compound.

Khulood spent hours trapped in the C.P.A. media office, as the coalition forces assigned to guard the compound returned fire. Finally a C.P.A. supervisor turned to Khulood. ''If you are not afraid,'' he said, ''you should just go.''

With two other local workers, Khulood managed to thread her way out of the compound and, dodging down side alleys, to escape. With the C.P.A. compound subsequently abandoned, she remained in hiding as the Mahdi militiamen who now controlled Kut searched for any local C.P.A. employees left behind. Even after Ameri­can forces retook the city, Khulood remained so frightened she didn't leave her family's home for two weeks.

The Mahdi uprising radically altered the flow of events in Iraq. Both Sunni and Shia militias sharply increased their attacks against coalition forces, marking the true beginning of the Iraq war. Despite this, the C.P.A. went ahead with their program of ceding control of Iraq to a new central government. In May, the last of the foreign civilians based in Kut began withdrawing, and within two months, the whole of the local C.P.A. infrastructure was placed under the authority of the new Baghdad government.

For a time, this did seem to calm passions in Khulood's hometown, enough so that she vowed to continue the women's rights initiatives begun by her murdered mentor. That autumn, she helped found a small nongovernmental organization called Al-Batul, or Virgin. Its goals were modest. ''Kut has a small Christian population,'' Khulood explained, ''so my idea was to bring Christian and Muslim women together to work on projects that were important to both communities. It was mainly to teach the women how to defend their rights, to show them that they didn't always have to obey what men said.''

But in the deepening sectarianism spreading across Iraq, Sunni and Shia militants alike increasingly viewed the Christian community as the infidels within; in turn, terrified Christians were beginning to abandon the nation in droves, an exodus that would eventually reduce their numbers in Iraq by more than two-thirds. Further, the only possible source of funding for an endeavor like Al-Batul was from the foreign occupiers, enabling militants to denounce it as a front in the service of the enemy. Almost immediately, Khulood began receiving anonymous threats for continuing her work on ''American issues,'' threats that escalated to the point where she was denounced by name in a local newspaper.

The memory of that time caused Khulood, now 36, to become somber, reflective. ''I can see now that I was quite naïve, that I didn't take the situation as seriously as I should have. But my feeling was that I was only working on things that might give women a better life, so how was I a threat?''

In October 2004, the Al-Batul office in Kut was shot up. Undeterred, Khulood rented a second office, only to have it looted. That January, while attending a human rights training seminar in Amman, the capital of neighboring Jordan, she received a warning: If she resumed her work in Kut, she would be killed. She remained in Jordan for three months, but in April 2005 -- a year after the death of Fern Holland and with the fighting in Iraq now spiraling into sectarian war -- Khulood finally slipped back to her hometown.

She recognizes now that this decision bordered on the foolhardy. ''It was just very difficult for me to give up on this dream I had for Iraq,'' Khulood said, recalling how Holland told her that ''to bring change it takes people with courage, that sometimes you have to push very hard. Well, I didn't want to die, but Fern had, and I think I held onto this hope that if we kept trying, maybe things would improve.''

Shortly after returning to Kut, Khulood went to the local police station to file a report about her looted office, only to be treated dismissively. A more ominous note was struck when she met with one of her old Al-Batul colleagues. ''Why did you come back here?'' the woman asked. ''Everyone knows you're working for the Ameri­can Embassy.'' Her colleague's accusation came on the heels of a call summoning Khulood to the local militia headquarters. ''That's when I finally saw there was no chance for me in Iraq, that if I tried any longer, they would surely kill me.''

8. Laila Soueif

Egypt

As Khulood was planning her escape from Iraq in April 2005, Laila Soueif was escalating her opposition to the Egyptian dictatorship of Hosni Mubarak.

By then, Laila and her husband, Ahmed Seif, had been Egypt's most celebrated political dissident couple for well over a decade, serving as constant nuisances to the Mubarak government. Since his release from prison in 1989, Ahmed had become the nation's pre-eminent human rights lawyer, the champion of an eclectic array of defendants in politically motivated cases that included leftist university professors, Islamic fundamentalists and -- in a nation where homosexuality remains effectively illegal -- members of Cairo's gay community. When I first met him that autumn, Ahmed was involved in perhaps the most controversial case of his career, defending a group of men accused of complicity in a 2004 hotel bombing in the Sinai Peninsula that left 31 dead.

For her part, and even while retaining her mathematics professorship at Cairo University, Laila had gained a reputation as one of Cairo's most indefatigable ''street'' leaders, the veteran of countless protest marches against the government. Part of what drove her was a keen awareness that, as a member of the Cairene professional class, she enjoyed a freedom to dissent that was all but denied to Egypt's poor and ***working class***. ''Historically,'' she said, ''that bestowed a degree of immunity -- the security forces really didn't like to mess with us, because they didn't know who in the power structure we could call up -- but that also meant we had a responsibility, to be a voice for those who are silenced. And being a woman helped, too. In this culture, women just aren't taken that seriously, so it allows you to do things that men can't.''

But she was also quite aware that her activism -- and the government's grudging tolerance of it -- fit neatly into the divide-and-rule strategy that Hosni Mubarak had employed since assuming power in 1981. In the past, Egyptian governments were able to gin up bipartisan support when needed by playing the anti-West, anti-Israel card, but Anwar Sadat traded that card away by making peace with Israel and going on the American payroll. The new strategy consisted of allowing an expanded level of political dissent among the small, urban educated class, while swiftly moving to crush any sign of growing influence by the far more numerous -- and therefore, far more dangerous -- Islamists.

In Laila's estimation, what finally caused this strategy to fray was the launch of the second Palestinian intifada, or uprising, against Israel in September 2000. With most Egyptians of all politi­cal persuasions holding that their government sold out the Palestinians with the 1979 peace treaty with Israel, Mubarak was suddenly powerless to muzzle pro-Palestinian demonstrations lest he be seen as an even greater lackey of the Americans. ''For the first time,'' Laila explained, ''we began organizing openly and publicly without taking any permission from the government and without taking cover under any of the so-called legitimate political parties. And what was the government going to do about it? This established the pattern -- you don't wait for permission, you don't look for an existing political party to take you in, you just organize -- that we used many, many times afterward.''

In short order, street protests became a constant feature of Egyptian life. Even more dele­terious from the government's point of view, fury over the Palestinian situation galvanized opposition groups from across the political spectrum to march and work together.

With this new dynamic in place, the last thing Hosni Mubarak needed was another reminder to the Egyptian people of his fealty to Washington -- but then came the United States' decision to invade Iraq.

While astute enough to oppose that invasion in public, and to engage in high-profile diplo­macy to try to head it off, Mubarak wasn't able to escape its fallout. In the eyes of many Egyptians, after 23 years of taking lucre from the Americans, the dictator was simply too much their puppet to make a show of independence now. That cynical view only hardened as the war in Iraq dragged on and the daily body count mounted. From 2002 through early 2005, some of the largest antiwar demonstrations in the Arab world were taking place in the streets of Cairo, and Laila Soueif was on the front lines in nearly every one of them. ''Of course, on the overt level it was to protest what was occurring in Iraq,'' Laila said, ''but this also reflected the failure of Mubarak.''

At the same time, the dictator did himself few favors with a series of domestic initiatives that further inflamed the opposition. Grooming his son Gamal as his successor, in February 2005 Mubarak engineered a rewriting of the Constitution that, while ostensibly allowing for direct presidential elections, actually rigged the system so as to make domination by his political party all but perpetual. In presidential elections that September, Mubarak won a fifth six-year term with nearly 89 percent of the vote, after having arrested the only notable candidate to stand against him, Ayman Nour. Under mounting pressure at home and abroad, he reduced his interference in the November 2005 parliamentary elections, only to see the Muslim Brotherhood, an Islamist party still officially banned, take an unprecedented 20 percent of the seats.

By late 2005, when I spent six weeks traveling through Egypt, growing contempt for the government was evident everywhere. To be sure, much of that antipathy derived from the nation's economic stagnation and from the corruption that had enabled a small handful of politicians and generals to become fabulously rich -- the Mubarak family financial portfolio alone was reported to run into the billions -- but it also had a strong anti-American component, and pointed up a profound disjuncture. At the same time that Egypt was regarded in Washington as one of the United States' most reliable allies in the Arab world, in no small part because of its continuing entente with Israel, over the course of scores of interviews with Egyptians of most every political and religious persuasion, I failed to meet a single one who supported the Israeli peace settlement, or who regarded the American subsidies to the Mubarak government, then approaching $2 billion a year, as anything other than a source of national shame. As Essam el-Erian, deputy head of the Muslim Brotherhood, bluntly told me: ''The only politics in Egypt now are the politics of the street, and for anyone to work with the Americans is to write their politi­cal death sentence.''

It was during this time of ferment that the three children of Laila Soueif and Ahmed Seif, who previously had shown little interest in activism, began to have a change of heart about politics. The first to make the evolution was their son, Alaa, a pioneering Egyptian blogger, and it happened when he accompanied Laila to a protest march in May 2005.

''He had become very interested in citizen journalism,'' Laila said, ''so with all the street actions surrounding the Constitution and Mubarak running again, he had begun coming down to cover the demonstrations -- not to participate, just to report on them.''

But the protest on May 25 was a very different affair. Waiting in ambush were government-hired thugs, or baltageya, who immediately charged at the demonstrators to beat them with fists and wooden staffs. Perhaps recognizing the well-known protester in their midst, the goons soon fell on Laila.

''Well, this was something new,'' she said, ''for them to punch a middle-aged woman, and when my son saw that, he jumped in to help me.'' For his trouble, Alaa was beaten up as well. ''He had some toes broken, so we went to hospital, and it was only later that we discovered we were the lucky ones. After we left, the baltageya began pulling the clothes off women and beating them in their underwear. This was something they did a lot later on, to humiliate, but that was when it began and when Alaa joined the protests. The girls became involved later -- Mona got pulled in with the judges' independence movement, and then for Sanaa it was the revolution -- but for Alaa, it started in 2005.''

Laila Soueif is a tough, unsentimental woman, and if she harbored any pride -- or, in light of what was to come, regret -- over her children's turn to activism, she didn't let on. ''I never tried to dissuade them. Even if I had wanted to -- and I probably did at times -- I didn't. That kind of thing is useless. They're not going to listen to you anyway, so you just get into fights.''

9. Majdi el-Mangoush

Libya

It was around this time that Majdi el-Mangoush joined onlookers on a sidewalk in his hometown, Misurata, to witness an incredible sight.

Along Tripoli Street, one of the city's main thoroughfares, a municipal work crew with a cherry-picker was methodically taking down the posters of Muammar el-Qaddafi that hung from every lamppost.

It was part of an attempt by the Libyan dictator to put a kinder, gentler face on his government. While ostensibly directed at the Libyan people, the campaign was really meant for Western consumption.

In the days leading up to the invasion of Iraq, there had been talk in President George W. Bush's inner circle that once Saddam Hussein was dispensed with, the troublesome Qaddafi would be next. Once the Iraq invasion began in March 2003, the Libyan dictator hurried to make amends with the Americans. He offered a settlement over his country's role in the 1988 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland -- without explicitly admitting guilt, the Libyan government agreed to set aside $2.7 billion in compensation to the families of the 270 victims -- and began quietly dismantling his nation's fledgling program for chemical, biological and nuclear weapons. Even more quietly, Libyan intelligence agents shared dossiers with their American counterparts on suspected Al Qaeda operatives and other Islamic fundamentalists in the region. On the home front, the goal was to create at least the illusion of political liberalization, and one aspect was to remove some of the tens of thousands of posters and billboards of ''the Leader'' that wallpapered the nation.

Qaddafi soon thought better of the whole egalitarian makeover. By 2006, the United States had restored full diplomatic relations with his government; while officially a response to the abandonment of the Libyan unconven­tional-weapons program, certainly a contributing factor was that, amid the deepening quagmire of the Iraqi misadventure, there was not going to be any grand American crusade against the region's other dictators. Which also meant that Qaddafi could quietly abandon his reform drive. ''It was just a bit of theater,'' Majdi said. ''Nothing really changed, and after a few months, I don't think anyone even remembered it.''

But that day hadn't yet arrived when the cherry-picker made its way down Misurata's Tripoli Street. Majdi was still observing the spectacle when an elderly man emerged from a nearby alley.

For a long moment, the old man stared slack-jawed in amazement at the sight before him. He then rushed over to one of the discarded posters, removed a shoe and -- in a gesture of insult common throughout the Arab world -- began beating it against Qaddafi's likeness amid a torrent of curses.

A municipal worker came over to ask what he was doing.

''The bastard's gone at last, no?'' the old man asked. ''There's been a coup?''

When the worker set him straight, the man stammered out an explanation for his behavior -- he'd been very ill lately, given to fits of lunacy -- and then hurried away.

10. Khulood al-Zaidi

Jordan United States Iraq

Khulood did not flee Iraq alone. She crossed back into Jordan with her next-eldest sister, Sahar, and they were joined in Amman a few months later by their father and oldest sister, Teamim. Choosing to stay on in Iraq were Khulood's three brothers, along with her mother, Aziza. By summer 2007, Khulood was especially worried about Wisam, her youngest brother. ''The war then was at its worst,'' she said, ''and young men were just being taken from the streets. I called Wisam all the time. I told him there was no future for him in Iraq, that he had to come out, but he was very softhearted and said that he needed to stay to take care of our mother.''

One evening that September, as Wisam and a friend walked along a Kut street, someone with an assault rifle killed them both in a burst of gunfire. ''He was 25,'' Khulood said softly. ''Some people say he was killed because of the work I was doing, but I hope that isn't true.''

A few months after Wisam's murder, Khulood faced a new ordeal when, working for an NGO, she rebuffed the demands of a corrupt but well-placed Jordanian businessman looking for kickbacks. He was the wrong person to cross. Shortly after, she was ordered to leave Jordan. Facing almost-certain death if forced to return to Iraq, Khulood turned to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees for emergency resettlement in a third country.

Among the more unlikely possibilities for resettlement was the United States. In 2008, American troops were still embroiled in an Iraqi civil war, and the Bush administration had strict caps in place (albeit recently loosened) on the number of Iraqis to be given refuge; to let in all those who had fled the country -- and there were an estimated half-million displaced Iraqis in Jordan alone -- would belie its talking point that the corner had finally been turned in the war. In light of the grave danger Khulood faced, how­ever, the U.N.H.C.R. placed her in its own special program, reserved for only the most vulnerable of refugees, and for those in this pool, the Americans had a spot available. In July 2008, Khulood boarded a plane bound for San Francisco.

It's hard to imagine a more extreme transition, from the cramped, tumbledown apartment she shared with her father and two sisters in Amman to a pleasant one-bedroom in San Francisco, and Khulood reveled in her new life. ''Just to have the freedom to go wherever I wanted, and to not think something bad might happen to me. And I don't mean just the war. For a woman to travel alone in Iraq -- maybe it happened in Baghdad, but never in Kut, and so some days I would just take a bus or the metro for hours. It was something I had never really imagined before.''

Her career prospects were also much improved. In Iraq, Khulood studied English because it seemed to offer the greatest chance at future freedom for a young woman, but in the United States the opportunities were endless. ''After one year, I would get my green card, and then I could apply for scholarships to study whatever I wanted. I became very ambitious.''

The one continuing source of worry was for her divided family back in Iraq and Jordan. While she knew those in Kut wouldn't leave, Khulood was desperate to release her father and sisters from their limbo existence in Amman and, soon after reaching San Francisco, she started the paperwork to have them join her.

Three months later, Khulood received both good and bad news. Her two sisters were approved for resettlement. Their father, how­ever, was rejected. The sisters remained in Jordan while the family appealed the decision, but Ali al-Zaidi was rejected again.

By February 2009, seven months after Khulood's arrival in San Francisco, there was still no progress in the effort to resettle her father. It was then she made a fateful decision: She would return to Jordan and work on his case there.

''My friends in San Francisco couldn't understand it,'' she recalled. ''Why, when you have a new life here, why would you ever go back?'' Khulood grew thoughtful for a moment, as if still struggling for an answer. ''But how to explain my culture to them? In Iraq, family is the most important thing, you can never turn away from it, so how could I and my sisters enjoy this nice life in America but leave our father behind? We could never live with the shame of that. So I went back.''

In Amman, Khulood tirelessly pursued any angle she could think of to win her father's exit, petitioning for settlement not just in the United States but also in a half-dozen European nations. Nothing worked.

Worse, Khulood had walked herself into legal limbo. As she was warned before leaving San Francisco, under the stipulations of American immigration law, refugees awaiting the permanent status of a green card cannot leave the country for longer than six months. By returning -- and staying -- in Jordan, Khulood had lost her refugee classification. Now, along with the part of her family that she had brought out of Iraq, Khulood was stranded. She could not go home or to a third country, hostage to the whim of a state -- Jordan -- that was anxious to shed her.

11. Majd Ibrahim

Syria

The American invasion of Iraq was initially worrisome for Bashar al-Assad. The Syrian dictator's relations with the mercurial and dangerous Saddam Hussein had warmed recently, and he was no doubt concerned that he could be next on the American hit list. But just as with Muammar el-Qaddafi in Libya, by the late 2000s, Assad could be quite confident that he had nothing to fear from a flailing United States.

Not that this confidence translated into greater political freedom for the Syrian people. Just as in his father's day, Assad's subjects lived in constant fear of internal security agents and a network of government-sanctioned thugs, or shabiha. So pervasive was this spying apparatus -- or at least the fear of it -- that politics wasn't so much a delicate subject in most Syrian homes as no subject at all.

''I can never remember my father saying anything about the regime, good or bad,'' Majd Ibrahim said. ''And I never remember any of my relatives or neighbors doing it either. When it came to the state, the most anyone would criticize was maybe the corrupt traffic policeman at the corner. You just didn't talk about that stuff with anyone.''

Because of his liberal upbringing, Majd experienced a shock when he left his Catholic school at the end of the ninth grade and transferred into a state high school. His modern and secular ways often estranged him from his more Islamist-minded classmates, and the instruction was abysmal. But high school is a bad time for a lot of people, and Majd's life brightened considerably upon graduating in summer 2010. While failing to obtain the high marks on the national exam that would have enabled him to pursue one of the ''higher'' professions -- engineering or medicine -- he did sufficiently well to enter Al-Baath University in Homs that autumn to pursue a degree in hotel management.

This was undoubtedly a better fit for Majd regardless. The handsome, outgoing young man had a natural charm that enabled him to develop a quick rapport with most anyone, joined to an intense curiosity about the larger world beyond Homs. With his degree in hand, he envisioned a future at one of the luxury hotels in Damascus -- they ''represented one of the best ways to advance,'' he said, ''to have a good life.''

But there was another feature of his hometown that Majd had probably scarcely given thought to in his short life: In almost every way, Homs truly was the crossroads of Syria. Located near the midpoint of the highway between the nation's two largest cities, Damascus and Aleppo, Homs was also the eastern terminus of the highway linking Syria's interior to its coastal provinces. Just as significant, it was the hub of the nation's gas- and oil-refinery industry -- quite logically, since the pipelines leading from the oil and natural-gas fields in the eastern deserts passed directly through the city on their way to the coast. If all this served to make Homs a prosperous town, it also meant that, in the event of a war, it was a place all sides would fight furiously to control.

By the time Majd started at Al-Baath University, that war was just months away.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Damascus, Syria, March 2008. (MM23)

Laila Soueif at home in Cairo, June 2016. (MM25)

Near Tahrir Square, Cairo, February 2011. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAOLO PELLEGRIN/MAGNUM, FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM27) DRAWINGS (MM22

MM23

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**Load-Date:** August 14, 2016

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[***Secretive Nicaraguan Voters Leave Election Hard to Call***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R280-0038-D4F7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 18, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1292 words

**Byline:** By MARK A. UHLIG, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MANAGUA, Nicaragua, Feb. 17

**Body**

After a decade of war, economic crisis and political polarization, Nicaraguans will vote in eight days in this country's first free and broadly contested democratic election. But because most voters, wary of such freedom, remain deeply reluctant to discuss their personal views, even the best-informed specialists say they are at a loss to predict who will win.

The problem, diplomats say, is not necessarily that the election will be close but that clues to its outcome remain scarce and sharply contradictory.

The elections, held under the terms of regional peace accords, are expected to be a turning point in Nicaragua's long internal conflict, serving as a decisive referendum on the Sandinista revolution and the bitter controversies that have surrounded it.

Vote Heavily Monitored

The vote will be observed by hundreds of trained and coordinated monitoring teams from the United Nations and the Organization of American States and by a delegation led by former President Jimmy Carter. Unlike an earlier nationwide vote in 1984, all major opposition groups are taking part. And all sides have expressed confidence in the election preparations.

But in a country racked by years of political and economic turmoil, there is profound uncertainty about what the secret ballot will reveal. Controversy has raged about Sandinista campaign techniques, American financial support for the main opposition coalition, the continued presence of contra rebel forces and the Sandinsta refusal to admit an Administration delegation to monitor the vote. Yet the central issue - the loyalties of 1.7 million Nicaraguan voters - remains a cipher.

''Each side can give convincing arguments to show why it will win,'' a European Ambassador said. ''But the fact is that nobody knows what to expect - not even the party leaders themselves.''

Since the campaign took shape last September, conventional wisdom in Managua has suggested that the governing Sandinista National Liberation Front will be an easy winner against the weak and divided National Opposition Union, the main anti-Sandinista coalition. Pointing to the extensive Sandinista party organization, together with the large numbers of state workers and military troops that depend on the Sandinista Front for their living, diplomats and government officials have spoken of the ''mathematical'' inevitability of a Sandinista victory.

Many Anti-Sandinistas Emigrate

That argument has been reinforced by the emigration of large numbers of anti-Sandinista Nicaraguans - at least 10 percent of the entire population in the last decade. And the dominance of the Sandinista position has been driven home by an expensive, highly professional political campaign.

Sandinista advertising has overwhelmed the opposition's token efforts and well-organized Sandinista rallies have systematically brought at least one of the two key Sandinista candidates, President Daniel Ortega Saavedra and Vice President Sergio Ramirez Mercado, to each of 130 cities and municipalities.

But reporters and diplomats who have devoted extensive time and effort to interviewing voters throughout the country have long found a much higher level of anti-Sandinista feeling than outward appearances would suggest. And the energy behind those complaints has seemed to grow as the election campaign has progressed.

In the majority of cases, the sentiment appears to be directed not so much in favor of the opposition coalition or even its presidential candidate, Violeta Barrios de Chamorro, but rather against the economic hardships in a country that has been battered by ten years of war and political conflict.

''We are dying of hunger,'' said a middle-aged woman in Matagalpa, north of Managua, who said she and her neighbors were voting for the opposition. ''The prices rise, rise, rise - it never stops. The Sandinistas don't know how to stop it.''

A Promise on the Draft

Others, particularly young people, say they are attracted to the opposition because of its announced plan to abolish the military draft. And still others reserve bitter criticism for the Sandinistas themselves, even in areas where the Government has handed out gifts ranging from bags of food to land titles.

''They have given out a lot of things,'' said a woman standing in her doorway in Rivas, near the Costa Rican border, ''but those things don't belong to them in the first place. Why should we be grateful?''

The significance of such widespread comments is difficult to measure , particularly in light of contrary polling information. Although public opinion polls have painted sharply differing portraits of the Nicaraguan electorate, at least two recent surveys conducted by respected American polling organizations have shown the Sandinista Front with strikingly wide leads over the opposition.

One poll, conducted by the Washington-based firm of Greenberg-Lake from Jan. 13 to Jan. 19 gave President Ortega a lead of 51 percent to 24 percent over Mrs. Chamorro. A separate poll, conducted Jan. 23-28 by the research firm of Bendixen and Schroth, also of Washington, found President Ortega leading Mrs. Chamorro by a margin of 53 percent to 35 percent.

The consistent contrast between such poll figures and observations from almost any set of random interviews in the street has left diplomats and journalists puzzled and produced deep uncertainty about the willingness of Nicaraguan voters to describe their true political feelings to journalists or to poll takers on a first encounter.

At a Sandinista rally in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of Managua this week, a reporter asked a woman spectator whom she was planning to vote for. ''You can see for yourself,'' she said. ''You can see the people have come to hear the comandante.''

The subject was dropped for a quarter-hour of idle discussion about families and cooking when the woman, a barefoot child clinging to her cotton skirt, quietly escorted the reporter away from other spectators.

''I am here because they know I live here,'' the woman confided, nodding toward Sandinista militants standing nearby in red-and-black Sandinista scarfs. ''But in this barrio we are voting for Violeta. Things can't go on like this. The people can't afford to eat.''

Rallies Grow in Size

In recent weeks, the strength of opposition feeling has become more apparent at rallies for Mrs. Chamorro, which have grown from small marches of 2,000 or 3,000 people to mass demonstrations of up to 25,000. The rallies, which lack the heavy transportation, high-quality signs and rigorous organization of Sandinista events, are generally more spirited, leading many outside observers to give a clear electoral edge to the opposition.

But despite a sometimes rote atmosphere, rallies for the Sandinistas have also begun to swell tremendously, aided by trucks that bring in thousands of supporters from outlying areas to create crowds of more than 50,000 people. And there is no clear evidence yet that the opposition surge has cut into the core constituencies of Government workers and military troops that make up the Sandinistas ''mathematical'' advantage.

A key test will come Sunday when opposition leaders have announced an end-of-campaign rally in Managua's central square in hopes of attracting more than 100,000 supporters. If reached, that number would represent roughly one-ninth of the total votes necessary to win the presidential vote.

But whatever number the opposition rally manages to achieve, it is likely to be beaten just three days later when Sandinista candidates hold their final mass election rally to coincide with the anniversary of their movement's hero, the Nicaraguan nationalist Augusto Cesar Sandino.

That, politicians say, will only guarantee that the contest - and the uncertainty - continues all the way to election day.

**Graphic**

Photo: A week before national elections in Nicaragua, Violeta Barrios de Chamorro, the opposition candidate for president, campaigned yesterday in Diriamba. The election appears to be as unpredictable as it is important. (Reuters) (pg. 14)

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[***Seeking Landmarks of a Minority Heritage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R2K0-0038-D50R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 12CN; Page 29, Column 1; Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1173 words

**Byline:** By CAROLYN BATTISTA

**Body**

THE rocks where Indians held council over the centuries and a building where black girls and women attended school in the 1830's are among the Connecticut sites on the National Register of Historic Places. But most places around the state that reflect the history of women and minorities are not recognized, and the Connecticut Historical Commission intends to change that.

The commission wants to identify and document buildings, sites and districts that are relevant to the history of women, blacks, Indians and Americans of Asian and Latin American descent. ''We have so few of those sites identified,'' said Cora Murray, a researcher for the commission.

She added that the commission is seeking help in its mission. ''We really feel the need to solicit ideas from the general public and from knowledgeable experts,'' Ms. Murray said.

Hill-Stead and Crandall House

She cited some - but few - examples of recognized sites. She noted that Theodate Pope Riddle, daughter of the industrialist Alfred Pope, is credited with helping (in 1900) to design her father's house, now the Hill-Stead Museum, in Farmington, and that the Prudence Crandall House in Canterbury, where Mrs. Crandall ran the first academy in New England for ''young ladies and misses of color,'' is also a museum.

She also cited the Mashantucket Pequots' efforts to study and preserve sites connected with the tribe's history, the work of the New Haven Preservation Trust to identify city buildings and neighborhoods reflecting black history, and a coming exhibit in Hamden that will focus on Alice Washburn, who designed and built more than 80 houses in Connecticut, mostly in the 1920's. But the commission - which can provide some grants - wants to find more examples and to encourage other efforts.

People involved in such efforts say that they can help to instill pride in a heritage or neighborhood, prevent destruction of sites, and show a neglected side of history.

Studies by Pequots

''This tribe has long placed emphasis on history not in the books,'' said Kate Poole, an anthropologist who is museum coordinator for the Mashantucket Pequots at their reservation in Ledyard. The tribe is working to establish a museum detailing its history, and part of the reservation - including the rocks where councils were held and a 19th-century farmhouse that was home to members of the tribe - is on the National Register of Historic Places.

The tribe has sponsored several archeological studies on the reservation. ''Some sites are as old as 9,000 years,'' Ms. Poole said. With a grant from the National Parks Service, the tribe also conducted an archeological survey of the site of a Pequot fort in what is now Mystic, where hundreds of Pequots were killed in 1637 when the colonist John Mason and his forces attacked. Ms. Poole added that recognition of sites could prevent situations like one in Niantic, where development has disturbed Indian burial grounds.

The Afro-American Heritage Project, undertaken by the New Haven Preservation Trust, documented buildings and neighborhoods that reflect the city's black heritage. The project, financed by the Connecticut Humanities Council, was begun in 1985 by Preston Maynard, then director of the trust, and continued by Peter Haller, the next director.

The trust's work included producing a brochure and an audio tape guiding people to significant sites like Trowbridge Square and the former Goffe Street School.

Trowbridge Square - several blocks of mostly modest frame houses in the City Point area of New Haven - was first developed around 1830 by Simeon Jocelyn. An abolitionist who espoused a philosophy of social responsibility, Jocelyn built houses that were, Mr. Haller said, ''meant for the ***working class***, especially blacks.'' The brick Greek Revival building at 106 Goffe Street which today is a Masonic temple was built around 1860 as a school for black children.

Mr. Haller noted that projects like Afro-American Heritage are valuable in part because knowing the historical value of a poor neighborhood can sometimes be a first step in revitalizing the neighborhood, and in giving its residents a sense of pride and caring.

The Washburn exhibit, ''Alice Washburn Celebrated,'' will open on March 4 at the Eli Whitney Museum in Hamden. It will show the work of Mrs. Washburn (1870-1958), who between 1919 and 1931 designed and built more than 80 homes in Cheshire, Hamden, and New Haven. Principal researcher for the project was Martha Yellig of Hamden, who in 1984, as an undergraduate at Southern Connecticut State University, began to document Washburn houses for an art history paper. Ms. Yellig found ''a treasure trove,'' said Willam Brown, director of the museum.

He said that Mrs. Washburn was unusual not only because she was a woman who designed houses and ran a construction business, but also because she produced so many houses in so few years. ''And they are remarkable houses,'' he said.

He noted that Mrs. Washburn's houses range ''from simple to quite grand,'' are much loved by their owners, sometimes have quirky touches like windows in the linen closets, and are of Colonial Revival style but show Mrs. Washburn's sense of the suburban future: They have attached (and often two-car) garages. The exhibit will run to June 17 and will be accompanied by tours and lectures. ''People will know Alice Washburn's name when we're through,'' said Mr. Brown.

Commission staff members and others say that they do not know just where they will find more names and places representing the history of women and minorities. Anyone wishing to suggest a site may write or call the Connecticut Historical Commission, 59 South Prospect Street, Hartford, Conn. 06106.

David Poirier, staff archeologist for the commission, said that the Native American Heritage Advisory Council, a group appointed by the Governor, would advise the commission about Indian places, especially burial grounds and sacred sites. ''We will welcome suggestions for possible sites fom anyone,'' he added.

Mr. Haller, who recently left the New Haven Preservation Trust to become executive director of New London Landmarks, said that he is sure that New London has buildings significant to black history but that he has not had time to identify them. Ms. Murray noted that she has a few tantalizing but meager bits of information on other possible sites.

''There are things we've heard about,'' she said. She recently heard of a school for blacks in Shelton and noticed a reference in ''Connecticut Place Names''(published by the Connecticut Historical Society) citing Glasgo, a village in eastern Connecticut, as being named for Isaac Glasko, who was of black and Indian descent and who early in the 19th century developed a business in marine hardware and whaling implements.

Regarding Asian-American and Latin American sites, Ms. Murray said, ''we don't have anything we can cite, but we're looking.'' She said that the commission will be contacting minority newspapers and organizations. But for now, she said, ''We don't know what exists out there.''

**Graphic**

Photos; Among Connecticut sites that reflect the history of women and minorities are the brick Greek revival building on Goffe Street in New Haven, left, which was built around 1860 as a school for black children. It is now a Masonic temple. A coming exhibit in Hamden will focus on Alice Washburn, who designed and built more than 80 houses, among them these two in Hamden, between 1919 and 1931.

**End of Document**



[***Dinkins's Day at the U.S. Open Blends His Passion and His Politics***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3SS0-0005-G134-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 8, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By BRUCE WEBER

By BRUCE WEBER

**Body**

A shower delayed the start of the semifinal match between Monica Seles and Conchita Martinez at the United States Open on Friday afternoon, and the man who was once New York's pre-eminent tennis fan (actually, he may still be) took shelter with hundreds of others under the stands.

There were cries of recognition -- "Wussup, Dave?" "Lookin' good, Mayor!" -- as he made his way to Racquets, the upscale restaurant overlooking the grandstand court, to pass the rain delay.

It was a genial reception for a Democrat who has always been anomalously at home in the hoity-toity world of tennis, and proud of his attachment to a game that he came to with a passion relatively late in life.

"Tennis is not a matter of life and death," the former Mayor, David N. Dinkins, said with a wink, indicating a line he has used before. "It's more important than that."

During his term as Mayor, Mr. Dinkins routinely spent his vacations attending the two late-summer weeks of daily Open matches at the National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park in Queens, staking out his sports territory the way Spike Lee and Woody Allen have claimed Madison Square Garden and the Knicks, and the way Mr. Dinkins's successor, Rudolph W. Giuliani, has claimed Yankee Stadium.

The Seles-Martinez match may have provided a day of recreation for Mr. Dinkins, but it was not entirely without partisan fervor. Among many people who recognized the former Mayor under the stands was one woman who could not resist a mildly loaded crack.

"You can stop the planes," she said in a tone of friendly exasperation, "but you can't stop the rain?"

It was a politically timely question, and Mr. Dinkins's politically barbed response drew laughs from the tennis buffs shaking out their umbrellas.

"Rudy is in charge of the rain," he said.

In one of his last acts as Mayor, Mr. Dinkins signed a contract with the United States Tennis Association, which runs the Open, to keep the tournament in New York for at least another 25 years. The deal gave the association 21 acres of city parkland to double the size of the Open's home, the National Tennis Center, and included a provision that the city would have to pay fines if planes from nearby La Guardia Airport disrupted matches.

Mr. Giuliani has frequently criticized parts of the contract, questioning the safety and fairness of rerouting planes over ***working-class*** neighborhoods during the tournament, which the Federal Aviation Administration has done in recent years at the city's request. But as Mayor he reluctantly allowed the deal to go through after concluding there was no legal basis to challenge it.

The recently moribund dispute between the two men over the Open was reawakened as this year's tournament began. Mr. Giuliani, still displeased with the contract, said he would not attend the Open at all, and he has kept his word.

Mr. Dinkins said he understood the complaints of Queens residents and park advocates about the contract, but said the financial benefits the Open provides to the city -- $113 million a year -- outweighed them.

"We're in a time of great fiscal difficulty, and what's important is what we're going to do about it," he said, adding gibes at Mr. Giuliani over two of his recent comments about the city's restricted resources. "We have overcrowding in our schools, which we're told we're going to have to live with. And in terms of child welfare, now we're told the city can't do everything. How, in this climate, can we kiss off this revenue?"

As for inconvenience to residents, he said Mr. Giuliani's plan to move Yankee Stadium to midtown Manhattan would be far more disruptive.

"Why contest the contract at all, except that I did it?" he said. "He's an expert on everything. A tennis player asked Rudy for advice, and he said, 'Take two and hit to right.' He doesn't understand anything about tennis."

Indeed, there may be as much political symbolism in their argument as substance, aristocratic tennis versus common-man baseball, with the disputants taking unconventional positions, considering their party affiliations.

Mr. Dinkins took up tennis seriously in 1974, he said, attending a tennis camp in Connecticut recommended by Arthur Ashe. But he would not or could not say what drew him to the game. Asked why he had been drawn to tennis at the age of 47, he responded: "Why not?" And he deflected questions about what his love for tennis might say about him.

In any case, this was a typical tennis day for him. He was at the Open until nearly midnight on Thursday, watching Goran Ivanisevic defeat Stefan Edberg in the men's draw after seeing the defending men's champion, Pete Sampras, eke out a stirring five-set victory over an unknown, Alex Corretja. Then he was awake on Friday morning at 5:30 for a game of his own in Central Park.

Mr. Dinkins, who as Mayor often wore a baseball jacket over his white shirt and tie, was dressed more formally on Friday, but no less dapperly, in a navy blazer and tan trousers. A white baseball cap adorned with the Nike swoosh stayed on his head all afternoon. He had left a board meeting of the Friends of Nelson Mandela Children's Fund a little early to get to the Open in time for the Seles-Martinez match and to root on Ms. Seles, with whom he has become friendly since their meeting at a celebrity-pro tennis tournament in Monte Carlo in 1994.

Ms. Seles had been recovering after being stabbed by a crazed fan of her rival Steffi Graf at a tournament in Germany; the following year, Ms. Seles played tennis with Mr. Dinkins when he returned to the court after bypass surgery.

"I've been on the court with Chris Evert, Bjorn Borg, John McEnroe, Arthur Ashe, Billie Jean King, Virginia Wade," Mr. Dinkins said. "And let me tell you, tennis players are the nicest people."

Waiting at Racquets for the rain to subside, Ham Richardson, a friend of 20 years and a 1958 Open doubles champion, analyzed Mr. Dinkins's game: "His forehand is good, his serve is pretty good. His backhand he's still experimenting with. He's only 67. He's got time yet."

Mr. Dinkins corrected him. "I'm 69," he said.

When the rain stopped, Mr. Dinkins sat with Ester and Karolj Seles -- Monica's parents, whom he called "Mama" and "My Assistant" -- close enough to the court to flinch when a wide serve from Ms. Martinez glanced off the wooden barrier in front of him. After a long rally, in which Ms. Seles moved her opponent back and forth across the baseline and concluded with a marvelous crosscourt forehand, Mr. Dinkins exclaimed, "She played her like a harp."

Ms. Seles won in straight sets, and finished with a sharp volley for a winner.

"What a way to finish!" Mr. Dinkins said, adding, with a smile of triumph: "She played according to our plan."

Of course, Mr. Giuliani came through as well; it didn't rain again until the match was over.

**Graphic**

Photos: Demonstrators outside the United States Open in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park yesterday protested the practice of diverting planes over residential neighborhoods to minimize distractions at the tournament. (Thomas Dallal for The New York Times); Tennis is David N. Dinkins's passion and a notable point of disagreement with his successor, Rudolph W. Giuliani. Mr. Dinkins and Karolj Seles, Monica's father, cheered her on at the United States Open on Friday. (G. Paul Burnett/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 8, 1996

**End of Document**



[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE RALLYING CRY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:411D-2JN0-00MH-F2X1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'Working Families' Becomes a Theme Meant to Attract Female Voters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:411D-2JN0-00MH-F2X1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By KATHARINE Q. SEELYE

By KATHARINE Q. SEELYE

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Aug. 21

**Body**

The phrase is suddenly everywhere. In his acceptance speech last Thursday, Vice President Al Gore mentioned "working families" nine times. Party officials told other speakers to use the phrase, and they did, over and over. Now the Gore campaign is printing up signs with it and repeating it time and again on the road.

"In the name of all the working families who are the strength and soul of America, I accept your nomination for president of the United States," Mr. Gore declared halfway through his 52-minute speech in Los Angeles.

"It's about fighting for working families!" Agriculture Secretary Dan Glickman said earlier in the night.

"Imagine how strong we're going to be when we help our working families with affordable college educations and affordable health care," said Housing Secretary Andrew M. Cuomo.

While Democrats have been speaking to "working families" for years, the Gore campaign has recently latched on to the theme as a way of appealing to women. But unlike the pitch in the last two elections, directed to Volvo-driving suburban "soccer moms," Mr. Gore's appeal this time is to the "waitress mom," the working woman who not only juggles family and a job but also looks to the government for help in meeting the needs of her family.

So as his campaign has steamed through the populist heartland in recent days, Mr. Gore has talked less about gun control and abortion rights, topics more likely to appeal to the more affluent "soccer moms" and more about bread-and-butter economic issues like adding a benefit to Medicare to pay for prescription drugs and shoring up Social Security.

Mr. Gore, the son of a populist Southern senator, used the "working families" phrase in his 1988 campaign for president. And it became popular among Democrats after the Republicans swept the Congress in 1994, and the party of the little guy needed to regroup its base.

But when Mr. Gore formally began his campaign more than a year ago, he seemed more focused on busy, relatively upscale suburban parents who were snagged in traffic jams and could say good night to their children only by cell phone.

Mr. Gore tried out the concept of "working families" late last year with the slogan "Change that works for working families." It was noticeable for its double-barreled emphasis on work.

But by that time, the threat from former Senator Bill Bradley was growing and the theme did not reflect what Mr. Gore was saying on the campaign trail. Besides, it was too clunky. The slogan, along with others like "practical idealism," vanished as quickly as it appeared, as Mr. Gore slipped more naturally into combat mode with the phrase "Stay and fight!"

Then about two months ago, as Mr. Gore began drafting his speech for the convention, the phrase "working families" re-emerged. It came up in the normal course of the focus groups that most campaigns conduct, and advisers said it was tested with a so-called people meter, a hand-held device that test groups of consumers can use to register their reaction to products, or in this case, to political language.

"These are not new words in the dictionary," a top Gore strategist said. "You hear things that the candidate says, you expose people to it, there are some things that resonate more than others, you get feedback from crowds and in the course of that, the language of the campaign begins to take shape.

"There was no epiphany on these two words," the strategist said, "but there was a consensus developing in recent weeks, not just on this term but that the whole program was a powerful way of speaking to the needs and concerns of the people who will decide this election."

Behind the phrase lies an entire political strategy. The phrase, along with Mr. Gore's populist fervor, marks a broad, thematic shift, intended to energize the party's base, which polls had shown to be less enthusiastic in their support of Mr. Gore than the Republican base was in supporting Gov. George W. Bush.

Anne Brown, 34, a schoolteacher who attended the opening rally for Mr. Gore's boat ride down the Mississippi in La Crosse, Wis., said she responded to the phrase because "we know what he's talking about." Ms. Brown went to the rally with her 2-month-old daughter and her 55-year-old mother, who has lung cancer, and said she especially appreciated the Democrats' support of the Family and Medical Leave Act. "It lets you be at home with your family as long as possible," she said, adding that she was leaning toward Mr. Gore for this reason.

A top Gore adviser said: "Working women in general encompass one of the largest elements of persuadable voters in this election. One of the great accomplishments of our convention was to soften up Bush's vote and expand our scope of opportunity."

There was some evidence today that Mr. Gore's approach was having some effect. Several polls showed Mr. Gore's standing among voters improved after the convention, largely because of stronger support from women. A CNN poll showed Mr. Gore beating Mr. Bush, his Republican rival, by 20 percentage points among women. It also showed Mr. Bush beating Mr. Gore by 20 percentage points among men.

The Gore campaign believes that getting the ear of these women is a crucial first step toward getting their vote, and that as Mr. Gore wins over lower-income voters, he can advance up the economic ladder to win higher-income voters.

"They are a large bloc of voters who are anxious to see who will be their champion," said the Gore strategist. "As the vice president gains more standing with more voters, others will come -- like blue collar men -- and he'll have the capacity to talk to other groups higher up in income scale, like the wired workers."

Mr. Gore's tax cuts are aimed specifically at working families -- tax credits for college tuition, day care, after-school programs, long-term health care, retirement and investments. He is offering $500 billion in tax cuts and credits over 10 years, which might seem a lot for someone who has criticized Mr. Bush's proposed $1.3 trillion tax cut, but Mr. Gore said today on the last leg of his boat trip that his own tax cuts "will go to the right people."

A Gore adviser who helped coax the phrase "working families" from the focus-group stage to the candidate's lips explained its purpose this way: "It implies we're talking about the people who really need government to be on their side, particularly the federal government, where so many programs from retirement, security and health emanate, and the federal government would be a real partner in terms of education."

The idea of getting help for education costs spoke directly to Lou Cook, 48, a mother of three, who showed up at a rally Saturday for Mr. Gore in Dubuque, Iowa. She said that her local property taxes, which pay for her public schools, were so high that she needed help. "All of us who work for a living have to send our kids to school, pay taxes and mortgages, and we know the only way our kids are going to benefit themselves is through education," Ms. Cook said.

Although Ms. Cook and her husband together earn nearly $100,000 -- she licenses day-care centers and is studying toward her master's degree in therapy, while her husband is a lawyer -- she said she considered herself ***working class***, and she liked the phrase "working families."

Gore advisers said they were not worried that the phrase sent a subliminal message, as Mr. Bush has charged, that "working families" was code for class warfare. They said that this tack by the Bush campaign could help Mr. Gore because it steered the conversation away from whether Mr. Bush was more likable than Mr. Gore.

"When Bush says 'class warfare,' that's a sign he's moving to our terrain," one Gore aide said. "Bush wins if we talk on his terrain about 'affability.'

"But if we move the argument from 'Kumbaya' " the aide said, referring to the good vibes engendered by the Bush campaign, "to 'fighting for working families,' Gore wins."

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

**Load-Date:** August 22, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Sweet and Salty and Short on Brass: The Modest Marinas of New York***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-41K0-0005-G3F7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By KIMBERLY J. McLARIN

By KIMBERLY J. McLARIN

**Body**

MOST of the year, Cathy Schneck lives a modest, landlocked life in Forest Hills, Queens. She shares a small co-op apartment with her husband. She takes pride in, and worries about, her daughter, Roseanne, a college student. She works as a school secretary for the Roman Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn.

But come warm weather, Mrs. Schneck heads down to the Barren Island Marina at the southern tip of Brooklyn and to her beloved sailboat, the Cathy Rose. There she has all the comforts of home: a shower, a kitchen, a television set, good books. She has the sweet, rusty smell of the ocean and all the fresh fish and crabs she can catch. And she has friends, some very good friends, among the dozens of others who also spend their summers at the marina. For Mrs. Schneck it is very much like a neighborhood, a community of people who love the water, love their boats and love looking out for one another.

"This is my backyard," she said. "This is my way of life."

Mrs. Schneck is one of New York's boat people, one of thousands of city residents who take to the water every day that summer sun shines, and a few when it doesn't. While others head off to the Hamptons or the Catskills, these New Yorkers prefer to spend long days and nights navigating the local waterways.

There is a lively and thriving recreational boating community in New York, a city that is, after all, water-bound. New York City is two islands, the tip of a third and a peninsula, all surrounded by rivers, sounds, bays and, ultimately, the Atlantic Ocean.

"We have a fantastic coastline that so few people are aware of," said Ed Rudetsky, a retired college professor and boater in Brooklyn. "It's a wonderful feeling when you're moving through the water."

New York boaters don't just utilize their waterways; they revel in them, gushing about a run up the Hudson to West Point or a sunset sail around Manhattan the way other sailors might describe a cruise across the blue-green waters of the Caribbean. They see an escape to the sea as the perfect way to combat the pressures of life in the urban jungle.

New York City is dotted with more than 200 marinas, boat clubs, yacht clubs and other sites where urban dwellers can launch their boats.

"They represent a very large part of the economy," said John Boldt, a longtime promoter of New York City's waterways and a self-described boat bum. "But it's not readily apparent because they're all scattered around. It's not like G.M.: all in one place."

Mr. Boldt is the motivating force behind the newly opened Dyckman Street Pier and Marina on the Hudson River in the Inwood section of Manhattan. The modest, ***working-class*** boat yard has a concrete fishing pier that juts out into the river and a marina that is still under construction.

Barren Island typifies the largely blue-collar marinas scattered around New York's outer boroughs. At the end of Flatbush Avenue across the street from Floyd Bennett Field, the marina has no restaurant, no ship store and precious few other amenities. Its piers are weathered and slightly battered. The large umbrellas for the picnic tables went missing long ago.

But to the 250 or so boat owners who use the marina, Barren Island is not only as good as fancier marinas; it is better. It has deep water for larger boats, a lovely view and direct access to the Atlantic. Fishermen love the lively waters of Rockaway Inlet. People who own power water skis love the easy access to the Hudson River. Sailors bask in the wind patterns that allow them to sail from the marina directly into the ocean without ever cranking up their motors, and without passing beneath any bridges.

Raymond Santa Maria, who has moored his 25-foot powerboat at the marina for more than 15 years, said, "It's beautiful to see the sea, to look out at the panoramic vision."

His cousin Anthony Santa Maria said, "It's a way of life for us, a second home."

Hamed Ramirez, 25, said he has kept his power skis at the marina for about a year and found most people unfailingly polite. He likes to cruise up the Hudson River to Manhattan, a 40-minute ride, jumping the waves left by barges and big ships.

Mrs. Schneck and her husband, Harold, have had their boat at the marina for more years than they can remember. The boat, a 35-foot Island Packet, is a combination of leisure activity center, vacation home and major investment.

It is large enough to sleep seven with comfort, not including Mac, the Schnecks' large but friendly Rottweiler. There is a hand-held shower in the snug bathroom, or head, and a galley -- with refrigerator, oven and sink -- that Mrs. Schneck says is only slightly smaller than the one at home. The master bedroom rests under the stern and adjoins the bathroom. The main cabin area has a bar, a table, bookshelves, a television set and pelican knickknacks.

She is a bit defensive about the image of boat owners as rich people with too much discretionary income.

"People say boaters have fat bellies," she said. "But we work hard for this. I live in a small co-op. I don't have a big house. I limited my family to one child so we could afford to put her through school."

The boat serves not only as a vacation home, but also as an entertainment center for their daughter, Roseanne, 19, who sometimes takes her college friends to the boat for summer cookouts.

"We can't do that at home," Mrs. Schneck said. "We don't have the room."

To the bewilderment of the marina users, the National Park Service, which oversees the Gateway National Recreation Area, including Barren Island, has announced plans to close the marina in December. The park service said that bringing it up to standard would cost nearly $4 million, a sum that would have to be paid by the private contractor hired to run the marina.

Greg Haraiam said he would probably sell his boat if the marina closed. At 77, he said, he is too old to search for another marina. The proximity of Barren Island makes it easy for him to sail five or six hours a day and still get home to South Ozone Park, Queens, in time for dinner with his wife.

Kenneth Atlas jokingly threatened to sink his 21-foot powerboat. Checking for crabs in the trap he keeps tied to the pier near his boat, Mr. Atlas said he would miss Barren Island if he were forced to leave.

Mr. Rudetsky, the retired professor, who began sailing after watching the boats from his classroom at Kingsborough Community College, said, "If this marina were not here, I would not have gone as gung-ho for sailing as I did."

Mrs. Schneck said she was not sure what she would do. Selling the boat is unthinkable. But so is leaving Barren Island.

"This is home for me," she said, standing on a pier at Barren Island looking out over the water. "This is my summer home, and I feel like I'm being evicted."

**Graphic**

Photos: Humphrey the goose shares a weathered pier with Kenneth Atlas at Barren Island Marina in Brooklyn. (Adam Nadel for The New York Times) (pg. 39); "This is my backyard," Cathy Schneck said of the Barren Island Marina, where she spends her summers. "This is my way of life." (Photographs by Adam Nadel for The New York Times); Milton Imbey, left, and Arthur Glassman, both of Queens, trying their luck at the Barren Island Marina off the southern tip of Brooklyn. (pg. 42)

**Load-Date:** August 11, 1996

**End of Document**



[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE MEDIA;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4110-CFY0-00MH-F2B8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***At Their National Convention, Democrats Shined Spotlight on Local Races***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4110-CFY0-00MH-F2B8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 20, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By PETER MARKS

By PETER MARKS

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Aug. 19

**Body**

The main event may have been in the big arena, but for Representative Joseph M. Hoeffel of Pennsylvania and dozens of other Democratic candidates from around the country, the action was all in a small cluster of television studios to the side.

Virtually around the clock on each of the four days of the Democratic National Convention, Mr. Hoeffel and his colleagues filed into the headquarters of the party-run Democratic News Service to submit to interviews with television and radio stations back home.

Mr. Hoeffel, locked in a tight re-election fight in his suburban Philadelphia district, had been through the doors several times to participate in Internet chat rooms, talk with Pennsylvania radio personalities and appear by satellite on as many television stations as he could, from Channel 6 in Philadelphia to Channel 69 in Allentown.

"It's great outreach," he said, as the bustling news service became so filled with political faces it began to resemble the Senate cloakroom. "The media like being able to do a live feed."

The candidates do not mind, either, no matter what the hour.

Unlike the Republicans, who used their four days of media exposure in Philadelphia as an unabashed promotional vehicle with a single focus, Gov. George W. Bush of Texas, the Democrats chose to fragment their television moment into a thousand points of spotlight.

The party gave dozens of lower-tier candidates across the country easy access to the production facilities of the Democrats' news service -- whose staff of 400 employees and volunteers made it one of the largest news-gathering outfits at the convention -- as well as coveted speaking slots on the convention stage.

What this meant for broadcasters at home was not only a local face to put on the air, but also more of a reason for doing so.

"People were saying, 'What an incoherent convention,' but they misunderstand that half this convention was designed for local news consumption," said Dr. Kathleen Hall Jamieson, dean of the Annenberg School for Communication at the University of Pennsylvania.

The idea Vice President Al Gore's campaign latched onto, she said, was to keep local officials and candidates happy by giving them the exposure they craved, and perhaps even creating a reverse coattail effect in the process. "You take care of everyone who's running, because you want everyone who votes for that person to not split their ticket," Dr. Jamieson said.

As a result, local broadcasters found themselves being catered to by the national party as if every rural set of call letters produced a "Today" show.

Arthur Steadman, news director of WEVV in Evansville, Ind., and Owensboro, Ky. -- the 98th-largest media market in the nation -- did not send a single staff member to the convention. But he had to do little more than snap his fingers to book the Democratic governor of Kentucky, Paul E. Patton, on the air with his 6 and 10 p.m. anchor, Kelly Sutton.

"They called us and offered us the lieutenant governor, and I said no," Mr. Steadman said. "And then they wanted to give us the state party chair, who happens to be the governor's daughter. I said, 'If you're going to go through all that trouble, how about giving us the governor?' "

A governor sought, a governor delivered. "When people start talking about issues, they're going to love this Gore-Lieberman team" is the message Mr. Patton gave Ms. Sutton across the microwaves in the news service's Studio 2 on Thursday afternoon. "We represent ***working-class*** Kentuckians, and that's going to come across very strongly in the next 10 weeks."

National party officials, convinced that the election will be decided in swing states like Kentucky -- which has voted for the winner in every presidential race since 1960 -- are hoping that what came across last week was an impression of Mr. Gore as his own man, and as the more able manager of the budget surplus.

It was through outlets like WEVV, the party believed, that its message could be conveyed most cleanly. Local stations devote only a few minutes each day to politics, and most of the time only the most easy-to-digest themes of the campaign filter through.

"Our media strategy is based on local television," said Joe Andrew, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. "Four out of five people get the news about the convention from their local paper, local television, local radio."

Indeed, the Republicans concentrated almost obsessively on Mr. Bush. On the nights he could not be in the First Union Center, his image was beamed onto three jumbo screens that dominated the podium, and the "talking points" memorandums given to the delegates summarizing his proposals were nine pages long. Mr. Gore, in contrast, was barely a presence at the Staples Center until the convention's third night, when he walked onstage to give his daughter a hug, and the talking points left on delegates' seats were a mere page.

If the Democrats were indeed relying more heavily than the Republicans did on local news organizations to tell their story, it may have been a trickier task to pull off.

An examination of newspaper, radio and television coverage last week in seven cities -- Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Houston, Memphis and Miami -- indicated that while news organizations often delved into the basic points the Democrats wanted emphasized, the convention was treated more like a civics lesson than as must-see TV.

On television, the convention was rarely the lead story: in Memphis, which is in Mr. Gore's home state, and in Houston, which is in Mr. Bush's, the weather, in the form of heat and hurricanes, tended to get better play. Even on the night of Mr. Gore's speech, WCVB in Boston led its 11 p.m. newscast with a report about the impending murder trial of Michael Skakel, nephew of Ethel Kennedy.

Nationally, in fact, while the ratings were slightly higher than they had been for the Republican convention -- a trend that has remained consistent for the last five presidential election cycles -- the average number of homes reached each night, 15.3 million, was the lowest for the Democratic Party since 1972, according to Nielsen Media Research.

In Atlanta, for instance, the top-rated radio station, WSB, carried only one live speech, Mr. Gore's. "We did not play up this convention," said Chris Camp, the station's news director. "Basically it comes down to the fact that conventions are more scripted. There was no suspense, no mystery; everybody knew who the nominee was going to be."

Even for Tennessee reporters, attendance was apparently not mandatory. Only one of the four stations in Memphis, the Fox affiliate, assigned a reporter to Los Angeles.

"We considered briefly whether we should send somebody to cover the convention and spend $30,000 to $40,000 on a story that maybe about 15 to 20 percent of our viewers truly appreciated," said Peggy Phillip, news director of WMC, the NBC affiliate there. "The story that everybody is talking about this week is 118 Russians under the sea."

Still, some of the stations that did spend the money provided the requisite breathless reports.

"Everyone here is extremely jazzed," Phil Keating, a reporter for WSVN, the Fox affiliate in Denver, observed from the Staples Center after Mr. Gore spoke. "He set himself apart, he didn't seem stiff and he came across as a well-connecting speaker tonight."

It would be hard, however, to match the enthusiasm for the ticket felt by a candidate like Representative Debbie Stabenow of Michigan, who is in a close race with the incumbent, Spencer Abraham, for a United States Senate seat. She spent so much time at the Democratic News Service last week that she could have had a control room named for her.

"If you look at the press we got back in Michigan, it's absolutely fabulous," said Robert Gibbs, Ms. Stabenow's communications director. "We could move our message directly from L.A. using their satellites, right into the homes of millions of Michigan voters."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: CHICAGO -- Warner Saunders, right, with WMAQ in Chicago, interviews the Rev. Jesse Jackson.; ATLANTA -- Bill Nigut and John Pruitt were among those sent to the convention by WSB-TV in Atlanta.; DENVER -- Manuel Gallegus of KCNC in Denver reports from the convention floor at the Staples Center.; BOSTON -- Chet Curtis, of WCVB in Boston, reports from the Democratic National Convention.

**Load-Date:** August 20, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Carrying a Big Load For 2 Automakers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VJ7-KYX0-Y8TC-S4DD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section AU; Column 0; Automobiles; Pg. 1; BEHIND THE WHEEL /FORD F-150 AND DODGE RAM 1500

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**Byline:** By CHRISTOPHER JENSEN

**Body**

PICKUP trucks were pretty simple way backwhen. They were designed for work, and nobody gave a hoot about the comfort of the workers. Forget the rough ride, never mind the roll-up windows -- anything was better than having to lug a dozen hay bales to the barn by hand.

But by the 1980s automakers noticed that a growing number of customers were embracing the trucky Marlboro Man image. They wanted to use their pickups for day-to-day transportation, with the cargo bed occasionally put to use for some weekend-wienie chore.

Thus began a race to see which truck maker could offer the most pampering and creature comforts. By now the ultimate pickups have features remarkably similar to a luxury car's, from heated leather seats to DVD players that let little pardners watch Hannah Montana in the back seat.

The catch, of course, is that a lot of people still use pickups for work. They care about matters like towing and how much weight can be carried in the bed.

Many of those who bought pickups as a fashion statement, or for occasional hauling, reconsidered early last summer when gasoline prices spiked. Sales of full-size pickups plunged. But after gas fell back to the $2-a-gallon range, sales picked up -- only to drop again in the first three months of 2009, according to J. D. Power & Associates.

Ford and Dodge recently introduced redesigned light-duty trucks into this gloomy and uncertain market. The 2009 Dodge Ram and Ford F-150, which together accounted for almost 462,000 sales in 2008, are crucial to the finances -- indeed, the very survival -- of their parent companies. In reworking their trucks, efforts that began long before the industry fell into turmoil, the two companies took different approaches.

F-150: A Solid Effort

State Route 142 wiggles for about six miles between Franconia and Bethlehem in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. There are blind corners, somewhat neglected and often rough pavement and occasional surprises like a black bear crossing the road with her cubs. Driving the new F-150 up that road also brings surprises.

The first is how incredibly solid the truck feels, partly because Ford used more high-strength steel in it. There is none of the shimmy-shaking that troubles some pickups, including the last-generation F-150.

Another is that the steering is so good. Tight, precise and nicely weighted, it inspires confidence that the driver will be able to guide the big truck through the most tricky turn. Heading through those curves there's none of that keeling-over body lean that you often feel with tall trucks.

The downside is a ride that can be slightly stiff. But Ford reworked the springs in the rear suspension and the ride falls just short of rough.

The final surprise is that the F-150 is so quiet.

While those are all good things, Ford makes it clear that it wants the F-150 to be a respected member of the ***working class***.

''The reputation of the truck rests on the work truck,'' said Matt O'Leary, the F-150's chief engineer. ''People buy a truck based on either capability they are going to use or capability they might use.''

There are three cab styles, four pickup boxes and seven trim levels. There is a choice of three engines, all V-8s.

The entry-level engine is a 4.6-liter V-8 with two valves per cylinder, rated at 248 horsepower. It comes with a 4-speed automatic transmission.

Then there is a 4.6-liter, 292-horse engine with three valves per cylinder, making it more efficient and powerful. It comes with a 6-speed automatic.

The top choice is a 5.4-liter V-8 that pumps out 310 horsepower; it is mated to a 6-speed automatic.

The least expensive model is a regular cab XL with rear-wheel drive, which Ford describes as nothing less than ''a true workhorse.'' Priced at $21,790, it has a 4-speed automatic transmission and the 248-horsepower engine.

On the high end is the Platinum SuperCrew. With the 5.4 engine, 6-speed automatic transmission and 4-wheel drive, it starts at $45,030.

The model I tested was an XLT SuperCrew, which Ford says is the most popular version. It had rear-wheel drive, the 292-horsepower V-8 and a bed 5.5 feet long. The starting price was $32,290. Options, including a $1,420 chrome package and $300 ''premium cloth captains chairs,'' brought the final tab to $35,540.

The SuperCrew has 43.5 inches of rear legroom, almost 5 inches more than last year's model. Two 6-foot adults can now sit in the back in stretch-out comfort. If it is necessary to carry cargo instead of people, the rear seats easily fold up, and the floor is flat. That means boxes or cargo can be stacked without rocking like a teeter-totter.

Life is also good for the people up front. The surroundings are handsome. The seats are wide and offer plenty of thigh support for tall drivers. There's nothing mysterious about the controls.

Reaching into the bed is easier on some models because of clever fold-down steps on the side and rear. The steps by the tailgate even have a help-me-up grab handle.

All F-150s come with important safety features, including antilock brakes, electronic stability control and trailer sway control. Ford says that if the trailer begins to sway enough to move the truck, the pickup's electronic stability control will steady the truck and, ideally, halt the trailer's erratic movements.

In case of a side-impact crash there are seat-mounted air bags up front for torso protection and ''air curtains'' for head protection of occupants in both the front and rear.

The F-150 did so well in front, side and rear crash tests that the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety gave it the group's highest rating, Top Safety Pick.

For the truck I tested, the Environmental Protection Agency estimates fuel economy at 15 miles a gallon in town and 20 m.p.g. on the highway.

Next year, Ford is expected to add one of its new EcoBoost engines. Mr. O'Leary says that turbocharged V-6 will perform like a V-8 while using fuel like a V-6.

The 5.4-liter V-8 is the choice for maximum towing, and Ford says the F-150 can pull as much as 11,300 pounds, the most in the class and 300 pounds more than the previous model. There is no standard way to calculate towing capacity, but taking each automaker at its word, Ford beats the competition by at least 500 pounds (and perhaps by as much as 2,200 pounds).

Of course, not every F-150 can tow that much. Most are rated between 8,000 and 9,500 pounds. The model I tested was rated at 8,100 pounds.

While Ford has emphasized the work-truck aspect of the new F-150, it has hardly ignored the driver and passengers. The truck is not just more capable but more pleasant, its most serious flaw a stiff, somewhat unyielding ride.

The old F-150 was something of a joke compared with the fresher Chevrolet Silverado and Toyota Tundra, but nobody should be laughing now.

INSIDE TRACK: Ford gets back in the game.

Ram: Smoother Sailing

When Dodge began working on the new Ram, officials decided they didn't care about winning the maximum-towing war. Ram owners said they were happy with their trucks' towing capacity, said Scott Kunselman, vice president for Jeep and truck product development at Chrysler.

''On average, the people are towing between a 2,000- and 5,000-pound trailer,'' he said. ''When we asked them if they need to tow 10,000 pounds they said, 'No, that is what a heavy-duty truck is for.'''

So the maximum towing capability on the new Ram is unchanged at 9,100 pounds.

What Dodge decided was important was making the new Ram more comfortable, refined and luxurious.

''It was clearly a place we could make a lot of headway,'' Mr. Kunselman said in a tacit acknowledgement that the Ram had fallen behind the competition on interior appointments.

In search of a more comfortable ride and better handling, Dodge made a big change in the rear suspension. Instead of using time-tested leaf springs, commonly found on pickups, engineers decided to use coil springs, which are more commonly found on cars.

''A leaf spring, while it is reasonably cost-efficient, has a lot of compromises in terms of a chassis system,'' Mr. Kunselman said.

The advantages of that coil-spring rear suspension are clear at every bump, break, bobble and turn in the road. The Dodge's ride remained comfortable and composed at all times. Under hard cornering there was a moderate amount of body lean, and the steering felt a bit light. But the handling of the Ram was quite good over all.

On the rough stuff, however, the Ram's body didn't feel nearly as solid as the F-150's.

The Ram's suspension, combined with my test model's 390-horsepower 5.7-liter Hemi V-8, makes for great driving entertainment, a phrase not normally associated with pickup trucks.

The acceleration is impressive; the fuel economy, not so much. The federal estimate is 13 m.p.g. in the city and 18 on the highway.

The Hemi is paired with a 5-speed automatic transmission. Two other engines are offered: a 210-horsepower 3.7-liter V-6, which comes with a 4-speed automatic, and a 310-horse 4.7-liter V-8 with a 5-speed automatic.

Prices on the Ram start at $22,420 for a regular-cab ST with rear drive and the V-6. Adding 4-wheel drive raises the price to $26,875.

I tested a top-of-the-line Laramie Crew Cab with 4-wheel drive, which had a starting price of $45,185. The total came to $52,555 at the end of a long list of options that included heated rear seats and a power sunroof.

There was also an $1,895 feature called the ''Rambox cargo management system.'' Those are basically side-saddle lockable storage containers built into the sides of the bed. Dodge is not the first to offer such storage; Chevrolet introduced a similar feature on the 2002 Avalanche; the bins are standard on that truck.

As one would expect for a truck so pricey, the tested Ram's interior was practical, with plenty of storage, as well as plush, with handsome leather atop both the dashboard and the seats.

The new Crew Cab replaces the Mega Ram, an almost cartoonishly large vehicle that wouldn't fit in many garages. Dodge says the Crew Cab has 42 inches of rear legroom. That's enough to keep a couple of 6-foot adults comfortable, and only 2 inches less than the gargantuan Mega Ram.

The rear seats easily fold up for carrying cargo. But the floor is not flat. That greatly increases the chance that cargo will slide and topple.

Mr. Kunselman said Ram owners indicated that the truck's size provided enough protection without any new safety gear. They got some anyway.

All Rams come with electronic stability control and antilock brakes. There are air curtains for head protection and seat-mounted air bags for chest protection in a side-impact crash. As with the F-150, there's a system that tries to bring a trailer under control if it begins to sway.

In the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety's tests, the Ram got good marks for front and rear impacts, but a ''marginal'' rating for side impacts.

While the new Ram still looks like a big bruiser, Mr. Kunselman said it was largely aimed at families that ''have gotten into the truck segment for its utility and fallen in love with it -- it becomes the family vehicle.''

Dodge opted out of the battle for maximum-towing bragging rights and instead focused on comfort and a great ride. For many buyers, the payoff from that effort is likely to be greater than it would have been from a higher payload.

The Ram and F-150 are aimed at different consumers and have different strengths. The F-150's body is more solid and it controls body lean far better. But the Ram has a superior ride. It is also clear that while the Ram and F-150 previously trailed well behind the Chevrolet Silverado and Toyota Tundra, they are now serious competitors.

The more important question is whether, in this economy, consumers still care.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: FORD F-150 XLT SUPERCREW: The most popular version of the perennially bigselling truck starts at $32,290. Ford redesigned its full-size trucks for 2009 so that they feel more solid. Steering and handling have also improved.

DODGE RAM 1500 LARAMIE CREW CAB: A switch to rear coil springs has significantly improved the truck's ride and handling, and the interior appointments have been upgraded. Buyers can even get a leather-covered dashboard. (pg.AU1)

FANCY THAT: Ford's new top-line luxury model, the F-150 Platinum, has a different grille. (pg.AU2)

WORKING FAST: With a Hemi V-8, the Ram's acceleration is impressive even if the mileage is not. (pg.AU10) CHART: TRUCKS IN TROUBLED TIMES: SURVEYING THE LANDSCAPE IN LIGHT-DUTY PICKUPS (pg.AU2)

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**End of Document**



[***East Harlem Develops, And Its Accent Changes - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MW3-73N0-TW8F-G2YC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By TIMOTHY WILLIAMS and TANZINA VEGA

**Body**

Inside a wooden shack set in a garden on East 117th Street, a group of Puerto Rican men, many of them in their 70s and 80s, are playing a spirited game of dominoes on a rainy winter afternoon. A painting of a woman wearing a burgundy shawl over a flamenco-style dress hangs on a wall, and in the garden, tomatoes, peppers, corn and culantro, an herb used in Caribbean cooking, grow in the summer.

But outside their little retreat, a thick dust, the pounding of hammers and the shouts of construction workers inundate the block, signaling the transformation of East Harlem, also known as Spanish Harlem or El Barrio (the neighborhood). Many see it changing from the Puerto Rican enclave it has been for decades to a more heterogeneous neighborhood with a significant middle-class presence, luxury condominiums and a Home Depot.

It is a familiar story of gentrification in New York City, but this one comes with a twist: the many newcomers who are middle-class professionals from other parts of the city are joining a growing number of ***working-class*** Mexicans and Dominicans.

The result is a high degree of angst among many Puerto Ricans who worry they will be unable to prevent their displacement from a neighborhood that is far more than a place to live and work. ''We're in crisis mode right now, and as far as retaining the Puerto Rican and Latino identity in the neighborhood, we're in red alert,'' said Rafael Merino, who is on the local community board. ''If we don't pick up speed, we'll lose a lot of it.''

While East Harlem -- which had previously been an Italian neighborhood -- was not the first place Puerto Ricans settled after arriving in large numbers in New York after World War II, it became the de facto center of cultural life after large-scale displacement from Chelsea, Hell's Kitchen, the Upper West Side, and more recently, Williamsburg and the Lower East Side.

East Harlem is the place where people come to celebrate Three Kings Day and quinceaneras, to gather the night before the Puerto Rican Day Parade, and to play dominoes on weekends.

But in recent years, rising rents have caused many Puerto Ricans to leave for more affordable Hudson Valley towns, or for cities like Allentown and Bethlehem in Pennsylvania and Stamford and Bridgeport in Connecticut.

''You have a choice, try to pay that rent, or move out,'' said Tony Ramirez, a plumber who has lived in East Harlem for 43 of his 47 years. ''Puerto Ricans in El Barrio is like being extinct. None of the people I grew up with are around. People feel like strangers in their own town.''

An illustration of his lament can be seen on several blocks of 116th Street, long Puerto Rican East Harlem's main shopping strip, which are now filled with shops selling Mexican food, flags and pastries.

In 1980, there were 856,440 people of Puerto Rican descent living in New York City, compared with 787,046 in 2005, according to census data.

In East Harlem, the number of Puerto Ricans has also been declining, to 37,878 in 2005, from 40,542 in 1990, according to the census. They now make up about 35.3 percent of the neighborhood's population, down from 39.4 percent in 1990.

Carmen Vasquez, public relations manager for Hope Community Inc., a private, nonprofit real estate and cultural organization in the neighborhood, said that the concentration of public housing and other low-income apartment units in East Harlem would keep the Puerto Rican population stable for now.

''There will be some displacement, but we will retain our heritage and our culture,'' she said. ''You won't stop gentrification, but you can contain it and slow it down.''

But the changes are unmistakable.

For decades, there had been no doubt about where the Upper East Side ended and East Harlem began: 96th Street, the last major east-west street before the start of East Harlem's clusters of high-rise public housing projects.

Taxi drivers sometimes dropped off passengers at 96th Street rather than venture farther north to what they considered to be a crime-ridden area. Some courier services also refused to cross the line. Even the row of upscale shops along Second and Third Avenues stopped just short of 96th Street.

That demarcation line is softer now, and nicknames for the southern tier of East Harlem abound: the Upper Upper East Side, Upper Yorkville and SpaHa -- short for Spanish Harlem.

Peter Lorusso, 25, who works for a shipping company, has lived for about a year in the Aspen, a 234-unit luxury apartment complex at 101st Street and First Avenue, where one-half of the units rent at market rates.

The three-year-old building has its own garage with valet parking and a 10,000-foot courtyard with bamboo trees. It also offers a free shuttle van every 20 minutes to nearby subways during the morning and evening commutes -- as do several other new upscale buildings in the neighborhood.

Mr. Lorusso said he does not usually go north of 101st Street. Instead, he and his friends ''do the pub crawl'' on the Upper East Side along Second Avenue. The Aspen, he said, is ''an extension of the Upper East Side.''

''People are bringing more money north, which is a good thing,'' he said. ''You just got to be street smart.''

Jon Rich, 30, a stockbroker who lives in the Aspen, had previously rented apartments in TriBeCa, Battery Park City and Midtown. He now splits the $2,800 rent for his two-bedroom apartment with a roommate. ''I couldn't afford to stay where I was,'' he said.

Fifteen blocks north of the Aspen, on the site of the former Washburn Wire Factory at 116th Street and the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, workers have dismantled the plant to make way for the $300 million East River Plaza shopping center, which will feature a Home Depot, a Best Buy and a Target store.

A second large development in the area was derailed by the Bloomberg administration last year after widespread opposition. The $1 billion project, known as Uptown New York, had called for retail space and 1,500 apartments in an area between 125th and 127th Streets and Second and Third Avenues. Eighty percent of the apartments would have been rented or sold at market rates.

Still, residents say many of East Harlem's new residential developments are unreasonably expensive. On 117th Street between First and Pleasant Avenues -- a block that the police say has been home to a thriving drug market and where two people were killed in the past six months --more than eight buildings are being renovated or constructed.

One of the buildings is the Nina, nine units of ''luxury condominiums'' where a one-bedroom penthouse is on the market for $850,000.

''The Upper East Side is now the playground for the sophisticated bohemian,'' reads the Nina's Web site. ''East Harlem will be known as the area that will feature SoHo-type lofts, with a NoHo sensibility, and a Village flair, without the hefty price tag.''

Jose Hidalgo, 76, one of the men playing dominoes in the shack on 117th Street next door to the Nina, has lived in the neighborhood for 55 years. He grew up in Santa Isabel, Puerto Rico.

''Where am I going to live with these people and their condominiums?'' he asked. ''If I have to leave, I'll go back to my country. I don't have to pay rent; and I have a house there.'' But Mr. Hidalgo said he believes that even if the new condos and co-ops find buyers, their owners won't stay.

''These people come here and they don't last long,'' Mr. Hidalgo said. ''Once they see what the neighborhood is really like, especially in the summer,'' he said, when the streets becomenoisy and the crime rate typically climbs, they will sell their apartments and leave.

His friend, Jose Vazquez, 65, who has lived in East Harlem since 1959, said poor people are going to be forced out. ''People who used to pay $600 a month are now paying $900 a month.''

But Henry M. Calderon, a real estate broker and president of the East Harlem Chamber of Commerce, said some Puerto Ricans believe they are entitled to live in East Harlem, although they failed to buy property when it was cheaper.

''Is it a right to live here or a privilege?'' Mr. Calderon asked. ''Is it a right to have an apartment facing Park Avenue? We cannot expect that we have a right to live where we want to live.''

Nicholas L. Arture, executive director of the Association of Hispanic Arts and treasurer of the East Harlem Board of Tourism, said even without significant rates of Puerto Rican home ownership, one way to preserve the area's pedigree is to market it to visitors. One plan calls for transforming 106th Street east of Fifth Avenue into a ''cultural corridor'' showcasing Puerto Rican heritage through murals and cultural centers, art galleries and restaurants.

Mr. Arture said the area's Puerto Rican flavor has already attracted visitors who want to know more about the neighborhood. Recently, a group of graduate students from Kenya said they wanted to visit after having read about the neighborhood on the Internet. ''They wanted to eat rice and beans,'' Mr. Arture said. ''They wanted to experience the culture.''

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

**Correction**

Two picture captions on Sunday with an article about the transformation of East Harlem from a Puerto Rican enclave to a more heterogeneous neighborhood misidentified the location of buildings being renovated or constructed. They are on 117th Street, not 116th.

**Correction-Date:** January 26, 2007

**Graphic**

Photos: Rafael Merino, a community board member, says that East Harlem is in crisis mode over keeping its Puerto Rican identity.

Right, work under way on East 116th Street between First and Pleasant Avenues. Left, luxury condos for sale on East 117th. (Photos by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)

(Photo by Chang W. Lee/The New York Times)(pg. 29)

A renovation at East 116th Street and Pleasant Avenue

a Home Depot is expected to be built not far away. (Photo by Chang W. Lee/The New York Times)(pg. 32)Chart: ''A Puerto Rican Enclave''Gentrification threatens to change East Harlem's Puerto Rican flavor. For now, it remains far more Puerto Rican than the rest of New York.EAST HARLEMHispanic: 54.%Puerto Rican: 35.3Age18 and under: 27.819 and up: 72.2Median Household Income: $26,499MANHATTANHispanic: 26.1Puerto Rican: 7.7Age18 and under: 18.319 and up: 81.7Median Household Income: $56,056NEW YORK CITYHispanic: 27.8Puerto Rican: 10.1Age18 and under: 25.419 and up: 74.6Median Household Income: $43,825(Source by Queens College analysis of Census Bureau's American Community Survey data)(pg. 32)Map of Manhattan highlighting East Harlem. (pg. 32)

**Load-Date:** January 21, 2007

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[***Journal;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4127-VSD0-00MH-F49V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Survival of the Fakest***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4127-VSD0-00MH-F49V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

By FRANK RICH

**Body**

An American political campaign just doesn't get any better than it has in this convention summer of 2000. We've seen strange ideological bedfellows perpetrate Machiavellian intrigues. The sudden emergence of dark-horse candidates and collapse of front-runners. No-holds-barred debates.

No wonder the nation has been riveted. But now we must awaken to the grim reality: This season's run of "Survivor" is over.

Which leaves us with the strange residue of "official" politics offered by the twin conventions -- neither of which, even on their best nights, drew close to half the audience of Wednesday's "Survivor" finale. Through a weird cultural reversal, America is now a place where there's more spontaneity and "reality" in a prime-time network entertainment series than there is in the TV spectacles staged by our political parties over supposedly momentous issues of public policy.

The audience that cast its vote by Nielsen isn't stupid. It does prize authenticity over canned showmanship. And with John McCain long out of the race, authenticity isn't on the ballot. As that minority of Americans paying attention knows, the choice this year is between two distinctive brands of inauthenticity: the faux rainbow coalition that George W. Bush showcased under the brand Compassionate Conservatism in Philadelphia vs. the populism lite that Al Gore marketed as Fighting for Working Families last week in L.A.

You've got to give the Democrats credit. Mr. Gore has pulled ahead, at least for now, because he did a much cleverer job than his rival of giving his inauthenticity the gloss of credibility. The media that repetitively noted the "scripted" quality of the G.O.P. convention, and the gap between the dense minority population on stage and the restricted-country-club demographics in the hall, didn't harp as relentlessly on the discrepancy between Mr. Gore's message ("They're for the powerful -- we're for the people") and the reality at the Staples Center. Sex, as always, is a fatal distraction for the Washington press pack, and so the Al-Tipper kiss ("disgusting," according to Robert Novak) and the tiff over the Playboy mansion (arguably one of the week's classier venues) easily upstaged the more telling story. The Democratic convention was showered with an avalanche of big money, much of it coughed up by the same powerful interests (big oil, Hollywood, polluters, even tobacco) that were attacked by the nominees from the podium.

The parties at Spago and Armani in Beverly Hills, like Tom DeLay's fat-cat golf outings in Philadelphia, were usually kept out of camera view. So was the celebration in the skybox of Terry McAuliffe, the Clinton-era Democratic money siphon who has been praised by Mr. Gore as "the greatest fund-raiser in the history of the universe." As reported by Holly Bailey of the Center for Responsive Politics, Mr. McAuliffe and movie-industry potentates "dined on cake iced with an illustration of President Clinton's face." Here is a power-to-the-people movement that even Marie Antoinette could love.

Instead of these Gilded Age images we got a very shrewdly packaged portrait of fightin' Al and Joe. In his acceptance speech, the vice president talked about growing up in Tennessee but not of his childhood residence at the Fairfax Hotel in Washington; he mentioned his brief stint studying religion at Vanderbilt but not his four years at Harvard; he recounted in detail his parents' ***working-class*** backgrounds as a rhetorical bait-and-switch to camouflage his St. Albans pedigree. A particularly brilliant touch was the just-folks video about Mr. Gore made by Spike Jonze, the gifted director of "Being John Malkovich." This filmmaker was the perfect choice for the assignment of transforming an American prince into an Everyman, since he has already performed the same identity transplant on himself; the spiky Mr. Jonze was born Adam Spiegel, heir to the clothing-catalog fortune.

The gap between Joseph Lieberman's L.A. persona and his offstage reality was also deftly abridged. Check out the nonpartisan statistics at opensecrets.org: This newly passionate champion of the oppressed health-care consumer has received more campaign cash from insurance companies (many based in his home state, Connecticut) than any other senator and is third in contributions from pharmaceutical giants.

Nor is he immune to paydays from the entertainment companies he browbeats for profiteering from cultural sewage. In his last financial statement, Mr. Lieberman's biggest source of outside income was a book advance from Simon & Schuster, whose parent company makes zillions from a particular Lieberman-William Bennett bete noire, "The Howard Stern Show." Throw in Mr. Lieberman's abrupt recantations of previous positions on affirmative action and Social Security, and it's easy to see why last week he could be found spinning faster than a dreidel.

Mr. Bush is no less inauthentic than his Democratic opponents, of course. In his acceptance speech, he paid tribute to his hometown of Midland, Tex., and its motto of "the sky's the limit." Somehow he failed to mention the decade he spent at Andover, Yale and Harvard, where the mottos ranged from "Finis origine pendet" and "Lux et veritas" to the charmingly soigne "Veritas." In truth, he has enjoyed far more inherited wealth and privilege than Mr. Gore has; he leads a party that opposes affirmative action even as he benefited from the affirmative action given to "legacies" (the children of alumni) at Ivy League schools.

But it's a measure of how much Mr. Gore has outwitted Mr. Bush that the vice president was able to tar the Texas governor as a lightweight frat boy with the line "the presidency is more than a popularity contest," while simultaneously stopping at nothing to best him in that popularity contest. Mr. Gore's wife, daughters and least Harvard-esque college roommate, Tommy Lee Jones, were all milked to imbue Mr. Gore with the popular traits (warmth and testosterone) he was thought to lack. Let Mr. Bush brag incessantly about his "heart" -- Mr. Gore one-upped him by clasping his own heart Sammy Sosa-style. Even Bill Clinton hadn't thought of that one.

The measure of the Democrats' success last week can be seen in Mr. Bush's angry cries that Mr. Gore is stirring up "class warfare." Again, the vice president has faked him out. Mr. Gore is not an authentic populist preaching class warfare -- he's an inauthentic populist supported by corporate interests who hijacks populist sloganeering to vilify a few focus-group-chosen industries that most middle-class Americans understandably regard as ripoffs.

And he knows that Mr. Bush can't fight back on that turf. While Democrats are indeed awash in insurance company money, drug company money and even oil money (the Gore family portfolio holds a fat chunk of Occidental Petroleum), the Bush-Cheney ticket and G.O.P. Congressional leadership have taken in far more loot still from all these sources, with worse prescription-drug plans, patients' bills of rights and environmental records to show for it. If the Democrats are inauthentic fighters for the little man, they are at least less inauthentic than the Republicans. This year that's what makes a horse race, unless you're besotted by the idea of casting a protest vote for Ralph Nader.

In fairness, it must be noted that the two major tickets have yielded one completely authentic candidate between them this year -- Dick Cheney. As a young, future defense secretary who didn't oppose the Vietnam War, Mr. Cheney nonetheless repeatedly sought deferments from military service because, as he honestly has put it, "I had other priorities in the 60's." And much as he preferred feathering his own nest to the inconvenience of public service then, so he does three decades later -- refusing so far to give up future oil-company stock options worth at least $6 million at today's prices even though they pose a conflict of interest with the vice presidency (and even though he walks away with a consolation prize valued at an additional $30 million).

In a political year in which everyone is suddenly on the side of the people, the unabashed and unapologetic consistency of Mr. Cheney's devotion to his own self-interest is downright refreshing. He's as close as the casting agents at either party have come to producing a rival to the cool corporate operator Richard Hatch, the "Survivor" antihero Americans love to hate.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***The Drama of the Solemn Child***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-9F40-000P-23S3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Jan Hoffman writes about social issues and entertainment for The Village Voice, Mirabella and Premiere.

By JAN HOFFMAN;  Jan Hoffman writes about social issues and entertainment for The Village Voice, Mirabella and Premiere.

**Body**

They stand hunched in doorways, hesitant, their arms crossed. They have almost no friends and are missing one or both parents. Their lives are emotionally and often physically distant from adults, who can't seem to see the children standing before them. These kids are not cheek-pinchingly cute -- the wounded look in their eyes is often their only memorable feature -- and they don't say the darndest things.

Television, theater and particularly dramatic films are increasingly representing childhood as a charged, difficult time, its sunniness mottled by shadows. And the new crop of young actors chosen to portray these children look as if they know what it's like to be afraid of the dark. Their ears may stick out, their hair is a nondescript shade, they're gawky or saddled with lingering baby fat. Complex children's roles have been important elements in such theatrical productions as "The Secret Garden" and "The Good Times Are Killing Me," such films as "Rambling Rose," "Regarding Henry," "Hook," "Grand Canyon" and "Little Man Tate" and the forthcoming "This Is My Life," and such television series as "I'll Fly Away," "Brooklyn Bridge" and "The Simpsons."

This is not to suggest that dimples and a gap-toothed grin have been banned from stage and screen: on the contrary, the Adorables predominate in such current films as "Curly Sue," "All I Want for Christmas" and "My Girl." It's virtually unthinkable to broadcast a television sitcom about a family without them; when maturing Adorables become less so on "The Cosby Show" (age and hormones take their toll) a new character gets introduced who is invariably a 5-year-old charmer.

Nor is it the first time childhood in America has been portrayed as less than idyllic. When troubled children were featured in the 60's or 70's, however -- in, for example, the films "To Kill a Mockingbird," "Lord of the Flies," "Pretty Baby" and "Taxi Driver" -- they were emblems of whatever social issue the work was confronting. Film makers abroad, including Francois Truffaut, Carlos Saura, Vittorio de Sica and Satyajit Ray, have for decades been depicting children as victims or products of social evils. But many countries, such as France and Italy, where children are more integrated into the normal routine of the community as well as the family, have also been producing films for years in which children have had fully realized, important roles.

Now, as Americans are trying to look at their own children -- and their own childhoods -- more realistically and less romantically, as government and industry slowly acknowledge the need for child care and family leave, American writers and directors are also placing children at the center of their work. The themes often focus on ways to rescue them from dysfunctional families as well as bad neighborhoods, and better prepare them to survive in a society where the problems will only get worse.

The young characters in these works, like their real-world counterparts, frequently bear witness to adultery, racism, poverty, drugs and murder -- while the worry that looms largest for them is finding someone to eat lunch with in the school cafeteria.

"We can't assume anymore that our job as parents is just to protect children from evil," says Lawrence Aber, an associate professor of psychology at Columbia who is involved in early childhood education. "That's not going to lead to them growing up to become the productive and flexible people we want to care for us in our old age. We're learning that we have to invest more heavily in kids. And we're trying to describe that struggle in our artistic vision as well."

Various critics have noted with pleasure the demise of the Conventional-Winsomeness School of Acting: "This is not the standard American movie's kid performance," wrote Vincent Canby of The Times about Adam Hann-Byrd in Jodie Foster's film "Little Man Tate." "There is never that sinking feeling that he's trying to act, to give a performance as the word is understood by adult actors." David Richards of The Times, describing the achievement of 11-year-old Daisy Eagan, who won a Tony Award last year for her portrayal of proud, sullen Mary Lennox, the orphan in "The Secret Garden," wrote: "Sitting Sunday-school straight, her mouth drawn in a tight line, she really does seem to be a willful little girl with a mind of her own and not just a Broadway trouper following a stage mother's directives."

Others among the new generation of solemn-faced young actors include:

\* Off Broadway, 14-year-old Angela Goethals turned in an understated performance of a young girl whose world gradually becomes upended in last year's production of Lynda Barry's play "The Good Times Are Killing Me."

\* Charlie Korsmo has portrayed achingly vulnerable young boys in such movies as "Men Don't Leave" and "Dick Tracy." In "Hook," as the son of a grown-up and preoccupied Peter Pan, his character struggles to get some recognition from his workaholic father, played by Robin Williams. When the father snaps, "When are you going to stop acting like a child?" the son retorts, "I am a child!"

\* In "Little Man Tate," Adam Hann-Byrd is a grave-faced 7-year-old prodigy caught in a Solomon-like struggle between two women, his mother and his mentor. With his puckered forehead, bowl-cut bangs and raised quizzical eyebrows, he is less a science nerd than a child who simply cannot figure out where he belongs.

\* "In Boyz N the Hood" Cuba Gooding Jr. plays a rebellious youth living with his disciplinarian father on a block besieged by gangs and drug dealers; he and his buddies nearly get beaten up over a basketball.

\* Lukas Haas was among the first in this generation of uncute child actors with his frightened little boy in the 1985 film "Witness." In "Rambling Rose," he plays a bright, if somewhat remote 13-year-old who becomes smitten by the family's new nanny -- an overgrown child herself.

\* In Lawrence Kasdan's new movie, "Grand Canyon," Patrick Malone portrays a young black boy who says he doesn't expect to live to the age of 25. After his mother moves in desperation from her house that has been strafed in a drive-by shooting to a more racially integrated apartment complex, he finds his old methods of survival inappropriate. Says a new neighbor, when the boy jumps like a startled deer at his greeting: "Where're you from? Beirut?"

\* Jeremy London, Ashlee Levitch and John Aaron Bennett play the three white children in NBC's drama "I'll Fly Away," set during the beginnings of the civil rights movement. Their mother has been institutionalized and they are now cared for by a black maid (whose life with her child,played by Rae-ven Kelly, forms a separate story line). They are often truculent and unsettled, disturbed by the familial and racial tensions around them.

\* And on CBS's "Brooklyn Bridge," narratives about the two brothers are as important as those about the adults, who are often glimpsed from the children's point of view. While Matthew Siegel, who plays the younger one, is classic Adorable, Danny Gerard, in the role of a 13-year-old, is a wiseacre bordering on obnoxious.

Casting this new spate of difficult roles can be arduous. When Adrienne Albert, a Los Angeles agent, began managing children with her partner Jean Fox over a decade ago, most of the work available involved commercials. The children in demand were "glossier, with the Midwestern, all-American appeal." Now, says Ms. Albert, "producers call us asking for a kid who is 'vulnerable,' or 'a little troubled,' and sometimes, 'a street kid, with an edge.' "

Neither Adam Hann-Byrd nor Mikki Allen, the solemn little daughter in the film "Regarding Henry," had previous experience, and both were found by casting directors who scoured elementary schools around the country. Roles are going now to unpolished newcomers that used to be awarded to "professional children," as they are known in the business -- the young actors with resumes, photographs and, in the worst cases, a robotlike smile that may be fine for selling cornflakes but not for contemporary pathos.

Janet Hirshenson and her partner Jane Jenkins, who cast "Stand by Me" (1986) one of the first non-moppet films about children, went on to cast such movies as "Curly Sue," "Home Alone," "Parenthood" and "Hook." They say that most consistently successful children in the business are motivated by their own passions, not their parents', and have a near-normal home life. Ms. Hirshenson remembers calling back one boy for a final reading for a film role, "and his mother just flat out told me that he couldn't make it because he had a Little League game. It made me crazy, but I still thought that was fabulous."

In popular culture, children have often been portrayed in caricature -- either as sentimentalized angels, the repository of a society's hopes and best impulses, or as demons, who threaten or even destroy adult order. But Alison Lurie, whose books include "Don't Tell the Grown-Ups: Subversive Children's Literature," speculates that the people in the media with decision-making power may be spending more time with their children than did their counterparts fromearlier eras, "and they're seeing the truth that children can be both annoying and lovable."

Indeed, the more evenhanded treatments of children have been created by baby-boom-generation writers and directors raising their own families in uncertain times. Ms. Lurie notes that because many couples are having children later in life, "there are many more only children and parents are worried about whether the kid will be lonely. But are these our children on screen, or really how we feel about ourselves?"

The ***working-class*** child hero, continues Ms. Lurie, is none other than the cartoon fourth-grader Bart Simpson. "He expresses the rage of ***working-class*** men who know that school is really not for your own good," she says. "Bart knows he's being trained for a working life that will also have no interest or relevance to him."

Gary David Goldberg, creator of "Brooklyn Bridge" and the 1980's Michael J. Fox series "Family Ties," says that it is difficult to portray kids realistically on TV. "The temptation is to manipulate them and distort them for laughs -- the old comic device of the least powerful person having the most wisdom."

On stage and screen, children are still often represented as miniature, wisecracking adults; certainly some of the appeal of Macaulay Culkin's character in "Home Alone" was that he aped grown-ups in such stunts as his quizzing of a clerk about whether a toothbrush "was approved by the American Dental Association."

Kevin Sullivan, who directed an episode of "I'll Fly Away," says that most children's characters are still condescended to or made fun of, and their conflicts trivialized. The key to the best portrayals, he says, is simply that writer, director and actor treat the character with the same respect accorded an adult. "The reality is," he says, "many things are not very cute or funny to that young person when it's happening to them."

With the exception of those seen in "The Cosby Show," says Mr. Sullivan, who is black, black children are still generally portrayed in freakish fashion on television -- a downward spiral from Gary Coleman on "Diff'rent Strokes" to Emmanuel Lewis on "Webster," and now to Jaleel White on "Family Matters."

"Why is it that black children have to be cartoons?" asks Mr. Sullivan. "We never get to see them the way that children are starting to be portrayed elsewhere. Nonblack writers formulate their opinions about what black children are like from Time and MTV. Either they're hip-hoppers or they're doing drugs." His own television project, "Moe's World," is a drama about a cheerful but dead 12-year-old black boy who acts as a spirit-guide to his extended family in Los Angeles. "Moe's World" is still making the network rounds.

Many current child-centered dramas are set in the 50's and 60's, closer to the childhood of the writers, who are now old enough to stare down their own mortality and ponder their origins. Most notable is the ABC series "The Wonder Years," which filters a child's experience through the reflective voice of an adult narrator.

For Mr. Goldberg, "Brooklyn Bridge" is both a memory piece and a means of critiquing the modern world in which he is now a father. "Children were simpler and more naive then," he maintains, "and there was a clear separation between the child's and the adult's world. Now all the signposts of a child's initiation into adult culture have disappeared." The world of "Brooklyn Bridge," he notes, was one in which parents had expectations that their children would grow up to have better lives -- an expectation not widely felt today.

Like Mr. Goldberg, the director Martha Coolidge says she used the film "Rambling Rose," which is set in the 30's, to make oblique observations about the importance of children in family life today. "The family in the movie," she says, "is one in which everyone, kids included, had a say at the dinner table. When I work 18 hours a day, there's no way I can come home and have dinner with my husband and my little girl," she continues. "That's the price we've paid for the freedom to have both parents working: the division of the family and communication among family members."

Ms. Coolidge's dilemma is central to "This Is My Life," Nora Ephron's film opening next month, about a New Yorker who moves to California to pursue her career as a performer, leaving her daughters with baby sitters: "It's about that dirty little secret that all of us who are working mothers know," says Ms. Ephron, "which is that everything that's good news for us is bad news for our kids."

Though small consolation, the increasingly realistic portrayals of childhood may offer some reassurance to young audiences. Susan Mendelsohn, a developmental psychologist on the staff of Children's Television Workshop, says that "when parents are not around as much, children don't have as many models. So when they see other children portrayed more -- kids who are instrumental in making decisions, or even just getting into jams that look familiar to them -- that helps them know they're not unusual or alone."

**Graphic**

Photos: Adam Hann-Byrd in "Little Man Tate" -- like many characters, unsure where he belongs (Orion Pictures)(pg. 1); Lukas Haas and Robert Duvall in "Rambling Rose" -- uncuteness (New Line Cinema)(pg. 19); Mostly Adorable -- 1934: Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker" -- tap-happy (Culver Pictures); The 30's: Spanky McFarland of "Our Gang" -- the innocent look (United Press International); The 50's: Jay North as Dennis the Menace -- one fun blond (United Press International); The 60's: Jerry Mathers as the Beaver -- suburban darling (ABC); 1978: Brooke Shields in "Pretty Baby" -- societal symbol (Paramount Pictures); 1986: Wil Wheaton in "Stand by Me" -- getting serious (TK); 1990: Macaulay Culkin in "Home Alone"--Dennis redux (20th Century Fox)(pg. 18)

**Load-Date:** January 12, 1992

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[***The Founding Sachems***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GJB-MJM0-TW8F-G32R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 4, 2005 Monday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Editorial Desk; Pg. 13

**Length:** 1777 words

**Byline:** By Charles C. Mann

Charles C. Mann is the author of the forthcoming ''1491: New Revelations of the Americas Before Columbus.''

**Dateline:** AMHERST, Mass.

**Body**

SEEKING to understand this nation's democratic spirit, Alexis de Tocqueville journeyed to the famous centers of American liberty (Boston, Philadelphia, Washington), stoically enduring their ''infernal'' accommodations, food and roads and chatting up almost everyone he saw.

He even marched in a Fourth of July parade in Albany just ahead of a big float that featured a flag-waving Goddess of Liberty, a bust of Benjamin Franklin, and a printing press that spewed out copies of the Declaration of Independence for the cheering crowd. But for all his wit and intellect, Tocqueville never realized that he came closest to his goal just three days after the parade, when he stopped at the ''rather unhealthy but thickly peopled'' area around Syracuse.

Tocqueville's fascination with the democratic spirit was prescient. Expressed politically in Americans' insistence on limited government and culturally in their long-standing disdain for elites, that spirit has become one of this country's great gifts to the world.

When rich London and Paris stockbrokers proudly retain their ***working-class*** accents, when audiences show up at La Scala in track suits and sneakers, when South Africans and Thais complain that the police don't read suspects their rights the way they do on ''Starsky & Hutch,'' when anti-government protesters in Beirut sing ''We Shall Overcome'' in Lebanese accents -- all these raspberries in the face of social and legal authority have a distinctly American tone. Or, perhaps, a distinctly Native American tone, for among its wellsprings is American Indian culture, especially that of the Iroquois.

The Iroquois confederation, known to its members as the Haudenosaunee, was probably the greatest indigenous polity north of the Rio Grande in the two centuries before Columbus and definitely the greatest in the two centuries after. A political and military alliance formed by the Seneca, Cayuga, Onondaga, Oneida, Mohawk and, after about 1720, the Tuscarora, it dominated, at its height, an area from Kentucky to Lake Ontario and Lake Champlain. Its capital was Onondaga, a bustling small city of several thousand souls a few miles south of where Tocqueville stopped in modern Syracuse.

The Iroquois confederation was governed by a constitution, the Great Law of Peace, which established the league's Great Council: 50 male royaneh (religious-political leaders), each representing one of the female-led clans of the alliance's nations. What was striking to the contemporary eye was that the 117 codicils of the Great Law were concerned as much with constraining the Great Council as with granting it authority. ''Their whole civil policy was averse to the concentration of power in the hands of any single individual,'' explained Lewis Henry Morgan, a pioneering ethnographer of the Iroquois.

The council's jurisdiction was limited to relations among the nations and outside groups; internal affairs were the province of the individual nations. Even in the council's narrow domain, the Great Law insisted that every time the royaneh confronted ''an especially important matter or a great emergency,'' they had to ''submit the matter to the decision of their people'' in a kind of referendum open to both men and women.

In creating such checks on authority, the league was just the most formal expression of a regionwide tradition. Although the Indian sachems on the Eastern Seaboard were absolute monarchs in theory, wrote the colonial leader Roger Williams, in practice they did not make any decisions ''unto which the people are averse.'' These smaller groups did not have formal, Iroquois-style constitutions, but their governments, too, were predicated on the consent of the governed. Compared to the despotisms that were the norm in Europe and Asia, the societies encountered by British colonists were a libertarian dream.

To some extent, this freedom reflected North American Indians' relatively recent adoption of agriculture. Early farming villages worldwide have always had less authoritarian governments than their successors. But the Indians of the Northeast made what the historian Jose Antonio Brandao calls ''autonomous responsibility'' a social ideal -- the Iroquois especially, but many others, too. Each Indian, the Jesuit missionary Joseph-Francois Lafitau observed, viewing ''others as masters of their own actions and themselves, lets them conduct themselves as they wish and judges only himself.''

So vivid were these examples of democratic self-government that some historians and activists have argued that the Great Law of Peace directly inspired the American Constitution. Taken literally, this assertion seems implausible. With its grant of authority to the federal government to supersede state law, its dependence on rule by the majority rather than consensus and its denial of suffrage to women, the Constitution as originally enacted was not at all like the Great Law. But in a larger sense the claim is correct. The framers of the Constitution, like most colonists in what would become the United States, were pervaded by Indian images of liberty.

For two centuries after Plymouth Rock, the border between natives and newcomers was porous, almost nonexistent. In a way difficult to imagine now, Europeans and Indians mingled, the historian Gary Nash has written, as ''trading partners, military allies, and marital consorts.''

In a letter to Thomas Jefferson, the aging John Adams recalled the Massachusetts of his youth as a multiracial society. ''Aaron Pomham, the priest, and Moses Pomham, the King of the Punkapaug and Neponsit Tribes, were frequent visitors at my father's house,'' he wrote nostalgically. Growing up in Quincy, Mass., the young Adams frequently visited a neighboring Indian family, ''where I never failed to be treated with whortleberries, blackberries, strawberries or apples, plums, peaches, etc.'' Benjamin Franklin was equally familiar with Indian company; representing the Pennsylvania colony, he negotiated with the Iroquois in 1754. A close friend was Conrad Weiser, an adopted Mohawk who at the talks was the Indians' unofficial host.

As many colonists observed, the limited Indian governments reflected levels of personal autonomy unheard of in Europe. ''Every man is free,'' a frontiersman, Robert Rogers, told a disbelieving British audience, referring to Indian villages. In these places, he said, no person, white or Indian, sachem or slave, has any right to deprive anyone else of his freedom. The Iroquois, Cadwallader Colden declared in 1749, held ''such absolute notions of liberty that they allow of no kind of superiority of one over another, and banish all servitude from their territories.'' (Colden, surveyor general of New York, was another Mohawk adoptee.)

Not every European admired this democratic spirit. Indians ''think every one ought to be left to his own opinion, without being thwarted,'' the Flemish missionary monk Louis Hennepin wrote in 1683. ''There is nothing so difficult to control as the tribes of America,'' a fellow missionary unhappily observed. ''All these barbarians have the law of wild asses -- they are born, live, and die in a liberty without restraint; they do not know what is meant by bridle and bit.''

Indians, for their part, were horrified to encounter European social classes, with those on the lower rungs of the hierarchy compelled to defer to those on the upper. When the 17th-century French adventurer Louis-Armand de Lom d'Arce, Baron de Lahontan, tried to convince the Huron, the Iroquois's northern neighbors, of Europe's natural superiority, the Indians scoffed.

Because Europeans had to kowtow to their social betters, Lahontan later reported, ''they brand us for slaves, and call us miserable souls, whose life is not worth having.'' Individual Indians, he wrote ''value themselves above anything that you can imagine, and this is the reason they always give for it, that one's as much master as another, and since men are all made of the same clay there should be no distinction or superiority among them.''

INFLUENCED by their proximity to Indians -- by being around living, breathing role models of human liberty -- European colonists adopted their insubordinate attitudes. Lahontan was an example, despite his noble title; his account highlighted Indian freedoms as an incitement toward rebellion. Both the clergy and Louis XIV, the king whom Lahontan was goading, tried to suppress these dangerous ideas by instructing French officials to force a French education upon the Indians, complete with lessons in deferring to their social betters. The attempts, the historian Cornelius J. Jaenen reported, were ''everywhere unsuccessful.''

In the most direct way, Indian liberty made indigenous villages into competitors for colonists' allegiance. Colonial societies could not become too oppressive, because their members -- surrounded by examples of free life -- always had the option of voting with their feet.

It is likely that the first British villages in North America, thousands of miles from the House of Lords, would have lost some of the brutally graded social hierarchy that characterized European life. But it is also clear that they were infused by the democratic, informal brashness of American Indian culture. That spirit alarmed and discomfited many Europeans, aristocrat and peasant alike. Others found it a deeply attractive vision of human possibility.

Historians have been reluctant to acknowledge this contribution to the end of tyranny worldwide. Yet a plain reading of Locke, Hume, Rousseau and Thomas Paine shows that they took many of their illustrations of liberty from native examples. So did the colonists who held their Boston Tea Party dressed as ''Mohawks.'' When others took up European intellectuals' books and histories, images of Indian freedom had an impact far removed in time and space from the 16th-century Northeast.

The pioneering suffragists Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Matilda Joslyn Gage, both Finger Lakes residents, were inspired by the Great Law's extension of legal protections to women. ''This gentile constitution is wonderful!'' Friedrich Engels exclaimed (though he apparently didn't notice its emphasis on limited state power).

Just like their long-ago confreres in Boston, protesters in South Korea, China and Ukraine wore ''Native American'' makeup and clothing in, respectively, the 1980's, 1990's, and the first years of this century. Indeed, it is only a little exaggeration to claim that everywhere liberty is cherished -- from Sweden to Soweto, from the streets of Manila to the docks of Manhattan -- people are descendants of the Iroquois League and its neighbors.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Drawing by Robert Van Nutt)

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[***A Strained Wright-Obama Bond Finally Snaps***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SDD-GHF0-TW8F-G1F1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1818 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL POWELL and JODI KANTOR; Jeff Zeleny contributed reporting.

**Body**

Late Monday night, in the Carolina Inn in Chapel Hill, N.C., Barack Obama's long, slow fuse burned to an end. Earlier that day he had thumbed through his BlackBerry, reading accounts of the Rev. Jeremiah A. Wright Jr.'s latest explosive comments on race and America. But his remarks to the press this day had amounted to a shrug of frustration.

Only in this hotel room, confronted with the televised replay of the combustible pastor, did the candidate realize the full import of the remarks, his aides say. At the same time, aides fielded phone calls and e-mail from uncommitted superdelegates, several demanding that the candidate speak out more forcefully.

As Mr. Obama told close friends after watching the replay, he felt dumbfounded, even betrayed, particularly by Mr. Wright's implication that Mr. Obama was being hypocritical. He could not tolerate that.

The next afternoon, Mr. Obama held a news conference and denounced his former pastor's views as ''divisive and destructive,'' giving ''comfort to those who prey on hate.'' And so, with those remarks, a tightly knit relationship finally came apart -- Mr. Wright had married Mr. Obama and his wife, Michelle, and baptized their children.

Theirs was a long and painful falling out, marked by a degree of mutual incomprehension, friends and aides say. It began at the moment Mr. Obama declared his candidacy, when he abruptly uninvited his pastor from delivering an invocation, injuring the older man's pride and fueling his anger.

Mr. Obama's campaign has been striking for its discipline. This is a candidate who prides himself on his coolness and singleness of purpose, not to mention his ability to take on opponents as formidable as Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton and her husband, Bill Clinton, the former president. But Mr. Obama discovered one figure who has confounded him, his own pastor.

In recent months, the candidate has tried to distance himself from Mr. Wright and his often radical views, even as he felt compelled to understand and explain his former pastor to a larger, predominantly white political world.

As for Mr. Wright, he saw a cascade of perceived slights coming from the campaign of a bright young follower whose political ambitions were tugging him away from Trinity United Church of Christ. He saw the church he had founded coming under pressure from reporters and critics, forced to hire security guards. And he made no secret of whom he blamed: Mr. Obama's political adviser, David Axelrod, a white Chicago political operative.

Only a few years ago, the tightness of the bond between Mr. Obama and Mr. Wright was difficult to overstate. Mr. Obama titled his second book, ''The Audacity of Hope,'' after one of Mr. Wright's sermons, and his pastor was the first one he thanked when he gained election as a United States senator in 2004. ''Let me thank my pastor, Jeremiah A. Wright Jr. of Trinity United Church of Christ,'' Mr. Obama said that night, before going on to mention his family and friends.

In this learned and radical pastor, Mr. Obama found a guide who could explain Jesus and faith in terms intellectual no less than emotional, and who helped a man of mixed racial parentage come to understand himself as an African-American. ''Our trials and triumphs became at once unique and universal, black and more than black,'' Mr. Obama wrote in his autobiography ''Dreams From My Father.''

At the same time, as Mr. Obama's friends and aides now acknowledge, he was aware that, shorn of their South Side Chicago context, the words and cadences of a politically left-wing black minister could have a very problematic echo. So Mr. Obama haltingly distanced himself from his pastor.

Mr. Obama announced in early 2007 that he would be running for president. He invited Mr. Wright to deliver the invocation at the event in Springfield, but the evening before the event, Mr. Wright answered his cellphone and heard an apologetic soon-to-be candidate. Rolling Stone had just published a profile of Mr. Obama that included some colorful snippets from the pastor's sermons.

'' 'You can get kind of rough in the sermons,' '' Mr. Wright said Mr. Obama told him. '' 'Rather than have you out front, we thought it would be best to not have you do the invocation.' ''

Mr. Obama then asked whether the Rev. Otis Moss III, who would soon succeed Mr. Wright at Trinity, could speak instead. Mr. Wright agreed, even offering to call the younger preacher. (These quotes are drawn from a year-old interview with Mr. Wright; he shared some of his cellphone messages with a reporter).

''Actually, we've already called him,'' Mr. Obama told him.

A few minutes later, Mr. Wright got his daughters on the telephone line. ''I'm only going to say this once,'' he said. ''Don't look at TV tomorrow.''

Mr. Moss declined the invitation, and Mr. Wright still went to Springfield, praying with the Obama family privately before the event. Weeks later, Mr. Wright said the blame belonged not to Mr. Obama but to his advisers. He repeatedly mentioned Mr. Axelrod, Mr. Obama's chief strategist, saying that while he was expert at promoting black candidates with white voters, he did not know much about relating to the black community.

''They're spiriting him away from people in the African-American community,'' Mr. Wright said, ''David doesn't know the African-American church scene.''

''I don't like this,'' Mr. Wright added. ''I've been his pastor for 20 years.''

The two men nonetheless remained publicly close. A few weeks after Mr. Obama entered the presidential race, he and his wife swept into a private reception and then a gala in honor of Mr. Wright's 35th anniversary at the church. They were, to all eyes, the favorite children returning to honor the pastor who had married them, dedicated their house and baptized their children.

The ladies of Trinity United Church of Christ pressed in on Mr. Obama, as others held aloft cameras and cellphones.

Still, the seed of worry had been planted. Blogs, and a few print reporters, kept asking questions about Mr. Wright's politics, his black liberation theology. Snippets of his fiery, soaring sermons began to appear on cable televisions and in blog posts.

Not all of this surprised Mr. Obama. Trinity was a progressive church, welcoming to gay men and lesbians, embracing of AIDS sufferers at a time when many other black churches shunned them. But the message heard from the pulpit was sometimes unyielding in its radicalism. To be provoked, if not always to agree, was the point. As he wrote in ''Dreams From My Father.''

''In his sermons, Mr. Wright spoke of Sharpsville and Hiroshima, the callousness of policy makers in the White House and the statehouse,'' Mr. Obama wrote.

Mr. Obama faced practical political considerations as well. He had made Mr. Wright a central figure in his personal narrative. His embrace of Mr. Wright's church and its congregants, wealthy and ***working class*** and impoverished, formed the climax of his book. It was the moment, in his telling, when Mr. Obama finally pulled every disparate strand of his background together and found his faith.

''He had found a truth, a sense of community, people with whom to share the experiences of the day,'' said Maya Soetoro Ng, Mr. Obama's younger half sister, in an interview last year.

Mr. Obama's candidacy would offer the promise of a conciliatory man fluent in the language of the Bible. Here was a candidate who could lead religious voters back into the fold. ''We need to take faith seriously not simply to block the religious right but to engage all persons of faith in the larger project of American renewal,'' he wrote.

His grounding in Trinity Church would also bequeath to him a measure of authenticity with the black community.

But by March 2008, Mr. Wright's most outrageous sermons had nested on cable television, replayed on an endless loop on news channels. The two men rarely, if ever, talked anymore, and Mr. Obama increasingly found himself asked to explain and excuse away Mr. Wright's most elaborate accusations.

Aides say that they and the candidate came to feel that they had no control over the pastor, no sense of what next he might do or say.

At the church, as well, the presidential campaign had placed a congregation under a microscope. Trinity, of late, took up a collection -- the Resurrection Fund -- to pay expenses like security guards and public relations. Some reporters began covertly taping services, and others took to calling infirm members whose names are listed each week in the church bulletin, pressing even those in hospice care for details about Mr. Wright.

This infuriated the pastor.

''There was a whole environment of intimidation and threats at the church,'' said Dwight Hopkins, a theologian at the University of Chicago Divinity School. ''He's the senior minister; he's been the pastor for 35 years.''

That month, Mr. Obama gave his speech on race in Philadelphia, a long, pained, nuanced take that purchased distance between himself and his mentor, even as he struggled to explain Mr. Wright's hurt to the larger world. ''As imperfect as he may be, he has been like family to me,'' Mr. Obama said. ''He strengthened my faith, officiated my wedding and baptized my children. Not once in my conversations with him have I heard him talk about any ethnic group in derogatory terms.''

Mr. Wright was on a long-planned cruise about this time; he returned to find his name a term of opprobrium all across the nation. Mr. Obama and his advisers decline to say if they attempted a reconciliation. Mr. Obama himself has acknowledged talking with Mr. Wright after the Philadelphia speech, and people close to both men tried to caution the pastor to remain silent.

Mr. Wright, however, wanted only to explain himself. His first steps seemed to go well enough, particularly a relatively temperate interview with Bill Moyers on PBS. But at the National Press Club on Monday, Mr. Wright took a few questions, and his scholarly mien fell away.

''His initial statement was fine,'' said the Rev. Michael Pfleger of St. Sabina Roman Catholic Church in Chicago and a friend of Mr. Wright. ''But the questions caused a response from Reverend Wright that I wasn't expecting.''

Mr. Wright seemed to sense nothing wrong. A friend said he appeared buoyant and relieved afterward. But a couple hundred miles south, Mr. Obama was soon seething.

The cascade of slights and misunderstandings between spiritual mentor and protege has halted for now. But if Mr. Obama wins the Democratic nomination, Republicans have signaled, unambiguously, that they intend to resurrect his pastor's most provocative comments.

The question is whether Mr. Wright keeps his peace, or raises his voice.

''Its easy to hurt his feelings,'' said Richard Sewell, a Trinity deacon who has known both men for two decades. ''He's extremely sensitive.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: When Barack Obama, his wife and children at his side, announced last year that he was running for president, the Rev. Jeremiah A. Wright Jr. was not there. He had been uninvited by Mr. Obama from delivering an invocation. (PHOTOGRAPH BY RUTH FREMSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Mr. Wright's multiday media tour of the last week was the breaking point in a 20-year relationship with Mr. Obama. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL SANCYA/ASSOCIATED PRESS

CHIP SOMODEVILLA/GETTY IMAGES

BILL PUGLIANO/GETTY IMAGES) (pg.A22)

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[***Us and Them***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5MMS-SR01-DXY4-X149-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 8746 words

**Byline:** By JON MOOALLEM

Jon Mooallem is a writer at large for the magazine. He is also a contributor to ''This American Life'' and the author of the book ''Wild Ones.''

**Body**

Joachim Neander was a 17th-century Calvinist theologian who often hiked through a valley outside Düsseldorf, Germany, writing hymns. Neander understood everything around him as a manifestation of the Lord's will and work. There was no room in his worldview for randomness, only purpose and praise. ''See how God this rolling globe/swathes with beauty as a robe,'' one of his verses goes. ''Forests, fields, and living things/each its Master's glory sings.'' He wrote dozens of hymns like this -- awe-struck and simple-minded. Then he caught tuberculosis and died at 30.

Almost two centuries later, in the summer of 1856, workers quarrying limestone in that valley dug up an unusual skull. It was elongated and almost chinless, and the fossilized bones found alongside it were extra thick and fit together oddly. This was three years before Darwin published ''The Origin of Species.'' The science of human origins was not a science; the assumption was that our ancestors had always looked like us, all the way back to Adam. (Even distinguishing fossils from ordinary rock was beyond the grasp of many scientists. One popular method involved licking them; if the material had animal matter in it, it stuck to your tongue.) And so, as anomalous as these German bones seemed, most scholars had no trouble finding satisfying explanations. A leading theory held that this was the skeleton of a lost, bowlegged Cossack with rickets. The peculiar bony ridge over the man's eyes was a result of the poor Cossack's perpetually furrowing his brow in pain -- because of the rickets.

One British geologist, William King, suspected something more radical. Instead of being the remains of an atypical human, they might have belonged to a typical member of an alternate humanity. In 1864, he published a paper introducing it as such -- an extinct human species, the first ever discovered. King named this species after the valley where it was found, which itself had been named for the ecstatic poet who once wandered it. He called it Homo neanderthalensis: Neanderthal Man.

Who was Neanderthal Man? King felt obligated to describe him. But with no established techniques for interpreting archaeological material like the skull, he fell back on racism and phrenology. He focused on the peculiarities of the Neanderthal's skull, including the ''enormously projecting brow.'' No living humans had skeletal features remotely like these, but King was under the impression that the skulls of contemporary African and Australian aboriginals resembled the Neanderthals' more than ''ordinary'' white-people skulls. So extrapolating from his low opinion of what he called these ''savage'' races, he explained that the Neanderthal's skull alone was proof of its moral ''darkness'' and stupidity. ''The thoughts and desires which once dwelt within it never soared beyond those of a brute,'' he wrote. Other scientists piled on. So did the popular press. We knew almost nothing about Neanderthals, but already we assumed they were ogres and losers.

The genesis of this idea, the historian Paige Madison notes, largely comes down to flukes of ''timing and luck.'' While King was working, another British scientist, George Busk, had the same suspicions about the Neander skull. He had received a comparable one, too, from the tiny British territory of Gibraltar. The Gibraltar skull was dug up long before the Neander Valley specimen surfaced, but local hobbyists simply labeled it ''human skull'' and forgot about it for the next 16 years. Its brow ridge wasn't as prominent as the Neander skull's, and its features were less imposing; it was a woman's skull, it turns out. Busk dashed off a quick report but stopped short of naming the new creature. He hoped to study additional fossils and learn more. Privately, he considered calling it Homo calpicus, or Gibraltar Man.

So, what if Busk -- ''a conscientious naturalist too cautious to make premature claims,'' as Madison describes him -- had beaten King to publication? Consider how different our first impressions of a Gibraltar Woman might have been from those of Neanderthal Man: what feelings of sympathy, or even kinship, this other skull might have stirred.

There is a worldview, the opposite of Joachim Neander's, that sees our planet as a product of only tumult and indifference. In such a world, it's possible for an entire species to be ground into extinction by forces beyond its control and then, 40,000 years later, be dug up and made to endure an additional century and a half of bad luck and abuse.

That's what happened to the Neanderthals. And it's what we did to them. But recently, after we'd snickered over their skulls for so long, it stopped being clear who the boneheads were.

I'll start with a confession, an embarrassing but relevant one, because I would come to see our history with Neanderthals as continually distorted by an unfortunate human tendency to believe in ideas that are, in reality, incorrect -- and then to leverage that conviction into a feeling of superiority over other people. And in retrospect, I realize I demonstrated that same tendency myself at the beginning of this project. Because I don't want to come off as self-righteous, or as pointing fingers, here goes:

Before traveling to Gibraltar last summer, I had no idea what Gibraltar was. Or rather, I was sure I knew what Gibraltar was, but I was wrong. I thought it was just that famous Rock -- an unpopulated hunk of free-floating geology, which, if I'm being honest, I recognized mostly from the Prudential logo: that limestone protuberance at the mouth of the Mediterranean, that elephantine white molar jutting into the sky. True, I was traveling to Gibraltar on short notice; when I cold-called the director of the Gibraltar Museum, Clive Finlayson, he told me the museum happened to be starting its annual excavation of a Neanderthal cave there the following week and invited me to join. Still, even a couple of days before I left, when a friend told me she faintly remembered spending an afternoon in Gibraltar once as a teenager, I gently mansplained to her that I was pretty sure she was mistaken: Gibraltar, I told her, wasn't somewhere you could just go. In my mind, I had privileged access. I pictured myself and Finlayson taking a special little boat.

In fact, Gibraltar is a peninsula connected to Spain. It's a lively British overseas territory, with 30,000 citizens living in a city on its western side -- a city with bakeries and clothing stores and tourists buying all the usual kitsch. Some unusual kitsch, too -- like a laminated child's place mat I spotted that, in a typical tourist destination, might say something unexceptional like SOMEONE WHO LOVES ME WENT TO GIBRALTAR, but here read WE SHALL NEVER SURRENDER! BRITISH FOREVER!

The history of Gibraltar, given its strategic location, is a grinding saga of military sieges and ruthlessly contested changes in ownership. The residue of that strife, today, is a pronounced British patriotism and a never-ending exchange of slights with Spain, which still disputes Britain's claim to the territory. After Queen Elizabeth II's Diamond Jubilee, in 2012, when Gibraltar projected towering images of Her Majesty on a Spain-facing side of the Rock -- ''a clear act of provocation,'' one reporter called it -- Spain began inspecting vehicle after vehicle at the border, backing up the line for hours, stranding the bulk of Gibraltar's work force, who commute in every day. The afternoon I showed up, activists from a far-right Spanish political party had crossed into Gibraltar and hung an enormous Spanish flag high up on the Rock. This wasn't just mischief. It was regarded as an act of symbolic terrorism. When one of the men appeared in court two days later, I read, a woman screamed at him, ''Gibraltar will never be Spanish!'' She sounded like that defiant place mat come to life.

I happened to arrive in Gibraltar the week of the Brexit vote. Up in England, people were thundering about the ***working class*** versus elites, sovereignty and immigration, warning that British identity was being fouled by the European project. But in Gibraltar -- a far-flung, fully detached nib of Britain, flanked by water on two sides and Spain on the third -- the question was less philosophical: If the United Kingdom left the European Union, Spain might seize the opportunity to isolate Gibraltar, leaving the territory to shrivel up, like a flap of dead skin. The Gibraltarian government had already called on the House of Commons for help. There was concern that Spain would jam up the border again and that it might happen right away.

Around town, ''Remain'' signs hung everywhere. The atmosphere was edgy, as though everyone was holding hands, waiting to see whether a meteor would hit. It was like the hairline cracks between so many self-designated Us-es and Thems seemed to be widening, and some corrosive, molten goop was seeping out: mutual dependence curdled with contempt. Clearly it was happening back home in America too.

All in all, it was a good week to spend in a cave.

Gorham's Cave is on Gibraltar's rough-hewed eastern coast: a tremendous opening at the bottom of the sheer face of the Rock, shadowy and hallowed-seeming, like a cathedral. Its mouth is 200 feet across at the base and 120 feet tall. It tapers asymmetrically like a crumpled wizard's hat.

Neanderthals inhabited Gorham's Cave on and off for 100,000 years, as well as a second cave next to it, called Vanguard Cave. The artifacts they left behind were buried as wind pushed sand into the cave. This created a high sloping dune, composed of hundreds of distinct layers of sand, each of which was once the surface of the dune, the floor of the cave. The dune is enormous. It reaches about two-thirds of the way up Gorham's walls, spilling out of the cave's mouth and onto the rocky beach, like a colossal cat's tongue lapping at the Mediterranean. Every summer, since 1989, a team of archaeologists has returned to meticulously clear that sand away and recover the material inside. ''I realized a long time ago, I won't live to see the end of this project,'' Finlayson, who leads the excavation, told me. ''But I think we're in a great moment. We're beginning to understand these people after a century of putting them down as apelike brutes.''

Neanderthals are people, too -- a separate, shorn-off branch of our family tree. We last shared an ancestor at some point between 500,000 and 750,000 years ago. Then our evolutionary trajectory split. We evolved in Africa, while the Neanderthals would live in Europe and Asia for 300,000 years. Or as little as 60,000 years. It depends whom you ask. It always does: The study of human origins, I found, is riddled with vehement disagreements and scientists who readily dismantle the premises of even the most straightforward-seeming questions. (In this case, the uncertainty rests, in part, on when, in this long evolutionary process, Neanderthals officially became ''Neanderthals.'') What is clearer is that roughly 40,000 years ago, just as our own lineage expanded from Africa and took over Eurasia, the Neanderthals disappeared. Scientists have always assumed that the timing wasn't coincidental. Maybe we used our superior intellects to outcompete the Neanderthals for resources; maybe we clubbed them all to death. Whatever the mechanism of this so-called replacement, it seemed to imply that our kind was somehow better than their kind. We're still here, after all, and their path ended as soon as we crossed paths.

But Neanderthals weren't the slow-witted louts we've imagined them to be -- not just a bunch of Neanderthals. As a review of findings published last year put it, they were actually ''very similar'' to their contemporary Homo sapiens in Africa, in terms of ''standard markers of modern cognitive and behavioral capacities.'' We've always classified Neanderthals, technically, as human -- part of the genus Homo. But it turns out they also did the stuff that, you know, makes us human.

Neanderthals buried their dead. They made jewelry and specialized tools. They made ocher and other pigments, perhaps to paint their faces or bodies -- evidence of a ''symbolically mediated worldview,'' as archaeologists call it. Their tracheal anatomy suggests that they were capable of language and probably had high-pitched, raspy voices, like Julia Child. They manufactured glue from birch bark, which required heating the bark to at least 644 degrees Fahrenheit -- a feat scientists find difficult to duplicate without a ceramic container. In Gibraltar, there's evidence that Neanderthals extracted the feathers of certain birds -- only dark feathers -- possibly for aesthetic or ceremonial purposes. And while Neanderthals were once presumed to be crude scavengers, we now know they exploited the different terrains on which they lived. They took down dangerous game, including an extinct species of rhinoceros. Some ate seals and other marine mammals. Some ate shellfish. Some ate chamomile. (They had regional cuisines.) They used toothpicks.

Wearing feathers, eating seals -- maybe none of this sounds particularly impressive. But it's what our human ancestors were capable of back then too, and scientists have always considered such behavioral flexibility and complexity as signs of our specialness. When it came to Neanderthals, though, many researchers literally couldn't see the evidence sitting in front of them. A lot of the new thinking about Neanderthals comes from revisiting material in museum collections, excavated decades ago, and re-examining it with new technology or simply with open minds. The real surprise of these discoveries may not be the competence of Neanderthals but how obnoxiously low our expectations for them have been -- the bias with which too many scientists approached that other Us. One archaeologist called these researchers ''modern human supremacists.''

Inside Gorham's Cave, archaeologists were excavating what they called a hearth -- not a physical fireplace but a spot in the sand where, around 50,000 years ago, Neanderthals lit a fire. Each summer, the Gibraltar Museum employs students from universities in England and Spain to work the dig, and now two young women -- one from each country -- sat cross-legged under work lights, clearing sand away with the edge of a trowel and a brush to leave a free-standing cube. A black band of charcoal ran through it.

The students worked scrupulously, watching for small animal bones or artifacts. They'd pulled out a butchered ibex mandible, a number of mollusk shells and pine-nut husks. They'd also found six chunks of fossilized hyena dung, as well as ''débitage,'' distinctive shards of flint left over when Neanderthals shattered larger pieces to make axes.

The cube of sand would eventually be wrapped in plaster and sent for analysis. The sand the two women were sweeping into their dustpans was transferred into plastic bags and marched out of the cave, down to the beach, where other students sieved it. Smaller bones caught in the sieve were bagged and labeled. Even the sand that passed through the sieve was saved and driven back to a lab at the museum, where I would later find three other students picking through it with magnifying glasses and tweezers, searching for tinier stuff -- rodent teeth, sea-urchin spines -- while listening to ''Call Me Maybe.''

To an outsider, it looked preposterous. The archaeologists were cataloging and storing absolutely everything, treating this physical material as though it were digital information -- JPEGs of itself. And yet they couldn't afford not to: Everything a Neanderthal came into contact with was a valuable clue. (In 28 years of excavations here, archaeologists have yet to find a fossil of an actual Neanderthal.) ''This is like putting together a 5,000-piece jigsaw puzzle where you only have five pieces,'' Finlayson said. He somehow made this analogy sound exciting instead of hopeless.

By that point, the enormousness of what they didn't know -- what they could never know -- had become a distraction for me. One of the dig's lead archaeologists, Richard Jennings of Liverpool John Moores University, listed the many items they had found around that hearth. ''And this is literally just from two squares!'' he said. (A ''square,'' in archaeology, is one meter by one meter; sites are divided into grids of squares.) Then Jennings waved wordlessly at the rest of the sand-filled cave. Look at the big picture, he was saying; imagine what else we'll find! There was also Vanguard Cave next door, an even more promising site, because while Gorham's had been partly excavated by less meticulous scientists in the 1940s and '50s, Finlayson's team was the first to touch Vanguard. Already they had uncovered a layer of perfectly preserved mud there. (''We suspect, if there's a place where you're going to find the first Neanderthal footprint, it will be here,'' Finlayson said.) The ''resolution'' of the caves was incredible; the wind blew sand in so fast that it preserved short periods, faithfully, like entries in a diary. Finlayson has described it as ''the longest and most detailed record of [Neanderthals'] way of life that is currently available.''

This was the good news. And yet there were more than 20 other nearby caves that the Gibraltar Neanderthals might have used, and they were now underwater, behind us. When sea levels rose around 20,000 years ago, the Mediterranean drowned them. It also drowned the wooded savanna between Gorham's and the former coastline -- where, presumably, the Neanderthals had spent an even larger share of their lives and left even more artifacts.

So yes, Jennings was right: There was a lot of cave left to dig through. But it was like looking for needles in a haystack, and the entire haystack was merely the one needle they had managed to find in an astronomically larger haystack. And most of that haystack was now inaccessible forever. I could tell it wasn't productive to dwell on the problem at this scale, while picking pine-nut husks from the hearth, but there it was.

''Look, you can almost see what's happening,'' Finlayson eventually said. ''The fire and the charcoal, the embers scattering.'' It was true. If you followed that stratum of sand away from the hearth, you could see, embedded in the wall behind us, black flecks where the smoke and cinders from this fire had blown. Suddenly, it struck me -- though it should have earlier -- that what we were looking at were the remnants of a single event: a specific fire, on a specific night, made by specific Neanderthals. Maybe this won't sound that profound, but it snapped that prehistoric abstraction into focus. This wasn't just a ''hearth,'' I realized; it was a campfire.

Finlayson began narrating the scene for me. A few Neanderthals cooked the ibex they had hunted and the mussels and nuts they had foraged and then, after dinner, made some tools around the fire. After they went to sleep and the fire died out, a hyena slinked in to scavenge scraps from the ashes and took a poop. Then -- perhaps that same night -- the wind picked up and covered everything with the fine layer of sand that these students were now brushing away.

While we stood talking, one of the women uncovered a small flint ax, called a Levallois flake. After 50,000 years, the edge was still sharp. They let me touch it.

One of the earliest authorities on Neanderthals was a Frenchman named Marcellin Boule. A lot of what he said was wrong.

In 1911, Boule began publishing his analysis of the first nearly complete Neanderthal skeleton ever discovered, which he named Old Man of La Chapelle, after the limestone cave where it was found. Laboring to reconstruct the Old Man's anatomy, he deduced that its head must have been slouched forward, its spine hunched and its toes spread like an ape's. Then, having reassembled the Neanderthal this way, Boule insulted it. This ''brutish'' and ''clumsy'' posture, he wrote, clearly indicated a lack of morals and a lifestyle dominated by ''functions of a purely vegetative or bestial kind.'' A colleague of Boule's went further, claiming that Neanderthals usually walked on all fours and never laughed: ''Man-ape had no smile.'' Boule was part of a movement trying to reconcile natural selection with religion; by portraying Neanderthals as closer to animals than to us, he could protect the ideal of a separate, immaculate human lineage. When he consulted with an artist to make a rendering of the Neanderthal, it came out looking like a furry, mean gorilla.

Neanderthal fossils kept surfacing in Europe, and scholars like Boule were scrambling to make sense of them, improvising what would later grow into a new interdisciplinary field, now known as paleoanthropology. The evolution of that science was haphazard and often comically unscientific. An exhaustive history by Erik Trinkaus and Pat Shipman describes how Neanderthals became ''mirrors that reflected, in all their awfulness and awesomeness, the nature and humanity of those who touched them.'' That included a lot of human blundering. It became clear only in 1957, for example -- 46 years after Boule, and after several re-examinations of the Old Man's skeleton -- that Boule's particular Neanderthal, which led him to imagine all Neanderthals as stooped-over oafs, actually just had several deforming injuries and severe osteoarthritis.

Still, Boule's influence was long-lasting. Over the years, his ideologically tainted image of Neanderthals was often refracted through the lens of other ideologies, occasionally racist ones. In 1930, the prominent British anthropologist Sir Arthur Keith, writing in The New York Times, channeled Boule's work to justify colonialism. For Keith, the replacement of an ancient, inferior species like Neanderthals by newer, heartier Homo sapiens proved that Britain's actions in Australia -- ''The white man ... replacing the most ancient type of brown man known to us'' -- was part of a natural order that had been operating for millenniums.

It's easy to get snooty about all this unenlightened paleoanthropology of the past. But all sciences operate by trying to fit new data into existing theories. And this particular science, for which the ''data'' has always consisted of scant and somewhat inscrutable bits of rock and fossil, often has to lean on those meta-narratives even more heavily. ''Assumptions, theories, expectations,'' the University of Barcelona archaeologist João Zilhão says, ''all must come into play a lot, because you are interpreting data that do not speak for themselves.''

Imagine, for example, working in a cave without any skulls or other easily distinguishable fossils and trying to figure out if you're looking at a Neanderthal settlement or a more recent, modern human one. In the past, scientists might turn to the surrounding artifacts, interpreting more primitive-looking tools as evidence of Neanderthals and more advanced-looking tools as evidence of early modern humans. But working that way, it's easy to miss evidence of Neanderthals' resemblance to us, because, as soon as you see it, you assume they were us. So many techniques similarly hinge on interpretation and judgment, even perfectly empirical-sounding ones, like ''morphometric analysis'' -- identifying fossils as belonging to one species rather than another by comparing particular parts of their anatomy -- and radiocarbon dating. How the material to be dated is sampled and how results are calibrated are susceptible to drastic revision and bitter disagreement. (What's more, because of an infuriating quirk of physics, the effectiveness of radiocarbon dating happens to break down around 40,000 years ago -- right around the time of the Neanderthal extinction. One of our best tools for looking into the past becomes unreliable at exactly the moment we're most interested in examining.)

Ultimately, a bottomless relativism can creep in: tenuous interpretations held up by webs of other interpretations, each strung from still more interpretations. Almost every archaeologist I interviewed complained that the field has become ''overinterpreted'' -- that the ratio of physical evidence to speculation about that evidence is out of whack. Good stories can generate their own momentum.

Starting in the 1920s, older and more exciting hominid fossils, like Homo erectus, began surfacing in Africa and Asia, and the field soon shifted its focus there. The Washington University anthropologist Erik Trinkaus, who began his career in the early '70s, told me, ''When I started working on Neanderthals, nobody really cared about them.'' The liveliest question about Neanderthals was still the first one: Were they our direct ancestors or the endpoint of a separate evolutionary track? Scientists called this question ''the Neanderthal Problem.'' Some of the theories worked up to answer it encouraged different visions of Neanderthal intelligence and behavior. The ''Multiregional Model,'' for example, which had us descending from Neanderthals, was more inclined to see them as capable, sympathetic and fundamentally human; the opposing ''Out of Africa'' hypothesis, which held that we moved in and replaced them, cast them as comparatively inferior.

For decades, when evidence of a more advanced Neanderthal way of life turned up, it was often explained away, or mobbed by enough contrary or undermining interpretations that, over time, it never found real purchase. Some findings broke through more than others, however, like the discovery of what was essentially a small Neanderthal cemetery, in Shanidar Cave, in what is now Iraqi Kurdistan. There had been many compelling instances of Neanderthals' burying their dead, but Shanidar was harder to ignore, especially after soil samples revealed the presence of huge amounts of pollen. This was interpreted as the remains of a funerary floral arrangement. An archaeologist at the center of this work, Ralph Solecki, published a book called ''Shanidar: The First Flower People.'' It was 1971 -- the Age of Aquarius. Those flowers, he'd go on to write, proved that Neanderthals ''had 'soul.' ''

Then again, Solecki's idea was eventually discredited. In 1999, a more thorough analysis of the Shanidar grave site found that Neanderthals almost certainly did not leave flowers there. The pollen had been tracked in, thousands of years later, by burrowing, gerbil-like rodents. (That said, even a half-century later, there are still paleoanthropologists at work on this question. It might not have been gerbils; it may have been bees.)

As more supposed anomalies surfaced, they became harder to brush off. In 1996, the paleoanthropologist Jean-Jacques Hublin and others used CT scanning technology to re-examine a bone fragment found in a French cave decades earlier, alongside a raft of advanced tools and artifacts, associated with the so-called Châtelperronian industry, which archaeologists always presumed was the work of early modern humans. Now Hublin's analysis identified the bone as belonging to a Neanderthal. But rather than reascribe the Châtelperronian industry to Neanderthals, Hublin chalked up his findings to ''acculturation'': Surely the Neanderthals must have learned how to make this stuff by watching us.

''To me,'' says Zilhão, the University of Barcelona archaeologist, ''there was a logical shock: If the paradigm forces you to say something like this, there must be something wrong with the paradigm.'' Zilhão published a stinging critique challenging the field to shake off its ''anti-Neanderthal prejudice.'' Papers were fired back and forth, igniting what Zilhão calls ''a 20-year war'' and counting. Then, in the middle of that war, geneticists shook up the paradigm completely.

A group at the Max Planck Institute for Evolutionary Anthropology in Leipzig, Germany, led by Svante Paabo, had been assembling a draft sequence of a Neanderthal genome, using DNA recovered from bones. Their findings were published in 2010. It had already become clear by then that Homo sapiens and Neanderthals appeared in Eurasia separately -- ''Out of Africa was essentially right'' -- but Paabo's work revealed that before the Neanderthals disappeared, the two groups mated. Even today, 40,000 years after our gene pools stopped mixing, most living humans still carry Neanderthal DNA, making up roughly 1 to 2 percent of our total genomes. The data shows that we also apparently bred with other hominids, like the Denisovans, about which very little is known.

It was staggering; even Paabo couldn't bring himself to believe it at first. But the results were the results, and they carried a sort of empirical magnetism that archaeological evidence lacks. ''Geneticists are much more powerful, numerous and incomparably better funded than anyone else dealing with this stuff,'' Zilhão said. He joked: ''Their aura is kind of miraculous. It's a bit like receiving the Ten Commandments from God.'' Paabo's work, and a continuing wave of genomic research, has provided clarity but also complexity, recasting our oppositional, zero-sum relationship into something more communal and collaborative -- and perhaps not just on the genetic level. The extent of the interbreeding supported previous speculation, by a minority of paleoanthropologists, that there might have been cases of Neanderthals and modern humans living alongside each other, intermeshed, for centuries, and that generations of their offspring had found places in those communities, too. Then again, it's also possible that some of the interbreeding was forced.

Paabo now recommends against imagining separate species of human evolution altogether: not an Us and a Them, but one enormous ''metapopulation'' composed of shifting clusters of essentially human-ish things that periodically coincided in time and space and, when they happened to bump into one another, occasionally had sex.

Lunch happened at the mouth of Gorham's Cave, out in the sun. I ate a sandwich on a log, facing the sea, alongside Jennings and a few of his Liverpool students, while the young men and women from Spain mingled behind us, laughing and stretching and helping one another crack their backs. The language barrier seemed to discourage the two cohorts from talking much. And yet the students lived together during the excavation and had somehow achieved a muffled camaraderie.

Even Jennings and his counterpart, José María Gutiérrez López, a veteran archaeologist from a museum in Cádiz, had a somewhat similar dynamic, despite working closely together for many summers at Gorham's. Neither was terribly fluent in the other's language, but their silence, by this point, seemed warm and knowing. Waiting for our ride at the end of one workday, I noticed them staring at a plastic bag snagged in the concertina wire above an old military gate. The bag had been there for a long, long time, Jennings told me. Then he turned and uttered, ''Cinco años?'' Gutiérrez López smiled. ''Sí,'' he said, nodding.

I, meanwhile, felt compelled to test out all of this as a model for human-Neanderthal relations. That contact obsessed me: What would it have been like to look out over a grassy plain and watch parallel humanity pass by? Scientists often turn to historical first contacts as frames of reference, like the arrival of Europeans among Native Americans, or Captain Cook landing in Australia -- largely histories of violence and subjugation. But as Zilhão points out, typically one of those two cultures set out to conquer the other. ''Those people were conscious that they'd come from somewhere else,'' he told me. ''They were a product of a civilization that had books, that had studied their past.'' Homo sapiens encountering Neanderthals would have been different: They met uncoupled from politics and history; neither identified as part of a network of millions of supposedly more advanced people. And so, as Finlayson put it to me: ''Each valley could have told a different story. In one, they may have hit each other over the head. In another, they may have made love. In another, they ignored each other.''

It's a kind of coexistence that our modern imaginations may no longer be sensitive enough to envision. So much of our identity as a species is tied up in our anomalousness, in our dominion over others. But that narcissistic self-image is an exceedingly recent privilege. (''Outside the world of Tolkienesque fantasy literature, we tend to think that it is normal for there to be just one human species on Earth at a time,'' the writers Dimitra Papagianni and Michael A. Morse explain. ''The past 20 or 30 millennia, however, have been the exception.'') Now, eating lunch, I considered that the co-occurrence of humans and Neanderthals hadn't been so trippy or profound after all. Maybe it looked as mundane as this: two groups, lingering on a beach, only sort of acknowledging each other. Maybe the many millenniums during which we shared Eurasia was, much of the time, like a superlong elevator ride with strangers.

Some paleoanthropologists are starting to reimagine the extinction of Neanderthals as equally prosaic: not the culmination of some epic clash of civilizations but an aggregate result of a long, ecological muddle. Strictly speaking, extinction is what happens after a species fails to maintain a higher proportion of births to deaths -- it's a numbers game. And so the real competition between Neanderthals and early modern humans wasn't localized quarrels for food or territory but a quiet, millenniums-long demographic marathon: each species repopulating itself, until one fell so far behind that it vanished. And we had a big head start. ''When modern humans came,'' notes Chris Stringer, a paleoanthropologist at Britain's Natural History Museum, ''there just weren't that many Neanderthals around.''

For millenniums, some scientists believe, before modern humans poured in from Africa, the climate in Europe was exceptionally unstable. The landscape kept flipping between temperate forest and cold, treeless steppe. The fauna that Neanderthals subsisted on kept migrating away, faster than they could. Though Neanderthals survived this turbulence, they were never able to build up their numbers. (Across all of Eurasia, at any point in history, says John Hawks, an anthropologist at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, ''there probably weren't enough of them to fill an N.F.L. stadium.'') With the demographics so skewed, Stringer went on, even the slightest modern human advantage would be amplified tremendously: a single innovation, something like sewing needles, might protect just enough babies from the elements to lower the infant mortality rate and allow modern humans to conclusively overtake the Neanderthals. And yet Stringer is careful not to conflate innovation with superior intelligence. Innovation, too, can be a function of population size. ''We live in an age where information, where good ideas, spread like wildfire, and we build on them,'' Stringer told me. ''But it wasn't like that 50,000 years ago.'' The more members your species has, the more likely one member will stumble on a useful new technology -- and that, once stumbled upon, the innovation will spread; you need sufficient human tinder for those sparks of culture to catch.

''There was nothing inevitable about modern human success,'' Stringer says. ''It was luck.'' We didn't defeat the Neanderthals; we just swamped them. Trinkaus compares it to how European wildcats are currently disappearing, absorbed into much larger populations of house cats gone feral. It wasn't a flattering analogy -- we are the house cats -- but that was Trinkaus's point: ''I think a lot of this is basically banal,'' he says.

Showing me around the Gibraltar Museum one morning, Finlayson described the petering out of Neanderthals on the Rock with unnerving pathos. Gibraltar, with its comparatively stable climate, would have been one of their last refuges, he explained, and he likened the population there to critically endangered species today, like snow leopards or imperiled butterflies: living relics carrying on in small, fragmented populations long after they've passed a genetic point of no return. ''They became a ghost species,'' Finlayson said.

We happened to be standing in front of two Neanderthals, exquisitely lifelike sculptures the museum unveiled last spring, on a sweep of sand in their own austere gallery. They were scientific reconstructions, extrapolated by artists from casts of actual fossils. (These two were based on the only Neanderthal skulls ever recovered in Gibraltar: that first woman's skull, sent to George Busk in 1864, and another, of a child, unearthed in 1926.) They were called Nana and Flint. Finlayson's wife, Geraldine, and son, Stewart -- both scientists who work closely with him at the museum -- had helped him come up with the names. The boy had his arms thrown around Nana's waist, his cheek on her thigh. He was half-hiding himself behind her leg, as kids do, but also stared out, straight at us, slightly alarmed, or helpless. ''I don't get tired of looking at them,'' Finlayson said.

He had commissioned the Neanderthals from Dutch artists known as Kennis & Kennis, and he was initially taken aback by the woman's posture in their sketches. She stood oddly, with her arms crossed in front of her chest, resting on opposite shoulders, as if she were mid-Macarena. But Kennis & Kennis barraged him with ethnographic photos: real hunter-gatherer people standing just like this, or even more strangely, their hands behind their necks or slung over their heads. As it happens, the artists had an intense personal interest in where human beings leave their hands when they don't have pockets.

I'd never thought about this before -- I've always had pockets -- and I wondered if artists might expose these perceptual bubbles more pointedly than archaeologists. Kennis & Kennis appeared to be major players in the tiny field of Paleolithic reconstruction. Scientists who had worked with them encouraged me to seek them out. ''They're great people,'' one archaeologist told me. ''Hyperactive. Like rubber balls.''

The Kennis brothers, Adrie and Alfons, are each 50 years old: identical twins. They are sturdy, attractive men, with dark, wildly swirling hair, and live in the small Dutch city of Arnhem, southeast of Amsterdam. When I arrived at Adrie's house last summer, I found Alfons at the end of the driveway, glasses sliding down his nose, carefully filling a crack in the robin's-egg-blue butt cheek of a silicon Neanderthal mold.

Kennis & Kennis had gradually co-opted Adrie's house as a second studio. Most of their work and materials were here: full-scale headless bodies of various human species and a wall of shelves filled with skulls and heads. The heads were frighteningly realistic, with glass eyes and fleshy faces that begged to be touched. When the brothers fly around Europe to pitch to museums, they take these heads with them, like salesmen's samples. ''On the airplane! We have heads!'' Adrie shouted. ''They scan things!'' Alfons shouted. And slowly I understood: The brothers thought it was hilarious that airport security never questioned them about their duffel bags full of heads. ''I never have to open my bags!'' Adrie said, then he scampered to the wall, where a particular head had caught his eye: very dark-skinned, with a rough, bushy beard and rawness in its upper lip -- a reconstruction of a primitive Homo sapiens skull found in Morocco. Adrie held the head in his palm and hollered, ''Bowling!'' while pretending to bowl with it. Then he laughed and laughed and laughed.

That was how it went for the rest of the day. They spoke in a bifurcated riot, seldom finishing sentences, just skipping ahead once they had spit out the key words. And if a thought escaped them or their English faltered, they didn't go silent; instead, they repeated the last word, or made a strange guttural drone, as if thrusting some heavy weight over their heads, to fill the space.

Their first big commission came in 2006, for the Neanderthal Museum, on the site of Neander Valley. It emerged as a jovial, half-smirking old man, with woefulness, or maybe just exhaustion, behind his eyes. That jolt of Neanderthal individuality has been a trademark of their work ever since. It elevates Neanderthals out of a single homogeneous abstraction and endows them with personhood. (At one point, Adrie described watching a neighbor spend an entire day pressure-washing each brick of his driveway. He had an epiphany: ''All the types of people around us, there must have been Neanderthals just like them.'' Alfons added: ''Neanderthal neat freaks! Neanderthal Bill Gates!'') What the brothers want, they told me, is for the viewer to catch herself relating to the Neanderthal -- to recognize, in a visceral way, that Neanderthals sit at the fragile edge of our own identities. To feel that, Adrie explained, ''they need to look you in the eye.''

They were obsessed -- the only word for it -- and have been since age 7, when Alfons found a picture of a Neanderthal skeleton in a book, and it instantly possessed them both. They spent a lot of time at their parents' restaurant, after school and on weekends: With nothing to do, they started drawing Neanderthals. They drew feverishly, combatively, each brother keenly aware of whose rib cage looked brawnier, who had rendered more beautiful shadows on his Neanderthal's upper lip. ''We were both the dumbest guys in the whole school!'' Alfons said. ''We couldn't count!'' Drawing was all they knew how to do. As young men, they tried to teach art but couldn't find steady employment. Their family told them to give up their crazy preoccupation. They wouldn't. They made art at night and took custodial jobs at a psychiatric hospital. They organized the Christmas talent show and played Ping-Pong with the residents.

Initially they were painters, not sculptors. They made three-dimensional reconstructions only to have lifelike models to paint: They were that meticulous, that fixated on knowing how the musculature of a Neanderthal hung off its skeleton. Because they had to produce a three-dimensional individual, the brothers were forced to make decisions about what paleoanthropologists had the luxury of describing as spectra of variation. Geneticists can suggest a probable scope of skin and hair colors. But the brothers must imagine the wear on a particular Neanderthal's skin after a hard life outside, or the abuse his toenails would take. And would Neanderthals wear ponytails? Would they shear their bangs away, to get their hair out of their faces? ''Every culture does something with their hair!'' Alfons insisted. ''There's no culture that does nothing with their hair.''

This uncorked a frantic seminar on known global hairstyles of the last several thousand years. They began pulling up photos on Adrie's laptop, dozens of them, from anthropological archives or stills from old ethnographic films. These were some of the same photos they had shown Finlayson. The brothers had pored over them for years but still gasped or bellowed now as each new, improbable human form materialized. The pictures showed a panorama of divergent body types and grooming: spiky eyebrows; astonishingly asymmetrical breasts; a towering aboriginal man with the chiseled torso of an American underwear model, but two twigs for legs; a Hottentot woman with an extraordinarily convex rear end. ''People would never let us make buttocks like this!'' Alfons said regretfully. ''All this variation! It's beautiful!'' shouted Adrie, refusing to look away from the screen. He had to look: These were reaches of reality that our minds didn't travel to on their own. ''If you live in the West, you'd never imagine,'' he went on. The brothers' delight seemed to come from feeling all these superficial differences quiver against a profound, self-evident sameness. Finally, Adrie turned to me and said very seriously, ''These are all Homo sapiens.''

They showed me more photos. ''It's real, it's real, it's real!'' Alfons kept shouting. Adrie said, ''Unimaginable, unimaginable, unimaginable!'' It only registered later: I had spent the day with identical twins who, since childhood, have been stupefied by how different human beings can be.

At the rear of Gorham's Cave, past the hearth the team was excavating, there was a tall metal staircase. It led up to a long catwalk, which led to a locked steel gate. I waited there one morning while Finlayson fumbled around in his pocket. Then he turned his key.

The excavation had worked through this narrowed rear chamber of the cave years earlier and discovered, at the end of the 2012 season, an engraving on the floor: a crosshatched pattern of 13 grooves in the bedrock. A tide of specialists flowed into Gorham's. They determined that the engraving was made at least 39,000 years ago and ruled out its having been created inadvertently -- left over after skinning an animal, say. In controlled experiments, it took between 188 and 317 strokes with a flint tool to create the entire figure. ''What we've always said,'' Finlayson explained, ''is it's intentional and it's not functional. You can call that art, if you like.''

The finding was published in The Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences in 2014. The news media called the engraving ''the hashtag.'' One scientist described the elaborate crosshatch as watershed evidence of Neanderthals' capacity for ''complex symbolic thought'' and ''abstract expression.'' But several archaeologists told me they believe that there are many clearer signs of Neanderthals' capacity for complex cognition and symbolism, including a discovery in Southern France last year that seemed to dwarf the hashtag's significance. (More than 1,000 feet into the Bruniquel Cave, Neanderthals assembled two rings of 400 deliberately broken stalagmites, with other material piled and propped around it -- like a labyrinth, or a shrine.) But Finlayson was undaunted. He turned the hashtag into a logo for the Neanderthal-centric rebranding of his museum. There was a hashtag decal on the van he picked me up in every morning.

We stood and talked for a while until, finally, with Richard Attenborough-ish aplomb, Finlayson lifted a tarp and showed it to me. It did not make a tremendous impact at first -- it was lines in rock. But Finlayson went on, pointing to a spot near the entrance to this isolated anteroom, a few feet across from the engraving, where the team had excavated another hearth. Neanderthals built fires in that exact spot, on and off, for 8,000 years, he said -- until their disappearance from Gibraltar. But few animal bones were recovered here; it wasn't a place they cooked. And the location of the fire was also puzzling: Neanderthals usually situated fires at the fronts of caves, to control smoke. And yet, Finlayson explained, ''if you look up, this has a natural chimney.'' We flung our heads back: A chute coursed through the high, craggy ceiling above us.

It seemed, Finlayson explained, that the Neanderthals did their butchering and cooking at the front of Gorham's, then retired here at night. Lighting a fire at this hearth would block the narrowest point in the cave, sealing off this chamber from predators. You could hang out here, Finlayson said, ''have a late-night snack or something,'' then head to bed. ''See there?'' he said, motioning to a smaller opening to our right. It led to a second room, similar to this one. ''This,'' Finlayson said, ''is the bedroom.''

I looked again at the hashtag. It wasn't on the cave floor, exactly, as it was usually described, but on a broad ledge, a foot or two off the ground. It made for a perfect bench, and it was suddenly easy to imagine a Neanderthal sitting on it, in ideal proximity to the fire. For all I knew, the hashtag marked his or her favorite seat.

But Finlayson wasn't done. After the Neanderthal artifacts disappear from Gorham's sediment layers, there's a gap of many thousand years -- a thick stack of empty sand. Then other artifacts appear: Modern humans occupied the cave and built a fire here, too, just a couple of feet from the Neanderthals' hearth. They used the bedroom annex as well. They left a cave painting on the wall in there: a gorgeous red stag, indisputably recognizable to us -- their descendants -- as art.

Another 18,000 years passed, give or take. The Phoenicians came. And they left offerings back here; there were shards of their ceramics under the catwalk we had just crossed. Then, 2,000 years after that, in 1907, a certain Captain A. Gorham of Britain's Second Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers arrived. Gorham didn't discover Gorham's Cave, Finlayson told me; it had always been impossible to miss. ''That's what he found,'' Finlayson said. ''That's really Gorham's Cave.'' He pointed to the bedroom, and we both turned, bathing it with our headlamps. Beside the entrance was written, in big block letters, GORHAM'S CAVE 1907, with a chunky black arrow pointing to the doorway. Gorham had written his name directly over the spot where, some 39,000 years earlier, a Neanderthal had made his or her own mark.

The full sweep and synchronicity of this history hadn't seemed to occur to Finlayson before. Hesitantly, he said, ''Maybe there are special places in the world that have universal human appeal.'' I felt a similar, uncanny rush when I noticed that, at some point while he talked, we had each instinctually taken a seat on the rock ledge, next to the hashtag, and were now sitting side by side, staring into space where the two ancient campfires once burned.

It's not an especially spiritual experience when one human being walks into another human being's kitchen for the first time and simply knows where the silverware drawer is. At the back of Gorham's, though, that intuition was spread across two distinct kinds of humans and tens of thousands of years. Ultimately, why we are here and the Neanderthals are not can no longer be explained in a way that implies that our existence is particularly meaningful or secure. But at least moments like this placed our existence inside some longer, less-conditional-seeming continuity.

It was the day of the Brexit vote. After re-emerging from the cave with Finlayson, I would spend the rest of the afternoon rejiggering my travel plans in a mild panic, trying to catch a ride out of Gibraltar and into Spain that night, so that if the Spanish exacted a retaliatory border-clogging after the results were announced, I could still make my flight home from Malaga the next day. I won't describe the scenes I saw that morning -- the blankness on people's faces at the airport, phone calls I overheard -- except to say that when I woke up on Nov. 9, after our own election, I felt equipped with at least a faint frame of reference. Reality seemed heightened and a little dangerous, because for so many people, including me, it had broken away from our expectations. We had misunderstood the present in the same way archaeologists can misunderstand the past. What was possible was suddenly exposed as grossly insufficient, because, to borrow Finlayson's metaphor, we never imagined that the few jigsaw puzzle pieces we based it on constituted such a tiny part of the whole.

Even some on the winning sides seemed similarly stunned and adrift. Many, though, just felt vindicated. Later that summer, I came across an essay for a British weekly by the actress Elizabeth Hurley, a fervent Leave supporter, who was now doubling down. ''Knock yourselves out calling us ill-educated Neanderthals,'' she wrote, ''and spit a bit more venom and vitriol our way. You are showing yourselves in all your meanspirited, round-headed elitist glory.''

When I read that, I took genuine umbrage -- but on the Neanderthals' behalf. And while I hate to admit it, I also felt a cheap but delicious tingle of smugness, because I now knew that ''Neanderthal'' wasn't the insult Hurley thought it was -- though this, I simultaneously realized, also closed a certain self-reinforcing loop and promoted, in me, the very round-headed elitist glory Hurley was incensed by, thus deepening the divide. It was dizzying and sad and maybe inevitably human, but still no help to us at all.

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[*http://www.nytimes.com/2017/01/11/magazine/neanderthals-were-people-too.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2017/01/11/magazine/neanderthals-were-people-too.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Neanderthal sculptures, named Nana and Flint, at the Gibraltar Museum. (MM40-MM41)

The openings to Gibraltar caves, including Gorham's and Vanguard. (MM42-MM43)

Adrie (left) and Alfons Kennis with a figure they made for the Neanderthal Museum in Mettmann, Germany. (MM44-MM45)

Clive Finlayson, director of the Gibraltar Museum. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAAP SCHEEREN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM46-MM47)

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**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION/RADIO; A Baltimore Without Hairspray or Diners***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48RD-J5H0-01KN-251R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 1, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 28

**Length:** 1534 words

**Byline:**  By JOHN PLOTZ; John Plotz is an assistant professor of English at Brandeis University and author of "The Crowd."

**Body**

IN tonight's season premiere of "The Wire," a Baltimore drug dealer discovers, to his horror, that hometown radio dies 30 miles out of town. So on his first trip away from Baltimore, he slinks into a Philadelphia rendezvous with "A Prairie Home Companion" pouring from the speakers. He may remind viewers of Wallace, the teenage character who last season gave up a rural safe haven to return to his housing project -- where he was pretty sure he would die -- because "them expletive crickets don't let you sleep." Like the other characters on "The Wire," these two have been made provincial by the big city. They're so hemmed in by segregation and lack of opportunity that they have no idea how trapped they are.

Until the creators of "The Wire," David Simon and Edward Burns, came along, Baltimore's onscreen persona belonged to nostalgia-eyed Barry Levinson and camp king John Waters. Those two directors, purveyors of charming Baltimoriana, essentially divided the city between them. Mr. Levinson even cataloged neighborhoods for me on the phone, classifying some as his, some as Waters's, and leaving tony Roland Park to Anne Tyler. The problem is that the Levinson/Waters/Tyler map has always had some big blank spaces. Which is no discredit to the artists, who know that covering even a few neighborhoods in cantonized Baltimore is hard enough.

Mr. Simon and Mr. Burns, a former reporter and a former cop, had spent decades investigating the hundred square blocks or so between the H. L. Mencken house at Union Square and thriving downtown Baltimore. Their collaboration resulted in two successful books, both made into prize-winning television series.

"Homicide: Life on the Street" (the first two seasons were released on DVD last week) was based on Mr. Simon's book, produced and conceived for television by Mr. Levinson and Tom Fontana. The show was rightly lauded for its realism, and for seven critically acclaimed seasons it aimed to convey the feel of Baltimore. But it also did its share of cuteification, showcasing crabs, the Orioles, Fells Point bars, even the city's hapless little subway, at every turn. The original Simon book is altogether fiercer, dredging up forgotten bodies in corners of the city like beautiful and shadowy Leakin Park.

With "The Corner," Mr. Simon and Mr. Burns started correcting the sweetness of Mr. Waters and Mr. Levinson. The HBO mini-series based on their book (for which Mr. Simon was an executive producer) was a meticulous and searingly pessimistic fact-based account of the open-air drug market at Monroe and Fayette Streets, fewer than 20 blocks northwest of Camden Yards. Based on several years of interviews, it told the stories of junkies, dealers and damaged bystanders as no cop show ever had.

"The Wire" is more holistic; each season focuses on one microcosm of Baltimore crime, including cops and politicians. Though the story is fictional, the setting is real. Its imaginary terraces are based on a variety of extant and demolished housing projects tucked in among boarded-up row houses in that neighborhood, where trapped old folks (fewer every year) sit on Baltimore's trademark white stone steps.

In fact, it may be too real for some. The show's harsh portrait of a neighborhood in free fall -- little different from the diagnoses that George Soros's Open Society Institute has been issuing for years -- irked Baltimore's ruling powers. Last November, the mayor and City Council were so furious with "The Wire" that they sounded off publicly, and the City Council considered a resolution to "counteract" the show's negativity with a campaign awkwardly called "Let's Not Just Imagine a Better Image for Baltimore."

David Simon's response to his detractors is not defiance but agreement: he stresses that Baltimore is nothing special. "The show could have been filmed in Wilmington, or Philadelphia, Washington, New York, St. Louis," he told me recently. In a phone call the next day, Catherine E. Pugh, a city councilwoman, listed virtually the same cities as sisters in misery.

But Mr. Simon shouldn't sell short the Baltimore distinctiveness of "The Wire." The show has such potentially wide appeal not because it's blandly universal, but because it is so acutely constricted. Mr. Simon sees the show as the "visual equivalent of a novel." A fair comparison might be to "Bleak House," a survey of lives joined sometimes by family, sometimes by mere coincidence -- but most often by compulsory contiguity. "The Wire" really conveys, on the one hand, how tiny the worst Baltimore neighborhoods are (I used to bike through West Baltimore in about six minutes), and on the other how difficult it can be, in the absence of decent exit strategies, to put a hundred yards between you and your block's dense pack of friends, long-suffering older relatives and business associates.

Even the show's cinematography helps establish a small, knowable realm. In "Homicide," Barry Levinson was proud of hand-held camera shots from moving cop cars, which made flights of white marble steps flicker jerkily by, New Wave style. You never knew quite where you were, but getting there was a real Baltimore experience.

"The Wire" is less impressionistic, more precise, helping viewers to see the city as a kind of puzzle board. It criss-crosses the projects, mapping them in the same way as the cops' electronic surveillance. We learn to notice details. It always matters, as it wouldn't in "Law and Order," whether a drug courier darts into the third or the fourth doorway in a low-rise courtyard.

"Homicide" was all about the drive-by, but "The Wire" thrives on a walking or running pace -- "hand to hand" drug buys, stiff-legged confrontations, petty scams that end in flight or a brief tussle. Most of the locomotion is circular or spiral: down bolt holes, out of stash rooms, round and round the block to fool a trail car or disorient a mark. When Detective Shakima Greggs (Sonja Sohn) was shot in the first season, it was partly because she'd been driven around for so long that she couldn't tell fellow officers if she was on the north or south side of Argyll Avenue.

So "The Wire" is all motion but no forward progress. The sympathetic young drug dealer D'Angelo Barksdale (Larry Gilliard Jr.) left his neighborhood just twice during the first season (not counting a trip he described to Northwest Baltimore, to murder his boss's ex-girlfriend). First he went 1,200 yards to a swanky Inner Harbor restaurant where he felt utterly adrift, convinced that everyone around him knew where his money came from. Second, he left on a futile drug run to New York, which landed him in jail for 20 years.

This season, the show shifts to an entirely different area of the city. With the drug kingpin Avon Barksdale (Wood Harris) forced to operate from jail, the West Baltimore plot hasn't vanished, but it has slowed somewhat. In this season's first few episodes, most of the leading detectives are gradually finding their way -- via the show's trademark Byzantine (and venomous) bureaucratic infighting -- into contraband investigations at Baltimore's container port.

This new story line is premised on the decline of Baltimore's docks, and chronicles the limited alternatives open to the residents of Locust Point, the ***working-class*** white neighborhood tucked behind the caramel-smelling Domino's sugar plant (and close to Mr. Simon's own South Baltimore home). The setting harkens back to the days the city earned the nickname Mob City for its fervent union activity.

The characters are white and on the water. But they're caught in another version of the economic lockdown that paralyzes the West Baltimore crews under Avon Barksdale. They pursue last-ditch high jinks like stealing shipments of digital cameras, dealing, and getting very drunk. Or they strive earnestly to go straight, only to find that, with three days work a month the norm for a union member, all the money on the docks is in crime, petty and otherwise.

You can see why Mr. Simon claims not to be writing about Baltimore, because there is a Eugene O'Neill feel to this, an American melodrama harkening back to the era of the "family wage" and more rigid gender roles. As the season develops, moreover, what happens to these characters -- and to the various cargos they're responsible for moving or downright smuggling around the globe -- belongs to international trade routes as much as it does to Charm City.

Still, "The Wire" is the opposite of far-flung drug travelogues like Steven Soderbergh's "Traffic" (2000). Whether it's on West Baltimore stoops, or along Locust Point's docks, whether the out-of-town cargo is a New York drug shipment or closed containers owned by the mysterious "Greek," "The Wire" blocks all the exits. Tonight's opening scene shows the series' main character, Det. James McNulty (Dominic West), out on the water, looking chagrined as usual, but with the wind cheerily ruffling his hair. His first action? Taking a small bribe (very small, maybe a single bill) to tow a stalled party boat off to a backwater where its partying, and its sleazy politicking, can continue. The shot just before the opening credits roll shows McNulty at the wheel, stoically motoring nowhere.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Dominic West, far left, and Sonja Sohn, right, as Baltimore police detectives in "The Wire," which begins its second season tonight on HBO. (Photographs by Larry Riley/HBO)(pg. 28); Clark Johnson and Michael Michele as Baltimore detectives in a 1999 episode of "Homicide." (Michael Ansell/NBC)(pg. 36)

**Load-Date:** June 1, 2003

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[***UPHEAVAL IN THE EAST: Poland;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R6C0-0038-D2S2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Calling Party Too Weak to Go On, Polish Communists Act to Disband***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R6C0-0038-D2S2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1192 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN GREENHOUSE, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WARSAW, Jan. 27

**Body**

Many of the 1,600 delegates at a Communist Party congress severely criticized their party today and moved toward dissolving it and replacing it with a new left-of-center political grouping.

Party leaders acknowledged that the party had become too weak to run in free elections.

''The Communist Party's sources of strength and ability to regain popular trust have dwindled to the point of exhaustion,'' the party's leadership said in a declaration.

Final Chapter of Decline

''The new party must not be in any way a continuation of the Communist Party, which had adopted the mentality of the Stalinist era,'' said Mieczyslaw F. Rakowski, a former Prime Minister, who is now head of the party.

The delegates were scheduled to vote late tonight or Sunday to dissolve. This would be the final chapter in the rapid decline of Poland's once-powerful Communist Party.

Its four-decade monopoly on power ended last September, when it ceded power to a Solidarity-led Government. In last June's legislative elections it was severely humiliated when it won only one of the 100 seats in the Polish Senate and received less than 5 percent of the vote in several districts. In April, new elections will be held for local and regional governments.

Youths Protest Outside

As the delegates met in Warsaw's Palace of Culture, an intimidating Gothic skyscraper built by the Soviet Union in the 1950's, about 500 youths protested outside, with some of them throwing rocks. The police pushed them away as they yelled ''Down with the Communists!''

Political analysts said the Communist move to dissolve symbolized not only the collapse of the party's popularity but also a desperate effort to repackage and sell it as a palatable political alternative to Solidarity.

The same delegates who met today are scheduled to meet on Sunday to create a social democratic party that would seek to be like socialist parties in France, Italy and Spain. Nonetheless, many delegates say that personal and ideological differences between some party leaders could result in the formation of two or more new competing leftist parties.

A Rare Concession

Mr. Rakowski's hourlong speech opening up the congress was a rare concession by a party leader about the mistakes made during Communist rule.

He said Marxist socialism had ''caused the slowdown of economic development, the disappearance of incentives for innovation and effective work, and the formation of a strong bureauracy.''

Speaking in a majestic theater with bright red seats and white marble columns, he said that, ''the main weakness of the Communist movement and the source of all its failings was the abandonment of political democracy.''

In recent days, Mr. Rakowski, First Secretary of the Polish United Workers Party, as the Communists are known here, has said he would be a candidate for the leadership of the new party that will emerge from the Communists' ashes. Today, however, with many delegates saying the new party should not be led by old faces, he announced that he would not be a candidate.

When he said that a new generation should take the helm, the sea of delegates who filled the brightly lighted hall erupted into a two-minute standing ovation. They were honoring not only Mr. Rakowski's years of service, but also the shared memories of the workers' party that had once generated huge idealistic hopes and to which they had devoted so much of their lives.

'New People' Urged

''There should be new people who lead with a new program,'' said Andrzej Tetlak, a 43-year-old delegate from the town of Radzyn Podlaski. ''The most important thing is to break with the past.''

Among the names voted as favorites to head the new party are Aleksander Kwasniewski, the 35-year-old head of the National Sports Committee and a close adviser to Mr. Rakowski. Another candidate with considerable support is Tadeusz Fiszbach, who resigned from his post as head of the Communist Party in Gdansk after martial law was declared in 1981.

Several delegates said the party might turn to a young, less well-known compromise candidate if there was a deadlock between those two men.

The meeting to set up a social democratic Party was scheduled as soon as possible, delegates said, to make it easier to transfer ownership of the Communist Party's buildings, vehicles and other property. Many delegates said that if the Communist Party dissolved itself before the new party was formed there would be legal obstacles to transferring property.

Takeover by State Sought

This week more than 100 Solidarity legislators had pushed for the state to take over all Communist Party property. But the Solidarity-led Government, not wanting to start a major feud with the Communists, persuaded the legislators to withdraw their proposal while a Government commission studies what should be done.

The party's declaration said the Communists were ''burdened with responsibility for the crimes committed during Stalinism, for departing from the principals of democracy, for enforced collectivization, for conflicts with the ***working class***, for the impoverishment of the intelligentsia and for the present economic and social crisis.''

In his speech, Mr. Rakowski said he regretted that Poland had embraced ''Lenin's idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat,'' which, he said, ''became the dictatorship of one party and degenerated into oligarchic or personal tyranny.''

The party had also faulted the notion of central planning, saying it necessarily results in oversized bureauracy that thinks ''we know best about what the nation needs.''

Positive Results Seen

Nevertheless, Mr. Rakowski and other party leaders asserted that the party's legacy was not all bad. He said the first 25 years of Communist rule in Poland produced some positive results, including industrialization, urbanization and improvement of education.

The Communists came to power in 1944, when Soviet forces moved into Poland to oust the Nazis.

Mr. Rakowski also defended the Communists as Polish patriots by saying that in the Stalin era the only way Poland could retain any autonomy was by having a leftist government that the Soviet leader would accept.

He also said that the decision to start a dialogue with Solidarity showed that Poland's Communist Party was the most reformist Communist Party in Eastern Europe. He added that the party was forced to crack down on Solidarity in 1981 ''because the Brezhnev doctrine was hanging like an axe over our party and its leaders.''

MORE MOTHBALLS FOR LENIN

GDANSK, Poland, Jan. 27 (AP) - As Poland's Communists met in Warsaw to disband, welders today cut down the word Lenin from the sign over the gates to the shipyard where the Solidarity movement was born. They also removed a statue of Lenin from the plant.

''May this symbolic act be proof of the irreversibility of the changes in our country, a warning for those who led us to so many disasters,'' said Zbigniew Lis, head of the Solidarity commission at the yard, as workers laughed and applauded.

The Solidarity committee decided to restore the old name, the Gdansk Shipyard, as part of plans to create a joint stock company at the complex. The yard had been renamed the Lenin Shipyard 23 years ago.

**Graphic**

Photos: A protester confronting police officers yesterday in Warsaw during a violent demonstration outside the hall where the Communist Party congress was meeting (NYT/Witold Jaroslaw Szulecki); Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, right, the Polish President, singing the Communist anthem yesterday with other delegates to the congress. (NYT) (pg. 14)

**End of Document**



[***Big Man Tries Beckett***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VGS-01D0-Y8TC-S4FK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 19, 2009 Sunday

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**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1813 words

**Byline:** By CHARLES McGRATH

**Body**

IN his dressing room last week John Goodman stood up, emitted a long, blaring foghorn blast and then announced in a loudspeaker voice, ''Now docking. ...'' He was describing his Act I entrance as Pozzo, his first theatrical role in four years, in the Roundabout Theater Company production of ''Waiting for Godot,'' which opens April 30 at Studio 54.

Mr. Goodman is a big man -- he's 6 foot 3, and his weight these days hovers around 300 pounds -- and in his Pozzo getup he seems even bigger. He wears a derby, boots and a voluminous riding suit with jodhpurs, and when he comes onstage, at the end of a long rope attached to his hapless slave, Lucky (played by John Glover), he does seem a bit like an ocean liner. Vladimir and Estragon (played by Bill Irwin and Nathan Lane) look astonished, and rightly so.

Pozzo is the least sympathetic and in some ways the trickiest character in ''Godot.'' He cruelly mistreats Lucky, and yet he is as lost and vulnerable as all the others. He is ''an insecure gasbag who needs to be listened to and have things done for him,'' as Mr. Goodman put it. ''He's like the Macy's blimp no one wants to look at.'' Pozzo spouts a lot of fustian and hot air, and Mr. Goodman said he was still trying to figure out the right voice for it. His Pozzo speaks in a deep, Goodmanesque rumble but with a lordly British accent.

''It's just a voice I heard in my head,'' Mr. Goodman explained, ''along with all the other voices there -- the barking dogs and the rest. I need to make it more distinctly American, sort of like Bill Buckley. I'm trying to make it more a patrician Yankee voice, but I worry that's not going to sell. It's going to sound like a bad English accent. So it's something I'm still searching for.''

Mr. Goodman is good at voices. In the course of a hour or so he imitated Peter O'Toole, Joe Franklin, a pretentious critic and an aged horse, complete with snuffling and foot stomping. But there were also sighs, long pauses, Beckett-like silences and moments when Mr. Goodman's inner critic would cut him off midsentence.

Mr. Goodman, as anyone knows who has seen one of his several ''Saturday Night Live'' performances, can be a very funny man. His huge face is rubbery and expressive, made for comedy. He moves lightly and is a more than decent blues singer.

Over four decades, appearing in roughly three movies a year, he has played a king, a governor, Babe Ruth and a Stone Age caveman, Fred Flintstone. On ''The West Wing'' he has been a Republican speaker of the House who temporarily takes over for the president. But as is so often the case with actors his size, he is more often the second banana, the comic foil. His most famous role is Dan Conner, the henpecked husband on ''Roseanne.''

In person Mr. Goodman is not the stereotypical jolly fat man. For all his success, he remains full of self-doubt. Compliments make him wince, and his conversational default mode is self-deprecation. He sometimes seems to be eyeing himself with suspicion.

Mr. Goodman's friend Tom Arnold, whom he got to know during the years he starred on ''Roseanne,'' said: ''John is much too hard on himself. He's got that thing. I have it too. That fat kid thing. No matter what, we look in a mirror, and that's what we see. It comes out in a lot of different ways. I've seen him pounding walls over a line in a sitcom. Probably it wasn't even a good line, but John thinks he should have done it better.''

Mr. Goodman, who said he quit drinking a year and a half ago, is trying these days not to beat up on himself so much. ''I could never please myself,'' he explained. ''That's part of what fuels the alcoholic, I guess. You set yourself impossible goals, and then you kick yourself because you're not good enough. But I can't do that every night. I don't have the energy anymore.''

He added: ''I don't know how much the old Jackie Daniels franchise ruined my memory, which is going anyway, because of my advancing decrepitude. I had a 30-year run, and at the end I didn't care about anything. I was just fed up with myself. I didn't even want to be an actor anymore.'' Indicating his dressing room and the stage, a floor below, he said, ''But this is nice. I like this way it is now -- now that I'm in my dotage.'' (He gave his age as 84, but he is only 56.)

In an e-mail message Mr. Arnold said he thought Mr. Goodman's blue-collar roots had something to do with his temperament. He's a ''Midwestern boy who comes from a place where accepting praise and accolades is physically painful and even the hint of confidence in one's talents is sin No. 1,'' he wrote.

Mr. Goodman was born and grew up in Affton, Mo., a ***working-class*** suburb of St. Louis. His father, a letter carrier, died when Mr. Goodman was 2, and his mother raised him, a younger sister and an older brother while working as a waitress and a drugstore cashier. He played football in high school -- badly, he says -- and also acted a bit. He went to junior college for a year and then transferred to Southwest Missouri State. He ''wasted a year in the keg,'' he said, but then discovered Southwest's unusually good drama program. Among his classmates were Kathleen Turner and Tess Harper.

In 1975, with a modest bankroll from his brother, Mr. Goodman moved to New York and scrounged for acting work. He found an apartment at Ninth Ave and 51st Street, not far, as it happens, from his current digs at Studio 54. He gave up waiting and bartending, he said, because nobody would hire him. Instead he appeared in dinner theater, did voice-overs and commercials. If you needed a beefy, construction-worker type, Mr. Goodman was your man. He was also the guy who slapped himself in a commercial for Mennen Skin Bracer.

''I did anything I could put my hands on,'' he said. ''I didn't have any fallback skills. Eventually I got my Equity card and started making enough money to become a full-time alcoholic.''

In 1978 he appeared with Nathan Lane in a production of ''A Midsummer Night's Dream'' that had, he said, shaking his head, a ''disco slant.'' ''I weighed about 178, and I was Oberon,'' he added. ''I coulda been a contender.''

The film that put Mr. Goodman on the map was probably ''Revenge of the Nerds'' (he was the football coach), but he began attracting critical attention with the string of movies that he made with the Coen brothers: ''Raising Arizona,'' ''Barton Fink,'' ''The Big Lebowski'' and ''O Brother, Where Art Thou?'' Walter, the hotheaded, paranoid, buzz-cut Vietnam vet in ''Lebowski'' remains his favorite part. In all the Coen brothers' movies, come to think of it, he plays someone who is either menacing or about to erupt. He's like a tank of volatile, pressurized hydrogen.

And of course Mr. Goodman will forever be associated with Dan Conner, the working stiff he played so memorably on ''Roseanne,'' giving the part not just size and humor but also an edge of melancholy. Mr. Goodman now looks back fondly on the ''Roseanne'' years, but for a while, he said, he felt trapped in the show.

''I resented it at the time,'' he said. ''It's one of those arrogant things that happen to you when you don't realize the breaks you're catching.'' He added: ''I don't feel this way anymore, but for a couple of years I put myself above the material. I hate saying it, but it's true, and I'm ashamed of it.''

Mr. Goodman hadn't acted onstage since 2005, when he was Big Daddy in an acclaimed Los Angeles production of ''Cat on aHot Tin Roof,'' and he was initially reluctant to appear in this ''Godot.'' ''I was frightened,'' he said. ''And I wanted to spend my daughter's last semester of high school with her, whether she wanted it or not.''

When he is not working, Mr. Goodman lives with his wife, Annabeth Hartzog, and daughter, Molly, in New Orleans, where he moved from Los Angeles a dozen years ago because he was fed up with what he called ''collateral tabloid damage.'' He dreamed of just fishing and watching ''SpongeBob,'' he said, until he thought: ''You're an idiot. This is a once-in-a-lifetime deal. It will never come by again.'' He sighed. ''The New York exposure, the caliber of the other actors, the play itself, which I'd read but never seen -- I didn't think I was up to it all. I had no confidence in myself. So it's just a matter of throwing myself under the bus and crawling my way out.''

Anthony Page, the director of the production, said: '' 'Godot' is actually a very hard play to learn. Nothing is apparently very logical, and there's nothing to guide you except the words until you get into it.'' As for Pozzo, ''It's a very difficult part to take in if you're not used to being onstage.''

Talking about the early rehearsals Mr. Goodman said: ''I was beating my head against the wall. I was trying to hang myself in the jail cell. I couldn't learn my lines. I came in with them, but I have to know what I'm doing before I can really say them. So I knew them, but they didn't want to come out, and I worried about holding everyone else up.''

He stood up, took a long swig of Fiji water and went on: ''Right now I feel I need to bring things down a bit. I don't trust myself to make things clear. It's just a matter of rocking back and trusting the material and the people I'm with.'' He added, talking about the previews: ''Pozzo is one of those fortunate roles. It's not quite actor-proof, but it's been playing so well. The house is listening. The language is beautiful. You just have to trust it -- a lot more than I trust myself.''

Mr. Goodman is ''wonderfully game,'' Mr. Page said, adding: ''He has this large, outsize character, and he keeps trying things. And his size is so amazing. He has a wonderful, odd sense of humor that just takes off, a wonderful gift for spontaneous playing.''

Mr. Page knew Beckett and worked with him on an early revival of the play at the Royal Court Theater in London in 1964. ''Beckett was very precise,'' he recalled. ''He didn't want theories or any level of intellectualizing. He paid a lot of attention to the tone of voice and to the relationships among the characters. And he cared a great deal about the silences and the pauses.''

Pointing to the set, a barren, rocky mountain pass designed by Santo Loquasto, he added: ''I feel a bit guilty. Beckett's stage directions call for a bare stage. But I felt that in such a big theater, with such a large stage, we had to have a set. I don't know whether he would have approved.''

About the cast, he said, he felt more secure. ''Beckett was very free about actors,'' he said. ''And these performances -- oh yes, I think he would have approved of them.''

Mr. Goodman said: ''Right now I'd rather be here than anywhere. I'd rather be here, trying to find the goddamn part, and I hope I never do find it, because I don't want to slide into complacency. What would I do then? Start cockfights in my dressing room?''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Nathan Lane, left, as Estragon and John Goodman as Pozzo in Samuel Beckett's ''Waiting for Godot,'' which is now in previews at Studio 54. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SARA KRULWICH/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.AR1)

John Goodman in his dressing room. He is back onstage for the first time since 2005 in a new production of ''Waiting for Godot,'' in which he plays Pozzo. (PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY CENICOLA/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Mr. Goodman at right with Jeff Bridges in ''The Big Lebowski,'' and below with John Turturro in ''Barton Fink'' and with Roseanne Barr in ''Roseanne.'' (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERRICK MORTON/GRAMERCY PICTURES

20TH CENTURY FOX

ABC) (pg.AR7)

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**End of Document**



[***Polish Miners, Grimy Kings of Coal, Face Dethroning in Economic Overhaul***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0P70-002S-X37X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 21, 1989, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1155 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN GREENHOUSE, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MYSLOWICE, Poland

**Body**

Coal miners have long been the nobility of Poland's ***working class***, and mine managers have been kings among those nobles, but king though he may be, Erwin Koziol, head of the mine here, has fear writ large on his face nowadays.

What he fears is what much of this Silesian mining town, indeed what much of this nation, fears: the uncertainties of life in a post-Communist Poland.

Mr. Koziol, a brooding, dark-haired man with penetrating eyes, fears that the mining industry will lose its privileged position. He fears that he will be forced to lay off some of the 4,900 workers at his mine, that bankruptcies will come to his industry, that his mine could be vulnerable.

''We want to liquidate the unknowns as quickly as possible,'' said Mr. Koziol, who complains that the air of uncertainty makes it hard to motivate workers toiling in the grimy mine 1,900 feet below his cozy, book-filled office. He is slowly recognizing, however, that as capitalism comes to Poland, it will be as hard to remove uncertainties from the air as it is to remove coal dust from his mine.

Freer and More Insecure

All the unknowns grow out of the changes that are wrenching Poland as it shifts from the shabby, repressive, but secure life under Communism to the dynamic, freer but far more insecure life under capitalism. Under the old rules, people did not have to worry about layoffs and bankruptcies, even though productivity was low and people were poor. Under the new rules, every company, every worker - including the hallowed coal miner - will have to pay his freight or expect to be cut loose, all in the hope of making the economy more efficient and Poland richer.

''We could not continue to drag along the way we did before,'' Mr. Koziol said. ''The old government always talked about changes of direction, but you never saw any differences. After so many failures, people are eager to have trust and hope.''

The jubilation that dominated this town in late summer and early fall, the exhilaration over ending four decades of Communist rule, is slowly giving way to fear about the future.

The capitalist future will shake up this proud, soot-covered town of 45,000 people, which has grown accustomed to its preferential treatment. Coal miners are paid more than twice the average Polish worker, and to encourage them to work more the Government has filled shops here with prestigious goods like color televisions and stereos hard to obtain elsewhere in the nation.

Favored Workers

For decades, Communist leaders cosseted the miners, recognizing that coal powers the economy and is the leading source of hard currency. But the rulers also knew that a miners strike could easily topple them.

Coal is so important, and in such short supply, that in November Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki made a nationally televised speech asking miners to work on Saturdays. In the so-called roundtable talks on political and economic change last spring, Solidarity got the then-Communist Government to agree to end mandatory Saturday work in the mines.

Even though an infusion of market forces may humble mining towns used to special treatment, miners welcome the replacement of the Communists with a capitalist-minded, Solidarity-led government. ''Everyone thinks things will get better,'' said Wieslaw Kowalski, a 25-year-old miner. ''But we do worry that some of the mines might be closed.''

His face was blackened with coal dust as he spoke over the roar of an immense metal mining machine that was gouging into a nearby coal seam. In the 85-degree heat deep underground, many workers wear no shirts and often have to wipe a searing mixture of sweat and coal dust from their eyes.

'No Other Industry'

Myslowice is a 200-year-old mine, churning out 7,200 tons per day, placing it in the middle of Poland's 70 coal mines in production. As the miners change into their blue mining uniforms, as they ride elevators deep into the shaft, a leading subject is whether their aging mine will have to close.

''A big problem we face,'' said Irena Woycicka, an aide to Poland's Labor Minister, ''is that if we let a mine close down, there is often no other industry for miles around where people can find work.''

Even so, talk is growing that the most inefficient mines should be allowed to go bankrupt to help steer scarce investment money to more promising mines. This has made Mr. Koziol push his employees to work harder to ensure that Myslowice is not one of the losers. But even though capitalism is supposed to prod people to work harder, that might not be the result here.

''Sometimes we ask, 'Why should we extend ourselves if in six months we might be laid off?' '' said Urban Kwzysztof, a 26-year-old miner.

After months of debate in Warsaw, 200 miles to the northeast, many miners are impatient to see the Government's economic program put into place. That program, which the Government hopes to implement by Jan. 1, will be a cold slap aimed at waking up Poland's prostrate economy.

Strong, Bitter Medicine

It aims to encourage production and efficiency by lifting price controls, ending subsidies to industry, and allowing layoffs and bankruptcies. The program could cause 1,000 percent inflation and hundreds of thousands of layoffs.

The hope is this strong medicine will make the patient healthy again, but the fear is that the pain will be so great during the transition period that the Poles will spit out the medicine or keel over from it.

''We want the transition period to be as short as possible,'' Mr. Koziol said. ''We might not be able to reach this new healthier period in time. There are not only economic barriers, but psychological ones.''

On paper, it looks as if his mine might prosper. Because of price controls, it sells its coal for $9 a ton, while the world price for coal is four times that. The mine receives another $9 a ton in subsidies. Revenue should jump when price controls are lifted, but all might not be so rosy, because the mine will lose its subsidies and its wages will soar along with inflation.

Modernization Needed

The key question, Mr. Koziol says, is whether there will be enough profits left over to modernize. He wants to move the mining work to a new, larger seam, which he says will ensure the mine's future. But it will cost millions of dollars to open a new shaft, build supports and prepare a hydraulics system to pump in sand to replace the coal that is removed.

''This is a living organism and it needs modernization,'' said Zbigniew Lelek, the burly chief engineer. ''We have to keep moving forward if we're going to maintain our levels of production.''

Most winters, there is a certain swagger in Myslowice and other mining towns, but this winter may be different. ''There's an old saying,'' said Leon Marur, president of the official miners union local. ''The miner tells the farmer, 'Spring belongs to you,' and the farmer tells the miner, 'Winter belongs to you.' We're not sure if this winter is going to belong to anyone.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Polish coal miners in the Silesian town of Myslowice (NYT/Aleksander Wiechowski)

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[***RECORDINGS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0WV0-002S-X21P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Retrospective Puts Rod Stewart In Context***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0WV0-002S-X21P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JOHN ROCKWELL

**Body**

''Rod Stewart: Storyteller/The Complete Anthology: 1964-1990'' (Warner Bros. 25987, four CD's only) is an attempt to do for Mr. Stewart what ''Decade'' did for Neil Young and, not that he really needed it, ''Biograph'' did for Bob Dylan. In other words, it aims to tie a diverse career together and make a serious case for its subject.

If ''Decade'' proved Mr. Young to be a rock-and-roll artist, ''Storyteller'' does no such thing for Mr. Stewart. But it does help a fragmentary, distracted career cohere, and it does make the shoddier material of this veteran rock star look better even as it places his best work in a broader context.

The CD's are generous, averaging over 70 minutes each. Just what the phrase ''complete anthology'' means is anybody's guess. This is of course by no means a complete compilation, and this particular anthology is only complete in that it spans Mr. Stewart's whole career. ''1990'' is presumably some form of Scottish/North London/Beverly Hills humor.

What we have here are 65 songs (counting the original and a recent remake of ''I Don't Want to Talk About It''), ranging back to ''Good Morning Little Schoolgirl,'' his first single as a solo singer off the streets in 1964 through all manner of group activity with Jeff Beck and the Faces and other bands in which he was a collegial member or the star to the early solo albums to the post-Faces solo product that has defined his career since 1975, complete with some new material recorded for this set. There is a booklet with scrapbook photos, the obligatory adulatory essay by a critic (in this case, Robert Palmer) and quirky little notes by Mr. Stewart about each cut. On just what criterion the songs were selected remains vague. Mr. Stewart must have had a hand in it, although Gregg Geller gets a ''compiled and coordinated'' credit. Some ''newly discovered sessions'' with Booker T and the MG's are included, but it is never specified whether some patches of the Stewart career are un- or underrepresented.

Indeed, the booklet is lamentably documented, with no consistent dating or personnel or even album titles for each cut. Mr. Stewart's notes, despite flashes of charm, reveal the determined indifference to craft that has marked his entire career, as if real work would expose him to real failure.

Mr. Stewart's serious reputation and his commercial success have never quite synchronized. In the 60's he was largely a cult favorite around London, although he had a bigger audience in this country for his tours with Mr. Beck. His most critically praised work came with the three solo albums he recorded in the late 60's and early 70's, especially ''Every Picture Tells a Story'' of 1971, the first album to be No. 1 in the United States and the United Kingdom simultaneously. Its first single, ''Maggie May,'' established Mr. Stewart as a star and crystallized his art.

That art starts with his voice. The term ''whisky baritone'' is used for a male voice with a raspiness that suggests compelling world-weariness, a life lived hard. Mr. Stewart is a whisky tenor, a much rarer type combining manly toughness with aching emotional pain and the sexuality that high voices have always symbolized. Raspiness can reveal vocal strain and incipient collapse. Mr. Stewart's is merely how his voice sounds. It's sounded that way ever since 1964, and is unlikely to change even after he ascends to rock-and-roll heaven.

Where he belongs, for all his sins against his angelic side. Mr. Stewart's career in the 70's outraged some anguished early admirers. His first solo albums had intimated a fascinating counterpoint to his drunken, rave-all-night rockers, which continued to define the Faces material - ballads that justify the title ''Storyteller'' in their blend of close narrative observation, folkish roots and deeply soulful singing. Despite arguments (echoed by Mr. Stewart in his notes here) that he is most himself in songs like ''Hot Legs,'' his biggest hits have come when he exposes a vulnerability he usually seems eager to conceal. Sometimes the public does know better.

His move to Southern California in 1975 as a tax exile, his luridly publicized liaisons with various starlets, his new reliance on American session musicians and his eagerness to exploit the critically excoriated disco of the late 70's lost him many old fans. The critic Greil Marcus, writing in the revised 1980 edition of the ''Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock and Roll,'' proclaimed at the outset of his entry on Mr. Stewart that ''rarely has anyone betrayed his talent so completely.''

Yet with some ups and downs, the hits kept coming. Although Mr. Stewart has not had a No. 1 single in the 80's or even a Top 10 album, he has sold respectably - more than that, given the sales longevity of his albums. He can still afford the rich-rock-star life style that offended the punks and new-wavers, who saw in him the epitome of soulless burnout.

''Storyteller'' suggests that the illusion of Mr. Stewart as a great artist needs modification. Even the best ballads are undercut by unimaginative arrangements (Mr. Stewart's dogged reliance on mannered mandolins and sawing unison violins) and indifferently unfinished details. In neither his songwriting nor his interpretations of others' songs has he shown consistent good judgment, and that's clear even on a selective anthology like this.

His sensitivity is subverted by a persistently maudlin, self-pitying streak, as in the awful final portion of ''I Was Only Joking,'' as clumsy an exploitation of the clown-with-a-broken-heart cliche as one would ever fear to hear. He hasn't even grown much as an interpretive artist: the 1989 remake of ''I Don't Want to Talk About It'' is flat-out inferior to the 1975 version, tarting up what had been simply expressive.

On the other hand, he is a terrific live performer, of both the ballads and uptempo songs. And especially from today's mainstream, corporate-rock perspective, the late 70's hits like ''Hot Legs'' and the hated (in some purist quarters) ''Da Ya Think I'm Sexy'' come across as cheerful, even morally innocent good times.

Mr. Stewart was never an art-rocker; he never singlemindedly aspired to the heights some of his champions once wished for him, or thought they saw in him. He was a ***working-class*** rock singer who wanted to strike it rich and enjoy his riches, and he's done both. Sometimes such singers attain the rock epiphany of art in spite of themselves, and Rod Stewart has done that too, here and there over his long career. If he himself sometimes fears he's betrayed his promise, he's probably right, but only in the sense that life's compromises cloud early ideals in nearly all of us. The bluster he's built up to obliviate those doubts provides its own, more curtailed rewards.

**Graphic**

Rod Stewart (Retna/Rocky Widner)

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[***EARNING IT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4FF0-0005-G1PT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***From 'Working Rich' To Endangered Clan***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4FF0-0005-G1PT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1162 words

**Byline:** By JON NORDHEIMER

By JON NORDHEIMER

**Dateline:** WILLIMANTIC, Conn.

**Body**

DUDLEY BRAND'S father was a carpenter, and the words he chose to guide his son into a blue-collar career were hammered home like galvanized nails driven deep into a plank of fresh-cut timber: "Get a toolbox and you can always get a day's work."

That was 30 years ago, but the words still ring in the ears of Mr. Brand, now 44. Like many ***working-class*** boys of his generation in eastern Connecticut, he had entered Windham Regional Vocational-Technical School to learn a trade and follow in his father's footsteps.

Last month, Mr. Brand was among some 200 alumni who attended a reunion dinner-dance at Tech, as they call the school, entering from bright sunshine into a building many had not visited since graduation.

Members of classes spanning five decades gathered in small groups on the gymnasium floor, beneath bunches of blue and white balloons and yards of bunting, to exhume adolescent memories of shop routines and classroom pranks. As late afternoon slipped into evening, they also examined their working lives and whether the maxims they learned about jobs and security still held true for their sons and daughters.

"We are the lucky ones, the last of the working rich," said Dave Meikle of the class of 1959, a modest man with a quick smile who has worked 32 years as an electronics technician at the Pratt & Whitney aircraft engine plant in East Hartford. "We still hold good-paying industrial jobs we were trained to do."

But Mr. Meikle, 55, says he will accept an incentive package to leave his job by the end of summer, a program he says is intended to eliminate senior workers at his wage level of $20 an hour. Similarly, Ronald Drouin, 54, a classmate of Mr. Meikle, hopes to get a buyout at the Electric Boat submarine division of General Dynamics in Groton before his job is eliminated in a new round of 2,000 layoffs this summer. He has worked at Electric Boat as a draftsman for 33 years.

"Electric Boat and Pratt were companies a guy who came out of Tech could always find work," said Mr. Meikle, who studied television and radio repair at Tech and then went into the Navy, where he was trained in electronics. "When I started at Pratt in 1964, we had 20,000 hourly workers at the East Hartford plant. Now we're down to 2,500."

For earlier generations, the mainstay of employment was the American Thread Company, a mill that opened in 1854 on the banks of the Willimantic River, a swift-running ribbon of turbulent water that bisects this community of 22,000. At one time, the mill had 2,500 workers tending 30,000 spindles, which turned out everything from Aunt Lydia's carpet and button thread to material used in the making of fire hoses, seat belts and baseballs. The city's identity was so interwoven with the mill that the centerpiece of emblems on police cars was a thread spool.

In 1985, American Thread shut down the Willimantic operation and moved to North Carolina. The abandoned mill still stands like a haunted relic of past economic glory, a chain of sturdy stone and brick buildings dominated by a smokestack with a handsome mosaic design on its blunt tip 175 feet above the ground.

Textiles were already seen as a dead-end industry by the time the new vo-tech school opened in 1956 on the north brow of the shallow valley overlooking the mill. Mr. Meikle and Mr. Drouin enrolled that fall as eager sophomores and signed up for shops intended to feed the growing demand for workers in military-related industries and the home construction trades.

The school they came back to this year again reflects a changing marketplace. Service industry jobs are replacing those based in manufacturing; culinary arts and health care courses have far more students than tool-and-die making.

"There are still small machine shops around, but we have a tough time encouraging kids to go into that line of work," said Paul Manzone, a guidance counselor at Tech for 24 years. "You don't hear them say anymore, 'Dad is going to get me a job in the union and I'll lead the good life.'

"Now you hear them say, 'My parents are divorced and my father is working in Florida and I'm headed south as soon as I get out of school.' "

If they stay around, he continued, many take state jobs; the three largest employers in the area are the University of Connecticut in Storrs, Eastern Connecticut State University in Windham, and a nearby state prison. Otherwise, he said, unless a local contractor is hiring, the only opening may be at Home Depot for $9 an hour.

Many in the gymnasium said the shifting economy had forced them to switch jobs. Mr. Brand quit carpentry to teach at another vo-tech school, a choice he did not regret as the home building boom of the 1980's collapsed in this decade. Horace Geer, 54, used his fingers to pick off the number of jobs he has held since leaving Tech in 1960; he stopped when he got to 10.

"Next week I start work as a janitor at Foxwoods Casino, run by the Indians," he said with a husky voice as "A Teen-Ager in Love" by Dion and the Belmonts drifted through the gymnasium, part of a taped stream of reunion nostalgia. "I don't know how long that will last, but they have good health benefits, which you can hardly get anymore."

Steve LeBel, class of '79, expressed impatience when he heard the older men lament the loss of industrial jobs.

"Trouble is, they've been ruined by industry," said Mr. LeBel, who manages a small machine shop. "They're afraid of the new machines. A lot have been spoiled by union jobs. They didn't have to work hard and got lots of overtime and benefits.

"This guy from Pratt & Whitney comes by my shop looking for a job but he's not versatile and has a lot of holes in his skills. I tell him, 'I'll start you off at 11 bucks an hour and see how it works out. Medical covers you but not your family and there's no pension.'

"He looks at me like I insulted him and walks out," Mr. LeBel said, a quizzical look on his goateed face.

Dave Meikle took issue with that assessment. "I believe we earned our high wages and benefits at Pratt," he said as he prepared to sit down for dinner in the cafeteria. "The trouble is, those jobs are not there for the next generation because the work is being placed with vendors who are either out of the country or don't pay union wages or benefits.

"Like I said, my class from the 50's was the lucky one. We knew what we wanted and it was there for us. It's just not that easy anymore," said the electronics technician, whose daughter, the youngest of his five children, graduated this spring from Yale with a degree in fine arts.

By now, the sun rimmed the western skyline and lengthening shadows chased through the Willimantic valley. The turbulent ribbon of water rushed by the shuttered mill, which had once been a symbol of so much in this New England town, tossing spray in bursts of energy no longer yoked and converted to man's will.

Only the mosaic-tipped brick chimney continued to catch the receding light creeping up its shaft, and in a few minutes that, too, blinked out.

**Graphic**

Photo: Culinary students serve the reunited alumni of the Windham Regional Vocational-Technical School. Gary McCurdy, in the plaid shirt, was in the class of 1959. (George Ruhe for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 23, 1996

**End of Document**



[***In Baghdad, Bush Policy Is Met With Resentment - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MT4-NPT0-TW8F-G2RV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 12, 2007 Friday

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**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1733 words

**Byline:** By JOHN F. BURNS and SABRINA TAVERNISE

**Dateline:** BAGHDAD, Jan. 11

**Body**

Iraq's Shiite-led government offered only a grudging endorsement on Thursday of President Bush's proposal to deploy more than 20,000 additional troops in an effort to curb sectarian violence and regain control of Baghdad. The tepid response immediately raised questions about whether the government would make a good-faith effort to prosecute the new war plan.

The Iraqi leader, Prime Minister Nuri Kamal al-Maliki, failed to appear at a news conference and avoided any public comment. He left the government's response to an official spokesman, Ali al-Dabbagh, who gave what amounted to a backhanded approval of the troop increase and emphasized that Iraqis, not Americans, would set the future course in the war.

Mr. Dabbagh said that the government's objective was to secure the eventual withdrawal of American troops, and that for that to be possible there had to be security for Iraqis. ''If this can be achieved by increasing either Iraqi or multinational forces,'' he added, ''the government, for sure, will not stand against it.''

Mr. Dabbagh suggested that much about the Bush plan depended on how circumstances in Iraq would evolve over the coming months -- an echo, in its way, of senior Bush administration officials. They have implied that they might halt the month-by-month inflow of additional troops if they think Mr. Maliki is failing to meet the political and military benchmarks Mr. Bush identified as the Iraqi government's part in making the new war plan work.

''The plan can be developed according to the needs,'' Mr. Dabbagh said. Then he added tartly, ''What is suitable for our conditions in Iraq is what we decide, not what others decide for us.''

The spokesman's remarks, and a similarly dyspeptic tone that was adopted by Shiite politicians with close ties to Mr. Maliki, pointed to the double-bind Mr. Bush finds himself in. Faced with low levels of public support for his new military push and a Democratic leadership in Congress that has said it will fight him over it, he also confronts the uncomfortable prospect of foot-dragging in Baghdad over the troop increases and the benchmarks he has set for the Iraqis.

While senior officials in Washington have presented the new war plan as an American adaptation of proposals that were first put to Mr. Bush by Mr. Maliki when the two men met in the Jordanian capital of Amman in November, the picture that is emerging in Baghdad is quite different. What Mr. Maliki wanted, his officials say, was in at least one crucial respect the opposite of what Mr. Bush decided: a lowering of the American profile in the war, not the increase Mr. Bush has ordered.

These Iraqi officials say Mr. Maliki, in the wake of Mr. Bush's setback in the Democratic sweep in November's midterm elections, demanded that American troops be pulled back to the periphery of Baghdad and that the war in the capital, at least, be handed to Iraqi troops. The demand was part of a broader impatience among the ruling Shiites to be relieved from American oversight so as to be able to fight and govern according to the dictates of Shiite politics, not according to strictures from Washington.

What transpired, in Mr. Bush's speech on Wednesday night, appears to have been a hybrid: a plan that aims at marrying the Maliki government's urgency for a broader license to act with Mr. Bush's determination to make what American officials here see as a last-chance push for success in Iraq on American terms. And that, as Mr. Bush made clear on Wednesday, implies objectives that will be difficult -- many Iraqis say impossible -- to square with Mr. Maliki's goals.

The differences seemed clear on Thursday as Iraqis responded to Mr. Bush's speech. In the streets of Baghdad, reactions followed, broadly, the familiar pattern in a city that is more and more divided on sectarian lines. Many Shiites said Iraq's own security forces, which are predominantly Shiite, should be left to do the job of stabilizing the city, while many Sunnis, shocked by the violence of Shiite death squads in recent months, said they would welcome the Americans if they could rein the sectarian killing in.

Mr. Dabbagh, the government spokesman, emphasized the parts of the Bush plan that best suited the Maliki government's political ambitions. He said the ''good thing in this plan is that it determines that responsibility should be transferred from the Americans to the Iraqis.'' This was a prime point with Mr. Bush, too, when he said that the role of American troops under the new plan would be to ''help the Iraqis'' secure neighborhoods in Baghdad, protect the local population and maintain security in areas that American and Iraqi forces have cleared.

Within hours of Mr. Bush's speech, American commanders were meeting with their Iraqi counterparts in Baghdad to work out the details of a new command arrangement that would give Mr. Maliki a direct role in overseeing the new crackdown. The Iraqis named a commander for the operation, Lt. Gen. Aboud Gambar, a Shiite from southern Iraq who was a top general in Saddam Hussein's army until the American-led invasion in 2003.

General Gambar will report directly to Mr. Maliki, outside the chain of command that runs through the Defense Ministry, which the Maliki government has long viewed as a bastion of American influence, and, because the defense minister is a Sunni, of resistance to Shiite control. General Gambar will have two deputies, one for the heavily Shiite east part of Baghdad, another for the mostly Sunni west part, and they will oversee nine new military districts, each assigned an Iraqi brigade.

As details of the Bush plan became known on Wednesday, Iraqi officials said that the new arrangements would give Iraqis operational control of the new push in Baghdad. But Mr. Dabbagh and others were quick to pull back on Thursday, acknowledging that Baghdad would remain under American operational control at least until later this year. American officials noted that American officers would be assigned to General Gambar's headquarters, that an American battalion would be twinned with each Iraqi brigade and that every Iraqi unit, down to the company level, would have American military advisers.

If this fell a long way short of the plan for full Iraqi control in Baghdad that Mr. Maliki set out in November, his officials were at pains to say that the prime minister would decide the issue of most concern to the Iraqi leader: whether, and when, Iraqi and American forces would be allowed to move in force into Sadr City. That Shiite ***working-class*** district in northeast Baghdad is the stronghold of the Mahdi Army, the most powerful of the Shiite militias, and the main power base of Moktada al-Sadr, the Mahdi Army leader, whose parliamentary bloc sustains Mr. Maliki in office.

''It's been agreed that in order to succeed they have to consult,'' Mr. Dabbagh said -- a bland requirement as he stated it -- but some distance from the formula put forward at Washington briefings on the new plan. Secretary of Defense Robert M. Gates, at a news conference on Wednesday, said that American and Iraqi troops would be free to go into ''all parts of Baghdad, including Sadr City'' and that one benchmark in the plan was that there would be no ''political interference'' with military operations or attempts to protect death squad leaders.

That appeared to be an allusion to the past American experience with Mr. Maliki, who has consistently refused to sanction major offensives in Sadr City. On at least one occasion, he intervened to secure the release of a man captured by American troops and identified by American commanders as a death squad leader with links to Mr. Sadr. Mr. Maliki's argument has been that the solution to the problem of militias, including Mr. Sadr's, must be political, not military, but he has simultaneously postponed any action on a new law to disarm and demobilize the militias.

One of Mr. Maliki's political allies, Sheik Khalid al-Attiya, who is deputy speaker of the Iraqi Parliament, said Thursday that he expected the benchmarks set by Mr. Bush to take 6 to 12 months to be met. With American commanders in Baghdad saying they hope to have the main parts of the city stabilized by late summer -- allowing American troops to be pulled back to bases outside the city as Mr. Maliki has demanded -- the Americans seem likely to run out of patience with Mr. Maliki long before Mr. Attiya's timetable plays out.

A Shiite political leader who has worked closely with the Americans in the past said the Bush benchmarks appeared to have been drawn up in the expectation that Mr. Maliki would not meet them. ''He cannot deliver the disarming of the militias,'' the politician said, asking that he not be named because he did not want to be seen as publicly criticizing the prime minister. ''He cannot deliver a good program for the economy and reconstruction. He cannot deliver on services. This is a matter of fact. There is a common understanding on the American side and the Iraqi side.''

Views such as these -- increasingly common among the political class in Baghdad -- are often accompanied by predictions that Mr. Maliki will be forced out as the crisis over the militias builds. The Shiite politician who described him as incapable of disarming militias suggested he might resign; others have pointed to an American effort in recent weeks to line up a ''moderate front'' of Shiite, Sunni and Kurdish political leaders outside the government, and said that the front might be a vehicle for mounting a parliamentary coup against Mr. Maliki, with behind-the-scenes American support.

Hussein's Will Sought No Mercy

CAIRO, Egypt, Jan. 11 (AP) -- Hours before Saddam Hussein's execution, the ousted Iraqi dictator asked his lawyers not to appeal for his life and accused the United States and Iran of collaborating to hang him, according to a copy of his will.

Mr. Hussein gave his chief lawyer, Khalil al-Dulaimi, the right to ''decide whatever is related to me except appealing for the life of Saddam Hussein to any of the presidents, kings, Arabs or foreigners,'' reads a copy of the will obtained by The Associated Press.

He also asked to be buried in either Ouja, his birthplace, or in Ramadi, the capital of Anbar Province, where many of the country's Sunni Arab insurgents are fighting, depending on his daughter Raghad's decision. He was buried in Ouja.

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

**Correction**

An article yesterday about the Iraqi government's response to plans by President Bush to deploy additional troops referred incorrectly to Prime Minister Nuri Kamal al-Maliki's absence from the government's news conference. Mr. Maliki was never scheduled to speak; it was not that he ''failed to appear.''

**Correction-Date:** January 13, 2007

**Graphic**

Photos: Each United States soldier in Ramadi, in western Iraq, must fill one sandbag before dinner, to be used as part of their defense against attacks. (Photo by John Moore/Getty Images)

Iraq's prime minister sent a spokesman, Ali al-Dabbagh, yesterday to address President Bush's latest policy. (Photo by Ahmad al-Rubaye/Agence France-Presse -- Getty Images)

**Load-Date:** January 12, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Provocation in Cannes From a Wily Provocateur***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48N2-TGY0-01KN-20X6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 21, 2003 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section E; Column 5; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1505 words

**Byline:**  By A.O. SCOTT

**Dateline:** CANNES, France, May 20

**Body**

The Cannes Film Festival, a paradise of film directors and a purgatory of publicists, is also a kind of summer camp for critics. They roam the smoky halls of the Palais des Festivals and the mobbed streets outside in overlapping cliques, gossiping, complaining and, true to professional form, disagreeing. You walk out of a morning competition screening in the cavernous, velvety darkness of the Salle Lumiere, the grandest of the festival's screening rooms, choked with emotion by the incomparable masterpiece you have just seen, only to hear, by the time you arrive at your mailbox in the press area of the palais, that it is the most pretentious piece of garbage ever committed to film. Or you stagger out of the most pretentious piece of garbage ever committed to film and encounter a wet-eyed colleague who proclaims it a masterpiece.

By the end of the festival's first weekend many critics were suffering from a touch of malaise, partly because no film had yet inspired much debate. At least until Monday, when Lars von Trier's three-hour "Dogville" screened at 8:30 in the morning, the range of argument had been small, and opinions, both pro and con, tended to be accompanied by caveats and equivocations. "Swimming Pool," Francois Ozon's first English-language film, starring Charlotte Rampling and Ludivine Saignier, and Andre Techine's "Strayed," starring Emmanuelle Beart, were both well received but did not inspire the kinds of reactions for which French is better stocked with adjectives than English. I was not, to try a clumsy idiomatic translation, stupefied, horrified, blown apart or set aboil by either of them.

By Sunday the two films in competition that had garnered the most interest (and at least some mild polarization of opinion) were Gus Van Sant's "Elephant," a short, dreamy, shocking depiction of a Columbine-like school massacre, and "Distant" by the Turkish director Nuri Bilge Ceylan. Slow, elusive, and melancholy, "Distant" plants itself unapologetically in the European art-house tradition of Antonioni, Theo Angelopoulos and Andre Tarkovsky, two of whose films flicker from Instanbul television sets in this movie.

For the first half-hour you find yourself posing some familiar questions: Who are these people? What are they talking about? Why does the camera move so slowly? But by almost imperceptible increments a story takes shape, and some rich, mournful ideas emerge. (Opaque though it sometimes is, "Distant" is a paragon of accessibility compared with "Bright Future," Kiyoshi Kurosawa's digital-video meditation on a gloomy young man's obsession with his friend's poisonous jellyfish.)

"Elephant" and "Distant" were the muted high points of a generally lackluster first part of the festival. In cafes and restaurants people resorted to recalling moments of glory or scandal from past festivals, like 1987, when Maurice Pialat (subject of a series of tributes this year) won the Palme d'Or (the top prize) for "Under Satan's Sun" and was loudly booed. "If you don't like me, I can tell you I don't like you either," he said as he accepted the prize.

What makes Cannes special -- and arguably what makes it French -- is the appetite for disputation that accompanies the glamour and grandeur. And this is perhaps one of the reasons that the festival has so often welcomed Mr. Von Trier, whose films have won seven prizes over the years, including the palme for "Dancer in the Dark" in 2000.

The press screening of "Dogville" on Monday morning was a galvanizing moment: here at last was something to argue about. Was it a sadistic, self-conscious exercise in cynicism or a relentless, formally innovative inquiry into the nature of power, innocence and vengeance? Is Mr. Von Trier, chief theorist of the Dogma 95 movement and a wily provocateur, a world-historical genius or a clever intellectual fraud? Discuss.

Like "Dancer in the Dark," "Dogville," which stars Nicole Kidman, is set in the United States, a country its travel-shy director has never visited. It was filmed on a soundstage in Sweden with very few props and virtually no sets. Chalk outlines and stenciled labels indicate the streets and houses of Dogville, a tiny Depression-era town in the Rocky Mountains to which Ms. Kidman's character, Grace, escapes, apparently running from big-city gangsters.

What unfolds is another of Mr. von Trier's fables of human cruelty, in which the guileless goodness of a defenseless woman becomes an almost metaphysical provocation to the worst instincts of her protectors, who subject her to increasingly extreme forms of injustice, deceit and degradation. The film, which is something like "Our Town" as reinterpreted by Bertolt Brecht, is highly theatrical and self-consciously literary, complete with printed chapter titles and chatty fireside narration by John Hurt. It is also raw, intimate and unsettling, as the hand-held camera, operated by director himself, pushes itself into Grace's most intimate, vulnerable moments.

"The camera can be actually very violent," Mr. von Trier said this afternoon as he and Ms. Kidman sat in a shady spot on the grounds of the opulent Hotel du Cap in nearby Antibes, recovering from the previous evening's gala screening and the grueling morning of press appearances that followed. "Intrusive," Ms. Kidman said, qualifying his statement a little. "Lars is delicate and relentless at the same time."

"It was hard watching it last night, actually," she continued. "That screen is huge, and the sound, and the extremeness of the situation -- I was sitting there watching, and I thought, this is too exposing, and so I left. And Lars was like, 'But you have to come back!' "

Mr. von Trier interjected with an impish laugh: "What did you want me to do? Stop the film?"

Ms. Kidman has bravely agreed to play Grace in two more films for Mr. von Trier, which will together make up a projected "U.S.A. Trilogy." ("Dogville" is the "U." ) At the crowded, rambunctious news conference on Monday he playfully bullied her into making her commitment public. "Just say, 'Lars, I will do the next two films with you,' " he commanded. Today he remarked that he was still waiting for her signature on the contract. The film, meanwhile, is looking for an American distributor. The initial asking price of $4 million reportedly jumped to $6 million afterMonday's screening. It is rumored that a shorter version has already been prepared, but that potential buyers can see it only after their bids have been submitted.

How the film will be received in the United States is a tantalizing question, and Mr. Von Trier arrived at the interview prepared to pre-empt the charge of anti-Americanism. "I'm sorry!" he said, with mock melodrama. "Please put in the newspaper that I'm sorry."

Perhaps the most provocative moment in his deliberately provocative film comes at the end, when the screen shifts from the abstract Rocky Mountain landscape to the reality of American poverty and social dysfunction, as captured in the work of Dorothea Lange and other photographers. "I know that America doesn't look like that," Mr. von Trier said, "but I also know that America does look like that."

Cartoon Metropolis

At this festival the opposite of Dogville might be Belleville, not the ***working-class*** Paris neighborhood but the fanciful cartoon metropolis that figures in "Les Triplettes de Belleville," Sylvain Chomet's animated feature, which is less than half as long as Mr. von Trier's film. Belleville is a hallucinatory amalgam of Paris and New York, as unreal in its way as Dogville, and Mr. Chomet indulges some playful anti-Americanism of his own. The city's residents are mostly obese, toothy hamburger eaters.

"Les Triplettes" (a French-Belgian-Canadian co-production) is the best French-language film shown in the festival so far, and in spite of its multinational pedigree the most French. It is a wild, nostalgic tribute to an old, cherished idea of France, with raucous music-hall tunes on the soundtrack (the triplets are an ancient trio of cabaret singers), and the national mania for bicycle racing at its heart. The animation, with elongated, slightly grotesque figures set against gray and sepia ink-washed backgrounds, owes a lot to old French and Belgian comic strips And the odd, sometimes disturbing story -- a grandmother, aided by the triplets and her loyal, overweight dog, tries to rescue her cyclist grandson, who has been kidnapped by gangsters -- is a far cry from either Walt Disney or Japanese anime.

But "Les Triplettes," with its affirmation of French ingenuity, French history and French idiosyncrasy, has been, for the local public if not for the critics, the sensation of the festival. I attended the gala on Sunday, which was held early, so children -- a rare sight in the palais -- could attend. At the end the crowd went wild, clapping in unison throughout the credits and then rewarding Mr. Chomet with a roaring ovation. As the spotlight found his face, he appeared to be fighting back tears; the audience liked him, and he liked it, too.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Nicole Kidman in a scene from Lars Von Trier's "Dogville." (Rolf Konnow/Zentropa Entertainments)(pg. E1); Sylvain Chomet's animated film "Les Triplettes de Belleville," a tribute to an old, cherished idea of France, created a stir in Cannes on Sunday. (Cannes Film Festival)(pg. E7)

**Load-Date:** May 21, 2003

**End of Document**



[***CLAMOR IN THE EAST;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1540-002S-X1JM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Krenz Is Trying to Turn On the Charm***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1540-002S-X1JM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1162 words

**Byline:** By FERDINAND PROTZMAN, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WEST BERLIN, Nov. 25

**Body**

The East German leader, Egon Krenz, made a surprise visit to Leipzig this morning, strolling confidently through the reform movement's stronghold just one day after announcing that the Communist Party wants to surrender its constitutional monopoly on political power.

The visit had the earmarks of a seasoned politician fighting an uphill battle for survival. It is part of a broad-front charm offensive meant to rekindle flagging domestic support by showing Mr. Krenz as a confident, reform-minded leader who is open and accessible, in contrast to his predecessor, Erich Honecker.

Scattered shouts of encouragement were heard during his visit to the East German city, but building a viable base of support may prove an insurmountable task for Mr. Krenz, who said in a newspaper interview published today that the free elections he has promised will not be held before the end of 1990.

It is not clear whether Mr. Krenz can stay in power that long. Because of his former role as head of the nation's repressive security apparatus, he remains widely disliked. Rumors persist that grass-roots dissatisfaction within the Socialist Unity Party, as the East German Communist Party is officially called, will result in Mr. Krenz's ouster at the party congress scheduled for mid-December.

Support Called Minimal

His support in the general populace is minimal, according to an official East German poll released on Friday. Despite pushing for political and economic reform and allowing free travel, Mr. Krenz is supported by only 9.6 percent of his countrymen. Party leaders also admitted on Friday that fellow party members have been quitting in droves over the past two months.

Those developments may have prompted Mr. Krenz's announcement on Friday regarding the party's legal monopoly on power. After 40 years of absolute political hegemony, the party now wants to relinquish its legal monopoly by rewriting part of the nation's Constitution, according to an interview with Mr. Krenz published Friday in Neues Deutschland, the party daily.

Mr. Krenz said the party wants to delete Article One of the Constitution, which defines East Germany as a socialist state led by ''the ***working class*** and its Marxist-Leninist party.''

''The way the party tackles the development of society should not be proclaimed in laws or declarations,'' Mr. Krenz said. The party's previous refusal to scrap Article One has severely eroded any good will that Mr. Krenz may have accrued by promising free elections or allowing free travel, which began two weeks ago.

Placating Public Furor

The party is also moving to placate public furor over abuse of power. Werner Eberlein, a Politburo member who is investigating official corruption in the party, said in Neues Deutschland that all those guilty of abusing power would face punishment. The opulent life style enjoyed by East Germany's Communist elite as well as their abuses of power have been primary targets of public ire.

Acknowledging the widespread dissatisfaction, Mr. Krenz said in an interview published today that he is confident he will remain in power after the party's congress. Many high-ranking party officials are likely to lose their positions after the congress, he conceded.

In the interview, published today in The Financial Times, a British daily business newspaper, Mr. Krenz played down the notion that his career will be on the line at the congress. He said he remains confident. ''I have not taken office in order to step down,'' Mr. Krenz was quoted as saying.

But the party itself already appears to be in accelerating decline. About 10 percent of 2.3 million members have quit over the past two months, Neues Deutschland has reported.

Party Is Losing Membership

''Since the end of September 200,000 members have left the S.E.D. About 70 percent of them were workers,'' Heinz Mirtschin, a Central Committee member was quoted as saying, referring to the party by its German initials.

While calling the resignations no surprise, the article said they had alarmed members who have not quit and are arousing fears that the party could be on the brink of disintegrating.

The East German poll lent some credance to those fears. It showed the party supported by only 31 percent of the population, even though over the past three weeks it has abandoned many policies - such as restricted travel, complete control of the media, legal claims to political power - which caused the populace to finally take to the streets in protest.

In the poll, East Germans were asked which one of their leaders they most support.

The poll showed that Hans Modrow, a long-time reform advocate who was named Prime Minister two weeks ago, was the most popular East German leader, supported by 42 percent of respondents. The poll was conducted by the Institute for Marxist-Leninist Sociology.

Polls May Be Optimistic

In private, party officials say the 31 percent figure may in fact be overly optimistic. Unpublished polls, they say, show that the party would receive not more than 10 percent of the vote in free elections.

The most recent polls in East Germany by the Wickert Institute, a West German public opinion research group, support that assumption. They showed that only 12 percent of 934 East German voters questioned between Monday and Friday of this week would vote for the party if elections were held this week. That was down from 14 percent the previous week and 17 percent the week before that.

Asked if they thought there was a ''third route,'' between socialism and the market economy of the Western world, 19 percent of the East Germans questioned replied yes, while 81 percent said they had doubts. Another 79 percent of the East Germans questioned said they were disappointed in the economic steps their Government has proposed so far, while 14 percent were not disappointed and 7 percent said they had no opinion.

Prelude to Plebiscite

Free elections, when and if they are held, may prove only a prelude to some form of nationwide plebiscite of reunification with West Germany. Although most East German opposition leaders favor retaining some form of a socialist system, demonstrators in Leipzig and other East German cities over the past week have openly called for reunification with West Germany and installation of a free-market economy. The East German Government adamantly rejects both positions, but Gunter Hartmann, the head of the National Democratic Party of Germany - one of the small, legally approved East German parties that are now part of the new coalition Government - has been forming a German confederation. This confederation could eventually lead to reunification, he said.

Mr. Hartmann's party, along with the East German Christian Democratic Union, have also suggested returning East Germany's internal administrative structure to its pre-war configuration of five states - Mecklenburg, Sachsen-Anhalt, Brandenburg, Thuringen and Sachsen - rather than the current system of 15 administrative districts that were created in 1952.

**Graphic**

Egon Krenz, right, the East German leader, talking to a student in Leipzig yesterday, one day after announcing that the Communist Party wants to surrender its constitutional monopoly on political power. (AP)

**End of Document**



[***Wed to Strangers, Vietnamese Wives Build Korean Lives***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S5M-8WF0-TW8F-G1FK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 30, 2008 Sunday

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**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Foreign Desk; Pg. 6

**Length:** 1671 words

**Byline:** By NORIMITSU ONISHI; Su-hyun Lee contributed reporting from Seoul, South Korea.

**Dateline:** KWANGMYONG, South Korea

**Body**

The two couples' baby girls were born last month only two days apart, the younger one on the morning of the Lunar New Year. Each girl, everyone later agreed, had her Korean father's forehead and her Vietnamese mother's nose.

It was one year ago that the girls' fathers had gone to Vietnam and, in the first two hours of a five-day marriage tour, plucked their mothers out of two dozen prospective brides at the Lucky Star karaoke bar in Hanoi.

Bound by fate and the rhythms of immigration bureaus, the brides, Bui Thi Thuy and To Thi Vien, had landed together in South Korea wondering what kind of place this would be and how their husbands would treat them.

''I feel we share a special bond because we were married on the same date and we both married Korean men,'' Ms. Vien said. ''We're the same age and we became mothers almost at the same time.''

And so both new mothers now follow Korean custom by eating seaweed soup to recover their strength. Here in Kwangmyong, a city outside Seoul with a concentration of foreign workers and foreign women married to Korean men, Ms. Vien, 23, lives at the family home of her husband, Kim Wan-su, 40, a factory worker. Ms. Thuy, 23, settled with her husband, Kim Tae-goo, 56, in Yongju, a rural town southeast of Seoul where they grow apples.

The two couples, whose five-day courtship, wedding and honeymoon in Vietnam were described a year ago in an article in The New York Times, are part of a social phenomenon in South Korea. A combination of factors -- including the rising social status of Korean women and a surplus of bachelors resulting from a traditional preference for sons -- is forcing many Korean men to seek brides in Southeast and Central Asia and China.

In a country that defines itself as ethnically homogenous, marriages to foreigners accounted for one of eight marriages in 2006, more than triple the rate in 2000. In ***working-class*** areas southwest of Seoul, like Kwangmyong, community centers now offer services for foreign wives: Korean language classes, assistance with childbirth and for victims of domestic violence, advice on living in South Korea and with the in-laws.

But cultural gaps sometimes make it difficult to reach out to such wives.

''Chinese wives have their own outside network, so they tend to be assertive, and women from the Philippines speak English, so they are confident, but other women, like the Vietnamese, are shy about seeking advice and expressing their problems,'' said Kim Myung-soon, a social worker at the Yeongdeungpo Social Welfare Center near here. ''They tend to be submissive and smile at their in-laws even if there are problems. And one day they're gone.''

Han Kuk-yeom, president of the Korea Women Migrants Human Rights Center, a private organization, said the government had not done enough to secure the rights of foreign wives or protect them from abuse.

Some men believe they are permitted to mistreat the women because they paid for the marriage tours and the weddings, and tend to look down on women from poorer countries, Ms. Han said. And the booming international marriage industry has drawn increasingly poor and vulnerable women here.

''Until about three years ago, more educated women tended to come to Korea, but as there are more international marriages, less educated and poorer women are coming to Korea,'' Ms. Han said. ''And they seem to have a harder time adapting to life in Korea, learning the language and so on.''

Divorce has risen among Korean men married to foreigners, according to government statistics. But it is too early to draw meaningful comparisons with the divorce rate of marriages between Koreans, which has also risen sharply in recent years.

Given the way they meet, both Korean husbands and their foreign wives have anxieties, as Kim Wan-su, removing ear plugs, explained during a lunch break from his job at a car key factory.

While foreign wives worry about how their husbands will treat them, Korean men harbor suspicions that the women married them merely to qualify for work here and to send money to their parents. When Ms. Vien's parents in Vietnam heard that a Vietnamese bride in Korea had killed herself, they called in a panic. And Mr. Kim fretted after hearing that three brides who had come to South Korea through his wife's agency had left their husbands shortly after arriving.

''I was worried that my wife would run away, too, but I'm not worried anymore,'' Mr. Kim said. ''We have a child, and we are a family. My wife didn't come here to make money.''

While Mr. Kim was at work, Ms. Vien was taking care of their newborn at home. With the birth of their daughter, Dan-bi, Ms. Vien had stopped going twice a week to the local community center where she had befriended a woman from her home, Van Don Island, in Vietnam's northeast. Ms. Vien had dropped out of college, where she had studied management, because her father, a farmer, could not afford the tuition.

In Kwangmyong, the couple lives with Mr. Kim's mother and his older sister's family -- a total of nine people -- on one floor of a three-story brick building on a narrow street. The older sister, Kim Ho-sook, had welcomed Ms. Vien and helped deflect the Kims' 80-year-old mother, who was unhappy about the arrival of a foreign bride and said repeatedly that it would lead to the family's downfall.

Last fall, the day before the couple held an elaborate wedding ceremony here after their quick wedding in Hanoi, the elderly mother -- whose unhappiness was compounded by Alzheimer's disease -- ran away from home for 12 hours. The family tried to hide her disappearance from Ms. Vien and her parents, who had come to South Korea for the wedding. ''But somehow Vien guessed what was happening and she started crying,'' the sister-in-law said.

Last month, the day before Ms. Vien was scheduled to leave the hospital, her mother-in-law disappeared again, displeased that the baby was not a son.

''My mother still won't even look at the baby,'' the sister-in-law said. ''She tells me not to like the child because it's not a boy.''

Complicating matters, doctors recently diagnosed a hole in the baby's heart and are not sure whether it will close on its own.

''I miss my mother a lot, especially these days,'' Ms. Vien said. ''I'm Vietnamese and everyone around me is Korean, so I feel a lot more ease talking to my mother. We can be on the phone for hours.''

On a recent Sunday afternoon, with the baby sleeping peacefully, Ms. Vien seemed in better spirits. She and her husband sat on the living room couch, often holding hands and showing the kind of affection they had displayed during the first week of their meeting.

Both said they were more committed than ever to building a life together, though they acknowledged gaps in culture and language. Their biggest arguments have occurred after he has gone drinking with co-workers and broken a promise to come home at a certain hour.

''I'm a working man, and she doesn't understand that going out drinking with your co-workers is a necessity in Korean culture,'' Mr. Kim said. ''I feel that Vien thinks I didn't keep my promise because she's from a foreign country and I look down on her.''

Ms. Vien said that was not the case. ''I'm your wife, and I don't like it when you come home so late; nobody in the family likes that,'' she said. ''I get frustrated and worried. If I were Korean, I'd be less worried, because I'd understand exactly where you were. But I don't.''

Ms. Thuy said, as she tucked in her daughter, Hyo-min, in the one-story red brick house that her husband, Kim Tae-goo, recently had built in Yongju, a two-hour drive from Seoul, ''I'm going crazy because I can't communicate with my husband.''

Ms. Thuy (pronounced TOO-ey), who finished high school in her hometown, Quang Yen, in northeastern Vietnam and soon after started seeking a husband, said she found learning Korean difficult. But Mr. Kim said she was not trying hard enough.

''She'll repeat a word just a couple of times and then give up,'' Mr. Kim said. ''She should appreciate the fact that I'm trying to teach her. Our biggest arguments have been over this.''

''He doesn't try to speak Vietnamese,'' she said, adding that he knew only how to say ''hello'' and ''how are you?''

They live with Mr. Kim's mother and his 17-year-old daughter from his first marriage. (His first wife was Korean.) At home, though, Ms. Thuy seldom speaks with her in-laws.

''My daughter referred to her only once as 'mother,''' Mr. Kim said. ''But my mother and daughter don't dislike Thuy.''

Ms. Thuy has yet to make friends outside. Although several other Vietnamese wives live in the area, Ms. Thuy, in a sign of the lingering regionalism seen among many Vietnamese wives, does not socialize with them because they are from Ho Chi Minh City, the former Saigon, in the south.

''They're from Ho Chi Minh, so whenever I run into them, we greet each other,'' she said, adding that she found it difficult to befriend them.

The birth of their daughter, coinciding with a lull in the apple farming season, has given the marriage fresh meaning, the couple said. Mr. Kim, who participated little in child-rearing during his first marriage, is now actively involved, scouring the Internet for information on everything from breast milk to hiccupping to diapers, while Ms. Thuy never lets the child out of her sight.

Sometimes they reminisce about their first meeting at the Lucky Star in Hanoi.

He picked her, she teased, only after his first three choices had turned him down. He had seemed rich, she said, and she liked that he was a farmer, like her father.

''I would have led a much more difficult life in Vietnam, because people are still poor there,'' she said.

He indicated that he was glad about the outcome, too. ''I don't want to sound as if I'm looking down on Thuy,'' he said. ''But if I had married someone who was more educated or taller, I don't think she would have been happy here with me. So I think we are a good match for each other.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Kim Wan-su, left, and To Thi Vien at a ceremony in October near Seoul. They were legally married months earlier when Mr. Kim took a five-day tour to Vietnam to find a bride.

Mr. Kim and Ms. Vien's daughter, Dan-bi, was born last month, giving them a new bond as parents. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEOKYONG LEE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A6)

To Thi Vien, left, moved from Vietnam to a city near Seoul when she married Kim Wan-su. She lives with him and his relatives, including his sister, right, and their mother, who says that the marriage to a foreigner will doom the family. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SEOKYONG LEE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A10)

**Load-Date:** March 30, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Charged as Terror Master, Surrounded by Mysteries - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4NP0-0005-G40J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B;  Page 3;  Column 5;  Metropolitan Desk ; Column 5; ; Chronology

**Length:** 1043 words

**Byline:** By CHRISTOPHER S. WREN

By CHRISTOPHER S. WREN

**Body**

He has been portrayed as a spinner of deceits, a manipulator of childhood friendships and ideological hatreds, and a master terrorist who jetted about with a grab-bag of aliases, forged passports and demolitions manuals.

But the slender young man whom prosecutors call Ramzi Ahmed Yousef prefers to call himself simply an explosives expert. He also admits to a visceral hatred of Israel and its leading supporter, the United States.

Today Mr. Yousef -- almost certainly not his real name -- stands in Federal Court in lower Manhattan on charges that he and his accomplices plotted to blow up American jetliners in Asia, as many as 11 in a single day. At a second trial later this year, Mr. Yousef is to face further charges that he masterminded the bombing of the World Trade Center, which killed six people and injured hundreds of others on Feb. 26, 1993. He has pleaded not guilty in both cases.

Four other men are already serving life sentences amounting to 240 years each for their supporting roles in the World Trade Center bombing. But the newest trials focus for the first time on the man accused of being its shadowy architect, offering the possibility of some explanation of what motivated the terrorist attacks, and who was behind them.

Since his arrest in Islamabad, Pakistan, on Feb. 7, 1995, and prompt extradition to the United States, a few details have emerged about Mr. Yousef, who is 28. But less is known about what country or cause, if any, he may have served and where he got the funds that prosecutors say he used to orchestrate bombings from New York to Manila.

In the first statement issued through his lawyer more than a year ago, Mr. Yousef, who is married and has two small daughters, said his real name was Abdul-Basit Balochi and that he came from Pakistan. He also said he had many close relatives in Iraq and Israel as well as "friends and relatives killed in Palestine" by the Israeli Army.

In a 1994 interview with the Arabic newspaper Al Hayat, Mr. Yousef expanded on his Palestinian connections, saying that while his father was Pakistani, his mother was Palestinian and his grandmother lived in Haifa, Israel. He also said that he grew up in Kuwait, where Palestinians have complained of being treated as second-class citizens. News reports described his father as an employee of Kuwaiti Airlines.

A defendant in the current trial, Abdul Hakim Murad, said he knew Mr. Yousef as Abdul Basit when they went to school together in Kuwait's ***working-class*** suburb of Fahaheel. Mr. Yousef left for Britain at age 18 to study at a technical college in Swansea, Wales. He received an electronic engineering degree in 1989 and returned to Kuwait.

Mr. Yousef left Kuwait again in August 1990, three weeks after Iraq invaded. His use of an Iraqi passport and admission to having relatives in Iraq has led to speculation that he worked for Iraqi intelligence. But no harder evidence has surfaced.

In statements issued last year, Mr. Yousef described Israel as "an illegal and unlawful state" whose claim to legitimacy was based on Jewish occupation of Palestine "for only a few hundred years" in what what he said was about 3000 B.C. Because the United States gives Israel hundreds of millions of dollars, Mr. Yousef said, victims of Israeli aggression "have the full right to attack any U.S. targets, military or nonmilitary."

Even so, Mr. Yousef told Al Hayat last year that the bombing of the World Trade Center, for which he did not take responsibility, was aimed only at a "Zionist official" whom he did not identify. It was carried out with a half-ton of explosives and caused $500 million in damages.

Among the unanswered questions as the trial gets under way is how much the Central Intelligence Agency, which encouraged the Muslim guerrilla war against Soviet forces in Afghanistan, knows about Mr. Yousef. He has reportedly told F.B.I. agents that he learned about explosives in Peshawar, Pakistan, but there is no evidence he fought for the C.I.A.-backed guerrillas.

In Peshawar, Mr. Yousef may also have met Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman. The militant cleric and 10 supporters were convicted last year on charges of plotting to blow up the United Nations and other New York landmarks. Mr. Yousef was not linked to that plot.

The indictment in the second trial accuses Mr. Yousef of ordering and paying for the urea and nitric acid in the bomb, helping to mix the ingredients with nitroglycerine, and loading the van with three tanks of hydrogen gas. Mr. Yousef caught a flight to Pakistan a few hours after the explosion, prosecutors say.

In pretrial testimony, Charles B. Stern, an F.B.I. agent, said that on the flight back to the United States after his capture, Mr. Yousef began trying to come up with "some plausible explanation of why his fingerprints would have appeared on certain key locations" in the World Trade Center bombing case. When Mr. Stern began writing the interview down, he said, Mr. Yousef interjected, "No, no, I don't want you to take notes."

Mr. Stern testified that Mr. Yousef expected to face the death penalty in the United States. "He indicated that he wanted to be allowed to live long enough so that he could write a book about his activities," Mr. Stern said. Defense lawyers have sought to disallow Mr. Yousef's comments on the plane, saying he was never advised of his full rights.

The indictment said that Mr. Yousef and other conspirators plotted and tried to destroy or damage an unspecified number of aircraft under United States jurisdiction. Philippine investigators contended that attacks were planned on 11 planes, many of them jumbo jets, flying to Asian desinations on the same day.

Mr. Yousef was discovered after neighbors detected smoke coming from the Manila apartment where he was mixing explosive chemicals one night in January 1995, investigators said. He escaped, but the police caught Mr. Murad when he went back to get Mr. Yousef's laptop computer, which the indictment says held departure and arrival times for commercial airliners and detonation times for bombs.

Mr. Murad, who is on trial with Mr. Yousef, has recanted what he told Philippine authorities, claiming he was tortured to confess. The third defendant, Wali Khan Amin Shah, escaped from the Metropolitan Correctional Center on Feb. 6.

**Correction**

An article on May 29 about the terrorism trial of Ramzi Ahmed Yousef referred incorrectly to the detention of a co-defendant, Wali Khan Amin Shah. While the authorities have said that Mr. Shah tried to escape from the Metropolitan Correctional Center in Manhattan, the attempt was unsuccessful and he is still in custody.

**Correction-Date:** June 11, 1996, Tuesday

**Graphic**

Photo: Ramzi Ahmed Yousef in a photo released after his capture. (F.B.I. Photo via Associated Press)

Chart: "CHRONOLOGY: On the Trail of a Terrorism Suspect"

Prosecutors have described Ramzi Ahmed Yousef as the mastermind behind the World Trade Center bombing, and he is now on trial in Federal Court in Manhattan on charges that he plotted to bomb several airplanes in Asia.

Sept. 1, 1992 Mr. Yousef is admitted at Kennedy International Airport in New York on an Iraqi passport, claiming asylum as Azan Muhammad. The indictment contends that he carries manuals and materials for building and using explosives.

Nov. 30, 1992 to Feb. 9, 1993 Investigators say he orders chemicals for delivery to a shed, and later mixes explosives with others in Jersey City.

Feb. 25, 1993 Mr. Yousef and others load three tanks of hydrogen gas into a rented Ryder van, prosecutors say.

Feb. 26, 1993 The day of the World Trade Center bombing, investigators say, Mr. Yousef flies to Pakistan.

Dec. 11, 1994 Mr. Yousef puts a bomb on a Philippine Airlines flight to Tokyo, killing a Japanese passenger, investigators say.

Jan. 7, 1995 Police officers in the Philippines raid a Manila apartment after smoke alerts neighbors. The police find evidence of bomb making, but Mr. Yousef escapes.

Feb. 7, 1995 Mr. Yousef is captured in Islamabad after his South African protege, Ishtiaq Parker, alerts authorities. Mr. Yousef is flown back to New York.

**Load-Date:** May 29, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Clamor in the East: A Contrite Government;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1DV0-002S-X14T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***CONTRITE DEPUTIES SAY PARTY FAILED THE EAST GERMANS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1DV0-002S-X14T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 14, 1989, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1153 words

**Byline:** By CRAIG R. WHITNEY, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** EAST BERLIN, Nov. 13

**Body**

The East German Parliament, dormant and docile ever since it called the German Democratic Republic into existence 40 years ago, came to life today, with deputy after deputy agreeing that the Communist Party's failings were so great that it was no longer entitled to the leading role guaranteed in the nation's Constitution.

It was a day of contrition, anger and hang-dog faces for the 478 legislators who were elected the old way, without opposition, three years ago. As one speaker after another acknowledged, they had only themselves to blame for letting the old leadership under Erich Honecker run the economy into the ground, creating a situation in which more than 200,000 people left the country in the last two months.

After hours of grim recitation of past failure, the members of Parliament did what the new Communist Party leader, Egon Krenz, had asked them to do. They elected Hans Modrow, the 61-year-old party chief in Dresden, as Prime Minister, though one lawmaker raised a hand in opposition.

Coalition Government Due

Mr. Modrow, widely regarded as a proponent of liberalization, said he would lay out his new policy and name a coalition cabinet that would include members of East Germany's long-subservient non-Communist parties at the end of this week.

Last week, Mr. Modrow confided to a fellow member of the Central Committee that ''I can see the end coming.'' [Page A18.] His disgraced predecessor, Willi Stoph, who is 76 years old, took the floor earlier today to say: ''I accept responsibility for all the failures of the former Government. We failed to account properly to Parliament and report shortcomings as they occurred.''

Mr. Stoph blamed ''decisions not made in the Council of Ministers'' -presumably meaning interference by the Communist Party - for ''severely'' harming the economy.

''The deposed leadership was characterized by arrogance,'' said Werner Jarowinsky, the Communist Party leader in Parliament.

Mr. Krenz, who replaced Mr. Honecker last month, listened, apparently hoping that his party's promises of free elections, a freer press, and freedom to travel would convince most of the country's 16.5 million people that the new leadership would earn their trust.

But in Leipzig, the hotbed of protest, mass demonstrations continued tonight. Huge crowds chanted, ''We are the people!'' and booed and hissed Mr. Krenz's promises of ''free'' elections.

Most of the one million or so East Germans who visited the West after the border was opened on Thursday night appeared to have gone back home to work today. The streets of West Berlin were almost normal this morning, although visitors from the East poured in again in smaller numbers than the vast crowds that thronged the shopping streets from Friday to Sunday.

Mr. Krenz, answering a question in Parliament, said he had told West Germany's Chancellor, Helmut Kohl, in a telephone call yesterday, ''Unification, or reunification, of Germany is not on the agenda.''

''I believe the existence of two German states, independent of each other, is a decisive question of stability in Europe, and that that is a decisive question of peace in Europe,'' he said. ''Without peace there is nothing.'' New Border Crossings Opened The East German authorities continued today to announce the opening of new border crossings up and down the 1,000-mile frontier with West Germany, and said East Germans living close to the line would no longer require special permission to have guests and visitors. The East German military authorities have also ordered troops to stop using weapons to prevent illegal border crossing.

After Parliament debated the critical situation in the country, the Communist Party Central Committee met late into the night to discuss Mr. Krenz's decision to hold the special party congress next month. He said he wanted it to elect a new Central Committee to support his program of change. Western diplomats and East Germans believe there is considerable skepticism about his sincerity among party members, who number about two million, as well as in the country at large.

All the speakers in Parliament today agreed on the need to strengthen Communism, to save the system, not abandon it, and to create what Mr. Jarowinsky called a ''market-oriented planned economy.''

''Our fatherland is in danger,'' said Hans-Dieter Raspe, a member of the small Liberal Democratic Party. ''Our citizens have no confidence in the leadership of the country.''

An Ex-Leader Apologizes

The former president of Parliament, Horst Sindermann, apologized for having waited too long to call the legislature into session after the mass emigration and police repression of demonstrators began early last month. He apologized for doing his job ''not always well,'' but said he had tried to do his best.

Mr. Jarowinsky said: ''Our party is determined to draw radical consequences from this bitter fact. We need changes in the Constitution.''

The first article of the Constitution says East Germany is a Communist state of workers and farmers, ''led by the ***working class*** and its Marxist-Leninist party.'' But speaker after speaker today agreed that the Communists had lost touch with the people.

''We see and hear encouraging things from New Forum,'' Mr. Jarowinsky said, referring to the biggest new opposition group. ''It's time to come closer together.''

An Ostensible National Front

Since 1950, the East German system has grouped four other parties with Mr. Krenz's Communists - officially called the Socialist Unity Party - plus the central trade-union organization, the youth league and various other political groups in a so-called National Front.

In a system that has not changed since the Communists came to power after World War II, East Germans vote every five years, with only candidates of the National Front on the ballot. The groups in the front, which all agreed in 1950 that the Communists would run things, then divide up the 500 seats, with the Communists getting the biggest share - 127 seats in the current legislature, which was elected in 1986.

''Elections must become elections again,'' Mr. Raspe said today.

Chamber's President Elected

The Communists did not offer a candidate today for the largely ceremonial post of President of the People's Chamber. Manfred Gerlach, a 61-year-old leader of the Liberal Democrats since the beginning, was widely expected to win, since he had called for radical change before Mr. Krenz did. But in the second ballot, he lost, 230 to 246, to Gunther Maleuda, the little-known leader of the 120,000-member Democratic Farmers' Party.

The name on each of the nearly 480 ballots that were cast had to be read aloud to the chamber, and the results counted by hand.

''Surely there must be more modern and scientific methods in the age of micro-electronics,'' the East German television announcer said to the national audience.

The chamber was closed to most journalists and to the general public.

CAN BITE FROM THE BOTTOM.

**Graphic**

Photos of East German border guards taking a coffee break while patrolling a former ''no man's land'' adjacent to the Berlin wall (AP) (pg. A1); Gunther Maleuda of the Democratic Peasants Party, Speaker of the East German Parliament in Easst Berlin (Reuters); map of E. Germany showing location of Leipzig (NYT) (pg. A18)

**End of Document**



[***Clamor in the East;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-16K0-002S-X2FY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Students Ask Workers' Aid In Czech Rally***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-16K0-002S-X2FY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 24, 1989, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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

**Length:** 1148 words

**Byline:** By ESTHER B. FEIN, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PRAGUE, Nov. 23

**Body**

Jana Markvartova is the daughter of a doctor and a lawyer, a privileged child of Czechoslovakia's elite. Before this week, she had never really talked to any of the hundreds of thousands of people who are this country's manual laborers.

Today, Miss Markvartova stood before nearly 200 workers at the Domaci Potreby household appliance factory in the polluted industrial outskirts of the city and told them how the police here had violently broken up a peaceful demonstration by students last Friday night. Then tearfully, she asked the workers to support a two-hour general strike that the students have called for Monday to demand wholesale changes in the country's leadership.

'We Need You to Join Our Strike'

''We need your help,'' Miss Markvartova told the workers. ''It is your work that allows us to study and to develop our minds and our ideas. But alone our ideas are nothing. We need you. We need you to join our strike.''

Her efforts paid off. The workers voted overwhelmingly to support the strike.

In the last week, Miss Markvartova and students like her at Prague's universities have realized that they must reach out to workers at factories, farms and industries if their demonstrations and strikes are to succeed in forcing change on their resistant Communist Government.

Unlike Poland, where the workers themselves began the Solidarity movement that eventually unseated the Communist Government this year, the opposition in Czechoslovakia since 1968 has always been a cause of the intellectual crafts, with practically no input from workers.

To insure the complacency of the workers, Communist leaders in Czechoslovakia have consistently provided manual workers with higher salaries and greater access to such things as private cars and weekend cottages than almost anywhere else in the Eastern bloc with the possible exception of East Germany.

''We won't win if the workers are not on our side,'' said Jiru Masek, a 19-year-old student of foreign trade at Prague University and one of the strike organizers. ''To the leaders of our country, we students are nothing. But workers are the power here. To persuade them is critical to our cause.''

After successfully shutting down most college classes, the students set up work battalions in classrooms, gymnasiums and lecture halls. Ragged from little sleep and sporadic eating, they spend their days and nights typing up declarations and appeals to their fellow citizens, painting posters that are then plastered in store windows and subway stations and editing videotapes that show the brutal events of Nov. 18 and the mass rallies on Wenceslas Square that has been a daily event ever since.

Trying to Bridge a Vast Gap

Then they sent teams of students out to factories and enterprises throughout the city and in the countryside, trying to bridge the vast gap between Czechoslovakia's elite and its ***working class*** and to win the support of the laborers.

Tomas Zuda, a 21-year-old economics student and a strike coordinator, acknowledged that there was not a natural line of communications betwen the impassioned young students and the workers.

''Some of us work in factories in the summer to earn money, but this is the first time most of us have actually had a dialogue with the workers,'' he said. ''Every student who has gone to a factory, and there are hundreds of us, has had to find a common language to make the workers understand. There has been a lot of skepticism to overcome and social barriers that are usually not crossed in this country, and we don't always have success. But I think the workers see that we are more sincere than the Government when we say: 'We need you. We want you.' ''

Thrown Out of One Plant

Miss Markvartova first went to the Domaci Potreby factory on Tuesday with Jan Novak, both unsure that workers there would listen to the radical pleas of two 21-year-old philosophy students, asking them to stop working on Monday in a two-hour strike. They had already been thrown out of the Balirny factory across the street, where the conservative director of the packaging enterprise refused to let them speak with workers.

At Domaci Potreby, they were told to leave their literature and to come back today, when the workers would meet in the cafeteria and hear them out.

During the next two days, Miss Markvartova, Mr. Novak and thousands of students here circumvented the conservative official press to get their word out to the working people. They covered the walls of the city's subway system, bus windows, escalator railings, shop windows and street lamps with information on demonstrations and strikes and with posters proclaiming: ''Workers Join Us For Freedom!'' ''Students Against Violence Ask For Your Help!'' and ''Strike For Democracy.''

'Mass Media' on the Streets

Overnight the students created their own ''mass media'' on the streets. These days virtually every public place in Prague is crowded with people reading notices, looking at pictures of the Friday night clashes and signing declarations, all surprisingly unhindered by the police.

When Miss Markvartova and Mr. Novak returned to the Domaci Potreby factory today, the workers rose in applause.

''My heart is with you,'' said Jitka Jeslinkova, a 30-year-old woman who has worked for two years at the plant. ''I want my children to buy anything they need in the shops, to read any books they choose and watch any film they want. I want freedom for them and for me.''

Monika Mlejnkova, a representative of the factory's Communist Party committee, objected to the call for a strike. ''Maybe we should allow an investigation of the events on Friday, but I urge you not to strike,'' she said, as her colleagues began to bang the table and hiss. ''The Communist Party is our strength.''

'We Want Free Elections'

Miroslav Nedorast, a burly man who has been a factory truck driver for 40 years, then shouted from the back of the room: ''We want pluralism. We want free elections. I wouldn't be a Communist Party member even if I were forced. Your time is over.''

The factory director called for a vote. Who supports the strike? he asked. Hands shot up across the room, already dim in the late afternoon. Who is against? Three hands were raised.

''Let's take another count,'' Miss Mlejnkova said.

That stirred a response from an older worker with thick glasses. ''I have bad eyes,'' the worker said. ''But it's clear even to me that most everyone here is for a strike.''

But they voted again and the decision remained: Workers at the Domaci Potreby factory will join the students and lay down their tools from noon until 2 P.M. on Monday.

''This was not spontaneous support,'' said Jaroslava Fornuskova, a 38-year-old factory worker. ''We talked about what would happen if the strike didn't work, what kind of repression there might be. But we decided we can't support a government that beats its students. Next time it will be us, and then who will strike?''

**End of Document**



[***A New World With New Issues Born in the Recess Is Awaiting Congress***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R7S0-0038-D0DB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 22, 1990, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section B; Page 7, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1194 words

**Byline:** By SUSAN F. RASKY, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Jan. 21

**Body**

The 101st Congress returns to work on Tuesday in a world made new.

In the two months since the end of its lackluster first session, events in Eastern Europe and in Panama have created a set of new and thorny issues.

In addition to taking up the old wars over capital gains, child care, clean air and drugs, the lawmakers now confront how to reshape the Pentagon budget and where to apply the proceeds - if any - of the ''peace dividend''

Social Security and Retirement

A proposal by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Democrat of New York, to cut the Social Security tax and reorganize the bookkeeping for the retirement system promises to become a fierce battle and cause turmoil for both parties and shift the battle lines on cutting capital gains taxes.

The investigation of seven influential Senators on charges of improper conduct and influence peddling has underscored long-festering problems with the campaign finance system. Leaders in both parties are now talking seriously about taking action this year to overhaul the system.

''It seems to me we have to find some way to get a handle on how much we spend to get elected,'' said Senator Bob Dole of Kansas, the Senate Republican leader. The House Speaker, Thomas S. Foley of Washington, noting Republican willingness to consider limits on campaign spending, said on the NBC News program ''Meet the Press'' today that major campaign reforms would be passed.

The political climate has changed as well. The George Bush who last year offered Congress his hand in partnership, is now enjoying the highest public approval rating for this point in a term of any President since John F. Kennedy. He is stepping up attacks on Congress as the 1990 mid-term elections approach and the positioning for the 1992 Presidential contest begins.

'It's Put-Up-or-Shut-Up Time'

Lawmakers of both parties expect a more combative relationship with the White House and a more partisan edge to their own proceedings.

''Right now the President is doing well with the American people,'' said Representative William H. Gray 3d of Pennsylvania, the House Democratic whip. ''But as we get into the substance of the second year, some tough decisions and leadership are going to be needed. It's put-up-or-shut-up time.''

The same might be said for Congress. Its leaders insisted at the close of the 1989 session that judging the legislative record at that point would be as unfair as calling a football game at half-time.

Over the weekend, a small group of ''activist'' House Democrats huddled with the majority leader, Richard A. Gephardt of Missouri, and with poll takers and media consultants, for discussion and advice.

The Major Legislative Issues

In a 1990 session that will be shortened by the demands of campaigning, several major issues loom:

CLEAN AIR. On Tuesday the Senate will begin debating the first major overhaul of the nation's pollution laws in 13 years. The House will take up its version in the spring. Acid rain controls, alternative fuels and cost relief for the Midwest remain issues of contention, but Congressional leaders are comitted to passing a bill this year.

CHILD CARE. In the House, the leadership must reconcile competing measures. The issue is whether to set up a new program of grants to the states that would require annual spending approval or to expand an existing program of automatic aid. A Senate bill combines the new grant program with expansion of existing tax credits for low-income parents. Mr. Bush favors the tax credit approach, but may balk at the Congressional price tag.

DRUGS AND CRIME. A handful of bills introduced last year in response to Mr. Bush's drug and crime proposals may be amended to incorporate new ones he will make this year. Congress is likely to approve additional money for drug control, but differences remain over how it should be allocated.

HOUSING. Democrats in both chambers want to provide money for construction of low-rent housing while the President has proposed emphasizing home ownership for the poor. House and Senate bills are still awaiting committee action.

Two Disputed Laws Running Out

Meanwhile, at least two perenially contentious laws are due to expire this year: one regulates the sale of advanced and military related technology to foreign countries and the other governs agriculture programs, including price supports for farmers. Congress must decide on the export law how to treat the new Governments in Eastern Europe. The farm bill will be affected by election-year pressures and environmental and budget concerns.

The budget, of course, will dominate the session, and debate will be framed by decisions on Pentagon spending: how much can be cut to reflect a reduced Soviet threat and should the savings, when they eventually appear, be applied to domestic programs or reducing the deficit?

''My strong inclination is to have the lion's share of savings go to deficit reduction,'' said Senator Jim Sasser, the Tennessee Democrat who heads the Senate Budget Committee. He sees $12 billion to $15 billion in military savings this year. Is It a Peace Dividend? Other lawmakers, especially Republicans, see a much smaller amount and possibly none at all this soon. ''Anyway, it's not a peace dividend,'' said Representative Newt Gingrich of Georgia, the House Republican whip. ''It's a peace non-expense.''

The list of programs competing for a share grows daily, and for the first time in many years it includes foreign aid.

''We've bumped into the fact that in six different places in the world, our clout as a country depends on our ability to deliver some dollars,'' said Representative Charles E. Schumer, Democrat of Brooklyn. ''We can't keep saing that we're the leading power in the world but that Japan is going to pay for it.''

Dole's Suggested Aid Trims

Senator Dole got the foreign aid debate off to an explosive start before Congress's return when he suggested that money for some of America's largest recipients of aid, including Israel and Egypt, be cut by 5 percent to make room for new aid to Eastern Europe.

As for capital gains, Democrats succeeded in blocking a rate cut last year, but had been resigned to the inevitability of its passage this year, assuming that their main battle with the President would be how to shape it. As the Senate majority leader, George J. Mitchell of Maine, noted with evident relish, all of that has changed in the wake of Mr. Moynihan's proposal and the President's attack on it.

Most Democrats have been cautious in responding to the Moynihan plan, fearing it would raise the specter of cuts in benefits. ''Mr. Moynihan has exposed, for all to see, the inconsistencies of the Bush Administration's tax policy,'' Mr. Mitchell said. ''We can't cut taxes for the middle class and ***working class*** according to the President, but we should for the very wealthiest of Americans.''

But Mr. Gingrich said a President with an approval rating as high as Mr. Bush's could afford to ''do whatever he wants to about Moynihan.''

Mr. Mitchell said: ''There is a curious premise that suggests if a President is doing well, Congress must be doing poorly. But the premise never seems to operate in reverse, so I've never accepted it.''

**Graphic**

Photo: ''It seems to me we have to find some way to get a handle on how much we spend to get elected,'' said Bob Dole, the Senate Republican leader. (Agence France-Presse)

**End of Document**



[***Cold Comfort***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40K2-JX00-00MH-F3W0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1433 words

**Byline:** By A. O. Scott;

A. O. Scott is a film critic at The Times.

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**Body**

The Angel on the Roof

The Stories of Russell Banks.

506 pp. New York:

HarperCollins Publishers. $27.50.

In the course of nearly 40 years of steady industry, during which he has turned out 13 books of fiction, Russell Banks has allowed his imagination to range freely across time and geography. He has observed the hard realities of life in the contemporary Caribbean in "The Book of Jamaica" and "Continental Drift," concocted a creepy, parallel-universe 17th century in "The Relation of My Imprisonment" and sung the battle hymn of Harpers Ferry and Bleeding Kansas in "Cloudsplitter," his swollen saga of the life of John Brown. But with the same kind of homing-pigeon intuition that keeps Philip Roth returning to North Jersey in the 1940's and 50's, Banks always circles back to his own native ecosystem -- the bare, wintry towns of central New England and upstate New York in the raw confusion of the present and the recent past.

In "The Angel on the Roof," a collection of 31 stories, 22 gleaned from four earlier collections of short fiction along with nine that are appearing between hard covers for the first time, Banks pauses to examine the guilty conscience of an American businessman in Africa, the inner life of Edgar Allan Poe and the final musings of Simon Bolivar. But these moments seem anomalous. They detract from the cumulative force of the collection, which comes from its relentless anatomy of contemporary life in the northeastern United States.

The narrator of two stories is a young man fleeing both the Ivy League and the ***working class***, struggling with marriage and menial employment in Florida; but he is, like so many of Banks's characters (the professor in "The Book of Jamaica," Bob Dubois in "Continental Drift," John Brown himself), a half-willing refugee from the north country. In "Success Story," he goes south in the vain hope of joining Fidel Castro in the Sierra Maestra and winds up settling for a job moving furniture at a hotel. Something tells us this arrangement, and the marriage he literally blunders into, will be temporary. (Marriage, in this world, usually is. The words "husband" and "wife" are nearly always accompanied by qualifiers like "first," "third" or "ex"). We suspect this young man will grow up to be a writer driven by an unconquerable impulse to return to the place he is trying so hard to purge from his memory.

At his best, Banks writes with an agonized clarity that seems to spring from temperamental reticence, as if he were being pulled, against his will, back to his origins and to his entwined themes, the mutual betrayals committed against each other by parents and children, men and women, blacks and whites. As the narrator of "The Visit" puts it: "I have traveled a lot in recent years, and consequently have completed almost all my journeys now. And when I have returned to every place where someone beat me or I beat someone, when there is no place left to go back to, then for the rest of my life I will have only my memories, these stories, to go to -- for the heat, for the light, for the awful, endlessly recurring end of it."

With some reluctance, despite his periodic dabblings in tropical exoticism, historical mummery and avant-garde narrative technique, Banks belongs to the proud American tradition of regional realism. His body of work is dominated by two novels -- Affliction" and "The Sweet Hereafter" -- that are close to perfect, and their devastating emotional precision arises in large part from their crushing, almost Faulknerian sense of place. Happily -- and also, needless to say, grimly -- in spite of the inclusion of a few youthful curios and one or two stabs at midlife wildness, "The Angel on the Roof" deserves to stand alongside them.

"I have arranged these stories thematically and dramatically, rather than in chronological order or by the titles of the collections in which they originally appeared," Banks writes in an author's note, and the result is a book more shapely and coherent than the usual careerist grab bag. People wander from story to story like characters in a vast, fragmentary 19th-century novel.

Many of the stories take place in New Hampshire, but this is not the New England of Hawthorne's Puritan gloom, Robert Frost's farmer stoicism or Ben and Jerry's granola-capitalist pastoral. Banks's characters are pipe fitters, bookkeepers, day laborers and retired military personnel living in drafty clapboard houses and forgotten trailer parks, where they cling to battered notions of middle-class respectability like barnacles to the bottom of a boat. They are Irish Catholics, French Canadians and deracinated Yankees whose lives and relationships freeze and crack like ponds in winter. Divorce, drunkenness and the estrangement of parents from children darken these stories with the implacable regularity of weather patterns, as though disappointment were a force of nature.

And then there is the actual weather. One must have been cold a long time to grasp the nuances of wind and snow as surely as Banks does -- or to convey so vividly the sensual and spiritual pleasures of outdoor hockey or ice fishing or an early morning shot of booze. In his fiction, the cold is menacing and cruel, but it's also a source of wisdom and an occasion for poetry. The first two pages of "The Fisherman" explore the subtle, almost extrasensory signs of seasonal change: "If you have an abstract turn of mind, you tend to measure the approach of winter by the sun. . . . Or, on the other hand, you might measure the approach of winter by the ice, which seems a more direct, less abstract and mathematical way of going about it." In "The Defenseman," another of Banks's barely fictional alter egos, recalling his childhood in Massachusetts, muses that "even though my memories of those years are almost completely of summertime, it was the winter that dominated our activities, filling our talk and views of the rest of the world, so that we could not even speak of a place without first mentioning that it enjoyed a kinder climate than ours. Of events that took place in summer, however, I recall only the general condition and have obtained my formal knowledge of the events themselves solely as data. It's as if they could as easily have occurred in someone else's life."

The diffident, slightly formal, almost stilted diction in these passages is a hallmark of Banks's prose style. His first- and third-person narratives share a quality of guardedness, a fussy exactness that signifies something more than writerly care. Raymond Carver once remarked that he was more interested in the people he wrote about than in any potential reader. Banks is similarly protective of his characters, and for similar reasons. Like Carver's, his stories bristle with a quiet, stubborn class consciousness, a commitment to protect the dignity of his people against the prurient, condescending sociological scrutiny of the reading class. He observes their quirks of behavior -- a woman breeds guinea pigs by the hundred in her trailer; an old man spends the winter in a shanty on a frozen lake, drinking whiskey and fishing in darkness; a teenager conceives a scheme to sell the hemp that grows wild in the nearby woods to Boston drug dealers -- without turning them into the colorful, comical rustics that populate so much regionalist fiction. Nor are they embodiments of social pathology, in spite of the prevalence of alcoholism, spousal abuse and financial irresponsibility in their lives.

The preservation of dignity in the face of disaster is one of Banks's favorite themes, as well as the bedrock of his style. In "The Moor," a middle-aged man meets, after 30 years, an older woman, now in her 80's, with whom he once had an affair. The situation is funny, sad and a little ridiculous, but Banks handles it with decorum, doing his best to help the man and woman through their embarrassment, even daring to seal the story with a long, wistful and decidedly erotic kiss. "Time's come, time's gone, time's never returning," the narrator reflects as he drives home. "What's here in front of me is all I've got, I decide, and as I drive my car through the blowing snow it doesn't seem like much, except for the kindness that I've just exchanged with an old lady, so I concentrate on that."

And so does Banks. For all its harshness, "The Angel on the Roof" is studded with surprising, hard-won acts of tenderness and decency, which feel more like operations of earthly grace than projections of authorial sentiment. Banks acknowledges that the world is a cold place and redeems it with the warmth of his affection.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Alec Stevens)

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[***Briton Scores With a Multi-Cultural Novel***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2BF0-0005-G19H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 28, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 13LI; ; Section 13LI;  Page 12;  Column 1;  Long Island Weekly Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 1240 words

**Byline:** John Derbyshire

By MARJORIE KAUFMAN

By MARJORIE KAUFMAN

**Body**

CAN an Englishman living in Huntington write a novel with a narrator who was a Red Guard in the Cultural Revolution but now lives on Long Island and is influenced by an obscure American President?

"A first-person narrator is a fictional creation," says John Derbyshire, author of "Seeing Calvin Coolidge in a Dream," a much-praised first novel written, he said, on the Long Island Railroad. "I grew up in the English tradition that it is ill-mannered to talk about yourself. A fiction writer's job is to invent stuff. I put a distance between Chai and myself, giving him a different nationality, and brewed up what I hope is an amusing American domestic comedy."

Jonathan Yardley, of The Washington Post, called the book "an absolute delight," saying it was one of just a half-dozen in the last three decades of his book-reviewing career that "came out of the unknown and gave surprise and pleasure beyond measurement."

Mr. Derbyshire is an advocate for America as a melting pot, and says he doesn't believe in paying too much attention to ethnicity or race. "I am one of those people, so tiresome to the good folk at the Bureau of Racial Classifications, who, invited to tick a box for 'race' when filling out a form, draw in a new box, tick it, and write the word 'human' alongside."

Raised in a ***working-class*** family in Northampton, England, Mr. Derbyshire said his family was "bookish but not educated." For the novel, hesaid he drew on stories of people he met in the early 1970's while teaching and working as a bartender at a pub in Liverpool's Chinatown and later while teaching English in Taiwan, Hong Kong and China. The lives of his acquaintances intertwined with bits of his own experience became the core of the novel.

The author, who will be at the Book Revue in Huntington on May 7 at 7:30 P.M. for a book signing, said that although "Seeing Calvin Coolidge in a Dream" is his first published work (St. Martin's Press), it is his fourth novel. In the last 10 years, while working as a computer programmer consultant in Manhattan, he has written three other works.

"While waiting for my agent to try and place a horror thriller set in the East End of London -- my Ira Levin imitation" he said, "I got to work on 'Coolidge.' It was actually written more quickly than the others, and probably with less care." It took about six months to complete on a laptop computer, while traveling back and forth to Manhattan on the Long Island Railroad.

"In the late 1970's, I was bitten by the China bug," he said, "after an extended vacation with the family of one of my customers at the pub who had invited me to stay in Taiwan in return for a favor of placing their child in an English school. I loved Taiwan, it was like walking in a Chinese painting. I wanted to stay forever."

Mr. Derbyshire said a mistake in his Taiwan residence application forced him to travel to Hong Kong, where as a British citizen he had residence rights. He taught for a few years there before returning to England to receive a post-graduate degree in Mandarin at Ealing College in London.

"There are only 408 words in spoken Chinese to express everything," he said. "You may vary the tone on a word, and glue some together to make all but the simplest concepts. It was difficult and fascinating for me to learn, I'm a lousy linguist. I have always admired the written characters, which I find very beautiful. I used to practice writing them for hours."

A teacher at the college in England helped Mr. Derbyshire secure a job in in Manchuria. "It was the early 1980's," he said. "China was just beginning to open up, the small college I taught at had been closed since the Cultural Revolution. I wanted to teach in a small town, rather than a big city. I was probably the first foreigner in the town of Siping since the Russians had left 20 years before. I used to draw crowds when I stopped in the street."

The novel's main character and narrator, T. C. Chai, was created from stories Mr. Derbyshire's students had shared with him. The author described his narrator as authentic, "but not an archetype."

After his teaching contract ran out Mr. Derbyshire returned to England. But he continued to correspond with one of his former students, Qi Hong Mei, whose given name means Red Rose and who is known simply as Rosie; he returned to China to marry her in 1986.

"It was Rosie who found our house in Huntington," he said. "She wanted to live by the sea. We had been in an apartment in Queens for a few years." The couple have two children, Nellie, 3 1/2 years old, and Danny, 9 months.

Mr. Derbyshire, who said he was raised by unhappily married parents, described himself, however, as a big fan of marriage, and his book provides an argument against infidelity.

"Perhaps more than anything the book is about marriage, but not in a didactic way. I refer to marriage when I quote John Donne in the epigraph: 'To enter in these bonds is to be free'."

He continued: "Once you become married, you enjoy a new kind of freedom that Chai doesn't understand in the beginning, but by the end of the book he does. Like the dog he walks in the last chapter, he is leashed by love, trust and duty."

There are no quotation marks in the novel, and the story includes odd bits and pieces of Taoism and Confucian philosophy, folklore, lines of Chinese poetry (the author's translations), ancient history, and Chinese allusions to dreams and ghosts.

"It is an interior kind of novel, taking you inside Chai's head," the author said. "In a sense he is blind, self obsessed. By leaving out the quotation marks, it erases that distinction of what is going on in his head and what is going on outside."

Mr. Derbyshire said he felt a certain duty to find out about American history and politics. An ardent reader, he begin studying the lives of presidents. It was President Coolidge's "very distinctive and attractive character" that most impressed him, he said.

"His humor, his philosophy of life appealed to me, it was Taoist. He believed in the virtue of stasis. A slogan of Taoism translates to "by doing nothing you accomplish everything." The novel includes a quote from President Coolidge demonstrating the similarity: "The principle achievement of my administration was minding our own business."

Mr. Derbyshire admits to sharing many of his narrator's thoughts. The author, too, becomes obsessed with "dead thinkers" from time to time. His latest is Bellini, the 19th-century composer of opera, which is one of Mr. Derbyshire's passions and the subject of his next novel.

Mr. Derbyshire also admits to having become rather anti-politics. "The last time I was politically active was for Margaret Thatcher. I may possess the only Thatcher commemorative mug on the Eastern Seaboard. I don't really understand American politics, but I would have voted for Cal."

And, like Chai and his wife, Ding, in the novel, the author and his wife often sit on their Long Island deck by the light of the moon and recite poetry. A few lines they like from the 8th-century poet Du Fu, from "Seeing Li Bai in a Dream," go as follows:

A rafter glows in the setting moon.

It seems, for a moment, to be your face.

At a recent exhibition of Chinese art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Mr. Derbyshire said he particularly admired an artist's silk-screen painting -- and he said he equally liked the comment on the artist, which appeared on the panel beside the painting: "He was a man who loved seclusion, poetry and bamboo."

**Graphic**

Photo: John Derbyshire, novelist, in the backyard of his home. (Maxine Hicks for The New York Times)

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[***SALVADOR REBELS LAUNCH OFFENSIVE; FIGHTING IS FIERCE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1F70-002S-X1H2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 13, 1989, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1220 words

**Byline:** By LINDSEY GRUSON, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** SAN SALVADOR, Nov. 12

**Body**

In their largest coordinated attack in almost a decade, leftist rebels today besieged dozens of targets across the country and in the capital, including the President's private home and his formal residence.

Hundreds of people were feared killed and countless were wounded in the attacks, which began late on Saturday night. By late this evening military officials reported at least 127 people were killed.

''Our mission is to win or die,'' a rebel in his 20's told reporters today as fighting raged about him in the middle-class suburb of Metropolis here. ''This is the last battle.''

President's Family Safe

The Marxist rebels have been fighting to overthrow the United States-backed Government for a decade.

President Alfredo Cristiani and his family escaped injury, although it was not known where the President was when the fighting started.

As fighting continued tonight, the President announced on national television that he was imposing a state of siege, which suspends rights of due process and gives security forces additional police powers. Military authorities also ordered an indefinite dusk-to-dawn curfew.

Military officials and civilians reported that at least 26 soldiers, 90 rebels and 11 civilians had been killed in the fighting.

Hospitals said at least 130 civilians were wounded. The army press office said 40 rebels, 37 civilians and at least 55 soldiers had been wounded.

An American citizen who was a teacher at the American School in San Salvador was among those killed on Saturday night, a United States Embassy spokesman, Barry Jacobs, said. He said the victim's name was being withheld pending notification of family members.

Rebels said they had attacked 50 targets, including 20 in the capital. Battles raged throughout the night and through much of the day in San Salvador. Bomb explosions and automatic weapons fire could be heard along deserted streets, although the better-armed military troops seemed to be gaining the momentum with their heavy firepower.

''Even the cockroaches in my house are scared,'' a woman said today as her neighborhood shook with bomb blasts.

''This is just the beginning of what's coming up,'' a rebel commander told reporters today as he led his assault team to help in the attack of the President's luxurious private home in the capital's most exclusive neighborhood. ''We're giving the death squads of the governing party an example of what we can do.''

The attack on the President's home caused extensive damage to the neighborhood.

The small Salvadoran Air Force used machine guns mounted on helicopters and planes to attack rebels entrenched in residential areas in the northern part of the city. Anti-personnel carriers were brought in against urban commandos believed to be entrenched at the National University, long a guerrilla stronghold.

Army Captures Weapons

In Metropolis, an army unit captured at least 19 automatic weapons, 7 Soviet-made grenade launchers, several pounds of explosives and a large quantity of ammunition.

The body of a policeman lay beside his shot-up car near the presidential palace, his face covered by a pink tablecloth. His feet were caught in the door and his outstetched hand was a foot away from his radio microphone. The car was sitting on its rims, its four tires shredded by bullets.

A few blocks away a guerrilla lay sprawled on his back. The body of another rebel was lying next to his rocket launcher in the street outside the home of Ricardo Alvarenga Valdieso, the President of the National Assembly.

The guerrilla radio network said the rebels had downed an army helicopter and killed the pilot near the eastern city of San Miguel. The rebels also said they had damaged at least two small spotter planes and two helicopters on the ground in an assault on military installations next to the international airport. Civilian parts of the sprawling aviation complex were closed today.

The loss of the planes and helicopters would be a big blow to the military, which relies on air power to maintain its advantage in mobility, to supply soldiers during combat and to evacuate wounded.

The guerrillas also appeared to have scored at least a psychological victory by taking control and holding most if not all of the ***working-class*** district of Mejicanos and parts of several other lower-class districts near the capital. The rebels captured at least one soldier.

Callers Denounce Offensive

Telephone lines at local radio stations were jammed with callers denouncing the offensive. The guerrillas appeared to have failed in their effort to capture strategic military targets or score a crushing psychological defeat of the army on the battlefield.

The army began by publicly scoffing at the offensive. It announced that the situation was under control even as bombs continued to shatter glass in dozens of residential neighborhoods. But by this afternoon, military officials were offering ''profound thanks'' to Salvadorans for their help in resisting the attacks, appealing for calm and calling the offensive a last act of desperation by the rebels after years of steady setbacks.

Army officials compared the nationwide attacks to the rebels' ''final offensive'' in 1981. That offensive was barely defeated. But the army victory raised Government morale and sapped the strength of the rebels, who took years to rebuild their forces.

''We are controlling the situation bit by bit,'' the Defense Minister, Gen. Rafael Humberto L. Larios, said.

The military Chief of Staff, Col. Rene Emilio Ponce, who is considered one of the army's most able commanders, was at headquarters to take charge of defenses when the rebels launched the attacks.

'This Is in Retaliation'

The offensive capped two weeks of growing violence and came after the bombing of a leftist labor confederation on Oct. 31 in which 10 people were killed and dozens injured. The bombing, which has been attributed to right-wing extremists, led to a breakdown in nascent talks between the rightist Government and the guerrillas of the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front.

''This Government has shown it wants to escalate the dirty war and we will meet them head on,'' said a rebel commander in the capital on Saturday night. ''This is in retaliation for the bombing.''

In an appearance on television this morning, President Cristiani said the armed forces had surrounded the rebels and were pushing them ''into ever smaller areas.'' He assured the audience that ''troops will soon have definitive control of the situation.''

The President, who was flanked by the four senior uniformed advisers, vowed to press the battle, appealed for calm, pleaded with civilians to stay home and asked for their help.

''The armed forces will never put civilian lives in danger,' he said, ''but at the same time, they will make sure the terrorists, who have so much damage, get what they deserve. The Salvadoran armed forces and the people will triumph over the F.M.L.N. terrorists.''

Troops on the outskirts of the guerrilla strongholds appeared tired but calm and confident this afteroon. They sorted through captured rebel arms and claimed to have inflicted many guerrilla casualties while suffering only moderate losses.

But the surrounded rebels vowed to continue fighting and force the army to dig them out house by house. ''We'll stay here until the end,'' said a rebel leader in Metropolis.

**Graphic**

photo of Salvadoran rescue units in action yesterday in San Salvador during an assault by leftist rebels (Rueters) (pg. A1); map of San Salvador (pg. A8)

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[***Neanderthals Were People, Too; Feature***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5MMV-76X1-DXY4-X1M7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** MAGAZINE

**Length:** 8762 words

**Byline:** JON MOOALLEM

**Highlight:** New research shows they shared many behaviors that we long believed to be uniquely human. Why did science get them so wrong?

**Body**

Joachim Neander was a 17th-century Calvinist theologian who often hiked through a valley outside Düsseldorf, Germany, writing hymns. Neander understood everything around him as a manifestation of the Lord's will and work. There was no room in his worldview for randomness, only purpose and praise. "See how God this rolling globe/swathes with beauty as a robe," one of his verses goes. "Forests, fields, and living things/each its Master's glory sings." He wrote dozens of hymns like this - awe-struck and simple-minded. Then he caught tuberculosis and died at 30.

Almost two centuries later, in the summer of 1856, workers quarrying limestone in that valley dug up an unusual skull. It was elongated and almost chinless, and the fossilized bones found alongside it were extra thick and fit together oddly. This was three years before Darwin published "The Origin of Species." The science of human origins was not a science; the assumption was that our ancestors had always looked like us, all the way back to Adam. (Even distinguishing fossils from ordinary rock was beyond the grasp of many scientists. One popular method involved licking them; if the material had animal matter in it, it stuck to your tongue.) And so, as anomalous as these German bones seemed, most scholars had no trouble finding satisfying explanations. A leading theory held that this was the skeleton of a lost, bowlegged Cossack with rickets. The peculiar bony ridge over the man's eyes was a result of the poor Cossack's perpetually furrowing his brow in pain - because of the rickets.

One British geologist, William King, suspected something more radical. Instead of being the remains of an atypical human, they might have belonged to a typical member of an alternate humanity. In 1864, he published a paper introducing it as such - an extinct human species, the first ever discovered. King named this species after the valley where it was found, which itself had been named for the ecstatic poet who once wandered it. He called it Homo neanderthalensis: Neanderthal Man.

Who was Neanderthal Man? King felt obligated to describe him. But with no established techniques for interpreting archaeological material like the skull, he fell back on racism and phrenology. He focused on the peculiarities of the Neanderthal's skull, including the "enormously projecting brow." No living humans had skeletal features remotely like these, but King was under the impression that the skulls of contemporary African and Australian aboriginals resembled the Neanderthals' more than "ordinary" white-people skulls. So extrapolating from his low opinion of what he called these "savage" races, he explained that the Neanderthal's skull alone was proof of its moral "darkness" and stupidity. "The thoughts and desires which once dwelt within it never soared beyond those of a brute," he wrote. Other scientists piled on. So did the popular press. We knew almost nothing about Neanderthals, but already we assumed they were ogres and losers.

The genesis of this idea, the historian Paige Madison notes, largely comes down to flukes of "timing and luck." While King was working, another British scientist, George Busk, had the same suspicions about the Neander skull. He had received a comparable one, too, from the tiny British territory of Gibraltar. The Gibraltar skull was dug up long before the Neander Valley specimen surfaced, but local hobbyists simply labeled it "human skull" and forgot about it for the next 16 years. Its brow ridge wasn't as prominent as the Neander skull's, and its features were less imposing; it was a woman's skull, it turns out. Busk dashed off a quick report but stopped short of naming the new creature. He hoped to study additional fossils and learn more. Privately, he considered calling it Homo calpicus, or Gibraltar Man.

So, what if Busk - "a conscientious naturalist too cautious to make premature claims," as Madison describes him - had beaten King to publication? Consider how different our first impressions of a Gibraltar Woman might have been from those of Neanderthal Man: what feelings of sympathy, or even kinship, this other skull might have stirred.

There is a worldview, the opposite of Joachim Neander's, that sees our planet as a product of only tumult and indifference. In such a world, it's possible for an entire species to be ground into extinction by forces beyond its control and then, 40,000 years later, be dug up and made to endure an additional century and a half of bad luck and abuse.

That's what happened to the Neanderthals. And it's what we did to them. But recently, after we'd snickered over their skulls for so long, it stopped being clear who the boneheads were.

I'll start with a confession, an embarrassing but relevant one, because I would come to see our history with Neanderthals as continually distorted by an unfortunate human tendency to believe in ideas that are, in reality, incorrect - and then to leverage that conviction into a feeling of superiority over other people. And in retrospect, I realize I demonstrated that same tendency myself at the beginning of this project. Because I don't want to come off as self-righteous, or as pointing fingers, here goes:

Before traveling to Gibraltar last summer, I had no idea what Gibraltar was. Or rather, I was sure I knew what Gibraltar was, but I was wrong. I thought it was just that famous Rock - an unpopulated hunk of free-floating geology, which, if I'm being honest, I recognized mostly from the Prudential logo: that limestone protuberance at the mouth of the Mediterranean, that elephantine white molar jutting into the sky. True, I was traveling to Gibraltar on short notice; when I cold-called the director of the Gibraltar Museum, Clive Finlayson, he told me the museum happened to be starting its annual excavation of a Neanderthal cave there the following week and invited me to join. Still, even a couple of days before I left, when a friend told me she faintly remembered spending an afternoon in Gibraltar once as a teenager, I gently mansplained to her that I was pretty sure she was mistaken: Gibraltar, I told her, wasn't somewhere you could just go. In my mind, I had privileged access. I pictured myself and Finlayson taking a special little boat.

In fact, Gibraltar is a peninsula connected to Spain. It's a lively British overseas territory, with 30,000 citizens living in a city on its western side - a city with bakeries and clothing stores and tourists buying all the usual kitsch. Some unusual kitsch, too - like a laminated child's place mat I spotted that, in a typical tourist destination, might say something unexceptional like SOMEONE WHO LOVES ME WENT TO GIBRALTAR, but here read WE SHALL NEVER SURRENDER! BRITISH FOREVER!

The history of Gibraltar, given its strategic location, is a grinding saga of military sieges and ruthlessly contested changes in ownership. The residue of that strife, today, is a pronounced British patriotism and a never-ending exchange of slights with Spain, which still disputes Britain's claim to the territory. After Queen Elizabeth II's Diamond Jubilee, in 2012, when Gibraltar projected towering images of Her Majesty on a Spain-facing side of the Rock - "a clear act of provocation," one reporter called it - Spain began inspecting vehicle after vehicle at the border, backing up the line for hours, stranding the bulk of Gibraltar's work force, who commute in every day. The afternoon I showed up, activists from a far-right Spanish political party had crossed into Gibraltar and hung an enormous Spanish flag high up on the Rock. This wasn't just mischief. It was regarded as an act of symbolic terrorism. When one of the men appeared in court two days later, I read, a woman screamed at him, "Gibraltar will never be Spanish!" She sounded like that defiant place mat come to life.

I happened to arrive in Gibraltar the week of the Brexit vote. Up in England, people were thundering about the ***working class*** versus elites, sovereignty and immigration, warning that British identity was being fouled by the European project. But in Gibraltar - a far-flung, fully detached nib of Britain, flanked by water on two sides and Spain on the third - the question was less philosophical: If the United Kingdom left the European Union, Spain might seize the opportunity to isolate Gibraltar, leaving the territory to shrivel up, like a flap of dead skin. The Gibraltarian government had already called on the House of Commons for help. There was concern that Spain would jam up the border again and that it might happen right away.

Around town, "Remain" signs hung everywhere. The atmosphere was edgy, as though everyone was holding hands, waiting to see whether a meteor would hit. It was like the hairline cracks between so many self-designated Us-es and Thems seemed to be widening, and some corrosive, molten goop was seeping out: mutual dependence curdled with contempt. Clearly it was happening back home in America too.

All in all, it was a good week to spend in a cave.

Gorham's Cave is on Gibraltar's rough-hewed eastern coast: a tremendous opening at the bottom of the sheer face of the Rock, shadowy and hallowed-seeming, like a cathedral. Its mouth is 200 feet across at the base and 120 feet tall. It tapers asymmetrically like a crumpled wizard's hat.

Neanderthals inhabited Gorham's Cave on and off for 100,000 years, as well as a second cave next to it, called Vanguard Cave. The artifacts they left behind were buried as wind pushed sand into the cave. This created a high sloping dune, composed of hundreds of distinct layers of sand, each of which was once the surface of the dune, the floor of the cave. The dune is enormous. It reaches about two-thirds of the way up Gorham's walls, spilling out of the cave's mouth and onto the rocky beach, like a colossal cat's tongue lapping at the Mediterranean. Every summer, since 1989, a team of archaeologists has returned to meticulously clear that sand away and recover the material inside. "I realized a long time ago, I won't live to see the end of this project," Finlayson, who leads the excavation, told me. "But I think we're in a great moment. We're beginning to understand these people after a century of putting them down as apelike brutes."

Neanderthals are people, too - a separate, shorn-off branch of our family tree. We last shared an ancestor at some point between 500,000 and 750,000 years ago. Then our evolutionary trajectory split. We evolved in Africa, while the Neanderthals would live in Europe and Asia for 300,000 years. Or as little as 60,000 years. It depends whom you ask. It always does: The study of human origins, I found, is riddled with vehement disagreements and scientists who readily dismantle the premises of even the most straightforward-seeming questions. (In this case, the uncertainty rests, in part, on when, in this long evolutionary process, Neanderthals officially became "Neanderthals.") What is clearer is that roughly 40,000 years ago, just as our own lineage expanded from Africa and took over Eurasia, the Neanderthals disappeared. Scientists have always assumed that the timing wasn't coincidental. Maybe we used our superior intellects to outcompete the Neanderthals for resources; maybe we clubbed them all to death. Whatever the mechanism of this so-called replacement, it seemed to imply that our kind was somehow better than their kind. We're still here, after all, and their path ended as soon as we crossed paths.

But Neanderthals weren't the slow-witted louts we've imagined them to be - not just a bunch of Neanderthals. As a review of findings published last year put it, they were actually "very similar" to their contemporary Homo sapiens in Africa, in terms of "standard markers of modern cognitive and behavioral capacities." We've always classified Neanderthals, technically, as human - part of the genus Homo. But it turns out they also did the stuff that, you know, makes us human.

Neanderthals buried their dead. They made jewelry and specialized tools. They made ocher and other pigments, perhaps to paint their faces or bodies - evidence of a "symbolically mediated worldview," as archaeologists call it. Their tracheal anatomy suggests that they were capable of language and probably had high-pitched, raspy voices, like Julia Child. They manufactured glue from birch bark, which required heating the bark to at least 644 degrees Fahrenheit - a feat scientists find difficult to duplicate without a ceramic container. In Gibraltar, there's evidence that Neanderthals extracted the feathers of certain birds - only dark feathers - possibly for aesthetic or ceremonial purposes. And while Neanderthals were once presumed to be crude scavengers, we now know they exploited the different terrains on which they lived. They took down dangerous game, including an extinct species of rhinoceros. Some ate seals and other marine mammals. Some ate shellfish. Some ate chamomile. (They had regional cuisines.) They used toothpicks.

Wearing feathers, eating seals - maybe none of this sounds particularly impressive. But it's what our human ancestors were capable of back then too, and scientists have always considered such behavioral flexibility and complexity as signs of our specialness. When it came to Neanderthals, though, many researchers literally couldn't see the evidence sitting in front of them. A lot of the new thinking about Neanderthals comes from revisiting material in museum collections, excavated decades ago, and re-examining it with new technology or simply with open minds. The real surprise of these discoveries may not be the competence of Neanderthals but how obnoxiously low our expectations for them have been - the bias with which too many scientists approached that other Us. One archaeologist called these researchers "modern human supremacists."

Inside Gorham's Cave, archaeologists were excavating what they called a hearth - not a physical fireplace but a spot in the sand where, around 50,000 years ago, Neanderthals lit a fire. Each summer, the Gibraltar Museum employs students from universities in England and Spain to work the dig, and now two young women - one from each country - sat cross-legged under work lights, clearing sand away with the edge of a trowel and a brush to leave a free-standing cube. A black band of charcoal ran through it.

The students worked scrupulously, watching for small animal bones or artifacts. They'd pulled out a butchered ibex mandible, a number of mollusk shells and pine-nut husks. They'd also found six chunks of fossilized hyena dung, as well as "débitage," distinctive shards of flint left over when Neanderthals shattered larger pieces to make axes.

The cube of sand would eventually be wrapped in plaster and sent for analysis. The sand the two women were sweeping into their dustpans was transferred into plastic bags and marched out of the cave, down to the beach, where other students sieved it. Smaller bones caught in the sieve were bagged and labeled. Even the sand that passed through the sieve was saved and driven back to a lab at the museum, where I would later find three other students picking through it with magnifying glasses and tweezers, searching for tinier stuff - rodent teeth, sea-urchin spines - while listening to "Call Me Maybe."

To an outsider, it looked preposterous. The archaeologists were cataloging and storing absolutely everything, treating this physical material as though it were digital information - JPEGs of itself. And yet they couldn't afford not to: Everything a Neanderthal came into contact with was a valuable clue. (In 28 years of excavations here, archaeologists have yet to find a fossil of an actual Neanderthal.) "This is like putting together a 5,000-piece jigsaw puzzle where you only have five pieces," Finlayson said. He somehow made this analogy sound exciting instead of hopeless.

By that point, the enormousness of what they didn't know - what they could never know - had become a distraction for me. One of the dig's lead archaeologists, Richard Jennings of Liverpool John Moores University, listed the many items they had found around that hearth. "And this is literally just from two squares!" he said. (A "square," in archaeology, is one meter by one meter; sites are divided into grids of squares.) Then Jennings waved wordlessly at the rest of the sand-filled cave. Look at the big picture, he was saying; imagine what else we'll find! There was also Vanguard Cave next door, an even more promising site, because while Gorham's had been partly excavated by less meticulous scientists in the 1940s and '50s, Finlayson's team was the first to touch Vanguard. Already they had uncovered a layer of perfectly preserved mud there. ("We suspect, if there's a place where you're going to find the first Neanderthal footprint, it will be here," Finlayson said.) The "resolution" of the caves was incredible; the wind blew sand in so fast that it preserved short periods, faithfully, like entries in a diary. Finlayson has described it as "the longest and most detailed record of [Neanderthals'] way of life that is currently available."

This was the good news. And yet there were more than 20 other nearby caves that the Gibraltar Neanderthals might have used, and they were now underwater, behind us. When sea levels rose around 20,000 years ago, the Mediterranean drowned them. It also drowned the wooded savanna between Gorham's and the former coastline - where, presumably, the Neanderthals had spent an even larger share of their lives and left even more artifacts.

So yes, Jennings was right: There was a lot of cave left to dig through. But it was like looking for needles in a haystack, and the entire haystack was merely the one needle they had managed to find in an astronomically larger haystack. And most of that haystack was now inaccessible forever. I could tell it wasn't productive to dwell on the problem at this scale, while picking pine-nut husks from the hearth, but there it was.

"Look, you can almost see what's happening," Finlayson eventually said. "The fire and the charcoal, the embers scattering." It was true. If you followed that stratum of sand away from the hearth, you could see, embedded in the wall behind us, black flecks where the smoke and cinders from this fire had blown. Suddenly, it struck me - though it should have earlier - that what we were looking at were the remnants of a single event: a specific fire, on a specific night, made by specific Neanderthals. Maybe this won't sound that profound, but it snapped that prehistoric abstraction into focus. This wasn't just a "hearth," I realized; it was a campfire.

Finlayson began narrating the scene for me. A few Neanderthals cooked the ibex they had hunted and the mussels and nuts they had foraged and then, after dinner, made some tools around the fire. After they went to sleep and the fire died out, a hyena slinked in to scavenge scraps from the ashes and took a poop. Then - perhaps that same night - the wind picked up and covered everything with the fine layer of sand that these students were now brushing away.

While we stood talking, one of the women uncovered a small flint ax, called a Levallois flake. After 50,000 years, the edge was still sharp. They let me touch it.

One of the earliest authorities on Neanderthals was a Frenchman named Marcellin Boule. A lot of what he said was wrong.

In 1911, Boule began publishing his analysis of the first nearly complete Neanderthal skeleton ever discovered, which he named Old Man of La Chapelle, after the limestone cave where it was found. Laboring to reconstruct the Old Man's anatomy, he deduced that its head must have been slouched forward, its spine hunched and its toes spread like an ape's. Then, having reassembled the Neanderthal this way, Boule insulted it. This "brutish" and "clumsy" posture, he wrote, clearly indicated a lack of morals and a lifestyle dominated by "functions of a purely vegetative or bestial kind." A colleague of Boule's went further, claiming that Neanderthals usually walked on all fours and never laughed: "Man-ape had no smile." Boule was part of a movement trying to reconcile natural selection with religion; by portraying Neanderthals as closer to animals than to us, he could protect the ideal of a separate, immaculate human lineage. When he consulted with an artist to make a rendering of the Neanderthal, it came out looking like a furry, mean gorilla.

Neanderthal fossils kept surfacing in Europe, and scholars like Boule were scrambling to make sense of them, improvising what would later grow into a new interdisciplinary field, now known as paleoanthropology. The evolution of that science was haphazard and often comically unscientific. An exhaustive history by Erik Trinkaus and Pat Shipman describes how Neanderthals became "mirrors that reflected, in all their awfulness and awesomeness, the nature and humanity of those who touched them." That included a lot of human blundering. It became clear only in 1957, for example - 46 years after Boule, and after several re-examinations of the Old Man's skeleton - that Boule's particular Neanderthal, which led him to imagine all Neanderthals as stooped-over oafs, actually just had several deforming injuries and severe osteoarthritis.

Still, Boule's influence was long-lasting. Over the years, his ideologically tainted image of Neanderthals was often refracted through the lens of other ideologies, occasionally racist ones. In 1930, the prominent British anthropologist Sir Arthur Keith, writing in The New York Times, channeled Boule's work to justify colonialism. For Keith, the replacement of an ancient, inferior species like Neanderthals by newer, heartier Homo sapiens proved that Britain's actions in Australia - "The white man ... replacing the most ancient type of brown man known to us" - was part of a natural order that had been operating for millenniums.

It's easy to get snooty about all this unenlightened paleoanthropology of the past. But all sciences operate by trying to fit new data into existing theories. And this particular science, for which the "data" has always consisted of scant and somewhat inscrutable bits of rock and fossil, often has to lean on those meta-narratives even more heavily. "Assumptions, theories, expectations," the University of Barcelona archaeologist João Zilhão says, "all must come into play a lot, because you are interpreting data that do not speak for themselves."

Imagine, for example, working in a cave without any skulls or other easily distinguishable fossils and trying to figure out if you're looking at a Neanderthal settlement or a more recent, modern human one. In the past, scientists might turn to the surrounding artifacts, interpreting more primitive-looking tools as evidence of Neanderthals and more advanced-looking tools as evidence of early modern humans. But working that way, it's easy to miss evidence of Neanderthals' resemblance to us, because, as soon as you see it, you assume they were us. So many techniques similarly hinge on interpretation and judgment, even perfectly empirical-sounding ones, like "morphometric analysis" - identifying fossils as belonging to one species rather than another by comparing particular parts of their anatomy - and radiocarbon dating. How the material to be dated is sampled and how results are calibrated are susceptible to drastic revision and bitter disagreement. (What's more, because of an infuriating quirk of physics, the effectiveness of radiocarbon dating happens to break down around 40,000 years ago - right around the time of the Neanderthal extinction. One of our best tools for looking into the past becomes unreliable at exactly the moment we're most interested in examining.)

Ultimately, a bottomless relativism can creep in: tenuous interpretations held up by webs of other interpretations, each strung from still more interpretations. Almost every archaeologist I interviewed complained that the field has become "overinterpreted" - that the ratio of physical evidence to speculation about that evidence is out of whack. Good stories can generate their own momentum.

Starting in the 1920s, older and more exciting hominid fossils, like Homo erectus, began surfacing in Africa and Asia, and the field soon shifted its focus there. The Washington University anthropologist Erik Trinkaus, who began his career in the early '70s, told me, "When I started working on Neanderthals, nobody really cared about them." The liveliest question about Neanderthals was still the first one: Were they our direct ancestors or the endpoint of a separate evolutionary track? Scientists called this question "the Neanderthal Problem." Some of the theories worked up to answer it encouraged different visions of Neanderthal intelligence and behavior. The "Multiregional Model," for example, which had us descending from Neanderthals, was more inclined to see them as capable, sympathetic and fundamentally human; the opposing "Out of Africa" hypothesis, which held that we moved in and replaced them, cast them as comparatively inferior.

For decades, when evidence of a more advanced Neanderthal way of life turned up, it was often explained away, or mobbed by enough contrary or undermining interpretations that, over time, it never found real purchase. Some findings broke through more than others, however, like the discovery of what was essentially a small Neanderthal cemetery, in Shanidar Cave, in what is now Iraqi Kurdistan. There had been many compelling instances of Neanderthals' burying their dead, but Shanidar was harder to ignore, especially after soil samples revealed the presence of huge amounts of pollen. This was interpreted as the remains of a funerary floral arrangement. An archaeologist at the center of this work, Ralph Solecki, published a book called "Shanidar: The First Flower People." It was 1971 - the Age of Aquarius. Those flowers, he'd go on to write, proved that Neanderthals "had 'soul.' "

Then again, Solecki's idea was eventually discredited. In 1999, a more thorough analysis of the Shanidar grave site found that Neanderthals almost certainly did not leave flowers there. The pollen had been tracked in, thousands of years later, by burrowing, gerbil-like rodents. (That said, even a half-century later, there are still paleoanthropologists at work on this question. It might not have been gerbils; it may have been bees.)

As more supposed anomalies surfaced, they became harder to brush off. In 1996, the paleoanthropologist Jean-Jacques Hublin and others used CT scanning technology to re-examine a bone fragment found in a French cave decades earlier, alongside a raft of advanced tools and artifacts, associated with the so-called Châtelperronian industry, which archaeologists always presumed was the work of early modern humans. Now Hublin's analysis identified the bone as belonging to a Neanderthal. But rather than reascribe the Châtelperronian industry to Neanderthals, Hublin chalked up his findings to "acculturation": Surely the Neanderthals must have learned how to make this stuff by watching us.

"To me," says Zilhão, the University of Barcelona archaeologist, "there was a logical shock: If the paradigm forces you to say something like this, there must be something wrong with the paradigm." Zilhão published a stinging critique challenging the field to shake off its "anti-Neanderthal prejudice." Papers were fired back and forth, igniting what Zilhão calls "a 20-year war" and counting. Then, in the middle of that war, geneticists shook up the paradigm completely.

A group at the Max Planck Institute for Evolutionary Anthropology in Leipzig, Germany, led by Svante Paabo, had been assembling a draft sequence of a Neanderthal genome, using DNA recovered from bones. Their findings were published in 2010. It had already become clear by then that Homo sapiens and Neanderthals appeared in Eurasia separately - "Out of Africa was essentially right" - but Paabo's work revealed that before the Neanderthals disappeared, the two groups mated. Even today, 40,000 years after our gene pools stopped mixing, most living humans still carry Neanderthal DNA, making up roughly 1 to 2 percent of our total genomes. The data shows that we also apparently bred with other hominids, like the Denisovans, about which very little is known.

It was staggering; even Paabo couldn't bring himself to believe it at first. But the results were the results, and they carried a sort of empirical magnetism that archaeological evidence lacks. "Geneticists are much more powerful, numerous and incomparably better funded than anyone else dealing with this stuff," Zilhão said. He joked: "Their aura is kind of miraculous. It's a bit like receiving the Ten Commandments from God." Paabo's work, and a continuing wave of genomic research, has provided clarity but also complexity, recasting our oppositional, zero-sum relationship into something more communal and collaborative - and perhaps not just on the genetic level. The extent of the interbreeding supported previous speculation, by a minority of paleoanthropologists, that there might have been cases of Neanderthals and modern humans living alongside each other, intermeshed, for centuries, and that generations of their offspring had found places in those communities, too. Then again, it's also possible that some of the interbreeding was forced.

Paabo now recommends against imagining separate species of human evolution altogether: not an Us and a Them, but one enormous "metapopulation" composed of shifting clusters of essentially human-ish things that periodically coincided in time and space and, when they happened to bump into one another, occasionally had sex.

Lunch happened at the mouth of Gorham's Cave, out in the sun. I ate a sandwich on a log, facing the sea, alongside Jennings and a few of his Liverpool students, while the young men and women from Spain mingled behind us, laughing and stretching and helping one another crack their backs. The language barrier seemed to discourage the two cohorts from talking much. And yet the students lived together during the excavation and had somehow achieved a muffled camaraderie.

Even Jennings and his counterpart, José María Gutiérrez López, a veteran archaeologist from a museum in Cádiz, had a somewhat similar dynamic, despite working closely together for many summers at Gorham's. Neither was terribly fluent in the other's language, but their silence, by this point, seemed warm and knowing. Waiting for our ride at the end of one workday, I noticed them staring at a plastic bag snagged in the concertina wire above an old military gate. The bag had been there for a long, long time, Jennings told me. Then he turned and uttered, "Cinco años?" Gutiérrez López smiled. "Sí," he said, nodding.

I, meanwhile, felt compelled to test out all of this as a model for human-Neanderthal relations. That contact obsessed me: What would it have been like to look out over a grassy plain and watch parallel humanity pass by? Scientists often turn to historical first contacts as frames of reference, like the arrival of Europeans among Native Americans, or Captain Cook landing in Australia - largely histories of violence and subjugation. But as Zilhão points out, typically one of those two cultures set out to conquer the other. "Those people were conscious that they'd come from somewhere else," he told me. "They were a product of a civilization that had books, that had studied their past." Homo sapiens encountering Neanderthals would have been different: They met uncoupled from politics and history; neither identified as part of a network of millions of supposedly more advanced people. And so, as Finlayson put it to me: "Each valley could have told a different story. In one, they may have hit each other over the head. In another, they may have made love. In another, they ignored each other."

It's a kind of coexistence that our modern imaginations may no longer be sensitive enough to envision. So much of our identity as a species is tied up in our anomalousness, in our dominion over others. But that narcissistic self-image is an exceedingly recent privilege. ("Outside the world of Tolkienesque fantasy literature, we tend to think that it is normal for there to be just one human species on Earth at a time," the writers Dimitra Papagianni and Michael A. Morse explain. "The past 20 or 30 millennia, however, have been the exception.") Now, eating lunch, I considered that the co-occurrence of humans and Neanderthals hadn't been so trippy or profound after all. Maybe it looked as mundane as this: two groups, lingering on a beach, only sort of acknowledging each other. Maybe the many millenniums during which we shared Eurasia was, much of the time, like a superlong elevator ride with strangers.

Some paleoanthropologists are starting to reimagine the extinction of Neanderthals as equally prosaic: not the culmination of some epic clash of civilizations but an aggregate result of a long, ecological muddle. Strictly speaking, extinction is what happens after a species fails to maintain a higher proportion of births to deaths - it's a numbers game. And so the real competition between Neanderthals and early modern humans wasn't localized quarrels for food or territory but a quiet, millenniums-long demographic marathon: each species repopulating itself, until one fell so far behind that it vanished. And we had a big head start. "When modern humans came," notes Chris Stringer, a paleoanthropologist at Britain's Natural History Museum, "there just weren't that many Neanderthals around."

For millenniums, some scientists believe, before modern humans poured in from Africa, the climate in Europe was exceptionally unstable. The landscape kept flipping between temperate forest and cold, treeless steppe. The fauna that Neanderthals subsisted on kept migrating away, faster than they could. Though Neanderthals survived this turbulence, they were never able to build up their numbers. (Across all of Eurasia, at any point in history, says John Hawks, an anthropologist at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, "there probably weren't enough of them to fill an N.F.L. stadium.") With the demographics so skewed, Stringer went on, even the slightest modern human advantage would be amplified tremendously: a single innovation, something like sewing needles, might protect just enough babies from the elements to lower the infant mortality rate and allow modern humans to conclusively overtake the Neanderthals. And yet Stringer is careful not to conflate innovation with superior intelligence. Innovation, too, can be a function of population size. "We live in an age where information, where good ideas, spread like wildfire, and we build on them," Stringer told me. "But it wasn't like that 50,000 years ago." The more members your species has, the more likely one member will stumble on a useful new technology - and that, once stumbled upon, the innovation will spread; you need sufficient human tinder for those sparks of culture to catch.

"There was nothing inevitable about modern human success," Stringer says. "It was luck." We didn't defeat the Neanderthals; we just swamped them. Trinkaus compares it to how European wildcats are currently disappearing, absorbed into much larger populations of house cats gone feral. It wasn't a flattering analogy - we are the house cats - but that was Trinkaus's point: "I think a lot of this is basically banal," he says.

Showing me around the Gibraltar Museum one morning, Finlayson described the petering out of Neanderthals on the Rock with unnerving pathos. Gibraltar, with its comparatively stable climate, would have been one of their last refuges, he explained, and he likened the population there to critically endangered species today, like snow leopards or imperiled butterflies: living relics carrying on in small, fragmented populations long after they've passed a genetic point of no return. "They became a ghost species," Finlayson said.

We happened to be standing in front of two Neanderthals, exquisitely lifelike sculptures the museum unveiled last spring, on a sweep of sand in their own austere gallery. They were scientific reconstructions, extrapolated by artists from casts of actual fossils. (These two were based on the only Neanderthal skulls ever recovered in Gibraltar: that first woman's skull, sent to George Busk in 1864, and another, of a child, unearthed in 1926.) They were called Nana and Flint. Finlayson's wife, Geraldine, and son, Stewart - both scientists who work closely with him at the museum - had helped him come up with the names. The boy had his arms thrown around Nana's waist, his cheek on her thigh. He was half-hiding himself behind her leg, as kids do, but also stared out, straight at us, slightly alarmed, or helpless. "I don't get tired of looking at them," Finlayson said.

He had commissioned the Neanderthals from Dutch artists known as Kennis & Kennis, and he was initially taken aback by the woman's posture in their sketches. She stood oddly, with her arms crossed in front of her chest, resting on opposite shoulders, as if she were mid-Macarena. But Kennis & Kennis barraged him with ethnographic photos: real hunter-gatherer people standing just like this, or even more strangely, their hands behind their necks or slung over their heads. As it happens, the artists had an intense personal interest in where human beings leave their hands when they don't have pockets.

I'd never thought about this before - I've always had pockets - and I wondered if artists might expose these perceptual bubbles more pointedly than archaeologists. Kennis & Kennis appeared to be major players in the tiny field of Paleolithic reconstruction. Scientists who had worked with them encouraged me to seek them out. "They're great people," one archaeologist told me. "Hyperactive. Like rubber balls."

The Kennis brothers, Adrie and Alfons, are each 50 years old: identical twins. They are sturdy, attractive men, with dark, wildly swirling hair, and live in the small Dutch city of Arnhem, southeast of Amsterdam. When I arrived at Adrie's house last summer, I found Alfons at the end of the driveway, glasses sliding down his nose, carefully filling a crack in the robin's-egg-blue butt cheek of a silicon Neanderthal mold.

Kennis & Kennis had gradually co-opted Adrie's house as a second studio. Most of their work and materials were here: full-scale headless bodies of various human species and a wall of shelves filled with skulls and heads. The heads were frighteningly realistic, with glass eyes and fleshy faces that begged to be touched. When the brothers fly around Europe to pitch to museums, they take these heads with them, like salesmen's samples. "On the airplane! We have heads!" Adrie shouted. "They scan things!" Alfons shouted. And slowly I understood: The brothers thought it was hilarious that airport security never questioned them about their duffel bags full of heads. "I never have to open my bags!" Adrie said, then he scampered to the wall, where a particular head had caught his eye: very dark-skinned, with a rough, bushy beard and rawness in its upper lip - a reconstruction of a primitive Homo sapiens skull found in Morocco. Adrie held the head in his palm and hollered, "Bowling!" while pretending to bowl with it. Then he laughed and laughed and laughed.

That was how it went for the rest of the day. They spoke in a bifurcated riot, seldom finishing sentences, just skipping ahead once they had spit out the key words. And if a thought escaped them or their English faltered, they didn't go silent; instead, they repeated the last word, or made a strange guttural drone, as if thrusting some heavy weight over their heads, to fill the space.

Their first big commission came in 2006, for the Neanderthal Museum, on the site of Neander Valley. It emerged as a jovial, half-smirking old man, with woefulness, or maybe just exhaustion, behind his eyes. That jolt of Neanderthal individuality has been a trademark of their work ever since. It elevates Neanderthals out of a single homogeneous abstraction and endows them with personhood. (At one point, Adrie described watching a neighbor spend an entire day pressure-washing each brick of his driveway. He had an epiphany: "All the types of people around us, there must have been Neanderthals just like them." Alfons added: "Neanderthal neat freaks! Neanderthal Bill Gates!") What the brothers want, they told me, is for the viewer to catch herself relating to the Neanderthal - to recognize, in a visceral way, that Neanderthals sit at the fragile edge of our own identities. To feel that, Adrie explained, "they need to look you in the eye."

They were obsessed - the only word for it - and have been since age 7, when Alfons found a picture of a Neanderthal skeleton in a book, and it instantly possessed them both. They spent a lot of time at their parents' restaurant, after school and on weekends: With nothing to do, they started drawing Neanderthals. They drew feverishly, combatively, each brother keenly aware of whose rib cage looked brawnier, who had rendered more beautiful shadows on his Neanderthal's upper lip. "We were both the dumbest guys in the whole school!" Alfons said. "We couldn't count!" Drawing was all they knew how to do. As young men, they tried to teach art but couldn't find steady employment. Their family told them to give up their crazy preoccupation. They wouldn't. They made art at night and took custodial jobs at a psychiatric hospital. They organized the Christmas talent show and played Ping-Pong with the residents.

Initially they were painters, not sculptors. They made three-dimensional reconstructions only to have lifelike models to paint: They were that meticulous, that fixated on knowing how the musculature of a Neanderthal hung off its skeleton. Because they had to produce a three-dimensional individual, the brothers were forced to make decisions about what paleoanthropologists had the luxury of describing as spectra of variation. Geneticists can suggest a probable scope of skin and hair colors. But the brothers must imagine the wear on a particular Neanderthal's skin after a hard life outside, or the abuse his toenails would take. And would Neanderthals wear ponytails? Would they shear their bangs away, to get their hair out of their faces? "Every culture does something with their hair!" Alfons insisted. "There's no culture that does nothing with their hair."

This uncorked a frantic seminar on known global hairstyles of the last several thousand years. They began pulling up photos on Adrie's laptop, dozens of them, from anthropological archives or stills from old ethnographic films. These were some of the same photos they had shown Finlayson. The brothers had pored over them for years but still gasped or bellowed now as each new, improbable human form materialized. The pictures showed a panorama of divergent body types and grooming: spiky eyebrows; astonishingly asymmetrical breasts; a towering aboriginal man with the chiseled torso of an American underwear model, but two twigs for legs; a Hottentot woman with an extraordinarily convex rear end. "People would never let us make buttocks like this!" Alfons said regretfully. "All this variation! It's beautiful!" shouted Adrie, refusing to look away from the screen. He had to look: These were reaches of reality that our minds didn't travel to on their own. "If you live in the West, you'd never imagine," he went on. The brothers' delight seemed to come from feeling all these superficial differences quiver against a profound, self-evident sameness. Finally, Adrie turned to me and said very seriously, "These are all Homo sapiens."

They showed me more photos. "It's real, it's real, it's real!" Alfons kept shouting. Adrie said, "Unimaginable, unimaginable, unimaginable!" It only registered later: I had spent the day with identical twins who, since childhood, have been stupefied by how different human beings can be.

At the rear of Gorham's Cave, past the hearth the team was excavating, there was a tall metal staircase. It led up to a long catwalk, which led to a locked steel gate. I waited there one morning while Finlayson fumbled around in his pocket. Then he turned his key.

The excavation had worked through this narrowed rear chamber of the cave years earlier and discovered, at the end of the 2012 season, an engraving on the floor: a crosshatched pattern of 13 grooves in the bedrock. A tide of specialists flowed into Gorham's. They determined that the engraving was made at least 39,000 years ago and ruled out its having been created inadvertently - left over after skinning an animal, say. In controlled experiments, it took between 188 and 317 strokes with a flint tool to create the entire figure. "What we've always said," Finlayson explained, "is it's intentional and it's not functional. You can call that art, if you like."

The finding was published in The Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences in 2014. The news media called the engraving "the hashtag." One scientist described the elaborate crosshatch as watershed evidence of Neanderthals' capacity for "complex symbolic thought" and "abstract expression." But several archaeologists told me they believe that there are many clearer signs of Neanderthals' capacity for complex cognition and symbolism, including a discovery in Southern France last year that seemed to dwarf the hashtag's significance. (More than 1,000 feet into the Bruniquel Cave, Neanderthals assembled two rings of 400 deliberately broken stalagmites, with other material piled and propped around it - like a labyrinth, or a shrine.) But Finlayson was undaunted. He turned the hashtag into a logo for the Neanderthal-centric rebranding of his museum. There was a hashtag decal on the van he picked me up in every morning.

We stood and talked for a while until, finally, with Richard Attenborough-ish aplomb, Finlayson lifted a tarp and showed it to me. It did not make a tremendous impact at first - it was lines in rock. But Finlayson went on, pointing to a spot near the entrance to this isolated anteroom, a few feet across from the engraving, where the team had excavated another hearth. Neanderthals built fires in that exact spot, on and off, for 8,000 years, he said - until their disappearance from Gibraltar. But few animal bones were recovered here; it wasn't a place they cooked. And the location of the fire was also puzzling: Neanderthals usually situated fires at the fronts of caves, to control smoke. And yet, Finlayson explained, "if you look up, this has a natural chimney." We flung our heads back: A chute coursed through the high, craggy ceiling above us.

It seemed, Finlayson explained, that the Neanderthals did their butchering and cooking at the front of Gorham's, then retired here at night. Lighting a fire at this hearth would block the narrowest point in the cave, sealing off this chamber from predators. You could hang out here, Finlayson said, "have a late-night snack or something," then head to bed. "See there?" he said, motioning to a smaller opening to our right. It led to a second room, similar to this one. "This," Finlayson said, "is the bedroom."

I looked again at the hashtag. It wasn't on the cave floor, exactly, as it was usually described, but on a broad ledge, a foot or two off the ground. It made for a perfect bench, and it was suddenly easy to imagine a Neanderthal sitting on it, in ideal proximity to the fire. For all I knew, the hashtag marked his or her favorite seat.

But Finlayson wasn't done. After the Neanderthal artifacts disappear from Gorham's sediment layers, there's a gap of many thousand years - a thick stack of empty sand. Then other artifacts appear: Modern humans occupied the cave and built a fire here, too, just a couple of feet from the Neanderthals' hearth. They used the bedroom annex as well. They left a cave painting on the wall in there: a gorgeous red stag, indisputably recognizable to us - their descendants - as art.

Another 18,000 years passed, give or take. The Phoenicians came. And they left offerings back here; there were shards of their ceramics under the catwalk we had just crossed. Then, 2,000 years after that, in 1907, a certain Captain A. Gorham of Britain's Second Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers arrived. Gorham didn't discover Gorham's Cave, Finlayson told me; it had always been impossible to miss. "That's what he found," Finlayson said. "That's really Gorham's Cave." He pointed to the bedroom, and we both turned, bathing it with our headlamps. Beside the entrance was written, in big block letters, GORHAM'S CAVE 1907, with a chunky black arrow pointing to the doorway. Gorham had written his name directly over the spot where, some 39,000 years earlier, a Neanderthal had made his or her own mark.

The full sweep and synchronicity of this history hadn't seemed to occur to Finlayson before. Hesitantly, he said, "Maybe there are special places in the world that have universal human appeal." I felt a similar, uncanny rush when I noticed that, at some point while he talked, we had each instinctually taken a seat on the rock ledge, next to the hashtag, and were now sitting side by side, staring into space where the two ancient campfires once burned.

It's not an especially spiritual experience when one human being walks into another human being's kitchen for the first time and simply knows where the silverware drawer is. At the back of Gorham's, though, that intuition was spread across two distinct kinds of humans and tens of thousands of years. Ultimately, why we are here and the Neanderthals are not can no longer be explained in a way that implies that our existence is particularly meaningful or secure. But at least moments like this placed our existence inside some longer, less-conditional-seeming continuity.

It was the day of the Brexit vote. After re-emerging from the cave with Finlayson, I would spend the rest of the afternoon rejiggering my travel plans in a mild panic, trying to catch a ride out of Gibraltar and into Spain that night, so that if the Spanish exacted a retaliatory border-clogging after the results were announced, I could still make my flight home from Malaga the next day. I won't describe the scenes I saw that morning - the blankness on people's faces at the airport, phone calls I overheard - except to say that when I woke up on Nov. 9, after our own election, I felt equipped with at least a faint frame of reference. Reality seemed heightened and a little dangerous, because for so many people, including me, it had broken away from our expectations. We had misunderstood the present in the same way archaeologists can misunderstand the past. What was possible was suddenly exposed as grossly insufficient, because, to borrow Finlayson's metaphor, we never imagined that the few jigsaw puzzle pieces we based it on constituted such a tiny part of the whole.

Even some on the winning sides seemed similarly stunned and adrift. Many, though, just felt vindicated. Later that summer, I came across an essay for a British weekly by the actress Elizabeth Hurley, a fervent Leave supporter, who was now doubling down. "Knock yourselves out calling us ill-educated Neanderthals," she wrote, "and spit a bit more venom and vitriol our way. You are showing yourselves in all your meanspirited, round-headed elitist glory."

When I read that, I took genuine umbrage - but on the Neanderthals' behalf. And while I hate to admit it, I also felt a cheap but delicious tingle of smugness, because I now knew that "Neanderthal" wasn't the insult Hurley thought it was - though this, I simultaneously realized, also closed a certain self-reinforcing loop and promoted, in me, the very round-headed elitist glory Hurley was incensed by, thus deepening the divide. It was dizzying and sad and maybe inevitably human, but still no help to us at all.

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PHOTOS: Neanderthal sculptures, named Nana and Flint, at the Gibraltar Museum. (MM40-MM41); The openings to Gibraltar caves, including Gorham's and Vanguard. (MM42-MM43); Adrie (left) and Alfons Kennis with a figure they made for the Neanderthal Museum in Mettmann, Germany. (MM44-MM45); Clive Finlayson, director of the Gibraltar Museum. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAAP SCHEEREN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM46-MM47)

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

? Asia Society and Museum: 'Philippine Gold: Treasures of Forgotten Kingdoms'(through Jan. 3) More than half a millennium before Ferdinand Magellan reached the archipelago now called the Philippines in 1521, a number of related societies thrived there. One of the few things known about them today is that they were astoundingly skillful goldsmiths. This gorgeous and historically intriguing exhibition presents nearly 120 pieces dating from the 10th through the 13th centuries, including bracelets, necklaces, pendants, collars, finger rings, bowls and a balance scale made entirely of gold. The star of the show is a gleaming, nine-pound sash made of gold beads that could be mistaken for a futuristic ammunition belt. 725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street, 212-517-2742, asiasociety.org. (Ken Johnson)

? American Folk Art Museum: 'Art Brut in America: The Incursion of Jean Dubuffet'(through Jan. 10) This extraordinary show revisits and partly recreates a little-known chapter in outsider art history: the decade (1951-61) that the groundbreaking, still-forming Art Brut collection of Jean Dubuffet -- the artist and one of the field's earliest explorers -- spent in the East Hampton mansion of the artist Alfonso Ossorio. While seen by a host of art world luminaries, it had little impact, as proved by how many of the impressive artists here are still unknown in this country. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

? El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Dec. 12) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grass-roots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over three institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Dec. 1 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Dec. 12 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org. (Holland Cotter)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden: Isamu Noguchi (through Dec. 13) The Noguchi Museum and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden are to be commended for installing such a show, in which sculpture is exposed to the elements (and the wandering visitors). But this exhibition of 18 of the Japanese-American artist's sculptures parceled throughout the garden can be frustrating, as you attempt to locate his works on a specially provided map. The showcase of the exhibition is an installation of several Noguchi sculptures inside the Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden, a marriage of modern and traditional forms, and there are works just below the Native Flora Garden that offer moments of successful communion with art and curated nature. 990 Washington Avenue, at Eastern Parkway, Prospect Heights, 718-623-7200, bbg.org. (Martha Schwendener)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn'(through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Impressionism and the Caribbean: Francisco Oller and His Transatlantic World' (through Jan. 3) Francisco Oller (1833-1917) was the most celebrated Puerto Rican artist of the 19th century. For most of his career he was a facile imitator sojourning in Madrid and in Paris, where he hung out with Impressionist painters like Pissarro, Monet and Cézanne. But it wasn't until after settling down in San Juan around age 60 that he came into his own, producing haunting landscapes and some mysteriously powerful still-life paintings that can plausibly be called great. This show presents 40 paintings by Oller and 45 works by other artists, including his European and American contemporaries and his Puerto Rican predecessors. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Frick Collection: 'Andrea del Sarto: The Renaissance Workshop in Action'(through Jan. 10) The big-guns highlights of the Frick show, this first major American exhibition devoted to the Renaissance artist Andrew del Sarto, (1486-1530) are three spectacular paintings, including ''Portrait of a Young Man'' from London and ''St. John the Baptist'' from the Palazzo Pitti, Florence. But the substance lies an array of 45 drawings, mostly in red chalk, in which we can follow del Sarto as he feels his way into compositions and molds figures into life with an angel's hand, a scientist's eye, and a striver's drive for perfection. 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, 212-288-0700, frick.org. (Cotter)

Guggenheim Museum: 'Alberto Burri: The Trauma of Painting'(through Jan. 6) This Italian artist's prescient paintings from the 1950s and early '60s -- in patched, burned and otherwise abused burlap, plastic or wood -- form a lavish, beautiful and admirable, if sometimes monotonous retrospective at the Guggenheim. Unfortunately, he may also inaugurate a bane of current art: the use of found materials so inherently affecting -- burlap is one -- that they require little of the artist. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Smith)

? Jewish Museum: 'The Power of Pictures: Early Soviet Photography, Early Soviet Film' (through Feb. 7) Revolutions sell utopias; that's their job. Art, if it behaves itself and sticks to the right script, can be an important part of the promotional package. That's the basic tale told by this exhibition of photographs and vintage films of the 1920s and '30s, but with a question added: What happens to art when the script is drastically revised? Russia was an experiment in progress in the heady years following the 1917 revolution, and avant-garde art, free-spirited by definition, was officially embraced. When Joseph Stalin came to power art became government-dictated propaganda and its makers, often under threat, towed the line. Remarkably, the show presents a dozen films -- some familiar, some not -- full-length, on a rotating schedule of four a day, in a small viewing theater built into one of the Jewish Museum's galleries. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Ancient Egypt Transformed: The Middle Kingdom' (through Jan. 24) Ancient Egypt is box office gold: Do a show, and people will come. Why? Mummies, Hollywood and Queen Nefertiti contribute to its allure. Also, we tend to identify with Egyptians of thousands of years ago. In art, they look exotic, but not out of reach. They drank beer, collected cats and wore flip-flops. They yearned to stay young and to live forever, with loved ones nearby and snack food piled high. Who can't relate to that? Few institutions have done a better job at illuminating Egyptian art than the Met. And it returns to the subject in an exhibition low on King Tut bling and high on complicated beauty, about a broad swath of history (circa 2030 to 1650 B.C.) that has never had a comprehensive museum showcase till now. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Andrea del Sarto's 'Borgherini Holy Family'' '(through Jan. 10) This fascinating gem of a show runs concurrently with the larger exhibition ''Andrea del Sarto: The Renaissance Workshop in Action'' at the Frick Collection and adds important layers to it. It both places the Renaissance artist within the political context of his time, and it draws on modern imaging technology to reveal his method for transforming and recycling images. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Grand Illusions: Staged Photography from the Met Collection'(through Jan. 18) With 40 works, this small, choice exhibition forms a freewheeling survey of the ways and means of staged photography -- the arranging objects or people for the camera -- and the many needs and sensibilities it has served. Its smart installation jumps between past and present, commercial and fine, pre- and postmodern, and is peppered with surprises by artists well-known and not. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Kongo: Power and Majesty' (through Jan. 3) For centuries the West assumed that African art had no history, because none had been found written down. But this tight, intense show, beautifully designed, with a stirring catalog, demonstrates otherwise. It begins in the 15th century when the rulers of Kongo peoples in Central Africa were sending luxury textiles to European courts and receiving gifts in return. It continues through the devastations of the slave trade, shifting from art made for pleasure and profit to art made to save lives and souls. It concludes with 15 sensational, just under life-size sculptures that were last-ditch responses to the slow-motion emergency of colonialism. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? MoMA PS1: 'Greater New York'(through March 7) With a multigenerational team of organizers, MoMA PS1's every-five-years-roundup of New York art steps away from its founding premise of newness, the idea that it would be an update on the metropolitan market. The 158 artists on the roster range from 20-something to 80-something; a few are deceased. The notion that an ''emerging'' artist has to be young is discarded. Older artists newly in the spotlight, or back after a long delay, qualify. And history works in two directions. Art from the 1970s and '80s is presented as prescient of what's being made now, and new art is viewed as putting a trenchant spin on the past. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Cotter)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Ernest Hemingway: Between Two Wars'(through Jan. 31) Mounted on walls that have been painted tropical blue to suggest Hemingway's years in Key West and in Cuba, this show takes him all the way from high school to roughly 1950 with photographs, handwritten first-drafts and personal correspondence. But the largest and most interesting section focuses on the '20s, Hemingway's Paris years, and reveals a writer we might have been in danger of forgetting: Hemingway before he became Hemingway. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Charles McGrath)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection'(through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Arts and Design: 'Wendell Castle Remastered'(through Feb. 28) This eminent woodworker became noted in the 1960s for carving chic, curvy furniture out of blocks of laminated wood. In the past four years he has revived that method with the assistance of digital and robotic technologies that enable him to make bigger and more adventurous works. This engaging show focuses on pieces from those two periods. ''Suspended Disbelief,'' made this year, has an irregularly oval, glossy black table top extending horizontally and without legs some 10 feet in the air from a trio of tall conical forms resembling the tips of monstrous tendrils. It's spectacular. 2 Columbus Circle, Manhattan, 212-299-7777, madmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence'(continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Endless House: Intersections of Art and Architecture' (through March 6) This scattered but enjoyable exhibition, drawn from the museum's art collection as much as its design holdings, focuses on the single-family home as a place of experimentation and regeneration; of conflict as well as dreams. Its highlight is a series of drawings and photographs by Frederick Kiesler, the Austrian-American polymath whose Endless House -- never completed -- fused fine art, architecture, furniture and lighting design into a bulbous, unstable whole. Several artists here echo Kiesler's theme of the house as a reflection of the psychology of its inhabitants. None is more powerful than Rachel Whiteread's sober image, made with white correction fluid, of a dwelling in East London: a preparatory drawing for a now lost sculpture crafted by filling the house with liquid concrete. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Picasso Sculpture'(through Feb. 7) Nearly a work of art in its own right, this magnificent show redefines Picasso's achievement with the first full view here in 50 years of his astoundingly varied forays into sculpture. His materials, not his female loves, become the muses, and are different each time out. The basic plotline: After introducing sculptural abstraction and space, he spent about 50 years counting the ways that the figure was far from finished. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Transmissions: Art in Eastern Europe and Latin America, 1960-1980'(through Jan. 3) Visiting this big, spirited group show is like walking into a party of intriguing strangers. For every person you recognize, there are 10 you don't know. One topic everyone's talking about, at different intensities, is the anti-institutional politics that swept Europe and the Americas in the 1960s, and almost everyone speaks the language of Conceptualism. A product of an in-house research initiative called Contemporary and Modern Art Perspectives, or C-MAP, intended to expand MoMA's narrow Paris-New York view of modernism, the show is very much the beginning rather than the end of a learning curve. But with curators exploring material new to them -- just steps ahead of their audience -- the show has a refreshing buzz of surprise as it takes the museum in a realistic new directions. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York'(continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival'(through Jan. 10) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Jacob A. Riis: Revealing New York's Other Half'(through March 20) The Danish immigrant muckraker's stark photographs, coupled with his documents from the New York Public Library and the Library of Congress, vividly portray the changing face of poverty since Riis exposed the poor to an oblivious public 125 years ago and remind viewers of the lingering challenges. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Sam Roberts)

? Neue Galerie: 'Berlin Metropolis: 1918-1933'(through Jan. 4) Another outstanding museum exhibition joins New York's autumn roster with this ambitious, expertly designed and organized account of the rich cultural ferment of the fragile Weimar Republic. With many loans from Germany, it musters an egalitarian array of mediums into a poignant, detailed view of the tragic cost -- less in human life than in immeasurable human potential land achievement -- of Hitler's devastating rise and rule and the shattering of a great city. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Smith)

? New Museum: 'Jim Shaw: The End Is Here'(through Jan. 10) In Mr. Shaw's art, form follows polymorphous perversity. A virtuoso chameleon possessing an amazing range of skills, he does Surrealism, Pop Art, Abstract Expressionism, Conceptualism, cartoons and comic strips, psychedelic posters and myriad kitschy illustration styles all with his own endlessly inventive, comedic twist. His works range from huge to miniature and from political allegories to drawings documenting his dreams. Selections from his personal collections of found paintings and wacky religious materials add to the delirium. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'Archibald Motley: Jazz Age Modernist'(through Jan. 17) Let's take it as a good omen that the first solo show to appear in the Whitney's new home is a career retrospective of a still understudied artist. Motley (1891-1981) was born in New Orleans and lived in Chicago, where he painted the cultural life of the city's African-American neighborhood known as Bronzeville, portraying it with an eye for calibrations of class and race, and with a sense of his own conflicted position within its context. The show is modest in size but has features that many larger, sexier exhibitions lack: an affecting narrative, a distinctive atmosphere, and a complex and troubling political and moral tenor. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

Galleries: Uptown

? 'Swedish Wooden Toys'(through Jan. 17) This presentation of more than 300 playthings from the late 16th to the early 21st centuries will be catnip for anyone into antique toys. The show features diminutive vehicles of all kinds from old-time wagons, trains and fully-rigged sailboats, to futuristic cars and a rocket ship. There are naturalistic and anthropomorphic animals, weapons, puzzles, games, dollhouses and architectural construction kits. While many of these items were produced by big manufacturers like BRIO and Playsam, many others are one-of-a-kind wonders like a miniature baking set from around 1900 that includes rolling pins, spatulas and other implements all lovingly carved from wood and fitting into a tray just eight inches long. Bard Graduate Center Gallery, 18 West 86th Street, Manhattan, 212-501-3011, bgc.bard.edu. (Johnson)

Galleries: Other

Zoe Beloff: 'A World Redrawn: Eisenstein and Brecht in Hollywood'(through Nov. 21) In three films, large watercolors, architectural models and display cases filled with archival materials, Ms. Beloff's current show focuses on two committed communists who worked in Hollywood: the Soviet filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein and the German poet and playwright Bertolt Brecht. Eisenstein stayed in Los Angeles for six months in 1930; Brecht, fleeing Nazi Germany, was there from 1941 to 1947. Neither produced any finished work, although Eisenstein played tennis with Charlie Chaplin and met Walt Disney, and Brecht ended up testifying before the 1947 House Committee for Un-American Activities. The James Gallery, the Graduate Center, City University of New York, 365 Fifth Avenue, between 34th and 35th Streets, Manhattan, centerforthehumanities.org/james-gallery. (Schwendener)

Brigid Berlin: 'It's All About Me' (through Nov. 15) Ms. Berlin was a bit player in the 1960s and '70s art world, known for her brassy roles in Andy Warhol's films like ''Chelsea Girls'' (1966). She is an artist, too. She recorded herself on cassette tapes, and a selection of these are on display and running as a soundtrack in the gallery. On the walls are Polaroid self-portraits from the early '70s; then there are the ''Tit Prints'' from the '90s, which Ms. Berlin made by applying colored inks to her breasts and pressing them against paper. In an era when the exposed female breast is once again a political issue, Ms. Berlin's prints seem less of a lark and more like a strident, celebratory statement by an artist who was never shy about exposing anything. Invisible-Exports, 89 Eldridge Street, between Hester and Grand Streets, Lower East Side, 212-226-5447, invisible-exports.com. (Schwendener)

? 'For a New World to Come: Experiments in Japanese Art and Photography, 1968-1979' (through Jan. 10) This exceptionally informative exhibition (divided between Japan Society Gallery and New York University's Grey Art Gallery) presents about 350 photographs, photography books, paintings, sculptures and videos produced by 29 Japanese artists during a decade of ideological disillusionment following the utopian excitement of the 1960s. Most of the works are black and white and driven by abstract concepts, with many focused on the nature of photography itself. It's a dry show, but it's fascinating for its revelation of memes and trends that continue to resonate in photographic art around the world. Through Dec. 5 at Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 100 Washington Square East, Greenwich Village, 212-998-6780, nyu.edu/greyart. Through Jan. 10 at Japan Society, 333 East 47th Street, Manhattan, 212-832-1155, japansociety.org. (Johnson)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art'(through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

'Donald Blumberg Photographs: Selections From the Master Sets' (through Nov. 22) In his early days shooting on the streets of New York, Mr. Blumberg discovered that parishioners walking out of the gaping door of St. Patrick's Cathedral appeared to be emerging from deep, empty space. His resulting photographs, shot from 1965 to 1967, reduce St. Pat's to a sea of black, and turn the worshipers into highly detailed, if physically awkward, specimens in the void. Soon after, Mr. Blumberg's gaze shifted from the street to his television screen, arranging images of Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon into conceptually sophisticated mosaics. Now 80, he is still shooting his TV, and though he continues to keep one eye on politics, the other is gazing at the inanities of home shopping and televangelism. Yale University Art Gallery, 1111 Chapel Street, New Haven, 203-432-0600, artgallery.yale.edu. (Jason Farago)

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square ³'(through May 2017) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square ³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626--1705)' (through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Museum of Fine Arts Boston: 'Made in the Americas: The New World Discovers Asia' (through Feb. 15) One of the great gifts that multiculturalist thinking gave us was freedom from the tyranny of purity. Simply put, there's no such thing, at least not in art. Everything is a mix, and this has always been true. Globalism, which we take to be so 21st century, is as old as the hills. In this smallish show those hills encompass the Andes, the Alps, the Appalachians and Mount Fuji between the early 16th to the late 18th century. The main setting includes large swaths of North, Central and South America being colonized by various European powers, all of which had lucrative commercial links to Asia, and they were bringing Asia with them to the New World. The result: some of the most brilliant American art ever. 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, 617-267-9300, mfa.org. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue'(through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art(ongoing) The skilled refurbishing of the Atheneum's storied Morgan Memorial Building reveals as never before the museum's splendors. The Great Hall is triple-hung with European paintings encircled by a spirited art-historical Cliff Notes from Egypt to Florence. On the second floor the fabulous Cabinet of Art and Curiosities leads to even more often outstanding paintings -- Baroque to Modernism -- accompanied by an array of decorative objects, especially porcelains. 600 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., 860-278-2670, thewadsworth.org. (Smith)

Last Chance

? Lynda Benglis: 'Water Sources' (closes on Sunday) The most compelling temporary exhibition at Storm King Art Center in recent years focuses on a heretofore unfamiliar but important dimension of Ms. Benglis's distinguished career: creating working fountains. The show's main attraction is a quartet of gorgeous fountains rising from temporary, circular pools embedded in the lawn outside the center's home building. Two of them have abstract forms suggesting psychic monsters surging up from unconscious depths. The others feature flower shapes stacked into majestic columns. 1 Museum Road, New Windsor, N.Y., 845-534-3115, stormking.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence'(closes on Sunday) Describing herself as a ''visual activist,'' the South African photographer Zanele Muholi is dedicated to increasing the visibility of black lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex people with notable international success. Her stark black-and-white photographs often respond to the violence inflicted on those groups. But the exhibition also includes colorful photographs of same-sex weddings that are radiant, both with African sunshine and irrepressible joy. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Paintings by George Stubbs from the Yale Center for British Art'(closes on Sunday) A rare sighting in New York: eight paintings by the inimitable English painter George Stubbs (1724-1806). They include two of his best racehorse pictures, with their stunning precision of anatomy, portraiture, landscape space and interspecies psychology. Four other paintings follow two men through a day of shooting small game and the fifth shows the gentle killing of a wounded doe at a hunt's end. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/11/06/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-nov-6-12.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/11/06/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-nov-6-12.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY HIROKO MASUIKE/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (C16)

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**End of Document**



[***The Defiant Ones: 4 Mexicans Exult in Party's Fall***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40PN-82Y0-00MH-F076-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 12, 2000, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By JULIA PRESTON

By JULIA PRESTON

**Dateline:** MEXICO CITY, July 11

**Body**

Luis H. Alvarez stopped eating for 40 days to protest electoral fraud. Sergio Aguayo endured death threats for organizing election observers. Homero Aridjis, a prominent poet was ostracized by official literary circles for exposing government failures on the environment.

To them, the July 2 presidential vote, which ousted a seven-decade-old regime and elected an opposition leader, Vicente Fox Quesada, as president, was not just an election but another Mexican revolution.

It was the end of decades of lucha, or struggle, the dreamy but stubborn pursuit of an ideal. In different ways, all kinds of Mexicans came to believe that the omnipotent Institutional Revolutionary Party, or PRI, could one day be toppled by the ballot.

"Mexican democracy does not have one father or mother, it has thousands," said Mr. Aguayo, an elections monitor. "We each decided, with our own intensity, to say no to submitting to the system."

The democracy movement was jolted to life after 1968 when President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz sent army troops to fire on a Mexico City student demonstration, killing dozens. It surged again after 1988, when Carlos Salinas de Gortari became president in a vote that most Mexicans believe was stolen by the PRI.

Early on, Mexican democrats rejected Fidel Castro's call to armed rebellion. While PRI governments preached nationalism, the democrats looked to the 1960's civil rights movement and routine transfer of power through the polls in the United States. The movement grew through opposition political parties and civic groups, the opening of independent news media and campaigns for clean and fair elections.

Here is a look at four Mexicans who dedicated years of work to these purposes:

Luis H. Alvarez, 80, Politician

Although his friends thought he had lost his mind, Mr. Alvarez took on the PRI back in 1958, when the system was at its apogee. He was the presidential candidate of the National Action Party, or PAN, now Mr. Fox's party. When Mr. Alvarez's caravan rolled into one town, the local PRI warlord greeted him by declaring he was under arrest.

"Why?" Mr. Alvarez asked.

"You are an opposition presidential candidate -- that's illegal," the PRI leader responded, and threw him in jail.

Slowly the PAN began winning elections. The PRI, seeing the need for some outlet for popular discontent with its rule, allowed the opposition to keep victories that did not threaten its grip on national power.

In 1986, however, the PRI decided that the governor's post in the border state of Chihuahua was one it could not lose. PRI operatives brazenly raided polling stations and stuffed fistfuls of pre-marked ballots into the boxes. Mr. Alvarez, then the mayor of the state capital, declared a hunger strike that lasted 40 days.

His protest was widely echoed. Businesses in the state shut down for 48 hours. Voters sat in to block border crossings to the United States. President Miguel de la Madrid defended the "patriotic fraud," saying that the PRI could not allow a strategic border state to fall to the PAN. The PRI won that vote but the world became aware of its abuses.

Today Mr. Alvarez is finishing a term as federal senator. With a big smile, he called Mr. Fox's election "a dream made real."

Sergio Aguayo, 52, Elections Monitor

Mr. Aguayo's turning points were marked by three death threats he received from the PRI regime.

As a teenager in the early 1960's in a ***working-class*** barrio in Guadalajara, he had fistfights with PRI student gangs.

"The PRI's key word was loyalty," Mr. Aguayo recalled. "To get into politics you had to agree to be humiliated. I never did."

He was swept up in the pro-democracy student movement in Mexico City in 1968. But when he tried to organize at home in Guadalajara, armed PRI student squads came after him. Soon many of his friends were driven underground and became leftist guerrillas. Mr. Aguayo refused to join them. "I thought taking up rifles was suicide and would get us nowhere."

Since he did not hide, he was a PRI target and received his first death threat. He fled back to Mexico City.

He became a college professor but used his spare time to organize civic groups to defend Indians in the southern state of Chiapas. The second threat was a handwritten note from the Chiapas security police in 1981, telling him to leave the state. Mr. Aguayo realized that Mexico needed groups to defend human rights, which PRI governments spurned as the agenda of a meddling United States. Three years later he helped found the Mexican Academy for Human Rights.

Offended by what seemed to be PRI fraud in the presidential vote of 1988, Mr. Aguayo turned to elections monitoring. He modeled his observer group, Alianza Civica, on the American civil rights movement. By the 1994 presidential race, it was organized all over the country.

He got his third death threat, a detailed note indicating that the sender knew all of his movements.

This year Mr. Aguayo ran for Congress as a human rights candidate from a splinter opposition party, and lost. But he is happy. "At the end of this 40-year story, we beat the authoritarian system, " he said, astonished. "We won."

Elena Poniatowska, 67, Writer

A feminist, Ms. Poniatowska is worried about what Mr. Fox, a Catholic who opposes abortion, will do on women's issues. But she was thrilled that the PRI was defeated peacefully. "My people acted nobly."

Descended from Polish royalty, Ms. Poniatowska started out in journalism in the social pages of a Mexico City daily.

In 1968, friends told her to see for herself what Tlatelolco Plaza in Mexico City looked like after the army broke up a student demonstration. "There was blood in the stairwells," she recalled. "President Diaz Ordaz reacted to the students like a father who slays a disobedient son by clubbing him over the head with a chair."

The Mexican press largely omitted the student deaths. Ms. Poniatowska wrote a book of personal accounts of the massacre.

In 1984 she helped start La Jornada, a daily newspaper that remains fiercely critical of the PRI. After a 1985 earthquake leveled whole blocks in Mexico City, La Jornada was the only newspaper of several where she wrote that would carry her reports on the search for the dead and on corruption in public construction.

Although the long student strike at the national university that ended last February was unpopular, Ms. Poniatowska's columns helped protect the leaders from abuse after the police broke it up.

"When I was younger my society friends told me that I did not get invited anywhere because I was on the wrong side of the fence," she said. "I was always with strikers instead of government ministers. Now I am sure that I was on the right side of the fence."

Homero Aridjis, 60, Poet and Environmentalist

Mr. Aridjis first fell out with the PRI system 18 years ago by refusing to follow a government order to cancel a poetry festival. With Ted Hughes and Lawrence Ferlinghetti already in Mexico City, he said, he went ahead and held an improvised festival anyway.

"They started to block me," Mr. Aridjis said, recalling a time when PRI governments had the power to decide which writers would become famous. "I ceased to exist as a poet."

In 1985, after a day of black asphyxiating smog over the capital city, Mr. Aridjis rallied 100 Mexican artists and intellectuals to sign a declaration telling the government, "This contamination is killing us all." The petition gave birth to the Mexican environmental movement, endowing it with extraordinary moral authority. A few years later Mr. Aridjis's demand that lead be removed from gasoline was met by the government.

Since then he has fought to protect monarch butterflies, protested the slaughter of sea tortoises, and battled for gray whale sanctuaries, forging new ways of badgering the government and letting himself in for new forms of harassment.

This year's election, he said, opens up new possibilities for his cause.

"We could never hope to have respect for the environment in Mexico without democracy, without accountability," Mr. Aridjis said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: LUIS H. ALVAREZ, -- who took on Mexico's governing party as long ago as 1958, when he was a presidential candidate, called its defeat this month "a dream made real." He is finishing a term as a federal senator.; ELENA PONIATOWSKA, -- a writer, is thrilled that the PRI's seven-decade-old rule ended peacefully. "My people acted nobly," she said.; SERGIO AGUAYO -- was swept up in the pro-democracy movement in Mexico in 1968 and received three death threats down the years.; HOMERO ARIDJIS, -- a poet who became an environmentalist, said the ruling party's defeat opened new possibilities for his cause. (Photographs by Wesley Bocxe/Liaison, for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 12, 2000

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[***THE MEDIA BUSINESS: ADVERTISING; No One Standout and Few Big Risks in the Fall Lineup***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48MM-TV90-01KN-2063-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By JIM RUTENBERG and STUART ELLIOT

**Body**

ABC played Radio City Music Hall. CBS took the stage at Carnegie Hall. NBC starred at Lincoln Center. And the Fox network held its celebration at City Center.

But the major networks did not generate much excitement to go with all of the stagecraft they mustered in presenting their new fall shows to packed houses of advertisers last week, many Madison Avenue executives said. The crucial question, of course, is whether viewers will react the same way.

In contrast to past years, no show emerged as the one to watch, the way "C.S.I. Miami" from CBS did last year and "24" from Fox did the year before.

What did emerge was a picture of a new television season that, despite some pockets of originality, will not break much ground. Network executives for the most part refrained from spiels like those of recent years when they claimed to have the broadcast television equivalents of "The Sopranos" or a whole new twist on comedy.

Instead, the fall season will be filled with traditional-looking sitcoms and crime dramas. There will be several shows redolent of "Romeo and Juliet." And there will be plenty of shows revolving around African-American and Latino families.

"I didn't see anything drastically new," said Bob Riordan, senior vice president and director for national broadcast at MPG in New York, part of the Media Planning Group division of Havas. "The networks are going for the tried and true."

There were several programs that did receive, if not buzz, at least a low hum of positive attention. Among them were "The O.C." on Fox, about the secret lives of rich teenagers in Orange County, Calif., to be shown in the 9 p.m. slot on Thursdays. Another was the CBS comedy "Two and a Half Men," with Charlie Sheen and Jon Cryer, set for Mondays at 9:30 p.m.

Some writers and producers blamed network executives for increased timidity in their programming choices in the face of economic and corporate pressures. "I don't know what it is, whether it's just nervousness or fear," said Peter Mehlman, a former "Seinfeld" producer whose sitcom offering for next season, about a couple that does not age and has been married for 4,000 years, was not picked up by a network. "The process has gotten so arduous, it's like running for president now -- it essentially weeds out anything that's, like, really good."

Others said the relatively conservative programming was a result of the early success last fall of traditional-looking sitcoms like "8 Simple Rules," with John Ritter on ABC. It signaled to programmers, at a time when networks were already lining up shows for the following year, that audiences were looking for the television equivalent of "comfort food" in a seemingly more dangerous world.

Stacey Lynn Koerner, executive vice president and director for global research integration at Initiative Media in New York, part of the Interpublic Group of Companies, said one of the few shows she was able to cite as "pushing the envelope" was "The Ortegas." Seeking to blend elements of sitcoms, reality programs and talk shows, "The Ortegas," to be shown Sundays at 8:30 p.m. on Fox, is an improvisational sitcom about a Mexican-American family with a son who is the host of a talk show and interviews celebrities as his overbearing parents and grandmother chime in from the couch.

"The Ortegas" also typifies several trends that are apparent across the schedules of the four major networks, as well as WB and UPN. One is what Ms. Koerner called "family comedies in nontraditional settings," offering the networks a way to freshen oft-told tales in a new setting.

And after the success of "Bernie Mac" on Fox and "My Wife and Kids" on ABC, there will be new shows with multi-ethnic casts on NBC, Fox, UPN and WB.

In addition to "The Ortegas," other such shows include "Like Family" on WB, appearing Fridays at 8:30 p.m.; the show centers on two families, one white and one black, living under thesame roof. Another is "Whoopi" from NBC, with Whoopi Goldberg as the star, to be shown at 8 p.m. on Tuesdays. Other examples of so-called multiculti shows include "Luis," at 8:30 p.m. Friday on Fox; "10-8," on ABC at 8 p.m. Sunday; and "All About the Andersons" at 9:30 p.m. Friday on WB.

The new crop of shows also includes a curious string of "Romeo and Juliet" plot lines. "Skin," a drama from Fox at 9 p.m. Monday, is about a teenager whose boyfriend's father, a prosecutor, is investigating the girl's father, the top pornography producer in Los Angeles. In "It's All Relative" on ABC, a ***working-class*** young man with an Irish Catholic background falls for a highly cultured young woman whose parents are two gay men.

The new show that WB expects to get the most attention is "Tarzan and Jane," to appear Sundays at 9 p.m. The show is partly about the forbidden love between a female New York detective and a man raised in the wild (who happens to be played by the underwear model Travis Fimmel).

With the continued success of the "Law and Order" programs on NBC and "C.S.I." programs on CBS, the television crime rate is headed for an increase, too. CBS is adding three crime shows, "The Handler," "Cold Case," and "Navy C.I.S.," which is a combination of "J.A.G." and "C.S.I." ABC is adding three -- "10-8," "Karen Sisco" and "Threat Matrix." WB is adding one, "Fearless," about an agent who does not have the gene for fear. And UPN is introducing "Jake 2.0" about a federal agent with superpowers.

"You know what, there's a lot of crime, but crime is still working," said Leslie Moonves, chairman and chief executive of CBS, part of Viacom, in a breakfast briefing with reporters last week.

Ms. Koerner at Initiative Media said that the popularity of crime reflected "a combination of post-9/11 tragedy and "C.S.I." 's success."

But there are some new shows that deviate from the norm. Three dramas feature young women who communicate either with dead people ("Tru Calling" on Fox), inanimate objects ("Wonderfalls" on Fox) or God ("Joan of Arcadia" on CBS).

And Fox, which more than the other big networks is scheduling riskier fare for the fall, has included "Arrested Development" in its lineup, to be shown Sundays at 9:30 p.m. The show has a complicated plot line about a young man who takes over the family business when his father is arrested for fraud. It is filmed with a single camera, a style that mimics the look of a movie but does not traditionally do well with sitcom audiences.

"I think that if you don't try to get out of that box you can't expand the form," said Gail Berman, the president of Fox Entertainment.

Although the excitement about the new shows for the fall is muted, network executives do not seem too worried.

Jordan Levin, the president of WB Entertainment, said "advertisers had simply seen too many sure things" from the spring presentations collapse in the fall, and were loath to get too excited about anything. "I do think it's fair to suggest that there's more cynicism in looking at the collective networks' declarations of confidence in the new shows," he said.

To be fair, the early assessments have been based mostly on a series of program excerpts shown last week as part of the yearly four-day ritual known as the upfront. Judgments were not made based on full screenings of 39 new shows.

For that reason, others warned against relying too heavily on network television's early betting lines.

Despite many instances in which early predictions of success have been accurate, many of television's biggest sensations were not initially cited as potential blockbusters, including "Seinfeld" and "C.S.I."

"Generally it's easier to pick the real stinkers than it is to pick the shows that are going to be long term," said David Nevins, executive producer of "Arrested Development."

Regardless of the content issues, advertisers seem primed to spend big. According to industry forecasts, this buying season could bring the networks $9 billion, up from the record of $8.1 billion last year.

In the meantime, executives said, their new programs still have plenty of time to build some positive preseason attention.

"I think it's just going to take people time to actually look at the shows and really see what emerged," Mr. Levin of WB said. "They just didn't emerge as quickly this year."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Jon Cryer, left, Charlie Sheen and Angus T. Jones will star in "Two and a Half Men" this fall on CBS. (CBS)(pg. C8); Among the new shows to appear this fall will be "Whoopi" on NBC, starring Whoopi Goldberg, above. "Tarzan and Jane" on WB is about the forbidden love between a female New York detective and a man raised in the wild, played by Travis Fimmel. New crime shows include the ABC police drama "10-8," far right, which stars Danny Nucci, at left, and Ernie Hudson. (pg. C1)

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[***CUNY Tries for Revival While It Faces Austerity***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0WN0-002S-X1WV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

The City University of New York is entering a period of transition as it searches for a new chancellor, tries to replace many of its aging college presidents and prepares for a turnover of almost 2,000 faculty members in the next few years.

Dr. Joseph S. Murphy, who had been chancellor for seven years, resigned two weeks ago to return to teaching graduate students. Whoever replaces him as head of the nation's third-largest university system will have to cope with a system whose student body is expanding at the same time as its chief underwriters - the city and the state - are grimly cutting their budgets.

''There's no doubt that our shortcomings arise out of the crushing weight of the current budget crisis,'' said Irwin H. Polishook, president of the Professional Staff Congress, the union representing CUNY's 14,000-member instructional staff.

''Class size has risen dramatically, the faculty workload is much higher than that at comparable research universities, support services have been shredded and library purchases are at a minimum,'' he said.

Many people at the university and public officials say deteriorating services are threatening the system's academic quality. They blame the decline on erosion in government support in the last few years.

'Need a Strong Advocate'

Reflecting a commonly held view within the university that higher education is not a high priority of the state government, Dr. Polishook said he hoped the trustees would select someone with both academic stature and a talent for handling public officials. ''We need a strong advocate who's not afraid to stand up to the Governor,'' he said.

Recruiting good faculty has become harder. Because of state hiring freezes in recent years, CUNY has not hired its share of younger scholars. As a result, the average age of the faculty has risen to 55 years old, officials say.

CUNY is not alone there, said David Merkowitz, director of public affairs for the American Council on Education in Washington. The problem, he said, exists in varying degrees at colleges and universities across the country.

Many faculty were hired in the late 1960's and early 1970's when American higher education expanded enormously, he said, and as they retire it will be hard to replace them because fewer students are earning doctorates.

To address the issue, CUNY is seeking a major change in its teaching staff in the next five years.

In a plan submitted to Gov. Mario M. Cuomo and the State Legislature in October, Dr. Murphy proposed that about 1,000 administrators, support workers and tenured professors be encouraged to retire early and that they be replaced with younger people. The plan also calls for replacing about 1,600 part-time adjunct faculty with about 800 full-time faculty, and the filling of 600 new positions.

Dr. Murphy said some of the new faculty would be assigned to a new program that would provide smaller classes and additional services, like counseling and basic skills instruction, to help retain the many underprepared students in their freshmen year. Fewer new faculty would be recruited for the university's highly regarded doctoral programs.

He said the plan would let the colleges assign more faculty to departments offering courses in high demand, like those in business, computer science and health. It would also enable CUNY to hire more women and minorities and to hire before a nationwide shortage of instructors becomes acute by the end of the 1990's.

'Not Pie-in-the-Sky'

James P. Murphy, chairman of the trustees, said the five-year plan should be regarded as a blueprint for the new chancellor to expand on.

But the measures called for, estimated to cost $112 million over five years, must go before Mr. Cuomo and the Legislature in a period of austerity.

Henrik N. Dullea, Mr. Cuomo's chief of state operations, said CUNY's plan was a ''very solid piece of work'' that was ''not pie-in-the-sky.'' But he refused to say how much of it could be financed in the next fiscal year.

Barbara J. Fife, who is expected to be a deputy mayor in the administration of Mayor-elect David N. Dinkins, said that while Mr. Dinkins recognized that the university had already taken as many cuts as could be expected, there was no way of saying whether more might be needed.

The city and state both contribute to the university's $1.1 billion budget, and each faces budget deficits. The state provides most of the university's financing - its 11 four-year and graduate institutions are financed entirely by state money and tuition, and state money pays a third of the costs of the community colleges.

'Stepping Stone to Success'

The prospect of continuing budget cuts led several university officials, who did not wish to be identified, to speculate that a new chancellor might have to reduce the size of the university by consolidating programs despite a sharply rising enrollment. The university now has 194,000 students, its largest total since 1976, when enrollment fell during the city's fiscal crisis. About 95 percent of them are from New York State, the vast majority of those from the city itself.

The university's new comprehensive plan projects that enrollment will climb to 200,000 students by the year 2000, but many officials say this is very conservative. Only the State University of New York and the University of California have larger enrollments.

Any attempt to reduce the university's size would be seen as a threat to its historic mission to serve the city's poor, immigrant and ***working-class*** students, said Gregorio Mayers, chairman of CUNY's student senate.

''The university now has thousands of students coming from the Caribbean, South America, Africa and the Middle East,'' Mr. Mayers said. ''They see the university just as other immigrant groups saw it - as a stepping stone to success.''

'No Loyalty to the System'

A new chancellor will also have to address issues of academic quality.

A university task force issued a report this fall saying CUNY's science, engineering, technology and mathematics programs were ''teetering on the brink of disaster,'' short of resources and leadership. The report recommended changes ranging from the modernization of laboratories to the reorganizing of doctoral programs.

Dr. Donna E. Shalala, a former president of Hunter College who is now chancellor of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, said picking first-rate presidents may be the single most important thing a new chancellor could do. Nine of the system's 19 college presidents have served more than 10 years and half a dozen are in their late 60's. Dr. Murphy had been seeking the resignations or retirements of some of those presidents.

''The strength of the CUNY system is in its individual colleges,'' Dr. Shalala said. ''No one has loyalty to the system as a whole. They have loyalty to places like Brooklyn or City College.''

CITY UNIVERSITY'S 1989 ENROOLMENT

| **$** |  |
| --- | --- |
| **SENIOR COLLEGES** |  |
| **Graduate School** | **3,922** |
| **Baruch** | **16,370** |
| **Brooklyn** | **16,606** |
| **City** | **13,173** |
| **Hunter** | **19,794** |
| **John Jay** | **8,166** |
| **Lehman** | **9,857** |
| **New York City** |  |
| **Technical** | **11,123** |
| **Queens** | **17,603** |
| **Queens Law School** | **433** |
| **Staten Island** | **11,478** |
| **York** | **5,100** |
| **Total senior College** | **133,355** |
|  |  |
| **COMMUNITY COLLEGES** |  |
| **Bronx** | **5,800** |
| **Evers** | **2,729** |
| **Hostos** | **4,200** |
| **Kingsborough** | **13,610** |
| **LaGuardia** | **9,301** |
| **Manhattan** | **13,484** |
| **Queensborough** | **11,612** |
| **Total community college** | **60,736** |
|  |  |
| **TOTAL** | **194,091** |
|  |  |

**End of Document**



[***On Stage - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2JF0-002S-X1H2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1106 words

**Byline:** By Enid Nemy

**Body**

Keeping 'Roberts' in the Family

Thomas Heggen Logan has always wanted to see a Broadway production of ''Mister Roberts.'' The 39-year-old son of Joshua Logan wasn't born at the time of the 1948 opening of the comedy-drama, which his father directed and co-wrote with Thomas Heggen and which ran for almost three years.

The fact that he's never seen the show is not, however, the principal reason he's planning to produce a $1 million (give or take a few dollars) revival for next summer.

''My father always thought it was his best play -he was most proud of it,'' Mr. Logan said. ''And there's never been a really major revival. I saw the film but I never felt it was as effective as the original script.''

Mr. Logan said he believed that this was the right time to re-introduce ''Mister Roberts'' because ''he represents what I feel is an American hero and re-establishes the values I believe America wants to see.''

Thus far, he said, he's recruited Pamela Berlin (''Steel Magnolias'') as director, ''and it will be interesting to have a woman directing an all-male cast.'' He also has David Jenkins (''Other People's Money'') for the set design and Lindsay W. Davis (''Drood'') for costumes.

Although no casting has been done, he'd ideally like big names and young actors on the order of Tom Hanks, Richard Thomas, Dennis Quaid and Matthew Broderick, who might be willing to sign on for six-month periods.

A musician and composer, Mr. Logan said his parents had always wanted him to become involved in theater ''but I resisted it; but now this is a very personal thing for me.''

$300,000 in A.T. & T. Grants

Seven theater companies and eight playwrights, composers and lyricists are considerably happier this week. Their theaters and works have been selected by A.T. & T., through Onstage, its national theater program, for a total of $300,000 in production grants, as well as assistance with advertising, marketing and promotion. The theaters and plays are the Manhattan Theater Club, New York City (''The Talented Tenth'' by Richard Wesley); the South Coast Repertory Theater, Costa Mesa, Calif. (''Search and Destroy'' by Howard Korder); the Second Stage Theater, New York (''Square One'' by Steve Tesich); the George Street Playhouse, New Brunswick, N.J. (''Johnny Pye and the Foolkiller,'' a musical by Mark St. Germain and Randy Courts); the Circle Repertory Company, New York, and the Berkeley (Calif.) Repertory (''Each Day Dies With Sleep'' by Jose Rivera), and Playwrights Horizons, New York (''Once on This Island,'' a musical by Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty, with choreography by Graciela Daniele).

One-Woman Ethel Merman Show

When Rita McKenzie was a young girl listening to recordings of Broadway shows, there were, in her mind, two distinct areas of musical theater. Ethel Merman represented one and Julie Andrews the other, and Ms. McKenzie dreamed of Julie Andrews. So it's no surprise that life being what it is, she has, for the past two years, been starring in ''Call Me Ethel,'' a one-woman show about - you guessed it - Ethel Merman. The show played on the West Coast and across the country before arriving at the American Jewish Theater here, and plans are to move it to another Off Broadway theater in the near future.

Ms. McKenzie, an elementary-school teacher in New Jersey before going into regional and dinner theater, said the show was born when she and her co-writer and director, Christopher Powich, heard that a movie was to be made of Merman's life. They telephoned her to find out if anyone had been cast and Merman informed them that she was going to play herself. Ms. McKenzie believes that she meant that she would do the singing, but who knows? In any case, she died several years later and there was no movie, but ''Call Me Ethel'' came into being and Ms. McKenzie received critical acclaim for her performance.

After her current role here, and perhaps in London, she'd like to do a Broadway musical, but, she said regretfully: ''We don't have Broadway belters anymore. When they hear my voice at an audition, they don't know what to do with it.''

August Wilson at the Walter Kerr

The first show at the newly named Walter Kerr Theater, formerly the Ritz, will be ''The Piano Lesson.'' The August Wilson drama is to open April 16 after engagements in Washington and Los Angeles. Incidentally, Mr. Wilson is in England for a few weeks on a Fulbright Fellowship, advising the Arts Council of Great Britain on, among other things, nontraditional casting in British theater.

Lloyd Webber Not for New York

It's scheduled for Ames, Iowa; Costa Mesa, Calif.; Los Angeles, and 22 other cities, but it looks as though New York won't be getting ''The Music of Andrew Lloyd Webber in Concert.'' The concert consists of the composer's music from shows including ''Evita,'' ''Cats'' and ''The Phantom of the Opera.'' Sarah Brightman, Mr. Lloyd Webber's wife, will perform in some of the cities.

A Corner Named for Ludlam

As of Thursday, there'll be a new sign at the corner of Barrow Street and Washington Place, where the Ridiculous Theatrical Company is situated. ''Charles Ludlam Corner'' will be unveiled at 6 P.M. by City Councilwoman Carol Greitzer of Manhattan and by Everett Quinton, artistic director of the company. Two hours later, the company will open its new production of Ludlam's ''Big Hotel.'' Next year it may be doing a play called ''Athalia, Queen of the Jews,'' by H. M. Koutoukas and loosely based on Racine. Mr. Koutoukas plays Svengali in ''Big Hotel,'' but the only thing he manipulates in his dressing room is a typewriter.

In the Wings

Chazz Palminteri admits to some autobiographical details in ''A Bronx Tale,'' his story of a young boy torn between his affection for his ***working-class*** father and the lure of a small-time racketeer's power. Mr. Palminteri is the sole performer in the show, which begins Oct. 10 at Playhouse 91, 316 East 91st Street (831-2001). . . . Sally Nemeth's ''Mill Fire'' will open the 11th season of the Women's Project and Productions Inc. on Oct. 15 at the Apple Corps Theater, 336 West 20th Street (242-4204). . . . Joseph Papp is scheduled to receive Town Hall's Friend of the Arts award Oct. 22. The gala will include a cabaret concert featuring such performers as Steve Ross and Julie Wilson, produced by Donald Smith, and a reception and dinner. A contribution of $275 (or more) will get you two tickets. Information: 997-1003. . . . Sidewalks Theater has scheduled Oct. 25 for the opening of the not-too-often performed ''Lysistrata,'' written some 2,400 years ago by Aristophanes. It will run through the end of November at 40 West 27th Street (481-3077).

**Correction**

The On Stage column in Weekend on Friday misidentified the holder of a Fulbright Fellowship. He is Lloyd Richards, director of ''The Piano Lesson,'' not the playwright August Wilson.  
**Correction-Date:** September 28, 1989, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

**Graphic**

Drawing

**End of Document**



[***FILM REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40M3-R300-00MH-F13H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Instant Calamity (Just Add Water)***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40M3-R300-00MH-F13H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 30, 2000, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By STEPHEN HOLDEN

By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

TO put it bluntly, "The Perfect Storm" is no "Titanic."

This gusty oceanic epic, directed by Wolfgang Petersen ("Air Force One," "Das Boot") from Sebastian Junger's best-selling book, has lollapalooza special effects and gripping ensemble performances. But its quotient of human drama is finally too stingy for the personal stories of a group of New England fisherman battling "the storm of the century" to hit the emotional bull's-eye. When in its final scenes the movie desperately tries to churn up some of the celestial schmaltz of "Titanic," it is too little too late and feels obligatory despite the abundance of heart and chemistry that Mark Wahlberg and Diane Lane bring to their roles of a wildly-in-love young couple.

The film's central character (like the book's) isn't a person but an actual storm that blew up the New England coast on Halloween in 1991. But as much as we try to humanize meteorological disasters by naming hurricanes and deciphering their personalities through their histories, storms ultimately don't have feelings or even intentions. Or at least this one doesn't in its movie incarnation. The Weather Channel does a better, more thorough and soberer job of personalizing garden-variety hurricanes than does "The Perfect Storm," which relies on reiterated hyperbole to convey the force of its monster while withholding the kind of detailed meteorological information that might have generated more suspense.

Hollywood, for all its wondrous special effects, has never been able to get a firm grip on the weather. As impressive as some of its special effects may be, "The Perfect Storm" (like "Twister" before it) fails to convey the weather's changing moods and the ominously majestic march of events that signal inclement weather. The story follows the fateful voyage of a swordfishing boat, the Andrea Gail, into the North Atlantic as three storms collide offshore and combine to ignite a meteorological explosion.

Once the movie leaves the shore, a story that began as a richly hued mosaic of life in a New England fishing town (Gloucester, Mass.) quickly succumbs to its own technological wizardry and becomes waterlogged. "The Perfect Storm" is so eager for its big waves to arrive as soon as possible that it shoehorns in what feels like an extraneous subplot, lifted from the book, about the rescue of another vessel and the crash of a Coast Guard helicopter. Although these sequences are meant to prepare us for the storm that has yet to overtake the Andrea Gail, they are little more than distracting adventure filler whose characters aren't even introduced, and therefore they mean nothing.

Anonymity is also a big problem in the movie's middle and later portions, a nearly continuous din of wind and water in which the boat's crew members all but disappear under their slickers while desperately trying to keep their vessel afloat. Every so often the movie hurriedly flashes to shore, where the crew's loved ones huddle around their television sets waiting for news. But the film is so impatient to return to its special effects that these scenes have little resonance.

As the movie repeats the images of wind and waves over and over, it begins to dawn that the storm in progress is simply too large an event for the movie to take in. Drowned out by the simulated roar of nature (reinforced by James Horner's mediocre, obtrusively pounding score), much of the shipboard dialogue is unintelligible. Even when daring individual rescues are carried out, it's difficult to tell who's saving whom.

The endless visual whoosh also makes it hard to keep up with the emergency navigational procedures that prevent the boat from breaking apart. And when we don't know quite what's happening, the crew's hard-won victories seem hollow. After a while the unending tumult simply becomes monotonous.

Although a few tilting shots suggest a boat pitching in the waves, the camera remains level throughout most of the storm, so you rarely have a sense of being tossed about on the ocean. In other words, a dose of Dramamine before the movie is not necessary. In denying us any sense of stomach-churning chaos, the movie keeps the violence at such a far remove that it rarely feels especially scary.

The money shots are parceled out as carefully (and as parsimoniously) as the movie's personal dramas. The most awesome (familiar from the movie's ubiquitous trailer) comes very late and portrays the boat's head-first climb into a looming 90-foot mountain of water. It is the one stunner in a movie that could have done with two or three more knockout visuals.

In the end "The Perfect Storm" feels like two movies grafted together. The first third is a glowing portrait of Gloucester and the salty, roughneck flavor of its fishing industry. In a series of short but pungent scenes, we meet its fishermen and are introduced to the risky, competitive, low-paying enterprise of swordfish harvesting.

The movie's vision of this life is unabashedly romantic but convincing, thanks largely to Bill Wittliff's economical screenplay, which keeps its ear attuned to the Yankee dialect. When a fleet arrives back at port, the women ecstatically pour out of their homes to greet their men on the docks, and the town begins to pulse. The sight of tipsy couples in a waterfront bar joyously swaying in each other's arms to the lusty strains of Bruce Springsteen's "Hungry Heart" produces a pang of longing to embrace this elemental livelihood and the ***working-class*** solidarity that goes with it.

The movie's Romeo and Juliet, Bobby Shatford (Mr. Wahlberg), a divorced, financially troubled fisherman, and his adoring fiancee, Christina (Ms. Lane), may no longer be teenagers, but they exude the radiant passion of high school sweethearts. These lovers give the movie most of its warmth.

Although George Clooney has a more substantial role as the boat's captain, Billy Tyne, the character remains an enigma. Mr. Clooney conveys a darkly heroic gravity, but his lack of even a trace of a New England accent makes him seem socially out of place in a cast whose other members get the regional dialect more or less right. The movie tentatively teases us with the possibility that Billy, who has had a run of disappointing catches, will become involved with Linda Greenlaw (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio), a fellow fisherman who has her own boat and has had a string of good luck.

Had the movie envisaged a "Moby-Dick"-like struggle between Billy and the superstorm into which he steers the Andrea Gail with a reckless determination, "The Perfect Storm" might have accrued some heavy allegorical weight. Certainly Mr. Clooney's Billy, with his glowering dark-circled eyes, ruddy, stubbled face and air of impermeable masculinity, suggests a man peering challengingly into the eye of fate. But "The Perfect Storm" misses its opportunity to evoke a metaphysical struggle, and it is much the poorer for it.

In its most solemn moments "Titanic" plunged us into a panorama of death, surrounding us with shipwrecked passengers moaning and crying as they slowly froze in the North Atlantic water. In the one comparable image in "The Perfect Storm" the camera slowly pulls from a lone man in the ocean to observe him from afar, a speck of life bobbing helplessly on the heaving waves. It's only a glimpse of eternity, and not nearly enough to stir up the awe that is missing from the heart of the film.

"The Perfect Storm" is rated PG-13 (Parents strongly cautioned). It has some strong language and sexual situations.

THE PERFECT STORM

Directed by Wolfgang Petersen; written by Bill Wittliff, based on the book by Sebastian Junger; director of photography, John Seale; edited by Richard Francis-Bruce; music by James Horner; production designer, William Sandell; produced by Paula Weinstein, Mr. Petersen and Gail Katz; released by Warner Brothers. Running time: 150 minutes. This film is rated PG-13.

WITH: George Clooney (Capt. Billy Tyne), Mark Wahlberg (Bobby Shatford), Diane Lane (Christina Cotter), William Fichtner (Sully), Karen Allen (Melissa Brown), Allen Payne (Alfred Pierre), Bob Gunton (Alexander McAnally III), Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio (Linda Greenlaw) and John C. Reilly (Murph).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mark Wahlberg, left, and George Clooney in "The Perfect Storm." (Claudette Barius/Warner Brothers Pictures)(pg. E1); All the force of nature that Hollywood can muster: The Andrea Gail battles the elements in "The Perfect Storm," directed by Wolfgang Petersen. (Industrial Light and Magic/Warner Brothers Pictures)(pg. E14)

**Load-Date:** June 30, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Talk About Race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S44-GR90-TW8F-G14P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 23, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section WK; Column 0; Week in Review Desk; Pg. 1; CODE-BREAKING

**Length:** 1930 words

**Byline:** By JANNY SCOTT

**Body**

Americans and their political leaders have been tongue-tied on the subject of race. We were reminded of that last week when Senator Barack Obama, the front-runner for the Democratic presidential nomination, took the almost unimaginable step of going before a national audience at a precarious juncture in a close campaign and speaking explicitly about what race means to blacks and whites. He spoke of black anger and white resentment and the significance of race in American history; his purpose was political but he spoke with seriousness and gravity and at length. Whether the speech helped or hurt him remains to be seen. But the moment was unlike virtually any in the more than 40 years since the triumphs of the civil rights struggle tore up party alignments of the past and tamped down explicit discussion of race by presidents and major-party candidates addressing the American people.

The dynamic had been different once -- when African-Americans had begun to vote Democratic as well as Republican and presidential candidates of both parties competed for their votes; in 1948, Harry Truman, courting swing voters in a close election, became the first presidential candidate from a major party to campaign in Harlem (and ordered an end to segregation in the armed services right after he won the Democratic nomination). In the early 1960s, opinion polls found that a majority of Americans saw civil rights as the dominant issue facing the country. And President Lyndon B. Johnson, in one of several memorable 1965 speeches on race, said, speaking before a joint session of Congress after the ''Bloody Sunday'' voting-rights march from Selma, Ala.: ''Their cause must be our cause too. Because it is not just Negroes, but really it is all of us, who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice. And we shall overcome.''

Yet it was President Johnson, too, who foresaw the end of what Glenda Gilmore, a Yale historian and author of ''Defying Dixie: The Radical Roots of Civil Rights, 1919-1950,'' described last week as a 20-year ''national conversation on race'' in the 1950s and 1960s. After signing the Civil Rights Act in July 1964, the president is said to have observed that he had just handed over the South to the Republicans for at least a generation. The Republicans seized the opportunity to peel off Democratic states. They studied the campaigns of George Wallace, the Alabama governor who ran as an independent presidential candidate in 1968, to see how he appealed to whites. They developed the ''Southern strategy'' that helped Richard Nixon and later Ronald Reagan. With blacks voting overwhelmingly Democratic by now, and their party struggling to hold onto white ***working-class*** ethnic voters in the North, there was little incentive for presidential candidates of either party to bring up race in a serious way.

Politicians were not alone in dropping the issue. The Watts riots broke out within days of the signing of the Voting Rights Act of 1965; the Vietnam War increasingly supplanted civil rights in the public's attention.

''Our morale was busted by the war,'' said Richard N. Goodwin, the former Johnson speechwriter who wrote the '65 race speeches. ''The moral energy you needed was not there anymore.''

Middle-class whites who had supported civil rights in the Jim Crow South pulled back when the struggle moved North. They decided it was time to move on. That decision coincided with the rise of some of the thornier issues in civil rights -- poverty, economic justice, black identity, the Black Power movement, Professor Gilmore said. Whites were alarmed in the late 1960s and early 1970s by urban violence; they had grievances about busing, affirmative action and other social programs. Talking about race became increasingly loaded. When word of an internal government report on the condition of the black family, written by Daniel Patrick Moynihan for the speech on race that President Johnson had delivered at Howard University and using the word ''pathology,'' leaked to the press in 1965, a furor ensued, sabotaging a planned conference on future government policy to help blacks. Mr. Moynihan was accused of being racist, although not by black leaders like Roy Wilkins and the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Race did not disappear entirely from presidential campaigns; it went under cover. It lay buried in code phrases like ''crime in the streets,'' ''states' rights,'' and ''welfare mothers.'' Michael Klarman, a professor at the University of Virginia Law School who specializes in the constitutional history of race, said, ''Nixon talks about 'law and order,' which is a code term for the urban race riots and rising crime rates. He talks about appointing strict conservatives to the Supreme Court, which is a code term for justices who won't insist on mandatory busing. And he talks explicitly about how we ought to have 'local control of schools.' Without explicitly using the language of race, he is saying whites shouldn't have to go to school with blacks.''

In 1980, Ronald Reagan, campaigning on a platform that included ''states' rights,'' opened his general election campaign in Philadelphia, Miss. -- a decision criticized because it was where three civil rights workers had been murdered in 1964.

Democratic presidents like Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton addressed the race issue in various forms, but not nearly in the strong terms offered up by Mr. Obama last week, historians say. In June 1997, President Clinton proposed a year-long national ''conversation'' about race and appointed a high-powered advisory board to hold town meetings and report on its findings. The undertaking was plagued by lack of organization and interference from White House officials afraid of political risks. Critics of affirmative action like Abigail Thernstrom, who with her husband, Stephan, wrote ''America in Black and White: One Nation, Indivisible,'' complained that they were excluded from the conversation. ''If you want to do a serious commission, you need to get a variety of voices,'' she said at the time. The commission's report was met with disappointment. John Hope Franklin, the Duke University historian who was chairman of the panel, said last week that the effort was ''knocked down'' by much of America.

''It's not an easy subject for black people or white people,'' said Ira Berlin, a historian at the University of Maryland who writes on slavery. ''As Obama indicated, there are lots of legitimate hurts on both sides. It is extremely easy for people to misspeak. In part because we don't speak a lot and because we don't speak a lot you don't understand the language. People don't understand where the land mines are. They sometimes use the wrong words or are condescending or seem to be condescending when they're trying to be honest. It's easy for people to take offense when the wrong language is used, particularly when they've got within them a lot of anger and are looking for someone to beat with a small stick. In those circumstances, it's often better to say nothing.''

Mr. Obama hardly seemed to be looking for an opening. His hand was forced. For more than a year, he had campaigned in such a way as to appear to transcend race. The son of a white mother and a black father, and educated in elite schools, he emphasized what he has called ''the universal issues that all Americans care about.'' He managed to elude narrow pigeonholing as a black politician. But he finally confronted race head-on in the speech in Philadelphia on Tuesday, responding to an escalating controversy over videotaped snippets of inflammatory anti-white and anti-American rhetoric by the Rev. Jeremiah A. Wright Jr., his longtime spiritual adviser and former pastor.

Mr. Obama's approach was historical, personal and finally political. He traced the country's racial divide back to the Constitutional Convention, which the question of slavery brought to a stalemate ''until the founders chose to allow the slave trade to continue for at least 20 years.'' He said the answer to slavery lay in the Constitution's promise of liberty, justice and a union to be perfected over time. He said he had hoped his campaign would continue the progress of others toward a more just society. But it would not be possible to solve the challenges without understanding ''that we may have different stories but we hold common hopes.''

He told his own story, with its many narrative strands: son of a black man from Kenya and a white woman from Kansas, raised in part by a grandfather who survived the Depression and served in Patton's Army, married to a black American ''who carries within her the blood of slaves and slave owners.'' He asked white Americans to try to understand the humiliation, doubt and fear that Mr. Wright and members of his generation, who came of age in the 1950s and '60s, grew up with and still remember. And he asked black Americans to understand the experiences that have bred resentments over what whites saw as unfairly hurting them: busing, affirmative action, crime.

Those resentments ''helped shape the political landscape for at least a generation,'' he said. Along with black anger, they had distracted attention from ''the real culprits of the middle-class squeeze'' -- a greedy corporate culture, the power of special interests, economic policies that favor the few.

Whether voters buy into Mr. Obama's analysis and take up his invitation to move on may become apparent in the coming primaries in places like Pennsylvania. It remains to be seen whether he has nudged whites and African-Americans any closer to mutual understanding or simply stoked the anxieties and suspicions that helped close down the conversation before. Shelby Steele, a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution and author of ''A Bound Man: Why We Are Excited About Obama and Why He Can't Win,'' called the speech ''shallow, beautifully delivered and just disingenuous'' -- coming from Mr. Obama ''who has been blessed with every manner of opportunity in this society.'' Mr. Wright's anger is demagoguery, said Mr. Steele, who like Mr. Obama is biracial. Racism ''no longer remotely accounts for the difficulties in black America,'' Mr. Steele said. As for the lack of discourse about race, it is a product of political correctness, ''the language of white guilt.''

Asked what is needed to break the stalemate, he said, ''White bravery.''

Mike Huckabee, the Baptist minister and former governor of Arkansas who abandoned his own campaign for the Republican nomination in March, was quoted saying, ''I grew up in a very segregated South. And I think that you have to cut some slack -- and I'm going to be probably the only conservative in America who's going to say something like this, but I'm just telling you -- we've got to cut some slack to people who grew up being called names, being told, 'You have to sit in the balcony when you go to the movie. You have to go to the back door to go into the restaurant.' ''

The country is a work in progress, Mr. Obama suggested. People of different races are more likely to live and work near each other than they were in the past. Americans now cry foul when a politician ''plays the race card.'' There are some 10,000 black elected officials. And a front-runner for the Democratic presidential nomination is black. ''I think he is uniquely positioned because he straddles the racial divide very well,'' said David Goldfield, a historian at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. ''I think some of what he said will resonate. But it's a gamble.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO: IN THE OPEN: Barack Obama the day after his speech on race last week. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS TURNER/EUROPEAN PRESSPHOTO AGENCY) (pg.WK4) DRAWING (DRAWING BY LORNA SIMPSON, ''7 MOUTHS,'' COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND SALON94)

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**End of Document**



[***ON THE UNABOMBER'S TRACK: THE SUSPECT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2BW0-0005-G1HD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Man Known to Few, And a Mystery to Many***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2BW0-0005-G1HD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Theodore John Kaczynsk

By RICHARD PEREZ-PENA

By RICHARD PEREZ-PENA

**Body**

As a mathematics scholar at several prestigious universities and later as a near-hermit living more than 20 years in a hand-built shack in the wilds of the Continental Divide, Theodore John Kaczynski, the man the authorities believe is the Unabomber, showed himself to be both brilliant and elusive.

Mr. Kaczynski, who had graduated from Harvard University at 20, favorably impressed his professors as a graduate student at the University of Michigan in the mid-1960's but left barely a trace in the minds of his fellow students.

Thirty years later, in tiny Lincoln, Mont., he was known only as a polite but evasive and ill-kempt recluse who lived outside the town, a frequent user of the public library who lived without plumbing or electricity and grew his own food.

"As far as pursuing a conversation, he wouldn't do it," said Rhoda Burke, who worked at the D & D Foodtown store in Lincoln. "He was pretty much a loner. He would only come into town once or twice a month."

Residents there said Mr. Kaczynski went everywhere on foot or on an old bicycle equipped with snow chains that he had made himself. He never drove a car or a truck, and only rarely accepted a ride in one. A few times a month, he would ride to town, wash his clothes in a laundromat, buy as much food as would fit in his backpack, and ride back out.

What arc Mr. Kaczynski traced from a math prodigy growing up in a quiet, ***working-class*** suburb of Chicago remains a mystery. But the picture of his life that began to emerge yesterday is remarkably like the profile of the Unabomber that Federal agents had compiled.

Mr. Kaczynski had, as they had guessed, a background in the academic world and links to the Chicago area and to Northern California, where he taught math briefly at the University of California at Berkeley. And, perhaps most telling, his whole existence evinced the profound alienation from modern life and machinery that was at the core of the Unabomber's published manifesto.

But if, in fact, he is the bomber, he took great care to draw no attention to himself. Many of the Unabomber's explosive packages were sent through the mail, but Eileen Lundberg, who with her husband, Dick, ran Mr. Kaczynski's rural mail route for several years, said, "He never had any mail going out, not that we can remember."

Mr. Kaczynski built his home, a 12-by-10-foot shack in the early 1970's, and, according to those who lived nearby, had lived there ever since. In this, at least, investigators may have been wrong; they had guessed that the Unabomber lived in northern California.

One of the few people who saw Mr. Kaczynski regularly was Lee Mason, who, at a distance of a quarter mile, was his closest neighbor for more than 20 years.

"He doesn't speak in complete sentences," Mr. Mason said. "He would say words, and the words didn't always make a lot of sense. One of the words he said to me one day was, 'I want to go home.' He came to my house and just said, 'I want to go home,' then turned around and left. He had a small garden in the summertime. He chopped wood."

In a region that has many seasonal residents and has attracted people as removed from the mainstream as back-to-the-land hippies and right-wing militias, Mr. Kaczynski's reserve, self-sufficiency, long hair and beard drew little notice. Some people who encountered him regularly did not know his last name.

"This is the kind of town that no one would bother you," said Todd Fisher, publisher of The Blackfoot Valley Dispatch in Lincoln. "Even when there was six feet of snow he was walking or riding a bike. I always saw him alone, always. I would say hi and he would return the hi and that was it."

Unlike others who lived off the land, he did not hunt, and Ms. Burke, the food store employee, said she thought he was a vegetarian.

While in town, Mr. Kaczynski would often buy a newspaper and stop at the library. Beverly Coleman, who was a volunteer at the library, said he checked out books in several languages, and always returned them on time.

Mr. Kaczynski's sharp turn away from society occurred after he spent several years in the 1960's on two college campuses -- in Ann Arbor, Mich., and in Berkeley -- that were seedbeds of a counterculture that reacted profoundly against not only the war in Vietnam, but against materialism and many of society's standards as well. It is unclear whether Mr. Kaczynski was a part of that movement.

It was at Michigan in the early '60s that Students for a Democratic Society was founded, and the first "teach-ins" against the war were held at Michigan in 1965, while Mr. Kaczynski was there.

From Michigan, where he received a doctorate, Mr. Kaczynski went to Berkeley, home of the "free speech" movement a few years before and another hotbed of anti-war activism. He taught math there for two years.

Contemporaries of Mr. Kaczynski in Michigan's graduate program in math -- a program they said had about 250 students at a time -- had no memory of him, a fact that struck one former participant as remarkable.

"I was really gregarious," said one of those, Michael D. Fried. "I mean I really knew a lot of people and I didn't know him. He must have really hidden if I didn't know him."

Another contemporary in the program, George Kozlowski, said: "I feel like I've never even heard his name before, which is hard to believe."

But George Piranian, a professor emeritus of mathematics, recalled him clearly. "He was a very able, very serious student and he solved a very difficult problem in his thesis," he said. "Those who knew him had a very high respect for him."

Professor Piranian said that Mr. Kaczynski had written his thesis in the abstract branch of mathematics known as modern complex analysis.

Peter L. Duren, a professor of mathematics at the University of Michigan who once taught Mr. Kaczynski, expressed astonishment at the arrest. "I am surprised, definitely -- that's not the person I knew," Professor Duren said. "He was nonviolent, he was just very much wrapped up in his mathematical research -- I wasn't aware he had any social concerns."

He said Mr. Kaczynski was one of the best students in the class, titled "real analysis."

"What made him a good student was he had a very independent mind," the professor said. "He wasn't content to play back what other people told him."

At Michigan, too, Mr. Kaczynski apparently kept to himself. "I don't think he had very close personal relationships, at least with people in the mathematics department," Professor Duren said.

John Addison, who was chairman of the math department at Berkeley at the time, said he did not recall Mr. Kaczynski but had heard he resigned because "he wanted to change the direction of his work and do something of more social relevance."

Mr. Kaczynski was born May 22, 1942, and grew up in Evergreen Park, Ill., in a three-bedroom Cape Cod house flanked by elm trees.

Donald Sobbe of Evergreen Park, who said he met Mr. Kaczynski when they were in sixth grade at Central School, recalled the suspect as a "likable guy" who played trombone in the school band and once dreamed of joining the space program and flying rockets.

At the end of their sophomore year in high school, Mr. Kaczynski, at age 16, won a scholarship to Harvard, quite a feat for Evergreen Park, where only about a third of the class went on to college back then.

"This guy was really up there in the genius category," Mr. Sobbe said. "I don't think anyone realized it until high school."

**Graphic**

Photo: Theodore J. Kaczynski in his 1994 Montana driver's license photo, and a sketch the authorities based on a 1987 sighting of the bomer.

**Load-Date:** April 4, 1996

**End of Document**



[***SUNDAY VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5660-0005-G54W-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***When Actor and Author Speak as One***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5660-0005-G54W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 31, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1191 words

**Byline:** By Margo Jefferson

By Margo Jefferson

**Body**

TAKING TO HEART Willa Cather's description of an actor as a novelist who writes a book every night, I want to tell you about some of the fine stage writing I've come across recently.

Actors have to work with other people's words; go around, through and between them so that they can be made flesh. Sometimes a playwright's words are so packed with intentions and possibilities (emotional, intellectual, rhythmic, textural) that the actors get crushed; they can't remake language in an image that matters. And sometimes you feel as if you're watching a long ugly fight -- writer-author vs. actor-author -- in which everyone gets slaughtered, not least the spectators.

When the playwright and the performer are in synch, though, it is pure bliss.

Tennessee Williams is one of those writers who can ennoble or seduce and betray actors: the poetry and vitriol of his language; the delusions his people shield themselves with, as well as their cold hard manipulations. You can read his plays as tragedies in which people who have been lying incessantly to and about themselves have to stop even if it kills them. (And plenty of times it does.) They also possess moments of luminous comedy, moments when the people who have been doing their best to live with some grueling truth about themselves find peace or grace in that struggle.

Cherry Jones plays the luminous Hannah Jelkes in the Roundabout Theater Company's current revival of Williams's 1961 play, "The Night of the Iguana." "Iguana" takes place at a small hotel on the west coast of Mexico in 1940; "rather rustic and very bohemian" is how Williams describes it. Just the setting for a few lost and wandering souls to meet and live through a long dark night together. They include a defrocked Episcopal priest, a hard-as-nails merry widow and a 97-year-old poet (a well-known minor poet in the years preceding World War I) who is trying to compose one final poem.

Hannah is the poet's granddaughter. "She was brought up to be a wonderful wife and mother," he says. "But . . . I'm a selfish old man so I've kept her all to myself." They tour the world together, this New England spinster and her grandfather, making a life and a living through his recitations and her paintings. She explains: "I wear an artist's smock -- picturesquely dabbed with paint -- wide Byronic collar and a flowing silk tie. I don't push myself on people. I just display my work and smile at them sweetly and if they invite me to do so sit down to make a quick character sketch in pastel or charcoal. If not? Smile sweetly and go on."

Hannah is subtle and alert from the start, but literature has given us plenty of New England spinsters who are that. Williams gives us a far richer, fuller woman: a wise virgin who looks hard and close at the faces and souls around her, who can imagine and respond to all kinds of things she has not experienced, and who has come to a hotel veranda in Mexico "after long, difficult travels. And I don't mean just travels about the world, the earth's surface. I mean . . . subterranean travels, the . . . the journeys that the spooked and bedeviled people are forced to take through the . . . the unlighted sides of their natures."

Still, it is easy to be all valorous gentility and gentle irony with just a touch of firmness when you play Hannah Jelkes. What Ms. Jones gives her and us is wit, authority and a sturdy generosity. We feel not just the satisfaction but the pleasure, the calm, voluptuous pleasure that Hannah takes in having endured those journeys through the unlighted side of her nature.

Robert Falls has directed this "Iguana" so that it is loud and high pitched. The actors sashay and stomp around a very handsome set by Loy Arcenas; they aim for the angst but miss much of the wit. In the middle of it all, Ms. Jones arrives. Give me something I can trust, you plead silently. And she does.

What good actors in plays by David Mamet do is take you right into the maelstrom. They might hurl you there; they might lure you; they might argue or philosophize along the way. But that's where you're going to end up: in a moral quandary or a verbal quagmire; seized so intensely by some memory, need or terror that you can barely call yourself back to the life you know; stuck with a failure of nerve, mind and heart that turns your thoughts and feelings to toxic waste.

So the five short pieces by Mr. Mamet being performed at the Ensemble Studio Theater under Curt Dempster's direction are grouped under the title (part threat, part warning) "No One Will Be Immune."

The first four are variations on themes; you can watch a writer with technique and obsessions to burn working through dramatic situations and playing with linguistic strategies. The last, also the longest and best, is the title play, and it feels like science fiction crossed with courtroom interrogation and religious inquisition.

David Rasche appears in three of the five, and in "Immune" especially, with Byron Jennings as his stern inquisitor, he is pitiable and mesmerizing. Where did all this guilt and earnestness come from, this cooperative manner that doesn't quite hide something weak and truculent in his nature? What is this thing we call a grown man, a reasonable human being?

But every one of these actors is doing good and interesting work, digging into the language with its pauses and emphases, its aggressions and circumlocutions; not leaving us stranded in those moments when a performer is supposed to be addressing someone or seeing something that we don't believe in for a second. When Elaine Bromka talks to a child offstage, you feel its presence, off in another room; when Kristina Lear stares out a window, you want to see what she sees. And I loved watching James Murtaugh and David Margulies as they watched and listened: real listening inflects every word that is spoken.

FATHERS COULD KILL AND eat their sons in Greek myth and tragedy; now they can punish them in subtler ways. Civilization has taught that bullying and manipulation do just as well, and Dada Carney, the patriarch of Thomas Murphy's Irish tragedy "A Whistle in the Dark," works miracles with both.

He does whatever it takes to keep his five sons poor, angry and thwarted, just like he is. He taunts and flatters, exposes their weaknesses, goads them to turn on one another, then plays the struggling put-upon father. He reminds them so sorrowfully, then so gleefully, that they are ***working class*** and despised by the gentry; Irish and despised by the English. Then he sends them off to fight local gangs as if they were crusaders instead of aging dead-end kids breaking knuckles and bottles over the heads of thugs.

Charlotte Moore's revival of this 1961 play ends its run at the Irish Repertory Theater today. She has kept it taut and fierce from beginning to end -- no excess bombast, no gestural rhetoric. And David Leary, as Dada, is harrowing. You see every trick he's up to and at the same time you see every compulsion that drives him. He's a charmer, a braggart and a monster. He rules his household as if it were a bunker under siege. And he rules the theater that way too. When I left, I felt lucky to get out alive.

**Graphic**

Photo: Cherry Jones in "The Night of the Iguana" by Tennessee Williams. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 31, 1996

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[***Congressional Primary in New Jersey Mirrors G.O.P.'s Divisions***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40BV-KM10-00MH-F2YJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1356 words

**Byline:** By ANDREW JACOBS

By ANDREW JACOBS

**Dateline:** WHITEHOUSE, N.J.

**Body**

Whatever you do, don't ask Mike Pappas to sing.

During the impeachment proceedings against President Clinton, Mr. Pappas, then a freshman Republican, stood up on the House floor and sang a ditty honoring Kenneth W. Starr, the prosecutor, to the tune of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." Coming just as public impatience with the Republican-led proceedings was boiling over, the performance became infamous enough that Mr. Pappas's Democratic rival, Rush Holt, was able to turn it into prime advertising fodder and take over the reliably Republican seat.

Now, Mr. Pappas, trying to win back his seat, finds himself in an unusual primary race in which he faces another former congressman -- Richard A. Zimmer, who gave up the job in 1996 for an unsuccessful Senate bid against Robert G. Torricelli.

The race for the seat, which had been Republican for decades, figures to be one of the most hotly contested House elections in the nation, with control of the House up for grabs and Republicans now holding a slim six-seat majority.

"This is one of the most vulnerable seats in the country," said Marit Babin, a spokeswoman for the National Republican Congressional Committee. "Rush Holt better watch out."

But before Republicans can take aim at Mr. Holt, the party must endure a messy fight in the June 6 primary between Mr. Pappas, an unvarnished conservative, and Mr. Zimmer, a social moderate.

It is a matchup of two very different Republicans, one that is exposing the deep divisions within the national party. The House majority whip, Tom DeLay, and the House majority leader, Dick Armey -- both staunch conservatives -- are supporting Mr. Pappas, while Mr. Zimmer has been endorsed by the House speaker, J. Dennis Hastert, and Representative Thomas M. Davis III, head of the party's Congressional election committee.

"The N.R.C.C. has vowed to target Rush Holt, but so far we've seen nothing but an unending food fight among Republicans," said John Del Cecato, a spokesman for the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. "These two guys are clawing at each other, and whoever emerges is going to be damaged goods for the fall."

After months of unexpected civility, the two candidates began attacking each other late this week. Mr. Zimmer, not surprisingly, began running a radio ad featuring his opponent singing, and Mr. Pappas sent out a mailing that accuses his rival of inspiring New Jersey's income tax when he was the head of Common Cause in the 1970's.

Last month, Mr. Zimmer's supporters circulated a videocassette of the recital among party stalwarts to scare off potential backers of Mr. Pappas.

That tactic seems to have worked. Mr. Zimmer has rounded up endorsements from most every top party official in the state, including Gov. Christine Todd Whitman, former Gov. Thomas H. Kean and Chuck Haytaian, the party chairman. The district's five county committees are also supporting Mr. Zimmer, who has raised just over $1 million, compared with $225,000 for Mr. Pappas.

Most of those supporting Mr. Zimmer say electability, not ideology, was the deciding factor.

"I'd like to see that district come back into Republican hands, and the bottom line is that Dick has the better chance of beating Rush Holt," Mr. Haytaian said.

Mr. Pappas may lack money and big-name boosters, but he has the impassioned support of local abortion opponents, gun enthusiasts and social conservatives. Angry over what they say is Mr. Zimmer's flip-flopping on their issues, groups like New Jersey Right to Life and the New Jersey Sportsman Association are vowing to mobilize their troops on June 6.

Leonard Lance, a Republican assemblyman who lost to Mr. Pappas in a three-way Congressional race in 1996, said low turnout, especially in a year without a contested presidential primary in the major parties, could swing the election away from Mr. Zimmer.

"The true believers always vote," he said.

Rick Shaftan, a consultant who ran the first Pappas campaign for Congress, predicted that Mr. Pappas would defy conventional wisdom like he did four years ago, when many political writers treated him like an afterthought. "Conservatives feel so abused by the Republican Party, they're going to come out in droves," he said.

Those who live in the narrow band that cuts across New Jersey's midsection are, by and large, a contented lot. The 12th District, which stretches on either side of United States Route 1, boasts the state's best-educated and most prosperous residents. It includes the gentleman-farmer estates of Hunterdon County, the new-money McMansions of greater Princeton and the solidly middle-class towns of East Brunswick, Holmdel and Freehold.

With good schools, no cities and negligible crime, there is not much to fire up the average voter. "The only thing uniting the district is that it contains most of the horse farms in the state," said Steven Salmore, a Republican consultant.

When they are not arguing over who was the better congressman, the two candidates talk mostly about cutting taxes, fighting sprawl and saving Social Security. Mr. Zimmer supports gun control and abortion rights, although he recently switched his position on the late-term procedure that critics call partial-birth abortion, which he now opposes. His most widely recognized accomplishment in Congress was a federal version of Megan's Law, the sex-offender notification law.

Mr. Pappas, who earned a 100 percent voting-record rating from the Christian Coalition, wears his conservative credentials with pride. He speaks proudly of his vote to impeach Mr. Clinton, and he held a news conference earlier this month announcing his endorsement by Phyllis Schlafly, president of the conservative Eagle Forum. He agrees with the decision of the Boy Scouts of America to eject an openly gay scoutmaster, an issue that Mr. Zimmer declined to weigh in on. "It's a very complicated matter," Mr. Zimmer said. "I do, however, oppose all forms of discrimination."

Born in Newark and brought up in a strongly Democratic ***working-class*** family, Mr. Zimmer lives on an organic farm in Delaware Township, where his wife raises sheep. Soft-spoken and bespectacled, Mr. Zimmer, 55, hardly looks the part of the hungry politician. Supporters say he is more comfortable drafting legislation than schmoozing voters, but those who remember his failed Senate race know he can give as good as he gets. Even today, many Republicans shake their heads when recalling the viciousness of that campaign. "This time," Mr. Zimmer said, "I'm just going to promote my record."

While Mr. Zimmer uses his war chest on radio and television ads (some of which refer to him as Congressman Zimmer), Mr. Pappas spends his days going door to door.

"When you go see someone in their home, you show them you know the roads they drive on and what kinds of recreational facilities their kids have," he said. "More often than not, I find they'll support you."

Like his opponent, Mr. Pappas, 39, is not much of a backslapper. He spends some of his free time with the local 4-H club or a drug prevention program for teenagers. Before his election, he worked for his family's insurance business.

Occupying the basement of a ranch house on Route 22 here in Whitehouse, the Pappas headquarters was buzzing on a recent afternoon as volunteers coordinated literature mailings or the placement of campaign signs on the lawns of supporters. Rush Limbaugh played on the radio, and a National Rifle Association membership certificate hung near a photograph of Ronald Reagan.

Jack Grimes, the Pappas campaign's youthful director, said an outpouring of volunteer help had made up for the paucity of cash and party support.

"We made a conscious decision not to sit around and make fund-raising calls," he said. "The proof is out there: if you drive around the district, all you see are Pappas signs. You rarely see a Zimmer sign."

He attributed Mr. Pappas's loss in 1998 to Mr. Holt's use of his advertising dollars to tap into the anti-impeachment fury.

"I guess his passion got the best of him," Mr. Grimes said of Mr. Pappas's singing on the House floor. "Anyway, he's promised everyone that from now on, he'll only sing in the shower."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mike Pappas, left, and Richard Zimmer. (pg. B1)

Map of New Jersey highlighting the Twelfth Congressional District; The 12th District boasts New Jersey's most prosperous residents. (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** May 27, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Social Ills Pull Educators' Concern to New Issues***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2VF0-002S-X1P5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER

**Body**

Frustrated by the number of children who are ill-prepared for school, educators are turning their attention from issues like the curriculum to social problems, including crack, AIDS, child abuse and the growing number of splintered and troubled families.

''If those children come into my classroom and they have been up all night because someone in the house is using drugs, that impacts on what I teach,'' said Mary Hatwood Futrell, who just completed a six-year term as president of the National Education Association.

Interviewed as the nation's 40 million schoolchildren return from summer vacation, many leading educators said teachers and school officials are increasingly finding that students have personal problems the schools cannot solve alone. Such problems can make questions that have engaged educators for most of this decade, like strengthened curriculums and tougher academic standards, seem secondary. The social problems are edging to the front of the educational agenda.

School districts throughout Missouri, as well as those in Tampa, Fla., Auburn, Ala., and Farrell, Pa., have begun training parents of preschool children to be better parents. In special evening classes and in home visits, teachers urge parents to read to their children, to engage in substantive conversations with them and to turn expeditions like a trip to the grocery into educational exercises.

'Those Children Just Shine'

Missouri's program got under way last year, involving the parents of 50,000 children entering kindergarten.

''Most of the children are much more ready for school,'' said Louis Wright, principal of Rockport Heights Elementary School in Arnold, a ***working-class*** suburb of St. Louis. ''They're more attentive. Those children just shine.''

In Shreveport, La., educators go to maternity wards at hospitals to distribute packets of literature that guide mothers in rearing newborns.

Several educators said too many homes were sending children to school lacking the basic vocabulary needed in the first grade. In homes run by unmarried or divorced mothers, children may not get enough help or direction from adults. Ms. Futrell estimates that 15 million school-age children live in poverty.

Dr. Samuel G. Sava, the executive director of the National Association of Elementary School Principals, said, ''In the poorest homes, there's not a great deal of interaction, not because parents don't care, but because parents are spending a lot of time on survival, trying to earn enough money to support their families.''

AIDS, Crack and Homelessness

Urban teachers are seeing more children who have AIDS, are addicted to drugs, are homeless or are victims of physical or sexual abuse. Even teachers in rural states like Nebraska have students who use drugs, officials say.

''It's time for parents and communities to realize that school is only one piece of a child's life and that the burden of these problems needs to be shared with the community,'' said Ann Lynch, president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Some schools have asked teachers to become, in effect, social workers, but many teachers bridle at that. In 1987, Rochester offered its 2,500 teachers salaries of up to $69,000 a year, if they would take on duties like talking with students about their personal problems and visiting them in their homes. Some teachers have begun to complain that the program is forcing them to work excessive hours in tasks for which they have little training.

Dr. Scott Thomson, the executive director of the National Association of Secondary School Principals, recalled a poll last May conducted by the Phi Delta Kappa, a fraternal society of teachers. In that survey, high school teachers said drug use was the biggest problem they faced, ahead of low salaries or undisciplined students.

He said more than half the states had zones around schools where penalties for drug sales are particularly harsh. In Florida, the first signs marking such zones were posted Aug. 28 outside Mollie Ray Elementary School in Orlando. The signs warn that conviction for the possession or sale of drugs within 1,000 feet of the school will result in a three-year jail term without the possibility of parole.

A Return to the 1970's

The social concerns are not entirely new. Dr. Thomson, a former Superintendent of Schools in Evanston, Ill., said the focus on social issues represented a return to the concerns of the 1970's, when educators were pushing for free breakfasts and other social programs. Many of those programs became standard practice, but educators realized that children were still failing to measure up in reading and mathematics and soon revived the emphasis on the basics of good reading, writing and arithmetic.

''Now we see such forces pushing the other way back again because of a growing number of minorities and immigrants, the problems of pregnancies and drugs, of less and less family support,'' Dr. Thomson said. ''Now schools have to stay open longer, provide more social workers, provide health clinics and educate families in how to raise children.''

But he cautioned, ''My own view is that we were too willing to drop standards in the 1970's and we darn better not repeat that mistake in the 90's.''

In coming years, teachers will be facing more children from troubled homes, Dr. Sava said. Enrollment in kindergarten through eighth grade will climb to 31 million in the 1990's from 28.8 million last year. Roughly one-third of the children will be black, Hispanic or Asian and a growing percentage will be ''youngsters from economically deprived environments,'' Dr. Sava said.

States like California and cities like Miami and Pittsburgh are already acting to reopen closed schools and to build new ones for teaching the growing number of students.

Facing Greater Diversity

''It will be a more diversified group coming into our school system,'' Dr. Sava said. ''Some children will be able to understand 12,000 words and some only about 4,000 words.''

To reach poor families, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers has been trying to recruit more black and Hispanic parents into local P.T.A.'s and is translating its literature from English into other languages for immigrants.

''People involved in the P.T.A. weren't always conscious of making those people feel welcome,'' said Tari Marshall, the public relations director for the national congress. The national group, which does not keep ethnic statistics, is urging chapters to schedule meetings during hours that accommodate working parents and it is pressing parents to work at preparing children for school.

Ms. Marshall said, ''There are small things you can do with 10 minutes a day: making sure that your child has a quiet place to do homework, spending five minutes to talk about the day in school, maybe once a month contacting their teacher, making sure children aren't sitting in front of the TV set for hours a day.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Jeanne Fluri, a teacher, visiting Diana Emnett and her children, Amanda and David, at their house in Arnold, Mo., as part of a state program to help parents prepare their children for public school. (Associated Press for The New York Times)

**End of Document**



[***It's Not a Wage Gap But an Age Gap***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5160-0005-G4P6-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By W. Michael Cox;

W. Michael Cox is vice president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas.

By W. Michael Cox;   W. Michael Cox is vice president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas.

**Dateline:** DALLAS

**Body**

Congress appears bent on raising the minimum wage in an attempt to accomplish by legislative fiat what many claim the economy can no longer do on its own: give low-income workers a bigger piece of the pie. What legislators perhaps don't understand is that if poor Americans can gain entry into the work force, even at low wages, they usually move up the economic ladder.

The 20 House Republicans who have joined Democrats in calling for raising the minimum wage are apparently swayed by endlessly repeated popular myths: The rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer; the middle class is going nowhere; today's twentysomething job seekers are destined to be the first Americans in history not to live as well as their parents.

Census Bureau data seem to verify this pessimism. In 1994, the latest year available, the bottom fifth of households earned just 3.6 percent of the nation's income and saw their share of the wealth fall from 4.2 percent in 1975 to 3.6 percent. The top fifth, meanwhile, received almost half of the nation's income, up from 43.7 percent in 1975. After adjusting for inflation, the income of households in the lowest fifth rose only $87 from 1975 to 1994. The top tier, meanwhile, gained $25,934.

Yet the doomsayers ignore an important economic fact: Inequality is not immobility. The Census Bureau's static snapshots of income distribution don't gauge Americans' ability to move up the economic ladder. The actual people in each percentile change from one year to another.

To gauge opportunity in America, it is essential to track individuals in the labor force or those trying to join it (people 16 and older who are working, unemployed, laid off, in school or retired) and to follow them over a period of years, capturing the ups and downs in their income.

The University of Michigan's Panel Survey on Income Dynamics has done exactly this, providing the longest-running record of Americans' earnings. In 1968, it began collecting detailed information on 50,915 people of all ages and income groups, and it compiled data through 1991.

The study gives a startlingly optimistic picture of economic mobility. Take those who were in the bottom fifth of all earners in 1975. The conventional view would lead us to believe that these people were probably worse off in the 1990's. But the Michigan study found that only 5 percent were still in the bottom fifth in 1991.

More remarkable, 80 percent of the bottom fifth in 1975 had made it into the top 60 percent of earners -- middle class or better -- over that 16-year span. And 29 percent rose to the top fifth. This evidence suggests that holding low-income jobs is largely a transitory stage for people with little work experience.

How mobile are Americans? Of the Michigan group, less than 1 percent of those in the lowest fifth in 1975 remained in the bottom 20 percent every single year until 1991. Nearly a quarter of those in the bottom tier in 1975 moved up the next year and never returned. More than three-quarters of those in the lowest fifth in 1975 spent at least one year among the top 40 percent of income earners by 1991.

The poor in the Michigan sample also made dramatic gains in annual income. Those who started in the bottom fifth in 1975 saw their average annual income increase by $25,322 by 1991, adjusted for inflation. Among 1975's top 20 percent of earners, the increase was only $3,974.

But not just the poorest workers from the 1970's did well. Among the second-poorest fifth, more than 70 percent had moved to a higher bracket by 1991, with 26 percent making it to the top 20 percent. From the middle fifth, almost half managed to raise their incomes. And a third of the people from the second-highest group made it to the top bracket.

What about the rich of 1975? Some fell to lower tiers, most likely because they retired or were laid off from high-paying jobs. Even so, nearly two-thirds of the group could still be found in the top tier in 1991. Less than 1 percent plummeted to the bottom.

The Michigan study isn't the first to look at individuals over time and find strong evidence to contradict the myth of a society sapped by declining opportunity. The Treasury Department reached a similar conclusion in a 1992 study. In analyzing tax returns from 14,351 households, it found that 86 percent of those in the lowest fifth in 1979 moved to a higher group by 1988. Two-thirds of these people reached the middle 20 percent or higher in just nine years, with almost 15 percent making it to the top fifth of income earners.

Not only do the statistics show that our economic system is biased toward success, but also they teach an important lesson about staying mobile in the economy of tomorrow. If people get into the work force -- at any level -- and stay there, they will likely be rewarded. There is a permanent underclass, but it consists for the most part of people who drop out of the work force entirely.

Getting people into the work force has taken on a new urgency in the postindustrial economy. Lifetime earning patterns have changed substantially. Traditionally, a worker's income rose rapidly in the early years of working, peaked in middle age, then fell as the worker eased toward retirement. But over the past four decades, earnings have been rising more sharply as workers age.

According to the Labor Department, in 1951 workers reached their peak earning years from the ages of 35 to 44. The average annual income of individuals in this group was 1.6 times the income of those from 20 to 24 years old, and slightly greater than that of workers between 45 and 54. By 1993, the peak earning years shifted to ages 45 to 54, and these workers earned almost 3.1 times more than the those in the 20-24 age group.

Older workers are doing better because the economy has shifted toward services and technology: brain power can continue to expand long after muscle power has begun to falter. Thus as the country retools itself for a more knowledge-intensive era, workers are increasingly rewarded for what they've learned in the workplace. Earnings for those with experience rise sharply, and the gap widens between youth and middle age.

This in part explains the apparent discrepancy between the Census Bureau's figures and the Michigan study. There is an income gap, but it driven more today by the steepening earnings of workers as they age.

It's not that the young are worse off; it's that older, more experienced workers are doing much better. Those who can stay in jobs almost certainly will receive their reward. Thus it is job experience, not government, that makes work pay. The key is to get a start and stay working.

So why is Congress talking about raising the minimum wage when economists of all stripes agree that even a 90-cent increase would reduce employment by hundreds of thousands of jobs over the long term? This would expel from the ***working class*** the very people whom the raise would purportedly help: the inexperienced. It is the kind of help poor Americans can't afford.

**Graphic**

Drawing.

**Load-Date:** April 21, 1996

**End of Document**



[***In Bayonne, Blue-Collar Backlash Over Corzine's Spending - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40CX-HV40-00MH-F4XG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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**Length:** 1220 words

**Byline:** By ANDREW JACOBS

By ANDREW JACOBS

**Dateline:** BAYONNE, N.J., May 30

**Body**

The crash of bowling pins. Fifty-cent Budweisers. The Jersey Devils on the big television beating the pants off their Stanley Cup rivals.

Life doesn't get much better at the Knights of Columbus lounge, a dark and smoky cocoon where generations of stevedores, crane operators and refinery workers have drunk away their daily aches.

During a break in the hockey game, it was time again for the politicians to sell their wares. Like clockwork, the guy with the bold ideas and the bottomless bank account appeared on the bar's half-dozen screens.

Lou Rodrique, 75, drained his glass of beer as Jon S. Corzine, the Wall Street multimillionaire, took over the room. Through the din, an announcer could be heard saying something nasty about former Gov. Jim Florio, Mr. Corzine's opponent in next Tuesday's Democratic primary for the United States Senate. Mr. Rodrique, a World War II Navy veteran who worked at the Exxon refinery until it followed the other oil companies out of town, turned away and nearly spat with disdain.

"I just don't get it," he said. "I don't trust a guy who's spending this kind of money for a job that pays so little. There's gotta be something in it for him."

In a few short weeks, Mr. Corzine's $30 million juggernaut has transformed him from an obscure hopeful into a household name who, recent polls say, is the man to beat. But if the diehard Democrats in this fraying blue-collar town are any indication, Mr. Corzine may be overdoing his lavish spending campaign, one that is quickly making this Senate race the most expensive in American history.

There is little love expressed for elected officials here in Bayonne, and many residents still curse the tax increase championed by Mr. Florio a decade ago when he was governor. But even though Mr. Corzine bills himself as the independent outsider, his relentless advertising blitz and bottomless war chest are spurring a quiet backlash in some quarters.

Despite the support Mr. Corzine has won from Bayonne's Democratic leadership and the state's largest labor unions, many voters here say they will cast their lot with Mr. Florio, a man some now see as an embattled underdog, someone who might understand what it's like to be frustrated by a changing world.

"They're all a bunch of lying crooks," said Mr. Rodrique with the swat of his hand. "But I go for the little guy."

Then there is Joe Paszek, 44, a local postal worker who admits he is not following the race but is sure of one thing: "I'm sick of all those Corzine ads."

Sipping a beer at the Big Apple, a popular sports bar studded with 30 television screens, Mr. Paszek did not have to wait long before his gripe was borne out. "You see, you can't avoid the guy," he said. "Yuck."

In interviews, it was not hard to find those enchanted by Mr. Corzine and his commercials, although many confessed they had little sense of what the former Goldman Sachs executive stood for.

For some, it is enough to cheer on the person who is not Mr. Florio, a man many blame for the $2.8 million tax that was enacted while he was governor. For others, like George Bowe, 66, Mr. Corzine's self-generated wealth is to be admired. "It's not like he robbed a bank," said Mr. Bowe, a truck driver. "Either way, he's coming from nowhere, so he's got to get his name out there."

And then there are those like Tommy Akel, 40, a shaggy-haired longshoreman, who says Mr. Corzine's riches make him a free man. "No one can tell him what to do," said Mr. Akel, who plays the drums in a heavy-metal band called Attacker. "If he wins, they can't hold nothing over his head."

Still, up and down Broadway, the town's ailing commercial strip, most people held little hope that either candidate would have any impact on their two-square-mile peninsula.

Once a working man's paradise, Bayonne has lost nearly all of its big employers in recent years, from Texaco, which left behind 40 acres of tainted land, to the Army, which last year abandoned the Military Ocean Terminal, a huge complex that once employed 2,500 people.

Despite all the changes, Bayonne has weathered its economic traumas relatively well. Taxes are high, but crime is low and the schools are still among the best in Hudson County. The city of 61,000 has always been cushioned from the outside world by the water on three sides.

Unlike most of urban New Jersey, and especially its closest neighbors, Newark, Jersey City and Elizabeth, Bayonne is still dominated by ethnic whites, mostly the children of Polish, Italian and Irish immigrants. It is the kind of town where American flags flutter on every other porch. Democrats here outnumber Republicans 10 to 1, although voters will gladly cross party lines for the right candidate.

Leonard P. Kiczek, a former mayor who produces and is the host of a cable program called "Bayonne Today," predicted that few residents would vote in Tuesday's primary. "Folks here are busy working," he said. "Unless there's a burning issue, they're not going to the polls."

Robert Bailey, an associate professor of public policy at Rutgers University at Camden, said that he, too, sensed widespread apathy among ***working-class*** voters. He said he believed that the indifference would only grow as more people learned about Mr. Corzine's $400 million personal fortune and unprecedented spending habits.

"I think it reinforces the perception that the entire political process is a money game, not a political game," he said. "I think this really busts the scale."

Mr. Corzine's strategists might be heartened to meet Mark Minski, a refinery worker and part-time student who was hanging out with some friends in front of Showcase Hairstyling on Broadway. At 25, Mr. Minski hasn't seen too many Senate campaigns, but he knows a thing or two about life in Bayonne. Jobs are scarce, taxes are high and politicians rarely speak the truth, he said. Although he hasn't been following the race, he said he had seen a few of the Corzine commercials on television.

"I saw the one that said Florio's tax hikes hurt the middle class," he said, as his friends nodded in agreement. "Well, we're all middle class. So I guess we're getting hurt. I'll probably support the other guy."

Down the block at Steve's Comet Shoe Repair, the owners, Jean and Steve Attardi, were sitting in the shop's shoeshine chairs, talking politics with an upstairs neighbor, Margie Dorzdowski.

Only one customer had come in all day, but that didn't bother the Attardis, who own the building and get by on Social Security. These days the shop, which they opened 45 years ago, serves largely as a social club for the couple and their friends.

Shouting over one another, their voices growing increasingly agitated, the Attardis bemoaned what they called a new era of big money and empty promises. Mostly, though, they pitied Mr. Florio.

"Corzine has got all the money; it's just not fair," said Mr. Attardi, 85. "It's just not fair."

"The right man never gets elected," said his wife, who is 80. "The poor guy never wins."

Mr. Attardi shook his head and made a sour face. "It never used to be that way," he said. "Why does he have to steal the election?"

And so it went, until Mrs. Dorzdowski, 78, a retired factory worker, broke in. "What are you talking about?" she asked gruffly. "Politicians. Rich or poor, they're all the same. They promise you the moon, and they give you nothing in return."

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

**Correction**

An article on Thursday about resentment among blue-collar voters in Bayonne, N.J., against Jon S. Corzine's record spending in the Democratic primary for United States Senate misstated the size of the state tax increase championed in 1990 by his opponent, Jim Florio, who was then governor. It was $2.8 billion, not $2.8 million.

**Correction-Date:** June 3, 2000, Saturday

**Graphic**

Photo: Lou Rodrique was skeptical about Jon S. Corzine's candidacy for the Senate. (Bridget Besaw Gorman for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 1, 2000

**End of Document**



[***WESTCHESTER GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-31G0-002S-X4XJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 27, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 12WC; Page 9, Column 1; Westchester Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1125 words

**Body**

  APPLE-PICKING

Beginning Saturday and extending through the end of October, Historic Hudson Valley's Montgomery Place in Annandale-on-Hudson will allow unlimited apple-picking at $6 a half-bushel from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily. It is wise to call first and see whether a particular type of apple is ripe. The 150-acre orchard has 5,000 apple, peach and pear trees, and the apple varieties include Red Delicious, Golden Delicious, McIntosh, Rome Beauty, Cortland, Northern Spies, Stayman Winesaps and Paula Reds. Bags are available and the apples hang low enough to pick by reaching up without ladders.

The Montgomery Place Farmstand at the junction of Routes 199 and 9G will have a variety of produce and apples for sale to those who are not interested in picking their own. In addition, the stand carries apple butter, fresh-picked pears, apple cider, apple-scented candles, homemade apple pies, jams and preserves, honey and maple syrups, all produced on the site or at neighboring farms.

For county residents making the hour-and-a-half trip, there are several restaurants and inns in the area. Among them is Green & Bresler's, serving American and Continental food at 29 Market Street in Red Hook, and Tivoli Garden there at 10 South Broadway, which specializes in Belgian waffles. George Washington, according to local lore, slept at the Beekman Arms Hotel on Route 9 in Rhinebeck, purported to be the oldest hostelry in America. It also has a full-service restaurant.

This is the third year that the orchard is open for picking. Last year it sold out. Visitors may roam the 430-acre grounds and trails of Montgomery Place and use the picnic areas for the price of a $3 pass. A tour of the restored early 19th-century mansion costs $5, with discounts for the elderly and students. Children younger than 6 are admitted free.

To reach the site take the Taconic Parkway to the Red Hook/Pine Plains Exit, go left (west) on Route 199 for 10 miles to Route 9G and the Farmstand. Going on, the Montgomery Place and orchard entrance is a mile beyond. For more information, call 758-6338.

BRIDAL SHOWCASE

It is billed as a ''Bridal Extravaganza,'' and it purports to be the most comprehensive bridal show ever produced in the county. The two-day event organized by Vittoria Key Inc., a new Elmsford company, takes place from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Saturday and next Sunday in the County Center in White Plains.

''Everybody gets married in June, and the shows are mostly in January and February,'' said Tina Reno, a partner in the business with Germaine Urbanowski. ''By doing it now, we give people ample time to make decisions, and we beat the competition.'' Admission is $7, and patrons may return free on the second day by having their tickets stamped.

According to Ms. Reno, most bridal shows are limited to gowns and fashion accessories, failing to cover the myriad details of the wedding. This show will have 50 booths with business representatives offering information and prices for photographers, music ensembles and bands, caterers, banquet halls, limousines, florists, silk-flower purveyors (very popular for the bride and bridesmaids as keepsakes, or rearranged for the home), bakers, fashions for the entire bridal party, life insurance for the couple and bank loans for the father of the bride.

''It will be very informal,'' Ms. Reno said. ''People can stay all day, taste the wedding cakes, watch performances by the bands on VCR's, arrange for the impending name change with a representative from Social Security and a change of address with a Postal Service representative.''

Fashion shows will be continuous for brides, grooms, bridesmaids, best men, maids of honor and mothers and fathers of the bridal couple. At 11 A.M. both days a prospective bride will be chosen to model one of the wedding gowns, followed by a seminar on choosing a gown in terms of style, fabric and the necessity for fittings. At 1:30 P.M. both days a seminar will be held on planning a wedding, with Vanda High, author and proprietor of a wedding-planning service called Great Beginnings in Rye.

Door prizes for brides, grooms and parents include a $1,000 wedding gown, a band for the wedding, rehearsal dinner for 20 catered at home; a four-day, three-night honeymoon in the Bahamas; a windjammer cruise, window treatment by an interior decorator, free tuxedo rentals, VCR's, and so on. For more information, call 592-7579.

SAMMY CAHN SHOW

Mention a few dozen hit songs and a substantial number of them will have been written by Sammy Cahn, including ''My Kind of Town,'' ''Come Fly With Me,'' ''Three Coins in the Fountain,'' and ''Love and Marriage.'' Mr. Cahn, a polished entertainer as well as lyricist, is touring with his own show called ''Sammy Cahn, in Person, Words and Music,'' to be presented from Monday through Sept. 9 at the Westport Country Playhouse.

His narration of a 50-year, unfailingly successful career - a period in which he became the lyricist of choice to Frank Sinatra - is accompanied by renditions of his songs by Kevin Anderson, Alisa Gyse and Anne Tofflemire. Tickets, at $13 to $27, may be ordered by calling 227-4177. The playhouse is off the Boston Post Road East at 25 Powers Court.

BRONX CONCERT

The Bronx Arts Ensemble and Musica Hispana will perform ''El Barberillo de Lavapies,'' or ''The Merry Barber of Lavapies,'' a Spanish zarzuela in concert form, at 2 P.M. today on Rockwood Drive Circle in Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx, near Broadway and Mosholu Avenue. It will be repeated at 4 P.M. in Keating Hall on the Bronx Rose Hill campus of Fordham University at Southern Boulevard. Pablo Zinger is the conductor.

The spirited entertainment, first performed at the Teatro de la Zarzuela in Madrid in 1874, takes place in a ***working-class*** district of 18th-century Madrid, borrowing its flavor from ''Le Nozze di Figaro'' of Mozart and Rossini's ''Barber of Seville.'' The plot entwines a rebellion against a minister of King Carlos III, political intrigue and a few troubled romances that are happily resolved.

Zarzuelas originated in the 17th century as short pieces of music, song and dialogue created to entertain Spanish royalty. The name in English means ''The Brambles,'' the name of the palace where they were performed. In the 18th and early 19th century, zarzuelas were overshadowed by the rise of Italian opera. To prevent their disappearance entirely, Francisco-Asenjo Barbieri, composer of ''El Barberillo de Lavapies,'' founded the Teatro de la Zarzuela with several colleagues. The theater is still a center for classical music in Madrid.

Admission is free, and the rain site for the 2 P.M. concert is at the Church of the Mediator, at Kingsbridge Avenue and West 231st Street. For more information, call 549-1899. $90Eleanor Charles

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2CF0-0005-G1NY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Typecast As A Beatle No More***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2CF0-0005-G1NY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 10, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1140 words

**Byline:** Ian Hart

By STEPHEN FARBER

By STEPHEN FARBER

**Body**

FOR A WHILE IT SEEMED THAT Ian Hart's film career might be limited to playing John Lennon. He first attracted notice in "The Hours and Times," a low-budget 1992 drama about a weekend that Lennon spent in Barcelona with his manager, Brian Epstein. Then, in the 1994 movie "Backbeat," a more lavish drama about the early days of the Beatles in Hamburg, Mr. Hart again played Lennon. And when the producers of "Forrest Gump" needed an actor to dub Lennon's voice, they came knocking on Mr. Hart's door.

Paradoxically, the slight, 31-year-old actor with thinning dark hair doesn't look much like Lennon. (Wigs and contact lenses helped accomplish the transformation in his two movies.) But since both men came from Liverpool, they had similar accents, and Mr. Hart shows glimmers of the impudent humor that Lennon was famous for.

"Ian has that Liverpool, no-nonsense approach to things," said Thaddeus O'Sullivan, a British director who has worked with Mr. Hart. "He has the same laconic, down-to-earth chat that the Beatles had when people would ask them lofty questions. So I think he understood that characteristic completely."

The only problem was that Mr. Hart was in danger of being dismissed as a Lennon impersonator; he had trouble convincing casting directors that he was more than a one-trick pony. But eventually, his fortunes changed when Ken Loach chose him for the lead in his new film, "Land and Freedom," a historical epic that opens on Friday. In it Mr. Hart plays a British factory worker who joins the international brigades fighting Franco during the Spanish Civil War. And since completing that movie two years ago, Mr. Hart has been working without a break.

At this year's Sundance Film Festival, viewers saw him in three films that demonstrated his range. In "Loved Up," he plays a happy-go-lucky lad who spends his nights partying and popping ecstasy. In "Hollow Reed," a drama about a gay father fighting for custody of his son, Mr. Hart plays the hero's lover. And in "Nothing Personal," he plays a brutal Protestant thug in Northern Ireland during the turmoil of the 1970's; his performance earned him an award as best supporting actor at this year's Venice Film Festival.

Both "Hollow Reed" and "Nothing Personal" are scheduled to be released in the United States later this year. Once Americans have seen these diverse performances, they may begin to understand why The Sunday Independent of London called Mr. Hart "currently the busiest and the best of British film actors." And critics have compared him to fellow young English actors like Gary Oldman and Tim Roth.

Mr. Hart credits Mr. Loach with giving him his first chance to demonstrate his versatility. It helped that Mr. Loach had not actually seen "Backbeat" or "The Hours and Times" and so was not blinded by the John Lennon connection.

"I don't like to look at actors in other films," said Mr. Loach, "because you don't know what kind of direction they had that contributed to their performance. I'd rather just meet an actor and see what he's like."

Mr. Loach met nearly 200 actors when he was casting "Land and Freedom." He asked them to do improvisations, and he was taken with Mr. Hart's spontaneity. "He was very direct and very straight," Mr. Loach said. "And he had a sense of humor. I thought the audience would like him."

Growing up in a ***working-class*** neighborhood, Mr. Hart said, he always felt like an outsider.

"I wasn't good at cricket," he explained, "and I was slightly lacking in the social graces. But I loved English and poetry, and I wasn't afraid to read out in class." A classmate told him about the Everyman Youth Theater, an experimental company for young people.

"It was a warehouse on the edge of town run by this guy who was like a 45-year-old punk rocker," Mr. Hart recalled. "All the misfits in town would go there. Most of us weren't thinking of acting as a career, and we weren't exactly doing 'Taming of the Shrew.' We just talked about drugs or sex or whatever interested us. We'd get up and improvise sketches."

When he heard about a television show that was being cast in town, Mr. Hart decided to audition and landed the job. "We got to go to Leeds and stay in a hotel for the first time," Mr. Hart remembers. "They gave us money for beers. It was a great way to spend a summer."

He did a few more television shows and some theater but also worked in factories and restaurants between acting gigs. When the director Christopher Munch was struggling to find an actor to play John Lennon in "The Hours and Times," he was advised to meet Mr. Hart.

"We talked about films we had liked, and we bonded," Mr. Munch said. "Ian had spent a lot of time alone growing up, and I think that shaped him, as it did me. Ian has an intuitive approach to acting, almost the American approach, as opposed to what you see in classically trained English stage actors."

More recently, Mr. Hart has played the personal secretary of the I.R.A. leader Michael Collins in "Michael Collins," a movie directed by Neil Jordan and starring Liam Neeson, Julia Roberts and Aidan Quinn that will be released later this year. "I'm there to make Liam look heroic," Mr. Hart said of his role.

Even though it was his first big Hollywood movie, it didn't feel that different from his smaller British films. "To me, it was a little movie," Mr. Hart observes. "Most of my scenes are me and Liam Neeson in the back of a car. I wasn't in any of the big epic scenes. Every once in a while I would realize that I was sitting next to Julia Roberts, who's massively famous, and that was kind of weird."

Stephen Woolley, the producer of "Backbeat," is also the producer of "Michael Collins." "I'd like to find a part for Ian in every film I do," he said. "He's willing to take on any challenge that anyone throws at him. But it's very hard to break through as an actor in Britain today. We don't make enough films. Ian isn't an obvious leading man like Hugh Grant. He's more like the actors who emerged in the 60's, the angry young men like Richard Burton or Tom Courtenay. He'll probably find more opportunities in Hollywood."

Indeed he is making his first movie in America, a low-budget love story currently being filmed in San Jose, Calif. But Hollywood holds little allure. Mr. Hart still lives in London with his girlfriend, a teacher.

"My life's changed in no way whatsoever," he said. "I don't go to parties and hang out with other actors."

His goal, he said, is to continue playing quirky characters in interesting films.

"I know that my brief moment as flavor of the month is already almost over," Mr. Hart said. "I just hope I've done enough work in the last couple of years to prove a point, to show that I can act. Maybe someone out there will employ me even when I'm not hot anymore. That's all I've been trying to do, keep myself in a job. I don't want to be back on the dole."

**Graphic**

Photos: Ian Hart (in white shirt), in "Land and Freedom"--A Liverpudlian glint of impudent humor. (Gramercy Pictures) (pg. 15); Chris O'Neill, left, Stephen Dorf and Ian Hart (as John Lennon) in "Backbeat," 1994, about the Beatles. (Gramercy Pictures); David Angus, left, and Ian Hart as John Lennon, above, in the film "The Hours and Times." (Antarctic Pictures/Goodmachine) (pg. 16)

**Load-Date:** March 10, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Film; Amnesia, Without the Melodrama***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:489G-SJ90-01KN-2363-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 6, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Column 2; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 13

**Length:** 1476 words

**Byline:**  By DAVE KEHR

**Body**

MIDNIGHT in Helsinki. A large man with a weathered face steps off a train, carrying a suitcase that contains all of his possessions. He sits down on a park bench for a few moments' rest, butjust as he nods off, three street punks sneak up behind him and hammer him into unconsciousness with a baseball bat. When he wakes up in the hospital the next day, he no longer knows who he is -- but with his head swathed in bandages, he irresistibly suggests Claude Rains in the 1933 "The Invisible Man." And without a name, he has indeed become invisible in this strange new city -- unable to apply for work or welfare or even a place to live.

He is, as the title of Aki Kaurismaki's film puts it, "The Man Without a Past." As a plot device, amnesia has long since been consigned to the great and growing slag heap of exhausted cliches, but in Mr. Kaurismaki's hands, it becomes something new. Rather than tortured Freudian melodrama, "The Man Without a Past" is a quietly hilarious utopian comedy.

Now 45, Mr. Kaurismaki is probably Finland's most popular export after Nokia cellphones and Finlandia vodka. The director of 23 features and shorts since his 1981 debut film, the music documentary "Saimaa-ilmio," Mr. Kaurismaki belongs to the small group of European filmmakers who have been able to eke out international careers; he has been a film festival favorite for two decades, and "Man Without a Past" (which opened Friday) was Oscar nominated and has won a shelf full of awards, including the Grand Jury Prize of the 2002 Cannes Film Festival.

His style is defined by a deliciously deadpan irony that does not, remarkably, preclude a deep compassion for his largely ***working-class*** characters. Often borrowing plot structures from classic literature or films -- raiding Dostoyevsky for his 1983 "Crime and Punishment" and Shakespeare for his 1987 "Hamlet Goes Business" -- he places grand dramatic upheavals and transcendent philosophical concepts in the context of the drab, hemmed-in lives led by assembly line workers ("The Match Factory Girl," 1989), unemployed coal miners ("Ariel," 1990) and restaurant employees ("Drifting Clouds," 1996).

The humor in his films -- and they are among the funniest being made today -- springs from the apparently unbridgeable gap between the immensity of human aspirations and the cramped confinement of actual human life. His characters are great souls hemmed in by anodyne circumstance, dreaming of love and happiness but more immediately concerned with finding a dry place to sleep.

"The Man Without a Past" is his second film, after "Drifting Clouds," about unemployment in Finland today. "I wanted to make a film about homelessness without making it so socially declaring," Mr. Kaurismaki said in a recent conversation, speaking by telephone from Portugal, where he spends five months out of every year. "The idea of a man without memory, without a past, made it more like a B movie."

Where melodramatic tradition treats memory loss as a tragedy (in the course of reconstructing his past, the hero inevitably discovers that he is guilty of a crime, a betrayal, or some other allegorized form of original sin), in "The Man Without a Past" amnesia becomes an opportunity for complete rebirth. "I guess normally amnesia is not a happy situation to be in," Mr. Kaurismaki said, "but his former life was not so happy, so why not?"

In the film, the character (simply called "M." in the credits and played by Markku Peltola) is quickly adopted into a community of homeless people who live in abandoned freight containers in a weedy corner of a local port. A watchman, who comes on at first as a thuggish enforcer, allows M. to move into a recently vacated container in exchange for a minimal monetary bribe; and a friendly neighbor introduces him to the Salvation Army soup kitchen, where M. makes the acquaintance of Irma, a somber charity worker who has allowed her rebellious dreams to diminish into bland conformity (her one vice: listening to an old rhythm-and-blues single in her room late at night).

Irma is played by the immensely gifted Kati Outinen, a popular Finnish actress who suppresses her natural ebullience to portray Mr. Kaurismaki's still and sober heroines. She has been Mr. Kaurismaki's muse since 1985, when, as she told an interviewer at the Toronto International Film Festival last fall: "My phone rang and I answered and there was a male voice saying: 'Hello, this is Aki Kaurismaki. I don't know if you know me, but I just announced to the press that you are the leading lady of my next movie.' And I was like, 'O.K.' "

For many years, Ms. Outinen's regular partner in Mr. Kaurismaki's films was a slight, downcast performer named Matti Pellonpaa, who died in 1995. "His characters were always our common alter egos," said Mr. Kaurismaki. "So we created that kind of loser, sad dog character together. And my speed of making films has certainly slowed down, partly because he is not around, and partly because I am getting old, which means tired."

Mr. Peltola, who has stepped into Mr. Pellonpaa's well-worn shoes, played small parts for Mr. Kaurismaki in a few films, including the wonderfully perverse "Juha," a 1999 remake of a classic Finnish peasant drama shot in black and white without sound. "Can you imagine anything more commercial?" Mr. Kaurismaki asked.

Although he is certainly the best-known director in Finland, with a host of international friends including Jim Jarmusch and Jean-Luc Godard, Mr. Kaurismaki does not participate in the film scene in Helsinki: "To be very honest, I hang around in local bars. The customers are about 92 percent unemployed, so you hear a lot of stories. And 80 percent of the customers have lost their memories by the end of the evening, so maybe that was an inspiration, too. It's depressing sometimes, but the jokes are around."

That last phrase could stand as a summation of Mr. Kaurismaki's method: he is a stealth optimist, clothing his faith in human resilience in a context of bleakness and despair. "Everybody, including me, prefers happy endings," he said. "The world is not so optimistic at this moment, so perhaps now especially the happy ending is allowed. I normally have the happy ending, but I also have a horrifying ending which I don't tell anybody, because they are so horrible."

What was the horrible ending of "The Man Without a Past"? "Well," Mr. Kaurismaki said, "the muggers come again and this time beat him and throw him into a trash can. Then comes the garbage truck and picks him up."

"In the last image," Mr. Kaurismaki said, chortling, "the woman is in the garbage field with a stick, trying to find him. Taking the commercial point of view, I think the one I have is better."

No fan of emotive, self-conscious acting, Mr. Kaurismaki has his own methods for obtaining the low-key performances of his films. "Normally, I shoot the rehearsal," he claimed, "and then I pretend to shoot the first take. Nowadays, I can afford to shoot the first take, too, but I always print the rehearsal. I don't use too many takes, because in my opinion, every time the actors are less fresh. That is why I don't let them read the dialogue before we shoot."

"I like acting when I see it in other people's films," he added, "but for me it is not suitable. I have two rules: nobody is shouting and nobody is laughing. And I use a very formal Finnish language. I tried to do it in street speak, but it never worked. People don't really talk as precisely as they talk in my films."

Despite their stylization, Mr. Kaurismaki's films address a harsh economic reality that few other movies, American or European, dare to touch. With recession sweeping the industrialized north, the famous Finnish social safety net has been much frayed. "If you smoke a cigarette, you don't eat," the filmmaker said, "Or if you drink a bottle of beer, you don't smoke a cigarette or eat. We have started to lose the young generation, which never got work. We have 20-, 21-year-old people who are out of the work system forever, and at the same time they are talking of raising the pension age to 70."

For all of his international success, Mr. Kaurismaki is just now becoming a respected figure at home. "Ten years ago," Ms. Outinen said, "there was a very loud group of people who would have liked to have stopped him doing these films, because they said they gave the wrong impression of Finland."

"But now the films are on TV," Ms. Outinen continued, "and he has huge audiences. And with this film, every evening somebody called me at home -- because my phone number is not secret -- ordinary people called me, crying or laughing, but full of emotion, wanting to thank Aki and thank me and wanting me to tell Aki to do more films of this kind.

"And it is very difficult for Finns to do that. We are really shy, and it's really, really hard for us to express our emotions."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Kati Outinen, left, and Markku Peltola, the stars of Aki Kaurismaki's "Man Without a Past." (Marja-Leena Hukkanen/Sony Pictures Classics) (pg. 13); The Finnish director Aki Kaurismaki on the set of "The Man Without a Past." (Marja-Leena Hukkanen/Sony Pictures Classics) (pg. 22)

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[***Mayoral Race In Detroit Turns To Bitter Battle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-37S0-002S-X47X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 13, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1126 words

**Byline:** By ISABEL WILKERSON, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** DETROIT, Aug. 12

**Body**

The Detroit mayoral race, usually a yawner easily won by the city's longtime Mayor, Coleman A. Young, has turned into a bitter contest pitting the Mayor against a former ally, Representative John Conyers Jr., Democrat of Michigan.

The entry of the 12-term Congressman in late July instantly changed the climate of Detroit politics, putting the Mayor into his toughest campaign since he was first elected 16 years ago.

Fighting words came quickly. ''There are no more terms, Coleman,'' Mr. Conyers said at his first major news conference after announcing his candidacy. ''It's all over, Big Daddy.''

'Need Somebody Like You'

Campaigning recently in several decaying East Side neighborhoods, Mr. Conyers appealed to residents, ''Give me a shot at that Mayor's job, will you?''

Ronald Richardson, one of the residents, said: ''I'll make it my business to register. We need somebody like you.''

Soon after the Congressman entered the race, the 71-year-old Mr. Young said: ''I'm surprised that John got in. Now that he is in, I will shoot at him like he's a rabbit.''

But since then Mr. Young, for the most part, has avoided speaking directly of Mr. Conyers, who is 60, to keep the campaign from appearing to be a two-candidate race. In fact, there are 13 in the field, including Tom Barrow, a 40-year-old accountant who gave Mr. Young a solid race in 1985, and Erma Henderson, the 71-year-old Detroit City Council president.

Wild Card Hopefuls

Both Mr. Barrow and Mrs. Henderson are hoping to be the wild-card candidates to emerge at least second in the primary while Mayor Young and Representative Conyers divide their overlapping constituencies among the ***working-class*** and middle-class black voters. The main white candidate in the city that is almost 70 percent black is Charles Costa, a businessman.

But dominating the local headlines and the cocktail party chatter is the question of whether voters will keep their first black Mayor and local hero, or whether they will choose to try the high-profile and popular Congressman known more for his work in Congress than on the streets of Detroit.

Mr. Conyers, who will retain his Congressional seat if he loses the mayoral race, said he decided to seek the post because he thought the city had deteriorated and needed new leadership.

Political analysts say the race is a tough one to call because neither politician has faced much competition in recent years and because their constituencies overlap.

Some leading Democrats are expressing dismay at the contest. ''We've got two or our leaders fighting each other and confusing people who are supposed to be following both of them,'' said Hubert L. Holley, vice chairman of the Michigan State Democratic Party and a former chairman of the party in the First Congressional District, which Mr. Conyers represents.

Polls and other political indicators suggest that Representative Conyers will finish a close second to Mr. Young in the Sept. 12 nonpartisan primary. The two top vote-getters will advance to a Nov. 7 runoff.

Runoff Seen as a Tossup

Although the campaign could change things, the indications offered by a Detroit News poll taken just after Mr. Conyers's entry suggested that a runoff campaign between Mr. Conyers and Mayor Young would be a tossup. The survey of 500 registered voters showed a virtual tie when the two are pitted against each other, with Mr. Conyers narrowly leading Mayor Young 44 percent to 43 percent and 13 percent undecided. The poll had a margin of sampling error of plus or minus 4 percentage points.

Mayor Young has dismissed the poll and similar ones as evidence of excitement over Representative Conyers's candidacy rather than the Congressman's strength as a mayoral contender. ''Last year at this time, Michael Dukakis was 17 points ahead,'' Mayor Young told reporters after the polls were released. ''And we know what happened to him.''

Still, the Conyers candidacy has emboldened a growing chorus of Mr. Young's critics, who say the Mayor has neglected the city's crumbling neighborhoods, failed to curb drugs and crime and has grown out of touch with his constituents. Indeed, the Mayor's approval rating in this overwhelmingly Democratic city has fallen below that of President Bush, according to a poll by The Free Press, which found that the Mayor had an approval rating of 47 percent as against 54 percent for the Republican President. The poll of 500 registered voters taken at the same time as The News poll had a margin of sampling error of plus or minus five percentage points.

The Mayor and his supporters have denied charges of isolation and inertia. Mr. Young and his supporters point to the Mayor's accomplishments, including new construction downtown, a General Motors plant and the expansion of the convention center, and say that most of the city's problems are because of the city's loss of people and jobs over the last few decades.

And the problems of Detroits cut both ways. Mr. Conyers's detractors accuse him of having done little for the city in his 25 years in Congress and criticize what they term a mediocre record centered largely on a single issue, civil rights nationally. In reply, he has argued that his work on the House Judiciary committee and his chairmanship of the House Government Operations Committee show broader experience. One of his best known legislative success was his sponsorship of a bill creating a holiday to honor the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Whatever Mr. Conyers does in his campaign, he will have to do it without the help of either of Detroit's the two Democratic Party organizations in the city's two Congressional districts. Both are ardent supporters of the Mayor. Indeed, the walls, doors and windows of the Democratic headquarters of Representative Conyers's Congressional district are plastered with red and white balloons surrounding Mayor Young's campaign posters.

''There's no doubt about who we're supporting,'' said Mildred Stallings, acting chairwoman of the Democratic Party in the First District. ''Every block in the city will have a Coleman Young sign. John Conyers is going to regret that he ever entered this race.''

Ms. Stallings and other party workers have campaigned for Mr. Conyers in his races for Congress.

'Anybody-But-Coleman' Vote

Mr. Conyers has neither the money nor army of workers that are committed to Mayor Young. So the Congressman is banking in part on the disenchantment of voters that analysts call the A.B.C.-vote - ''Anybody But Coleman.''

This group, analysts say, is made up of most of the city's white voters, and a few disaffected blacks and may represent as much as 40 percent of Detroit voters.

The importance of this block has led political analysts to say that the election will likely boil down to the depth of black voter disenchantment.

**Graphic**

Photos of Mayor Coleman A. Young of Detroit with Benjamin Hooks, executive director of the N.A.A.C.P. at a reception in Detroit (NYT/Duane Burleson); Representative John Conyers Jr. of Michigan, one of 13 Detroit mayoral candidates. (NYT)

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[***POLITICS: MICHIGAN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5GH0-0005-G3XX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Buchanan Strikes a Chord in Workers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5GH0-0005-G3XX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 1, 1996, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; ; Section A;  Page 22;  Column 1;  National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1183 words

**Byline:** By DIRK JOHNSON

By DIRK JOHNSON

**Dateline:** FLINT, Mich., Feb. 25

**Body**

Patrick J. Buchanan's message has been striking a chord here in this lunch-bucket city with workers like Kelly Bright, a stocky, bearded 37-year-old who was laid off at a Buick plant in the 1980's, when American cars were losing ground to foreign models.

"He's for the American middle class," said Mr. Bright, who now works in the car wholesale business and has never voted for a Republican before, but who plans to cast a ballot for Mr. Buchanan in the primary on March 19. "He's a protectionist, and that's what we need."

Michigan voters have some history of rallying behind underdog candidates with a sharp-edged, populist message: George Wallace won the Democratic contest here in 1972; the Rev. Jesse Jackson won the state's Democratic face-off in 1988.

And judging from about three dozen interviews in heavily blue-collar Flint and its tonier suburbs -- in bookstores and coffee shops, bowling alleys, shopping malls and trailer parks -- one thing seems certain: Mr. Buchanan has captured the attention of just about everyone, whether they like him, fear him or do not know what to make of him.

"I almost hate to say it, but I think I'm going to vote for Buchanan," said Jay Thompson, a 48-year-old newspaper distributor. "Clinton seems ineffectual, and Dole just seems too damned old for the job. At least Buchanan is sincere. He says what he thinks."

But it was the issue of foreign trade that won Mr. Thompson's support for Mr. Buchanan.

"I've noticed you can't hardly buy clothes made in America anymore," he said. "They're all made in Mexico, or somewhere. Anybody that's working an hourly wage should be worried about it."

But Mr. Thompson also said of Mr. Buchanan, "His ethnic views make me nervous, the way he attracts the white supremacists."

While Michigan has a generally liberal tradition, it is also the state that was home to Father Charles Coughlin, the radio priest whose right-wing diatribes in the 1930's evolved into blatant anti-Semitism and were broadcast from the Shrine of the Little Flower in the Detroit suburb of Royal Oak.

Today the state is a hotspot for the militia movement, which warns against the New World Order, a catch phrase employed by Mr. Buchanan to denounce a one-world government. And mention of gun control brings scowls in the rural regions, especially the north woods.

By the March 19 contests in the industrial Midwest -- Michigan, Illinois, Ohio and Wisconsin -- voters in a total of 31 states will have weighed in. By then, Mr. Buchanan could be a footnote or a front-runner; a New York Times/CBS News poll, taken from Feb. 22 through Feb. 24, showed him picking up support across the country. Here, too, he seems to be attracting voters, especially compared with how he was received in 1992.

On a campaign stop in Flint in the Republican primary that year, Mr. Buchanan appeared before a group of union auto workers and was greeted with loud boos. In the primary, he won 25 percent of the vote against 67 percent for George Bush.

This time, rank-and-file workers seem to be attracted to some of his ideas, even as union leaders are condemning him, in a sign that his candidacy is driving a wedge not only within the Republican Party but also among some ***working-class*** voters who traditionally vote Democratic. One of his campaign leaders in the state, Mark Forton, is a member of the United Auto Workers.

Standing outside a narrow house trailer, Sheri Stice, a divorced 33-year-old mother of two, who works at a fast-food restaurant and receives welfare benefits, explained why she liked Mr. Buchanan.

"People are coming into this country," Ms. Stice said, "taking our jobs." She also complained that Americans were growing lax about morality, saying: "I'm against abortion. The way I see it, you play, you pay."

But if it was easy to find supporters of Mr. Buchanan in the trailer park, it was easier to find them in affluent suburb of Grand Blanc.

"Buchanan's for Mom, apple pie and the American way," said Dan Stephens, 56, an insurance company executive who lives in Grand Blanc. "He's old-fashioned, like me. He's against this gay rights stuff. Those people should just shut up and go their own way. I hope Buchanan's the next President. He's the best candidate going. Dole? I don't know if he'll live through the election."

Cindy Sherry, 40, who also lives in the suburb, said America needed "a little more control." Mrs. Sherry does not argue with those who label Mr. Buchanan an extremist. That is what she likes about him. "He's a radical," she said. "That's what we need to wake this country up."

But with most voters in Flint, Mr. Clinton seems to be in good graces, even among the 19 percent of those who supported Ross Perot in 1992.

"Clinton has really surprised me," said Steve Braden, a 39-year-old factory worker. "I thought he was wishy-washy. But he really stood his ground on the Government shutdown."

His wife, Karen, a 32-year-old secretary, expressed disgust with Mr. Buchanan. "He discriminates against gay people," she said with a grimace. "And how do you suppose he feels about women?"

A poll published on Saturday in The Detroit News and Free Press showed Senator Bob Dole with 43 percent, Mr. Buchanan with 19 percent, and Lamar Alexander with 11 percent. But the poll, a telephone survey of 600 voters with a margin of error of 5.2 percentage points, was conducted just before Mr. Buchanan's upset victory in New Hampshire, on Feb. 20.

Moreover, the survey indicated that a quarter of the state's Democrats plan to vote in the Republican primary. And 45 percent of voters from union households said they would vote in the Republican primary. Mr. Buchanan's campaign leaders in Michigan say those findings bode well for their candidate.

Among many evangelical Christians here, support for Mr. Buchanan is passionate.

"He needs our prayers," said Steve Sheridan, a 45-year-old machinist and born-again Christian, who supported Mr. Perot last time. "The others are trying to blackball him, attacking him as an extremist. They're opposed to him because he holds strong moral beliefs."

William and Connie Cooper, visiting a Christian bookstore here, beamed at the mention of Mr. Buchanan.

"His moral standards are pretty much what we're looking for," said Mr. Cooper, 55, a retired shop worker. Mrs. Cooper, 46, a homemaker, nodded in agreement, adding, "He's not afraid to say what's right."

But Patrick Dennis, 35, the minister of New Life Christian Fellowship in Grand Blanc, said he would support Mr. Dole. "I think his opposition to abortion is fine," Mr. Dennis said, "but not his isolationism."

Linda Price, 43, a dental hygienist who described herself as a fundamentalist Christian, said she found Mr. Buchanan "frightening" because of his frequent references to the Bible, as if it were a campaign pamphlet.

"We all interpret the Bible differently," Ms. Price said. "And people should be very careful about mixing religion and politics. As a Christian, I'm against abortion. But if we start taking away somebody else's rights, imposing our beliefs, then what happens next time? Maybe somebody comes to office who wants to take away my rights."

**Graphic**

Photos: Referring to Patrick J. Buchanan, Kelly Bright said, "He's a protectionist, and that's what we need." Steve Braden, and his wife, Karen, are among those in Michigan who generally support President Clinton's performance. "He really stood his ground on the Government shutdown," Mr. Braden said. Sheri Stice, outside her mobile home in Flint, Mich., said she supported Patrick J. Buchanan's views on immigration and abortion. (Photographs by Associated Press for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 1, 1996

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[***40 Years of Communism in Poland: Stalin's House on a Soft Foundation***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-35R0-002S-X2GK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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

**Length:** 1211 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL T. KAUFMAN

**Body**

Stalin said that imposing Communism on Roman Catholic Poland was as absurd as putting a saddle on a cow. But after World War II, he went ahead and imposed it anyway, even though the roots of Communism in Poland had never run very deep.

The imposition of Communism was further complicated by Stalin's prewar decision to disband the old Polish Communist Party and expel it from the Communist International, presumably because of its nationalist taint and as a gesture of good will toward Nazi Germany, a sequence of events that led to the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact and the division of Poland in the first weeks of the war.

As the war was ending, the Polish Communists were weak and divided, with those who fought as independent guerrillas being openly distrustful of the Polish operatives who were returning from exile in Moscow. One such group arrived in the town of Chelm, where on April 21, 1945, under protection of the advancing Red Army, they proclaimed a provisional government. The date is celebrated as the official national day of the Polish People's Republic.

The Chelm group was put in place by the Kremlin to challenge the claims to legitimacy of Poland's Western-oriented exile government in London. As Soviet troops occupied Poland, key leaders of the London-based government reluctantly returned to join in a government of national unity for fear that if they did not, Soviet puppets would simply take all power. Those fears were heightened by the Potsdam and Yalta agreements, in which the Western powers acceded to the reality of the Soviet military occupation of Eastern Europe.

Consolidating Power

During two years of awkward coalition, Stalin's Polish satraps began moving to establish Soviet-style control over the economy and social life of the country. In 1946, a national referendum, now widely believed to have been rigged, called for the nationalization of medium and heavy industry as well as granting the Communists a deciding role in national affairs.

In this period anti-Communist bands took up arms in what Poles refer to as a partisan war. Meantime, with the backing of the Soviet Army, the Communists moved to abolish people and factions identified with the wartime government in London. Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, the best-known politician of this group, was hounded into flight while his closest aides were accused of treachery and imprisoned.

In December 1948, in what amounted to a shotgun wedding, the Communists forced a merger with surviving elements of the prewar Polish Socialist Party to form the Polish United Workers Party. This amalgam, which has held power ever since, sought to paper over many antagonistic factions, including prewar clandestine Communists who survived Stalin's purges and even some followers of Poland's prewar national hero, Marshal Josef Pilsudski, a nominal socialist who in 1920 led Poles to victory over Bolshevik troops.

With the formation of this party the period of Stalinist consolidation and terror gained momentum. The church came under increasing attack. After the apostasy of Tito in Yugoslavia in the early 1950's, waves of purges and show trials shook the army and bureaucracy. Education became patterned after the Soviet model, with pupils being encouraged to join groups of Young Pioneers.

Real power was exercised largely through the security apparatus. Yet even this Stalinist leadership refrained from fully nationalizing agriculture on the Soviet model in what was one of the first deviations to appease Polish feelings and resentments.

The First Round of Protests

These resentments gained force and expression after Stalin's death in 1953. By the mid-1950's, 100,000 political prisoners had been freed. But discontent mounted, leading to worker protests in Poznan in 1956, two months before the uprising in Budapest, where Imre Nagy and his associates raised similar calls for what has been called national Communism.

In Poland, the surge was met by the appointment of Wladyslaw Gomulka, a man who eight years earlier had been suspended from the party and jailed on Stalin's orders as ''a rightist nationalist deviationist.'' He had spent the war as a guerrilla fighter and his re-emergence as the party leader headed off unrest. In what was to become a recognizable cycle, Gomulka admitted party mistakes of the past, pleaded for sacrifice from workers and promised significant changes.

At first the crowds cheered. The church gained greater freedom and for a while there was wider tolerance for diverse opinion. But in 1968, as a consequence of an intrigue by hard-line opponents, Gomulka allowed a campaign against student activists that evolved into a full-scale anti-Semitic campaign that sent most of Poland's remaining Jews into flight. And in 1970, when another generation of workers took to the streets to protest food prices, the police fired and killed scores. Gomulka's rule collapsed.

The new party leader, Edward Gierek, sought to appease and reassure an alienated nation and rebuild a weakening party with consumerism. Vast amounts of money were borrowed from the West in order to build factories that would produce exports and raise living standards. But after a few years many of the factories lay unfinished and Poland suffered under a mountain of debt.

The students who had protested in 1968 and the workers who had been shot at in 1970 were able to join forces in efforts that eventually gave birth to Solidarity as both a movement and a union. After the selection of a Polish Pope in 1978, the emergence of an autonomus union led millions of Poles to emerge from silence, caution and cynicism. Nearly a third of the nation joined Solidarity and hundreds of thousands, mostly young workers, were emboldened to quit the Communist Party.

Walesa as a Symbol

In symbolic terms what happened was a nightmare for the party and its ideologues. Lech Walesa, an electrician with callouses on his hands, came out of a shipyard named for Lenin to challenge those who claimed to rule in the name of the ***working class***. A Pole from a peasant background was demanding greater freedom and an end to party monopolies.

In response, the party turned to Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski. Communist generals are supposed to serve rather than lead parties. Moreover, Jaruzelski's class origins as a member of the gentry were suspect. But here again, the party was following old Polish traditions, not new Communist ones.

General Jaruzelski moved to crush Solidarity and in 1981 he declared martial law. After that decision the party suffered massive defections, particularly from younger workers. In some areas the only party members were the police officers and the soldiers.

A specialist in tactics, General Jaruzelski spent the early part of his term on a zig-zag course, trying to hold off pro-Moscow hard-liners and Westernizing liberals in his party, end an economic boycott by the West and preserve some role for the party.

With the emergence of Mikhail S. Gorbachev in Moscow, he moved toward reform, deciding to reckon with the ideas and men of Solidarity, which he had not been able to squelch. Under his leadership the party has accepted ''democratization,'' entering discussions that it assumed might lead to power-sharing but which, its stalwarts are now hoping, will stop short of a surrender of power.

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[***Revenge of the Nerds - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G47-CSV0-TW8F-G33S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 2A; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; SUMMER MOVIES

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**Byline:** By A.O. Scott

**Body**

ONE of the few memorable moments in Chris Rock's bridge-burning turn as host of this year's Oscar broadcast was his observation that while Russell Crowe is a bona fide movie star, Tobey Maguire is ''a boy in tights.'' This remark was taken, and was probably to some extent intended, as a cruel put-down of a fine young actor, but it nonetheless illustrated a basic axiom of popular culture that has nothing in particular to do with Mr. Maguire's masculinity or Mr. Crowe's clout. Simply put, a superhero is not a movie star, and vice versa. Indeed, one might go so far as to say that as a cultural figure, the superhero is the opposite -- the nemesis, the secret alter ego, the evil twin, the Bizarro-world double -- of the movie star. And in their battle for world domination, notwithstanding Mr. Rock's mockery (though implicitly reflected in it), the superheroes are winning.

Their ascendancy in Hollywood is a triumphal chapter in a 70-year epic during which comic books have moved from the disreputable, juvenile margins of pop culture to its center. And not only pop culture, but upper-middlebrow literature, too, as young middle-aged novelists like Michael Chabon and Jonathan Lethem have found in the realm of boyhood fandom a rich store of ready-made myths, mysteries and moods.

The cachet of comics -- and I mean the old, cheap, pulpy kind, not ''comix'' or ''graphic novels'' -- is all the more remarkable given that for most of their history, they could count on provoking the disdain of literary intellectuals, the panic of moralists and the condescension of mainstream show business, which saw them as fodder for cartoons and campy kid shows. The days when a film critic could wish that comic books would just go away -- as Robert Warshow did in a brilliantly ambivalent 1954 essay on his young son's fandom -- are long gone. The superheroes demand to be taken as seriously as they have always taken themselves.

For one thing, they command some very serious money. The ostensible point of Mr. Rock's riff was that only a handful of certified movie stars can guarantee box-office success, and that the studio executives should bear this in mind when casting their would-be blockbusters. But the numbers tell a somewhat different story, since the movies featuring Mr. Maguire in tights, ''Spider-Man'' and ''Spider-Man 2,'' had two of the biggest opening weekends in movie history and have outgrossed Mr. Crowe's entire catalog so far. Credit for those huge numbers, needless to say, belongs more to Spidey than to the person in his costume, and it is the web-slinger and his ilk who currently dominate the box office.

While the number of movie stars is dwindling -- are there 8 now, or still 10? Does Brad Pitt count? -- the ranks of big-screen costumed crime fighters is growing. On June 15, Batman returns -- I mean ''Batman Begins'' -- since he already returned 13 years ago, in the second installment of the newly reset series -- and the Fantastic Four step out to join their successful Marvel colleagues the X-Men. A new Superman and an updated Wonder Woman are on the horizon, and the conventional wisdom of the moment is that there is room for all of them and more. Even the B- and C-list do-gooders -- the Hellboys and Punishers, the Blades and Elektras -- get their chance and earn their money. The occasional failure -- whether ambitious and flawed like ''The Hulk'' or extravagantly awful like ''Catwoman'' -- only seems to sharpen the appetite of the public and the eagerness of the studio executives. Unlike movie stars, superheroes do not have agents, weight or drug problems, controversial political beliefs or outrageous salary demands, and their box-office power has yet to find its deadly kryptonite.

Further evidence of the rivalry between movie stars and superheroes can be found in the early pages of ''Men of Tomorrow'' (2004), Gerard Jones's fast-paced and informative retelling of the origins of modern comic-book culture. In an opening set-up, from which the rest of the book flashes back, Jerry Siegel, one of the Cleveland teenagers who dreamed up Superman back in the Great Depression, is reading an article in the trades about the impending movie based on his creation and contemplating another skirmish in his endless campaign for recognition and compensation. The anecdote, which takes place sometime in the mid-1970's, dramatizes both Siegel's bitter exile from the comic-book world he had helped to invent and also the multimedia juggernaut that comic books had become. Warner Brothers, having recently acquired National Periodical Publications, parent of DC Comics, was gearing up for an exercise in what a later era would call synergy, and it had big plans for ''Superman.'' There was a 300-page script by Mario Puzo and candidates to play the Man of Steel reportedly included Clint Eastwood, Paul Newman and Dustin Hoffman.

Those names, appearing on the first page of Mr. Jones's prologue, are at best incidental to his tale, but they do catch the reader's eye, providing a passing glimpse of a strange alternative history of Hollywood. Needless to say, none of those stars got the part. And to picture any one of them in tights and a cape, leaping tall buildings in a single bound, requires superhuman powers of imagination and results in images of nearly monstrous absurdity. Could we really have had a squinting, sneering Superman (''Do you feel lucky? Well do you, Lex Luthor''), or a scowling, nervous, diminutive Clark Kent (''Ms. Lane, are you trying to seduce me?'')? And what about Al Pacino, another hot movie star of the 70's whose name pops up later on?

The very idea -- hoo-wah! -- seems as much a violation of the laws of nature as X-ray vision, spider sense in humans or unassisted flight. There may have been specific reasons none of these actors wound up attached to the final project, but their collective nonparticipation established a rule that has rarely been flouted. By the time the first ''Superman'' picture was cast, the title role went to Christopher Reeve, who had the chiseled features, the height and the hint of mischievous self-spoofing that made him seem, at the time and in retrospect, perfect for it. What he did not have was a well-known name or a recognizable image, and that was also perfect. Reeve, an impeccably trained, reasonably talented actor, did interesting work in other pictures, but his stardom was delimited, even as it was enabled, by his most famous character. And like the artists, inkers and writers who brought Superman to life in his original, pulpy incarnation, Mr. Reeve did not own the character, but rather inhabited him, gracefully and with good humor, for as long as the franchise lasted.

Now the franchise is being revived, with an unknown Australian named Brandon Routh stepping into those red midcalf boots for ''Superman Returns'' next year. Meanwhile, elsewhere in the DC/Warner universe, the moribund ''Batman,'' begun by Tim Burton and run into the ground by Joel Schumacher, has been made over, with Christopher Nolan at the helm of ''Batman Begins'' and Christian Bale as the young caped crusader. Mr. Bale, like Mr. Maguire -- and like Eric Bana ( the Hulk) -- is a relatively skinny, serious actor with enough charisma to embody the role but without the kind of excessive individuality that would overshadow it.

The earlier Batmen -- Michael Keaton, Val Kilmer and George Clooney -- are perhaps the exceptions that prove the rule. Each one had already made -- or would subsequently advance -- some claim on genuine movie stardom, but their one-shot impersonations of Batman did not do much to elevate their standing. And their intense, unpredictable screen personalities -- the very idiosyncrasies that would have formed the basis of lasting stardom -- seem to block our access to the fantasy of superheroism, which is based on psychological transparency. Movie stars are glamorous creatures we dream of meeting someday, while superheroes are the people we secretly believe we really are.

That dimension of secrecy is crucial. Comic books are the foundation of a fan culture once derided and now celebrated as the province of nerds, misfits and losers -- young men, like their idols' alter egos, who could compensate for their social marginality by coming to the rescue of the society that had spurned and mocked them. Their origin stories are tales of shame, victimization and abandonment overcome by lonely discipline and endless self-sacrifice. (Batman, the orphaned heir to the Wayne fortune, and Spider-Man, a ***working-class*** orphan from Queens, share not only secret identities but also a penchant for solitude and melancholy.) Stars, on the other hand, are the society's most cherished winners, congratulated for being themselves, drawing attention in the way that the masked, disguised and anxious supermen never do.

Or so we're told. Within the confines of their narratives on page and screen, the superheroes will be perpetual underdogs -- the paradox that has kept them going throughout their history. But as any comic book reader knows, their victory is never final, and the vanquished movie stars will never vanish altogether. They can always find work playing villains, as Jack Nicholson and Arnold Schwarzenegger did in the first and last installments of the earlier ''Batman'' series. So perhaps Mr. Maguire should take heart. When he outgrows his tights and is cast as a misfit with a diabolical plan to destroy the world, rather than as a misfit with a mission to save it, he will at last have proven Chris Rock wrong.

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday in Summer Movies about the current prevalence of comic book heroes on the screen misstated the number of times Michael Keaton has played Batman. It is twice, not once. The article also misstated the nationality of Brandon Routh, who will play Superman in ''Superman Returns.'' He is American, not Australian.

**Correction-Date:** May 15, 2005

**Graphic**

Photos: A superheroes' gallery, clockwise from top: Christian Bale as the latest caped crusader in ''Batman Begins,'' opening June 15

Christopher Reeve in his first turn as Superman in 1978

Lynda Carter portraying Wonder Woman in the 1970's television series on ABC

Tobey Maguire in the first ''Spider-Man'' movie (2002)

and Halle Berry as Storm, the ultimate mutant weatherwoman, in ''X2'' (2003), the sequel to ''X-Men.'' (Photos by from top, David James/Warner Brothers [''Batman'']

Warner Brothers [''Superman'']

Kerry Hayes/20th Century Fox [''X2'']

ABC [''Wonder Woman'']

Columbia Pictures [''Spider-Man''].)(pg. 26)Drawing (Drawing by Dynamic Duo Studio)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** May 8, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Impressionism in Its Hour of Sunlit Bliss***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40D4-H0S0-00MH-F55W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 2, 2000, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By HOLLAND COTTER

By HOLLAND COTTER

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

IT'S always high noon on a bright June day in the well-tailored Paris suburb of Argenteuil. Or so one gathers from the pearly exhibition titled "The Impressionists at Argenteuil" at the National Gallery of Art.

The show is, of course, the umpteenth repackaging of an evergreen late-19th-century painting style. But scolding this art for being popular is by now a cliche in itself. Better to give it a fresh squint, admiring its manifest beauties but also suggesting what made it daring in its day and what can make it a complex experience still.

This is what, in a quiet way, the Washington exhibition does. As organized by Paul Hayes Tucker, it takes 50 or so works by familiar figures -- Monet, Renoir, Sisley -- and passes them through an astringent solution of social and personal history, focusing on a single place where these artists spent some of their most innovative and prolific years.

Argenteuil, a few miles from Paris, was a bourgeois town of a few thousand people when Monet moved there in 1871. Known for its gypsum deposits, asparagus beds and a cheap, bad wine, it was built on the banks of the Seine at a point where the river widened and deepened, making it an ideal site for both industry and aquatic sports. (It was famous for its sailing regattas.)

To Monet, who had spent the previous year in England to escape the Franco-Prussian War, it seemed like a little paradise. He was 31 when he arrived with his wife, Camille, and their young son. His reputation as a vanguard painter was secure. He had money in his pocket from painting sales. He was ready to settle down.

And Argenteuil seemed like the place to do it. It was quiet and verdant but a quick train ride from Paris; village-cozy but also urbane and entrepreneurial. Monet saw himself as a landscape painter of the modern world, and the right balance of ingredients, old and new, was here: glorious river views criss-crossed by railroad bridges, horizon lines broken by smokestacks and church steeples.

Whatever he saw seemed to enchant him. He painted the town's main commercial strip, standing in the middle of the street to do so, and depicted the scaffolding of a reconstructed highway bridge with an engineer's precision. He captured strollers along the Seine in early summer, then turned his attention to the lush garden in his own backyard.

The earliest garden painting, from 1872, is a kind of controlled delirium, as if fragrance had somehow been mixed with pigment. Lilacs are in flower, the pink blossoms so profuse that leaves are barely visible. Two figures sit on the grass. The one in white is Camille, who is knitting; the other, a woman in a butter-yellow gown, holds a parasol against the noon sun. The scene is a triumph of suburban well-being. It is also a magical, Watteauvian place, where a patch of blue sky descends to caress the hem of a dress.

Camille appears again in a sumptuous portrait by Renoir. Here she is indoors reading, but still in garden mode, surrounded by pillows covered in a splashy floral print fabric. Renoir was one of several painters (Sisley was the first) who visited the Monet home, which functioned as a kind of Impressionist headquarters. He stayed for long stretches, working side by side with his host. Other artists, like Pissarro and Cezanne, made only brief appearances. The aggressively bourgeois Argenteuil just wasn't their scene.

And Manet showed up. A celebrity and a confirmed urbanite, he realized that his younger colleagues were taking art in new directions, and he didn't want to be left behind. Reigning in his natural competitiveness, he followed Monet's plein-air lead, and the results, as seen in the show, were memorable.

The iconic, erotically charged "Boating," painted, or at least begun, at Argenteuil, is here. So is a large oil sketch of Monet and Camille on loan from the Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart. Can anything personal be read into the fact that her features are deftly notated while her husband's are rendered as a defacing smear? Apparently not: Manet gave the sketch to Monet, who treasured it.

Finally, there was Gustave Caillebotte. A boating fanatic who bought a home across the river from Argenteuil, he was best known in his day as a collector: the Impressionist paintings he owned now form the core holdings of the Musee d'Orsay. But he was also an artist, and an interesting one.

He was a funny sort of Impressionist. By inclination a figurative painter, he carried his feel for solid forms into landscapes. When he depicts the shadow of a bridge on water, it has the heft of an iron bar. In his near-abstract painting "Yellow Fields at Gennevilliers," beds of flowers lie side by side like deep-pile carpets.

No two pieces by him in the show look alike, but none could have been done by anyone else. It's as if some resistance to Impressionism's de materializing impulse made his engagement with the style an experiment every time. In his wonderful picture of the Paris newspaper editor Richard Gallo walking by the Seine with a poodle, the two sides of his art come together yet remain distinct. The water reflections are all pure Impressionist scintillation. But Gallo, in his dark coat and bowler, is solid as a rock.

By the time Caillebotte painted this picture in 1884, Monet was long gone from the area. After a few rapturous years, his attitude toward Argenteuil had soured. The air of progress he once found stimulating had become an irritant. Tourism and industry, heavily promoted, were increasing. The population was becoming ***working class***.

In 1874 he depicted the town's new railroad bridge as if it were a Greek temple, its massive supports crisp, white and majestic. But gradually he turned to more escapist, pastoral subjects. The parklike setting in "Ball-Shaped Tree, Argenteuil" (1876), for example, an exotic salad of lavender, orange and green, might have come from Fragonard.

During his early days, he often recorded the dynamic riverside scene with its smoke-spewing factories and day-tripping ladies and gents from inside a covered boat he used as a floating studio. This is where Manet sketched him, in the modern thick of things, looking dapper and larky in a straw hat and a billowy shirt. In 1874 Monet himself painted the boat. Moored offshore in still water, it looks like a hermit's retreat, fragile and somewhat forlorn.

More and more, the artist stuck to his garden, and in "Argenteuil, the Bank in Flower" (1877), he envisions the town as a distant hallucination, steaming away in a hot summer glow and viewed from behind the protective barrier of a hedge of flowers. A year later, he moved out, first to Vetheuil, then farther on to Giverny, some 40 miles from Paris, where he lived in a vegetative Eden of his own making until he died.

Monet's retreat is in some sense our retreat at the beginning of the 21st century; his conflicted view of the world is our view, too. We love his paintings for their reassurances that the material world is real, and enough, and belongs to us. And we're grateful for what they don't say, at least on the surface, about disintegration, darkness, things ending.

In reality, Impressionism was thinking about all of these things -- the frozen sun-drenched moment, the clock moving past the hour -- all the time, just as we are. Each intelligent new presentation, and the Washington show is one, reveals this art's depths along with its pleasures. Surely that's why we keep coming back for more.

"The Impressionists at Argenteuil" remains at the National Gallery of Art, Fourth Street at Constitution Avenue, N.W., Washington, (202) 737-4215, through Aug. 20. It will travel to the Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art in Hartford (Sept. 9 to Dec. 3).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Monet's "Studio Boat" (1874), above, and a detail from Renoir's "Portrait of Camille Reading" (circa 1873), both in "The Impressionists at Argenteuil." (Above, Kroller-Muller Museum; below, Clark Art Institute)(pg. E29); Manet's "Boating" (1874), left (Metropolitan Museum of Art) and Gustave Caillebotte's "Richard Gallo and His Dog Dick at Petit Gennevilliers" (1884). (National Gallery of Art)

**Load-Date:** June 2, 2000

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[***FUJIMORI IS VICTOR IN PERU'S RUNOFF AS PROTESTS GROW***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40C8-M2C0-00MH-F40R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 29, 2000, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By CLIFFORD KRAUSS

By CLIFFORD KRAUSS

**Dateline:** LIMA, Peru, May 28

**Body**

In a runoff vote long on protest but short on suspense, President Alberto K. Fujimori swept to victory today against an opponent who had urged his supporters to abstain because of what he called vote fraud and an array of campaign irregularities.

Mr. Fujimori had hoped for a third landslide victory that would venerate his successes in defeating two terrorist groups and hyperinflation and making peace with Ecuador after decades of border tensions. Instead, the 61-year-old president won a hollow victory leaving the country badly polarized and facing possible economic sanctions just as it tries to emerge from recession.

The balloting capped a campaign full of dirty tricks, violent demonstrations and condemnations from Mr. Fujimori's opponent, Alejandro Toledo, who dropped out on May 18, although his name remained on the ballot. The United States, France, Britain, Canada, Argentina and Costa Rica echoed his criticisms.

Even before the voting drew to a close, demonstrations grew more intense, and downtown Lima was filled with the pungent smell of tear gas. Government helicopters buzzed overhead as tens of thousands of demonstrators assembled tonight. That scene was played out in cities across the country.

Speaking to the enthusiastic, chanting crowd, in which many were carrying lit candles, Mr. Toledo said he planned to lead a nonstop, nationwide movement to nullify the election.

"Dictatorship degrades people," the 54-year-old American-trained business professor said. "It silences people. Dictatorship is the impotence of reason that brings repression."

"We need to mobilize people across Peru peacefully," said Mr. Toledo, standing in blue jeans and a button-down shirt on a platform overlooking one of Lima's main plazas.

In a particularly provocative gesture, Mr. Toledo introduced a retired general, Francisco Morales Bermudez, who was the last military president of Peru, to speak to the crowd. "I've read many chapters of the history of Peru," said the general, who ruled Peru in the late 1970's, "but I have never seen such a shameful thing as this election in the history of our country."

Based on exit polls and most of the votes counted, Mr. Fujimori had more than 50 percent, while Mr. Toledo had about 16 percent. The rest of the ballots were left blank or nullified.

The Organization of American States released a report last week saying, "The Peruvian electoral process is far from one that could be considered free and fair." It said government funds were used in the Fujimori campaign, media access was dominated by the president, and there was not enough time to inspect new computer vote tabulation software to ensure a fair count.

Before a single vote was cast, election observers from the Organization of American States and the Atlanta-based Carter Center withdrew in disgust after they failed to persuade the government to postpone the election. Mr. Toledo, the only challenger on the ballot, did not vote and told reporters the election was as "fraudulent as a soccer game in which the field is tilted and one side chooses the referees and the reporters who cover the contest."

Mr. Fujimori's bid for a third term has stirred opposition here ever since Congress fired three judges more than two years ago for ruling that a constitutional ban on a third presidential term prohibited the president from running. Mr. Fujimori argued that he could run since the Constitution was written after his first term, meaning the ban would apply only if he ran for a fourth term.

Many voters appeared to be going through the motions of voting in an election that lacked drama after Mr. Toledo pulled out 10 days ago.

"There is no institution in this country that is free anymore," Enrique Fernandez, a 48-year-old folk music promoter, said before voting in the ***working-class*** neighborhood of Rimac in order to avoid a $35 fine for not voting or problems with the police. "The Justice Ministry and election authorities are totally controlled, and this is all a fraud."

Aides to Mr. Toledo predicted that protests around the country would continue to gather momentum. There have already been strikes and road blockades in the cities of Iquitos, Cuzco and Chiclayo in recent days, as well as several violent incidents in Lima, including stone and firebomb attacks by university students on the presidential palace.

The tainted Peruvian election will dominate a meeting of foreign ministers of members of the Organization of American States in Canada this week. The ministers could ultimately decide on sanctions, although in the past severe action has been taken only in cases of coups or other overt interruptions of democratic process.

It is more likely that sanctions will come from the United States, where Congress has already passed a joint resolution calling for a review of all political, economic and military relations. Still, it remains doubtful that Washington will cut very deeply into assistance that goes into Peru's efforts at combating terrorism and narcotics trafficking.

The Clinton administration pushed hard for Mr. Fujimori to hold a second-round vote during a questionable slow count in the days following the first-round balloting on April 9. But in recent weeks Washington has softened its criticism of Peru and allowed the Organization of American States, a usually cautious organization, to take the lead in pushing for democratic reform here.

Nevertheless, President Clinton had strong words for Peru on Friday, the day after the election authorities had decided to go ahead with the vote. "Free, fair and open elections are the foundation of a democratic society," he said. "Without them, our relationship with Peru inevitably will be affected."

Mr. Fujimori is counting on the United States to go easy on him, rather than jeopardize the cooperation of the two countries in economic, anti-terrorism and especially anti-drug programs that have halved this country's coca plant production in the last five years.

"It would be terrible if our anti-narcotics collaboration was upset, and we will continue to welcome U.S. investment," Mr. Fujimori said.

Mr. Fujimori used an assortment of carrots and rather sharp sticks on his way to a third five-year term. In a wave of populism, he raised the minimum wage and handed out land titles to 150,000 peasants during the campaign. But he was also besieged by criticism by international election observers for a range of campaign irregularities. Mothers dependent on government milk and food handouts were pressed to attend Fujimori rallies, for instance, and intelligence agents harassed opposition leaders.

Many tabloid newspapers that have connections to Mr. Fujimori's intelligence service and all television networks save one cable station either did not cover the Toledo campaign or tilted their coverage toward salacious and unproved allegations of financial fraud, sexual innuendo and claims that he had an illegitimate daughter.

Just this week, a journalist who said he had videotapes showing Mr. Fujimori's intelligence chief meeting with election officials was assaulted by three unidentified men. From a hospital bed, he said the assailants had cut his wrist to the bone with a saw as they demanded that he disclose his sources inside the intelligence agency.

Immediately after the April 9 vote, cries of fraud arose when ballots and tally sheets disappeared for several hours. The election authorities announced that Mr. Fujimori had not received the required majority to avert a second round only after three days of heavy international pressure.

Mr. Toledo ran a strong race in the April first round, promising to give the poor jobs and to disentangle the courts and congress from the tight grip of presidential control.

But he appeared to fumble badly when he suddenly dropped out of the race, claiming that he was not willing to lead his supporters into a fraudulent vote unless the election date was postponed several weeks to give international observers an opportunity to audit computer software designed to count ballots.

He slid in a variety of opinion polls, as voters either expressed disappointment in his apparent surrender or dismay that he was willing to incite unrest and damage the image the country.

A poll conducted by Datum Internacional between May 19 and 22, which only the week before showed a virtual tie between the two candidates, showed that 55 percent of voters disapproved of Mr. Toledo's decision to drop out of the race. The poll also showed Mr. Fujimori leading Mr. Toledo by a 54 to 46 percent, suggesting that Mr. Fujimori could win a clean, free election anyway.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: At top, the police dispersed protesters in Lima after President Alberto Fujimori swept a runoff. At left, the opposition figure Alejandro Toledo greeted supporters yesterday. Mr. Fujimori, above, at the polls, may face sanctions. (Associated Press); (Agence France-Presse); (Reuters)(pg. A6)

**Load-Date:** May 29, 2000

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[***POLITICS: PATRICK J. BUCHANAN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5H70-0005-G4SM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Big Tent Is Shrinking For Grand Old Populist***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5H70-0005-G4SM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JAMES BENNET

By JAMES BENNET

**Dateline:** TOMBSTONE, Ariz., Feb. 26

**Body**

Patrick J. Buchanan has progressed in the last three weeks from a long-shot candidate for the Republican nomination to the instrument of a conservative cause, then to the champion of a new political movement named for himself.

Although Mr. Buchanan continues to reject the idea of running as an independent candidate for President if he fails to win the Republican nomination, he increasingly talks about the Republican Party as though he were not a member of it.

Asked in an interview on Friday night whether he might form a third party, Mr. Buchanan said, "The Republican Party is so bullheaded and hostile to those of us who to try to get close to the party -- if the party insults our people enough times, by insulting me, they're going to make it impossible to bring us home."

Going far beyond other self-styled Washington outsiders, like Ross Perot and Steve Forbes, Mr. Buchanan has sharpened his language and broadened his attacks to tap into public resentment not only of Congress, the White House and the Federal bureaucracy, but also of a number of large institutions like major corporations, unions and the political party he wants to represent.

"The Pat Buchanan movement," as the candidate began to refer to his campaign last week, is grounded in two themes: opposition to abortion and profound grievances against, or alienation from, established institutions and their leaders.

"Listen, we don't get the boys at Bal Harbour," Mr. Buchanan said in Tucson, Ariz., on Thursday, mocking John J. Sweeney, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., who had criticized him at the labor federation's annual policy-making convention in Bal Harbour, Fla. "We are getting the working men and women of America."

He added: "Senator Dole represents the board room, or the business round table. And some of these other fellows, like Mr. Clinton, they represent the hierarchy of big labor. We represent the working men and women."

With more voters disapproving of Mr. Buchanan nationally than approving of him, his opponents and other political analysts say they are convinced that he cannot win the Republican nomination.

His on-the-cheap campaign is still operating without a pollster, and Mr. Buchanan can seem oddly oblivious to the news coverage he is receiving. "That's outstanding," he declared, informed two days after the fact that The Wall Street Journal had published a front-page article last Thursday describing "Buchanomics." "I've got to get this stuff. This is scrapbook material."

Mr. Buchanan said he believed that since he won the Louisiana caucuses over Senator Phil Gramm of Texas nearly three weeks ago, his social and economic issues could carry him to victories in Arizona and South Carolina and ultimately to the nomination. "It has clearly settled in that we could win it," he said.

Mr. Buchanan now spends more time attacking big business than almost anything else, except perhaps his own party.

"You can't cut trade deals that sell out working people for the benefit of big corporations in New York that got no loyalty to America, no loyalty to you and me and no loyalty to any of us," Mr. Buchanan said at a forum for United We Stand America, the Ross Perot group, in Sun City, Ariz., on Sunday.

Mr. Buchanan's chief complaint against the Republican Party -- as against Washington in general -- is that it is beholden to large corporations. "They revel in these reputations as Chainsaw-this and Pitbull-that," Mr. Buchanan said, speaking of corporate executives, in the interview. "What are we doing praising these people and celebrating them?"

These days he is reveling in his own dark reputation. When he donned a black cowboy hat last week for a parade in Tucson, he was asked whether he would prefer a gray one. "No," Mr. Buchanan replied. "I'm the bad guy."

His frequent predictions that the party's establishment would unite against him, which seemed a bit presumptuous when he lagged far back in the polls, are coming true.

That is why, while they have publicly sounded hurt over attacks by party luminaries like Gen. Colin L. Powell and Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani of New York, Mr. Buchanan and his aides are privately delighted. "Please, Newt, hit us," said Mr. Buchanan's communications secretary, Gregory R. Mueller, referring to Speaker Newt Gingrich.

Any such attack reinforces Mr. Buchanan's image as an obstreperous outsider, a man who "says what he means and means what he says," a slogan that is turning up on banners and hats at Buchanan rallies.

Today, Mr. Buchanan leaped at another opportunity to cast himself as an embattled maverick. He derided Senator Christopher J. Dodd, the general chairman of the Democratic Party, who on Sunday compared Buchanan supporters with skinheads.

"That is elitism of the worst kind to slander our people," Mr. Buchanan said. "They ought not to be slandered and called names simply because they believe that they ought to have a voice and a representative in Washington."

That posture of unbending principle has helped draw to Mr. Buchanan people who disagree with some of his major positions. Carol Deane, who recently heard Mr. Buchanan speak in Nashua, N.H., said that she used to think he was "some kind of wacko" and that she disagreed with his plan to outlaw abortion. But she added, "I like that he stands up for what he believes."

Mrs. Deane said that her husband was working two jobs and that she was working six days a week cleaning houses. "My parents were able to buy a brand-new house on my father's salary, and he worked at a job that didn't even require a high school degree," she said. "Something's gone wrong."

That is why, she said, she was supporting Mr. Buchanan. "I don't think the so-called elites, I don't think they understand what working people are going through," Mrs. Deane said. Asked who the elites were, she named "international businessmen, career politicians, bankers."

Mr. Buchanan, a Chardonnay sipper who seems more at home in dark business suits than in the windbreakers and bolo ties he has been experimenting with recently, might seem an unlikely populist. But he has always deeply admired politicians who he believed connected with working people. President Ronald Reagan, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin, Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Francisco Franco, the Spanish dictator, were among his father's heroes.

"So many ***working-class*** people loved Joe," Mr. Buchanan wrote in his memoir, "Right from the Beginning," referring to McCarthy, the flamboyant Republican Red-hunter whose name became synonymous with an era of suspicion and investigative excess in the early 1950's. "Tail Gunner Joe was a populist."

But there is a further wrinkle to Mr. Buchanan's anti-corporate stance. He connects his antagonism to big corporations to his fears that a "new world order" is undermining American independence.

"They have become their own global institutions," Mr. Buchanan said in the interview. "You hear these executives, they talk that way. They don't care about competitiveness. They speak in this global language as though they're above government, above nation."

As he taps into the grievances of people across the country, Mr. Buchanan appears to be working through some of his own grievances, against not only the people he calls "the party elders" but also against members of the press whom he considers liberal and even hostile.

As the returns came in from the New Hampshire primary last Tuesday, Mr. Buchanan was watching CBS News when Dan Rather, the network's anchor, declared him the winner. As Mr. Rather began describing him, Mr. Buchanan, evidently recalling past slights, shouted jubilantly at the screen, "And youthful admirer of Joseph McCarthy!"

**Load-Date:** February 27, 1996

**End of Document**



[***FEUDING SETS TONE IN SOVIET CONGRESS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4PF0-002S-X1C3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 27, 1989, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1132 words

**Byline:** By BILL KELLER, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MOSCOW, May 26

**Body**

The Soviet Union today struggled to give birth to a new kind of government in a process that laid bare bitter divisions of class, geography, nationality and outlook.

After a day of haggling, the Congress of People's Deputies adjourned late tonight to a voting chamber with fine-print ballots listing 600 names, from which they were to select a 542-member standing legislature called the Supreme Soviet.

In a move that some members said would tend to make the new legislature more staid, the congress refused to exclude full-time Communist Party and Government officials from sitting in the legislature.

Self-styled progressives in the 2,250-member congress had pressed for a rule requiring legislators to give up other jobs. They said that would make the parliament more professional and independent of the Communist Party apparatus.

The proposal mustered 636 votes despite the opposition of President Mikhail S. Gorbachev, one of several signs that the congress, which held its inaugural session on Thursday, was growing steadily more self-confident. In a country where unanimity has been the political norm, the clash of ideas, televised live from beginning to end, is a crash course in self-government.

An even more sizable minority, 831 members, voted this morning to suspend a law limiting demonstrations after some asserted that the police had broken up a gathering of citizens trying to meet with deputies Thursday night.

Electing a Parliament

The Moscow City Council later agreed to open up an area near Luzhniki sports stadium for unrestricted public assembly while the congress is in session.

After an extraordinary televised cross-examination by the members on Thursday, Mr. Gorbachev was elected President by the congress, the supreme governing body and the first soviet assembly in more than 70 years whose members were mostly chosen in competitive elections.

Today the congress turned to what many consider its most critical task, selecting a parliament to govern a country that, for most of its history has been united primarily by the brute power of the Communist Party.

The exercise quickly became a lesson in the powerful stresses set free by the loosening of the autocracy: the hostility of the Soviet provinces toward Moscow, the cultural gap between workers and intellectuals, the aloofness of the Baltic republics, the animosities and grievances of ethnic minorities.

Baltic Members' Boycott Threat

Tonight members from the Baltic republics Lithuania and Latvia, many of whom openly declare that their ultimate aim is complete independence from the Soviet Union, threatened to boycott the election of the standing legislature.

Although each region was allowed to chose its own quota of deputies for graduation to the legislature, the Baltic members objected because the final list was subject to approval by the entire congress. The abstention of the Baltic deputies would cast a shadow over the credibility of the new legislature.

''I would say we have a crisis situation,'' Mr. Gorbachev responded.

Roy A. Medvedev, a historian respected in the Baltic republics for his exposes of Stalin's terror, implored the rebellious deputies: ''Be reasonable, and don't destroy the huge amount of work that has already been done to democratize our society.''

Feuding Among Deputies

Late tonight the Baltic deputies seemed to have relented.

Throughout the day, there were frequent spats between the members from Moscow and the Baltics, where insurgents won out over Communist Party regulars, and the more orthodox deputies from central Asia, where the delegations seemed firmly under control of the local Communist Party machines.

The central Asians voted in mute unison for every proposal from the leadership, and clapped loudly to drown out remarks by independents like Andrei D. Sakharov.

Much of the afternoon was devoted to feuding between a Moscow bloc of self-styled progressives and ***working-class*** deputies from the provinces.

'Intellect of the Nation'

Provincial delegates accused Moscow intellectuals of trying to expand their influence by nominating 55 deputies instead of the 29 alloted to the city by regional quota.

''We won't give up a single seat of ours,'' said Aleksei I. Tkhor, a member from the Donbass coal-mining region. ''A professor won't defend the interests of miners and workers.''

Moscow deputies insisted they had nominated extra candidates to demonstrate their support for the principle of competition, not to gain additional seats.

''We're behaving as if we are all from small principalities and want to have our envoys in Moscow to protect our interests,'' scolded Svyatoslav N. Fyodorov, proprietor of a Moscow eye clinic and a leader of the city's self-styled progressive bloc. ''In my opinion, we should elect to the Supreme Soviet the intellect of the nation.''

'Our School of Democracy'

Sergei B. Stankevich, a young Moscow representative, asserted that Communist Party functionaries in the provinces were deliberately stirring up traditional resentments toward Moscow, in order to prevent the growth of a formidable opposition alliance.

Despite the divisions, the congress seemed to be steadily shaking off the familiar habits of the traditional Soviet assemblies it has replaced - the polite silence, the unanimous votes, the windy speeches endorsing the party line.

Amid frequent references to ''our school of democracy,'' the deputies turned serious, sometimes tedious attention to matters as large as the proper qualities of a professional legislator and as small as deploying more microphones in the room.

On paper, the new congress and the legislature are to be the supreme powers of the land. In practice, that depends on how willing the deputies are to assert their theoretical rights, and how readily they will defer to the guidance of the Communist Party.

Defeat for Radical Members

The decision to allow local party and goverment officials to take places in the legislature was seen as a significant defeat for deputies favoring more radical change, who assert only full-time members would be truly independent.

The congress adopted instead a proposal by Mr. Gorbachev that said lawmakers should ''as a rule'' be freed from their professional obligations, but leaving officials the option of keeping both jobs.

Some deputies said the nominations to the legislature had been tightly controlled by local party officials to prevent real independents from making it into the Supreme Soviet.

''I would give up our entire quota for one progressive Muscovite,'' said Aleksandr V. Minzhurenko, a deputy from the Siberian city of Omsk, who asserted that his delegation was almost entirely ''in the pocket'' of the local Communist Party boss.

''I'm afraid the future Supreme Soviet will be even more moderate than the congress itself,'' said Mr. Stankevich, the Moscow deputy.

**Graphic**

President Mikhail S. Gorbachev was besieged by deputies demanding the floor as the Soviet congress met (Associated Press) (pg. 1); members of the Congress of People's Deputies crossing Red Square on their way to yesterday's session (Associated Press); Vytautas Landsbergis as he announced that Lithuanians would boycott the vote to choose a new standing legislature if other legislators were allowed to vote on the Lithuanian delegation (Associated Press) (pg. 6)

**End of Document**



[***RECORDINGS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4J50-002S-X3V9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***And Now, The No-Frills David Bowie***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4J50-002S-X3V9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 4, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Page 24, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Review

**Length:** 1126 words

**Byline:** By JON PARELES

**Body**

David Bowie's 1987 Stadium extravaganza, the Glass Spider Tour, was overstuffed with dancers, props, videoprojections and fancy lighting effects. But for one stretch the trappings disappeared while Mr. Bowie and his band simply knocked out rockers like ''Rebel Rebel.'' Now Mr. Bowie has realized it was the best part of the show.

His new album, ''Tin Machine'' (EMI 91990; LP, cassette and CD), drops the slick, grandiose production of his recent albums to recast Mr. Bowie as the singer with a four-piece rock band - two guitars, bass and drums. The album's conceit is that Tin Machine is a full-fledged band, not Mr. Bowie with his latest backup group, and that ''Tin Machine'' is its debut effort. Whether or not you believe that (and I don't), ''Tin Machine'' definitely strips away clutter and artifice.

Mr. Bowie has based a career on calculated, media-wise poses and personas - Ziggy Stardust, the Thin White Duke, the tropical-suited leading man of ''Let's Dance'' - and on his willingness to siphon concepts (like William Burroughs's cut-up narratives or Brian Eno's synthesizer textures) from the avant-garde to the wider public.

While his self-made images have been seamless, staying just ahead of fashionableness throughout the 1980's, his songs have been deliberately elliptical - catchy, even anthemic, but with lyrics chopped up and jumbled to stay elusive. Distanced once by his theatricality and again by his words, then brought closer by the undetached emotion of his singing, Mr. Bowie made listeners care about what he meant, if only to figure out where he stood.

Tin Machine breaks away from that strategy. The bare-bones band lineup is a signal that Mr. Bowie wants to get down to essentials. And for the first time since the early 1970's, many of Mr. Bowie's lyrics are bald, sincere statements, sometimes proud to be vulgar. The scattered images haven't disappeared entirely, and Mr. Bowie does like to drop allusions wherever possible. But in song after song (five written by Mr. Bowie, eight by Mr. Bowie with band members), Mr. Bowie avows love or denounces evil as directly as he can. To underline the new approach, ''Tin Machine'' includes a version of John Lennon's ''***Working Class*** Hero''; rock songs don't get much blunter.

''Tin Machine'' juxtaposes love songs with rants about current crises. ''Under the God,'' the album's first single, denounces racist skinheads. ''Crack City'' tells children, ''Don't whore your little bodies to the worms of paradise'' and goes on to denounce addicts and dealers. The haggard ''I Can't Read'' is about television's erosion of literacy, while ''Video Crime'' snarls uneasily at tabloid television: ''late night cannibal - cripples decay/ Just can't tear my eyes away.''

The triumphal ''Bus Stop'' waxes skeptical about divine revelation (''I'm not sayin' that I don't believe you/ But are you sure that it really was him'') while ''Tin Machine'' seeks escape from, among other things, ''Tories/ Spittle on their chins/ Carving up my children's future.'' Mr. Bowie has never been less oblique.

Meanwhile, most of the love songs approach romantic cliches, with two exceptions: ''Pretty Thing,'' a crude come-on to a young fan that would make more sense on a Motley Crue album, and ''Sacrifice Yourself,'' a telling song about a suicidal husband.

What's going on here? At first, it seems that Mr. Bowie is running behind on trend-spotting, with a desperation he may be admitting in the song ''Tin Machine'': ''C'mon and get a good idea/ C'mon and get it soon.'' ''Crack City,'' ''Under the God'' and ''Video Crime'' fall into place behind rock's rising social commentary of the last few years, from Sting to Tracy Chapman to Metallica to Joe Jackson to John Cougar Mellencamp to Lou Reed's ''New York'' to 10,000 Maniacs' ''Blind Man's Zoo.''

Ditto for the no-frills, small-band approach, a fast-growing reaction by current rock to machine-driven pop. While Mr. Bowie doesn't chance the live-in-the-studio methods of Mr. Reed or the Cowboy Junkies - there's plenty of overdubbing - ''Tin Machine'' sounds like it was made by people working together, not by a producer with a computer. Drums, bass and guitars bash and mesh in a way that suggests they played at the same time.

The songs hint at a survey of guitar-driven British rock, from the bluesy stomps and arabesques of the Yardbirds to the crunch-and-float guitars of the Pretenders to the squall and blare of the Screaming Blue Messiahs. There are also stopovers in Bowie styles like the rock bolero of ''The Man Who Sold the World'' (in the new ''Prisoner of Love'') and the chugging ballads of ''Ziggy Stardust'' and '' 'Heroes' '' (in ''Baby Can Dance'').

But ''Tin Machine'' isn't exactly a return to roots for Mr. Bowie. His roots are in Anthony Newley and Jacques Brel along with Bo Diddley and Jimmy Page, and since he began recording as David Bowie in 1966, he has used rock archly and ambivalently, keeping the music down so his words could come through.

Mr. Bowie has worked with first-rate guitarists (notably Mick Ronson, Robert Fripp, Carlos Alomar and Peter Frampton), but he hasn't led a ''guitar band'' like Tin Machine. On the new album, songs materialize out of guitar noise, and Reeves Gabrels on lead guitar - who at times sounds like all of Mr. Bowie's previous guitarists, especially Mr. Fripp - holds the foreground nearly as often as Mr. Bowie.

Actually, Mr. Bowie is borrowing roots from his longtime inspiration and sometime collaborator Iggy Pop. Where Mr. Bowie is self-conscious and literary, Mr. Pop has a gift for blurting out unpretty revelations, without a word of high-flown poetry; where Mr. Bowie is elegant, Mr. Pop is a primal rocker. ''Lust for Life,'' the album Mr. Bowie produced in 1977 for Mr. Pop, used the rhythm section of Tony Sales on bass and Hunt Sales on drums, who went on to tour with Mr. Pop. Now, the Sales brothers are half of Tin Machine, and they kick the music along from the bottom.

''Tin Machine'' suggests no small commercial calculation; current FM-rock radio formats still lean heavily on 1970's guitar bands, and listeners are still catching up with '' 'Heroes' '' and ''Lodger,'' the two Bowie albums ''Tin Machine'' resembles most.

But sometimes calculation pays off musically, and it has on ''Tin Machine.'' Instead of piling on instruments, as he did on ''Tonight'' (1984) and ''Never Let Me Down'' (1987), Mr. Bowie makes his exposed voice (and Mr. Gabrels's battering, wailing, screeching guitar) give the songs an immediacy he has needed. Instead of drifting into ever more guarded ironies, he has let sheer noise shatter his staginess, to reveal him as part romantic, part Cassandra, part crank. What the songs lack in poetic subtlety they gain, this time around, in impact.

**Graphic**

Photo of David Bowie and his band (Cesar Vera)

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[***A Future to Wince At - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RX5-G3R0-TW8F-G0TM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 24, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section WK; Column 0; Week in Review Desk; Pg. 1; ADIoS

**Length:** 1806 words

**Byline:** By ANTHONY DePALMA

Anthony DePalma is the author of ''The Man Who Invented Fidel: Castro, Cuba and Herbert L. Matthews of The New York Times.''

**Dateline:** HAVANA

**Body**

A SIMPLE rule that correspondents follow is, ''The bigger the news, the smaller the story.'' In other words, to bring home the impact of a monumental event, tell how it touches ordinary people. In the last few days, on a trip to Cuba that was in every way supposed to be about the lives of ordinary people -- my own family -- the big news story found me.

The visit started as a reunion in Cuba of two sides of our family whom international politics had kept divided for decades.

My wife, Miriam, left behind much of her family when her grandmother whisked her out of Cuba in 1962. She and I had visited over the years, but she always was afraid to bring our three children, fearing they might somehow be snatched from her. But now that they are adults, she wanted them to know the grandmother they had never kissed, and the tragic homeland they had only seen in photos.

We arrived not at the fine new airport in Havana I've used many times as a correspondent, but at a smaller, more crowded one that Cuba uses for these family visits, as if to rebuke exiles for having left.

Our reunion was delayed, however, by the surprise announcement last Tuesday that Fidel Castro -- whose revolution had torn the family apart -- was too ill to return to power. Suddenly, I was at work.

When the Cuban National Assembly meets today to pick a president and commander in chief, it won't be Fidel Castro. But nobody can be sure whether his vow to step aside offers a distant hope of mending the breach between Cuba and the United States, or is just a reminder of how difficult that would be.

Still, what most surprised us was how little Cubans clamored for drastic change. Dictator or hero, Mr. Castro's grip on power was ending, and no one seemed to care. Miriam was disappointed that the streets of Matanzas, Havana, San Agustin and Guanabacoa, the ***working class*** city across Havana Bay where she grew up, were tranquil, as if nothing at all had happened.

Of course we understood that things are not always as they seem, and that became clear when the maid in our 133-year-old hotel came to mop up the mess caused by a leaking pipe. Hearing the lilt of Miriam's Spanish put her at ease. After chatting for a few minutes, she poked her head into the hallway to check for supervisors and shut the door. Only then did she speak from the heart.

''Nobody says it, but everybody knows that someone new could be worse than what we have now,'' she whispered. It was the kind of declaration I've learned to trust because it stems from neither fear nor a desire to curry favor.

Despite having plenty of motivation to demand change -- the frequent shortages, the decrepit housing, the cruelty of having one currency for tourists and another with far less buying power for Cubans -- she said she feared change more than she feared the status quo. Then she checked the hallway again.

Such skittishness might seem odd to Americans. After all, change seems to be on the lips of every candidate back home.

But just as Americans are debating what change means, and how to accomplish it, Cubans see change in many different ways. After Fidel's announcement, the Communist Party newspapers and state-controlled television mockingly dismissed foreign news reports that change was suddenly in the air over Cuba. ''They talk about a coming epoch of change, as if the revolution hasn't been an epoch of change from the beginning,'' Lazaro Barredo Medina, editor in chief of the party daily Granma, said in one broadcast.

Truth is, things have changed since my first trip to Cuba in 1978. The heavy presence of the Soviet Union then is a faint shadow now, reflected in blue-eyed Cubans named Yuri. There seem to be more new cars on the roads, more fast food on the street, and more buildings undergoing repair. There even seem to be more buses and fewer people waiting for them since Fidel's younger brother and temporary replacement, Raul, publicly demanded that something be done about the pitiful mass transit system when I was here just a year ago.

But much has not changed, or has gotten worse. More families live two or three generations in the same cramped apartments. Detention, interrogation and other troubles still descend on people who dissent in ways as small as wearing a plastic wrist band embossed with the word ''cambio,'' which means change. The press is still controlled, and disloyalty to the Communist Party still raises the suspicion of neighbors that can lead to the loss of a job or a house. Dissidents remain enemies of the state.

Still, many people we met shared a fear expressed by Miguel, a 62-year-old retired army lieutenant colonel who lives in Altamar, just outside Havana. He drives a 1958 Dodge with bad brakes and a top speed of about 37, which is the number of years he has owned it. He said he worried about only one thing after Mr. Castro: what he called the Americanization of Cuba.

By that he meant a savage capitalism that might take away from Cubans the best houses, the best land, the best factories. In short, if a transition means that the little they have managed to acquire might be taken away, he'd rather not change.

Cuba is not a country where change has ever come easily; when it has come, injustice and violence often were its companions. Cubans know that what the Cuban-American analyst Marifeli Perez-Stable of the Inter-American Dialogue calls Cuba's ''long century'' -- the turbulent period that began with the wars of independence from Spain in the mid-19th century and continues today -- has brought little peace.

The revolution itself has left many Cubans, including our relatives here, fed up with promises of change. They long ago tired of sacrificing for an ideal tomorrow; when we finally got together, three days after Fidel's announcement, Miriam's stepbrothers and sisters told me their main concerns are getting enough to eat, getting shoes for their children and getting to work on time each day.

Cuba's leaders also fear sudden change because it would undermine the official legend of a triumphant socialist revolution. As the 50th anniversary of Fidel Castro's Jan. 1, 1959, victory approaches, Cubans cannot escape the past. Film clips of Fidel fighting in the Sierra alongside Che Guevara are on TV every day. The 62-foot wooden pleasure boat ''Granma'' with which Castro and 81 insurgents launched their uprising in 1956 remains on display under glass in the center of Havana, a revolutionary Ark of the Covenant.

Of course, Fidel Castro has led the resistance to change, grasping power for so long that he has gone from fierce young rebel to doddering old man before the eyes of the world. Mostly bedridden for the last 19 months, he has stubbornly refused to step aside until now. But even a Maximum Leader cannot fend off time forever, or do anything to stop the impending loss of his friend and economic crutch, Hugo Chavez, the Venezuelan leftist whose electorate has insisted that he abide by the country's term limits.

There is growing evidence that Mr. Castro's brother Raul has grown impatient with his role as place holder and has been agitating for a permanent transfer of power. Although Raul is considered the weaker of the two men, he has stood up to his older brother before. During Fidel's first trip to the United States in 1959, Raul met him in a Houston hotel and told him to stop touring like a rock star and get back to serious business in Havana. Fidel returned shortly and adopted a decidedly tougher stance toward the United States.

As head of the armed forces since 1959, Raul Castro has kept the army one of the few functional institutions in Cuba. His reputation today as an efficient manager is as strong as his revolutionary reputation was as an efficient executioner.

Whatever form a new Cuban regime takes -- Raul as president with younger, post-revolutionary officials arrayed as vice presidents or some surprise variation -- Fidel's presence will continue to be felt, even if, as he has promised, he becomes a simple ''soldier of ideas,'' dedicated to thinking and writing.

Sitting at an old Havana cafe, a friend put it to me this way: Fidel is like a huge Airbus that leaves so much turbulence in its wake that other aircraft cannot take off or land behind it until the air clears. Even in his absence from power, Fidel will shape the actions of whoever comes after him.

When Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva, the Brazilian president, heard about Mr. Castro's effective resignation he said: ''Fidel is already a myth.'' Alejandro Rodriguez, a columnist for the newspaper Juventud Rebelde (''Rebel Youth,'' another name from revolutionary mythology) wrote last week that ''Fidel is Cuba, because Juan, Pedro, Chico and Mariana are Fidel.''

No one would have expected our children, Aahren, Andres and Laura Felice, to feel like part of Cuba or Fidel as they gingerly set foot in their mother's homeland for the first time. They delighted in the beauty of the seacoast and the countryside, but grew upset as beggars and pimps tailed them in old Havana. The three peppered Miriam with questions, asking without fully realizing what they were saying, ''What was it like when you were Cuban?'' After bringing flowers to the tomb of the grandfather they never knew, squeezing into the sliver of a house where Miriam once lived, and peeking into the worn-out school that she had once attended, they simply fell silent.

When they finally got to meet their Cuban family, an expected initial awkwardness soon gave way to discoveries of points of concurrence: the boredom of school, the frustration of seeking a first job, planning for the future.

But that is where the reality of our two worlds imposed itself. Aahren, our oldest son, had just become a lawyer; his cousin Aidan and a friend had just figured out a way to grind up pork into ham that they smoke for 12 hours in a makeshift hothouse in the yard. Aahren is planning a full life ahead; Aidan dreams of taking to the sea.

''Cubans today are not like the Cubans of the 1950s,'' Aidan said. He thinks that 50 years of worrying about getting enough to eat has beaten the heart out of them. Inside their refrigerator were the eight eggs per month they are rationed, and little else.

Given time it might be possible to bridge the gap between their dreams. But for that to happen, there will have to be change.

Their 81-year-old Cuban grandmother is ill now, and if she does not survive, our children will not be able to go back to Cuba unless American laws change; they do not now permit visits to see uncles and cousins.

Miriam, close to tears, told me she would never go back because too much has already changed.

Of course, there will shortly be new presidents in both Cuba and the United States. If that changes things, that would be big news, and I will be back.

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about Cubans' reactions to the departure of Fidel Castro as president misspelled the hometown of a retired Army officer named Miguel whose opinion was cited. The town is Alamar, not Altamar.

**Correction-Date:** March 2, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: NEVER FAR AWAY: A schoolgirl in Havana last Wednesday, the day after Fidel Castro announced he would be stepping down as president. (PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTERS) (pg.WK1)

A NATION'S PHOTO ALBUM: The prospect of life without Fidel Castro is unsettling to many Cubans, who are wary of drastic change. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ENRIQUE DE LA OSA/REUTERS) (pg.WK8)

**Load-Date:** February 24, 2008

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[***Denver Embraces Oklahomans Traveling to Bombing Trial***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5CP0-0005-G0VP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 11, 1996, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1199 words

**Byline:** By JAMES BROOKE

By JAMES BROOKE

**Dateline:** DENVER, March 10

**Body**

When the Oklahoma City bombing trial starts here this fall, anyone who shows an Oklahoma driver's license at La Petite Cleaners will get 50 percent off on pressing and cleaning.

"My heart goes out to those people," Maryann Chumley, the owner, said of bombing survivors and victims' relatives who plan to attend the trial. "I felt those families are already so devastated, and they aren't real well-to-do. They're ***working class***."

Denver never asked to serve as host for the trial of the two men charged with carrying out the worst terrorist attack in American history. But when the presiding judge, Richard P. Matsch, announced on Feb. 20 that the trial would be transferred here to insure an impartial jury, it struck a deep chord.

Hundreds of Denverites have called social agencies to offer meals, bedrooms, baby-sitting and transportation to and from the courthouse downtown. To ease the stress of the trial for the Oklahomans, one family has offered weekend use of a 90-acre ranch, and another family has offered the use of a house in Vail.

"A minute after the news was announced on TV, the phones started ringing," said Matthew Bertram, spokesman for the American Red Cross here. "The first call I took was from a woman who was crying. She wanted to make sure the people would be taken care of. She later called back and offered her house."

In two weeks, the local chapter of the Red Cross has received 1,250 firm offers of help for Oklahomans who want to attend the trial. About 700 offers have been received at another aid group, the Denver Victims Service Center. About 500 more people filled out coupons for "The Home Away From Home Program," a wide-ranging aid project started last month by The Denver Post and KOA Newsradio.

Dozens more offers have come through private connections.

"My former boss called from Greeley," said Paul Heath, president of the Murrah Building Survivors Association, an Oklahoma group that represents 250 people who survived the bombing of the Federal Building on April 19, 1995. "He is 91, and he just had a pacemaker put in. He said, 'We have a bedroom, we are one hour from Denver, and we want you to stay with us.' "

Dr. Heath is a psychologist with the Department of Veterans Affairs, which was housed in the Federal Building, and he saw the floor break away eight feet from his desk in the explosion. He attributed the outpouring of support to the sense of powerlessness that many Americans felt after the bombing, which killed 168 people and wounded about 500.

"Terrorism of this magnitude stirs up feelings of hopelessness," Dr. Heath said. "The people of Colorado feel the opportunity to do something about April 19."

In Oklahoma City, the United States Attorney's office has a list of 2,200 people who are registered as victims, either by personal injury or by relationship to someone who died or who was wounded. Only a small fraction of them is expected to attend the trial, which could start here in October and last for more than six months. In the coming days, national attention will shift to Denver when the two defendants, Timothy J. McVeigh and Terry L. Nichols, are transferred here from El Reno, Okla.

To help family members travel to Denver, United Airlines, which has the only scheduled air service between here and Oklahoma City, will offer victims' family members round-trip tickets for $108. The current one-way unrestricted fare for the 90-minute, 500-mile flight is $439. Conoco, which has large oil and gas operations in Oklahoma, has given the United Way of Oklahoma $50,000 to help defray the travel and lodging expenses of families.

In Denver, the city bus company plans to offer free passes and the regional telephone company, US West, plans to give the Oklahoma visitors free cellular telephones, calling cards and voice mail.

The hotel nearest to the Federal Courthouse, the Embassy Suites Downtown, plans to provide free accommodations to Oklahoma families in five suites during the trial. And the Apartment Association of Metro Denver, a landlords' group, has received commitments from apartment owners to provide 20 one-month rentals in downtown at no charge.

"Our goal is 100 units for a month," said T. Jan Wiseman, executive vice president of the association. "A furniture rental company has agreed to provide furniture,"

For assistance from the Federal Government, Attorney General Janet Reno has set aside $200,000 from the Crime Victims' Fund, a Justice Department program, to help defray costs of Oklahoma families visiting here for the trial. Under a 1990 law, Justice Department officials are required "to make their best efforts" to see that victims are accorded certain rights, including "the right to be present at all court proceedings related to the offense."

Representative Patricia Schroeder, Democrat of Colorado, has asked the Army to make housing available at the Fitzsimmons Army Medical Center, a suburban Denver military site being deactivated this year.

In the coming week, Denver social agencies plan to announce a coordinating group for most of the aid here, the Colorado/Oklahoma Community Council.

"No one is going to go wanting," said Chuck Green, a Denver Post columnist and an organizer of the overall aid effort, who has received hundreds of letters from readers offering help. "Several people who had suffered the loss of a child thought they would be specially prepared to host a family from Oklahoma."

Jack Micheletti, a 60-year-old video salesman who lives in nearby Broomfield, has offered a bedroom in his house. "They are in trouble, and if I can help, I can help," Mr. Micheletti said, adding that he had been moved by television coverage of the bombing. "It's the first time I ever did anything like this."

Edith Brown, a 60-year-old homemaker with five grown children, said of her offer to host a family: "I just felt people needed it. You only go through this life once."

Jannie Coverdale, an Oklahoma County clerk who lost two grandsons in the bombing and who plans to attend the entire trial, called the offers of help "wonderful."

"I had the feeling that the defense attorneys were asking for the change of venue to Denver to keep us from attending the trial," Mrs. Coverdale said by telephone. "But since the people of Denver are being so nice to us, opening their homes, and offering us so much, it backfired on the defense attorneys."

Oklahoma's two Senators, Don Nickles and James M. Inofe, both Republicans, have written Ms. Reno, asking her to arrange for a closed-circuit television transmission of the trial to a Oklahoma where it would be seen by only family members and survivors, since commercial TV cameras are banned from Federal courtrooms.

"For those who can't go to Denver to attend the trial, a closed circuit site would allow them to follow the trial on television," said Rick Fugitt, president of the Oklahoma Crime Victims Center, an aid group that was established three months before the bombing. "That way they could stay home with their families."

For the moment, many Oklahomans are resigned to making the trek northwest to Denver.

"We get calls from people in Oklahoma City," said Mr. Bertram of the Red Cross. "They say, if you get one of those calls, just thank them for us."

**Graphic**

Photos: Edith and George Brown have offered an extra bedroom for bombing victims' families and friends. "I just felt people needed it," Mrs. Brown said. "You only go through this life once." (Ellen Jaskol for The New York Times) (pg. A1); Maryann Chumley, owner of La Petite Cleaners in Denver, says she will offer a 50 percent discount on dry cleaning services to anyone with an Oklahoma driver's license when the bombing trial starts this fall. (Ellen Jasko for The New York Times) (pg. A14)

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[***Wine Talk***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3GB0-002S-X40W-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By FRANK J. PRIAL

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**Body**

Until recently, one of the more attractive ways to kill a Saturday in Paris was to have lunch at Jacques Melac's wine bar at 42 rue Leon-Frot, just off the rue de Charonne in the ***working-class*** 11th Arrondissement. With a plate of Auvergne sausages and salamis and a hunk of Cantal cheese, all of it washed down with the wines Mr. Melac bottles right there in the basement, a leisurely lunch could begin at 1 P.M. and easily last until 5.

Alas, Mr. Melac has gone upscale; he is closed now on Saturday. It could happen only in France; a fellow shuts down on his most popular day because that is what successful restaurateurs do. Luckily, his partner in the wine bar business, Raymond Pocous, keeps Les Bacchantes, a new bar downtown at 21 rue Caumartin, open every day. Les Bacchantes is pleasant and relaxing, and the wines, many of them from Mr. Melac, are good, especially if you like Madiran. Still, a lot of people are going to miss the lazy Saturdays out in the 11th.

Fortunately, there are plenty of other wine bars in Paris these days. First, there are the old standbys: Le Rubis at 10 rue du Marche St. Honore, Ma Bourgogne at 133 Boulevard Haussmann, the Duc de Richelieu at 110 rue de Richelieu, Le Sauvignon at 80 rue des Saints-Peres, L'Entre-Deux Verres at 48 rue Sainte-Anne, the Franc Pinot at 1 Quai de Bourbon on the Ile St. Louis, Willy's Wine Bar at 13 rue des Petits-Champs and the Blue Fox on the Cite Berryer, just off the place de la Madeleine.

Then there are the mini-chains, of which L'Ecluse is the most famous, with five in Paris and one in Brussels and three more planned in Paris. Le Pain and le Vin, which is owned by a consortium of famous chefs, has three in Paris and one in Grenoble. Last is the venerable Taverne Henri IV, at 13 place du Pont-Neuf, just behind the Palais de Justice and a favorite hangout for lawyers and their clients for 40 years.

The rue de Richelieu, while not the most attractive street in Paris, is becoming something of a wine bar mecca. In addition to the Duc de Richelieu at 110, Mark Williamson, of Willy's, and his partner, Tim Johnson, have opened Juvenile's at 47, and the flying Fabre brothers, Marc and Patrick, have come up with La Cote, at 77. The Fabre brothers, who compete in marathons when they are not bottling their own wines, originally made their name as consistent winners of the annual waiters race here, in which contestants must carry a tray, a bottle and several filled glasses intact across the finish line.

Another newcomer out in blue-collar territory is Le Passavant at 12 rue des Goncourts, not far from Melac's in the 11th. Bernard Passavant is a former plumber, but he comes from a family that once made wine in the Loire Valley. Understandably, he is proud of his Anjou rouge.

Yvan's, at 9 rue Cadet, in the Ninth Arrondissement, has a reasonable selection of wines but is noted for what it serves with them: potato skins stuffed with bacon, cheese or mushrooms. Yvan's, like Willy's, Juvenile's and the Blue Fox, is run by young Britons and patronized by many English-speakers, British, American and French. Juvenile's, a French bar run by Britons that specializes in Spanish tapas, is apparently preparing for the united Europe of 1992.

According to a recent newspaper account, 12 wine bars closed in Paris last year. Some of the more successful owners were surprised at the number, but they were unanimous in saying what makes a wine bar successful these days: food, and not just tapas. ''The old days, when you got by with a few cold cuts, are over,'' Mr. Williamson of Willy's said. ''A wine bar is now mostly a restaurant that serves wine by the glass.'' Mr. Williamson now has a foot in both camps; he recently acquired the Moulin du Village restaurant, next to the Blue Fox, from Steven Spurrier, another Englishman, who founded them both.

The Ecluse bars, which specialize in Bordeaux wines, offer a brief but substantial menu of hot and cold dishes and desserts. As often as possible, the food represents the cooking of Aquitaine and the southwest of France. Le Pain and le Vin does the same. Many wine bars adhere to a regional food and wine theme this way. At Jacques Melac, for example, both the wines and the food come from the Auvergne region of central France. At Le Sauvignon, the food and the wine are from the Loire. At Ma Bourgogne, the name gives the provenance of the food and the drink.

The regional theme has meant that the traditional wine of the bistros, Beaujolais, is less evident than it was. In a wine bar with a Touraine theme - or a Touraine owner - chinon and saumur rouge will be featured, not Beaujolais. Certainly the price of Beaujolais has had something to do with the rise of other regional wines. Once ridiculously cheap and always good, Beaujolais has become more expensive than almost any other country wine. Many bistro owners, though not so many wine bar people, have begun to pour highly dubious Beaujolais, hurting the wine's reputation even more.

The need to find substitutes for Beaujolais has prompted a whole generation of wine bar owners and customers to experiment with and get to know a wide range of wines from the southwest of France, the Jura, the Loire and even lesser-known sections of Bordeaux that otherwise might have remained unknown. Beaujolais is, for most people, still the quintessential bistro wine. But it could go the way of Burgundy, which costs more than most patrons are willing to pay, if the growers are not careful.

A Glass of Ouaine?

PARIS, Aug. 1 - Wine bars are multiplying all over France. There is one at the airport in Bordeaux, another along the auto route in Burgundy. There are wine bars in Lille, St. Etienne, Nice, Montpellier and Lyons. There is even one on a cross-Channel ferry, where wine lovers can sip their Chateau Margaux duty free.

But the ubiquity of wine bars - and the English term ''wine bar'' - poses an interesting orthographic problem. When they were called bistros, bistros a vin and even bars a vin, the language was unsullied.

Of course, everyone knows how to pronounce the English word ''wine'' in France, but strictly speaking, it is not a word that works well transliterated in French. After all, ''west'' in French is ''ouest.'' A French journalist, asked how he would make a truly French word out of ''wine,'' could come up with nothing better than ''ouaine.''

He agreed that even the most ardent defenders of the French language would be unlikely to call for replacing ''wine bar'' with ''ouaine bar.'' It might seem to be a blow to French pride, but, then, the French seem to have accepted Burger King with hardly a murmur.

**Graphic**

Photo of Laurent Trouve, chef at Les Bacchantes, and Raymond Pocous, the owner, with a patron. (NYT/Michel Setboun/Rapho)

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[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5H88-R051-JBG3-643C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

? Asia Society and Museum: 'Philippine Gold: Treasures of Forgotten Kingdoms'(through Jan. 3) More than half a millennium before Ferdinand Magellan reached the archipelago now called the Philippines in 1521, a number of related societies thrived there. One of the few things known about them today is that they were astoundingly skillful goldsmiths. This gorgeous and historically intriguing exhibition presents nearly 120 pieces dating from the 10th through the 13th centuries, including bracelets, necklaces, pendants, collars, finger rings, bowls and a balance scale made entirely of gold. The star of the show is a gleaming, nine-pound sash made of gold beads that could be mistaken for a futuristic ammunition belt. 725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street, 212-517-2742, asiasociety.org. (Ken Johnson)

? American Folk Art Museum: 'Art Brut in America: The Incursion of Jean Dubuffet'(through Jan. 10) This extraordinary show revisits and partly recreates a little-known chapter in outsider art history: the decade (1951-61) that the groundbreaking, still-forming Art Brut collection of Jean Dubuffet -- the artist and one of the field's earliest explorers -- spent in the East Hampton mansion of the artist Alfonso Ossorio. While seen by a host of art world luminaries, it had little impact, as proved by how many of the impressive artists here are still unknown in this country. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts, El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York'(through Dec. 12) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grassroots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over three institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Dec. 1 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Dec. 12 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org. (Holland Cotter)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden: Isamu Noguchi(through Dec. 13) The Noguchi Museum and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden are to be commended for installing such a show, in which sculpture is exposed to the elements (and the wandering visitors). But this exhibition of 18 of the Japanese-American artist's sculptures parceled throughout the garden can be frustrating, as you attempt to locate his works on a specially provided map. The showcase of the exhibition is an installation of several Noguchi sculptures inside the Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden, a marriage of modern and traditional forms, and there are works just below the Native Flora Garden that offer moments of successful communion with art and curated nature. 990 Washington Avenue, at Eastern Parkway, Prospect Heights, 718-623-7200, bbg.org. (Martha Schwendener)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn'(through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Impressionism and the Caribbean: Francisco Oller and His Transatlantic World'(through Jan. 3) Francisco Oller (1833-1917) was the most celebrated Puerto Rican artist of the 19th century. For most of his career he was a facile imitator sojourning in Madrid and in Paris, where he hung out with Impressionist painters like Pissarro, Monet and Cézanne. But it wasn't until after settling down in San Juan around age 60 that he came into his own, producing haunting landscapes and some mysteriously powerful still-life paintings that can plausibly be called great. This show presents 40 paintings by Oller and 45 works by other artists, including his European and American contemporaries and his Puerto Rican predecessors. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence'(through Nov. 8) Describing herself as a ''visual activist,'' the South African photographer Zanele Muholi is dedicated to increasing the visibility of black lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex people with notable international success. Her stark black-and-white photographs often respond to the violence inflicted on those groups. But the exhibition also includes colorful photographs of same-sex weddings that are radiant, both with African sunshine and irrepressible joy. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

? Frick Collection: 'Andrea del Sarto: The Renaissance Workshop in Action'(through Jan. 10) The big-guns highlights of the Frick show, this first major American exhibitoon devoted to the Renaissance artist Andrew del Sarto, (1486-1530) are three spectacular paintings, including ''Portrait of a Young Man'' from London and ''St. John the Baptist'' from the Palazzo Pitti, Florence. But the substance lies an array of 45 drawings, mostly in red chalk, in which we can follow del Sarto as he feels his way into compositions and molds figures into life with an angel's hand, a scientist's eye, and a striver's drive for perfection. 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, 212-288-0700, frick.org. (Cotter)

Guggenheim Museum: 'Alberto Burri: The Trauma of Painting'(through Jan. 6) This Italian artist's prescient paintings from the 1950s and early '60s -- in patched, burned and otherwise abused burlap, plastic or wood -- form a lavish, beautiful and admirable, if sometimes monotonous retrospective at the Guggenheim. Unfortunately, he may also inaugurate a bane of current art: the use of found materials so inherently affecting -- burlap is one -- that they require little of the artist. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Smith)

? Jewish Museum: 'The Power of Pictures: Early Soviet Photography, Early Soviet Film'(through Feb. 7) Revolutions sell utopias; that's their job. Art, if it behaves itself and sticks to the right script, can be an important part of the promotional package. That's the basic tale told by this exhibition of photographs and vintage films of the 1920s and '30s, but with a question added: What happens to art when the script is drastically revised? Russia was an experiment in progress in the heady years following the 1917 revolution, and avant-garde art, free-spirited by definition, was officially embraced. When Joseph Stalin came to power art became government-dictated propaganda and its makers, often under threat, towed the line. Remarkably, the show presents a dozen films -- some familiar, some not -- full-length, on a rotating schedule of four a day, in a small viewing theater built into one of the Jewish Museum's galleries. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Ancient Egypt Transformed: The Middle Kingdom'(through Jan. 24) Ancient Egypt is box office gold: Do a show, and people will come. Why? Mummies, Hollywood and Queen Nefertiti contribute to its allure. Also, we tend to identify with Egyptians of thousands of years ago. In art, they look exotic, but not out of reach. They drank beer, collected cats and wore flip-flops. They yearned to stay young and to live forever, with loved ones nearby and snack food piled high. Who can't relate to that? Few institutions have done a better job at illuminating Egyptian art than the Met. And it returns to the subject in an exhibition low on King Tut bling and high on complicated beauty, about a broad swath of history (circa 2030 to 1650 B.C.) that has never had a comprehensive museum showcase till now. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Andrea del Sarto's ''Borgherini Holy Family'''(through Jan. 10) This fascinating gem of a show runs concurrently with the larger exhibition ''Andrea del Sarto: The Renaissance Workshop in Action'' at the Frick Collection and adds important layers to it. It both places the Renaissance artist within the political context of his time, and it draws on modern imaging technology to reveal his method for transforming and recycling images. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Grand Illusions: Staged Photography from the Met Collection'(through Jan. 18) With 40 works, this small, choice exhibition forms a freewheeling survey of the ways and means of staged photography -- the arranging objects or people for the camera -- and the many needs and sensibilities it has served. Its smart installation jumps between past and present, commercial and fine, pre- and postmodern, and is peppered with surprises by artists well-known and not. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Kongo: Power and Majesty'(through Jan. 3) For centuries the West assumed that African art had no history, because none had been found written down. But this tight, intense show, beautifully designed, with a stirring catalog, demonstrates otherwise. It begins in the 15th century when the rulers of Kongo peoples in Central Africa were sending luxury textiles to European courts and receiving gifts in return. It continues through the devastations of the slave trade, shifting from art made for pleasure and profit to art made to save lives and souls. It concludes with 15 sensational, just under life-size sculptures that were last-ditch responses to the slow-motion emergency of colonialism. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Paintings by George Stubbs from the Yale Center for British Art'(through Nov. 8) A rare sighting in New York: eight paintings by the inimitable English painter George Stubbs (1724-1806). They include two of his best race-horse pictures, with their stunning precision of anatomy, portraiture, landscape space and inter-species psychology. Four other paintings follow two men through a day of shooting small game and the fifth shows the gentle killing of a wounded doe at a hunt's end. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? MoMA PS1: 'Greater New York'(through March 7) With a multigenerational team of organizers, MoMA PS1's every-five-years-roundup of New York art steps away from its founding premise of newness, the idea that it would be an update on the metropolitan market. The 158 artists on the roster range from 20-something to 80-something; a few are deceased. The notion that an ''emerging'' artist has to be young is discarded. Older artists newly in the spotlight, or back after a long delay, qualify. And history works in two directions. Art from the 1970s and '80s is presented as prescient of what's being made now, and new art is viewed as putting a trenchant spin on the past. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Cotter)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Ernest Hemingway: Between Two Wars'(through Jan. 31) Mounted on walls that have been painted tropical blue to suggest Hemingway's years in Key West and in Cuba, this show takes him all the way from high school to roughly 1950 with photographs, handwritten first-drafts and personal correspondence. But the largest and most interesting section focuses on the '20s, Hemingway's Paris years, and reveals a writer we might have been in danger of forgetting: Hemingway before he became Hemingway. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Charles McGrath)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection'(through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence'(continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Endless House: Intersections of Art and Architecture'(through March 6) This scattered but enjoyable exhibition, drawn from the museum's art collection as much as its design holdings, focuses on the single-family home as a place of experimentation and regeneration; of conflict as well as dreams. Its highlight is a series of drawings and photographs by Frederick Kiesler, the Austrian-American polymath whose Endless House -- never completed -- fused fine art, architecture, furniture and lighting design into a bulbous, unstable whole. Several artists here echo Kiesler's theme of the house as a reflection of the psychology of its inhabitants. None is more powerful than Rachel Whiteread's sober image, made with white correction fluid, of a dwelling in East London: a preparatory drawing for a now lost sculpture crafted by filling the house with liquid concrete. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Picasso Sculpture'(through Feb. 7) Nearly a work of art in its own right, this magnificent show redefines Picasso's achievement with the first full view here in 50 years of his astoundingly varied forays into sculpture. His materials, not his female loves, become the muses, and are different each time out. The basic plotline: After introducing sculptural abstraction and space, he spent about 50 years counting the ways that the figure was far from finished. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Transmissions: Art in Eastern Europe and Latin America, 1960-1980'(through Jan. 3) Visiting this big, spirited group show is like walking into a party of intriguing strangers. For every person you recognize, there are 10 you don't know. One topic everyone's talking about, at different intensities, is the anti-institutional politics that swept Europe and the Americas in the 1960s, and almost everyone speaks the language of Conceptualism. A product of an in-house research initiative called Contemporary and Modern Art Perspectives, or C-MAP, intended to expand MoMA's narrow Paris-New York view of modernism, the show is very much the beginning rather than the end of a learning curve. But with curators exploring material new to them -- just steps ahead of their audience -- the show has a refreshing buzz of surprise as it takes the museum in a realistic new directions. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York'(continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival'(through Jan. 10) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Jacob A. Riis: Revealing New York's Other Half'(through March 20) The Danish immigrant muckraker's stark photographs, coupled with his documents from the New York Public Library and the Library of Congress, vividly portray the changing face of poverty since Riis exposed the poor to an oblivious public 125 years ago and remind viewers of the lingering challenges. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Sam Roberts)

? Neue Galerie: 'Berlin Metropolis: 1918-1933'(through Jan. 4) Another outstanding museum exhibition joins New York's autumn roster with this ambitious, expertly designed and organized account of the rich cultural ferment of the fragile Weimar Republic. With many loans from Germany, it musters an egalitarian array of mediums into a poignant, detailed view of the tragic cost -- less in human life than in immeasurable human potential land achievement -- of Hitler's devastating rise and rule and the shattering of a great city. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Smith)

? New Museum: 'Jim Shaw: The End Is Here'(through Jan. 10) In Mr. Shaw's art, form follows polymorphous perversity. A virtuoso chameleon possessing an amazing range of skills, he does Surrealism, Pop Art, Abstract Expressionism, Conceptualism, cartoons and comic strips, psychedelic posters and myriad kitschy illustration styles all with his own endlessly inventive, comedic twist. His works range from huge to miniature and from political allegories to drawings documenting his dreams. Selections from his personal collections of found paintings and wacky religious materials add to the delirium. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'Archibald Motley: Jazz Age Modernist'(through Jan. 17) Let's take it as a good omen that the first solo show to appear in the Whitney's new home is a career retrospective of a still understudied artist. Motley (1891-1981) was born in New Orleans and lived in Chicago, where he painted the cultural life of the city's African American neighborhood known as Bronzeville, portraying it with an eye for calibrations of class and race, and with a sense of his own conflicted position within its context. The show is modest in size but has features that many larger, sexier exhibitions lack: an affecting narrative, a distinctive atmosphere, and a complex and troubling political and moral tenor. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

Galleries: Uptown

? 'Swedish Wooden Toys' (through Jan. 17) This presentation of more than 300 playthings from the late 16th to the early 21st centuries will be catnip for anyone into antique toys. The show features diminutive vehicles of all kinds from old-time wagons, trains and fully-rigged sailboats, to futuristic cars and a rocket ship. There are naturalistic and anthropomorphic animals, weapons, puzzles, games, dollhouses and architectural construction kits. While many of these items were produced by big manufacturers like BRIO and Playsam, many others are one-of-a-kind wonders like a miniature baking set from around 1900 that includes rolling pins, spatulas and other implements all lovingly carved from wood and fitting into a tray just eight inches long. Bard Graduate Center Gallery, 18 West 86th Street, Manhattan, 212-501-3011, bgc.bard.edu. (Johnson)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art'(through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

? Lynda Benglis: 'Water Sources'(through Nov. 8) The most compelling temporary exhibition at Storm King Art Center in recent years focuses on a heretofore unfamiliar but important dimension of Ms. Benglis's distinguished career: creating working fountains. The show's main attraction is a quartet of gorgeous fountains rising from temporary, circular pools embedded in the lawn outside the center's home building. Two of them have abstract forms suggesting psychic monsters surging up from unconscious depths. The others feature flower shapes stacked into majestic columns. 1 Museum Road, New Windsor, N.Y., 845-534-3115, stormking.org. (Johnson)

'Donald Blumberg Photographs: Selections From the Master Sets'(through Nov. 22) In his early days shooting on the streets of New York, Mr. Blumberg discovered that parishioners walking out of the gaping door of St. Patrick's Cathedral appeared to be emerging from deep, empty space. His resulting photographs, shot from 1965 to 1967, reduce St. Pat's to a sea of black, and turn the worshipers into highly detailed, if physically awkward, specimens in the void. Soon after, Mr. Blumberg's gaze shifted from the street to his television screen, arranging images of Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon into conceptually sophisticated mosaics. Now 80, he is still shooting his TV, and though he continues to keep one eye on politics, the other is gazing at the inanities of home shopping and televangelism. Yale University Art Gallery, 1111 Chapel Street, New Haven, 203-432-0600, artgallery.yale.edu. (Jason Farago)

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³'(continuing) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626--1705)'(through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Museum of Fine Arts Boston: 'Made in the Americas: The New World Discovers Asia'(through Feb. 15) One of the great gifts that multiculturalist thinking gave us was freedom from the tyranny of purity. Simply put, there's no such thing, at least not in art. Everything is a mix, and this has always been true. Globalism, which we take to be so 21st century, is as old as the hills. In this smallish show those hills encompass the Andes, the Alps, the Appalachians and Mount Fuji between the early 16th to the late 18th century. The main setting includes large swaths of North, Central and South America being colonized by various European powers, all of which had lucrative commercial links to Asia, and they were bringing Asia with them to the New World. The result: some of the most brilliant American art ever. 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, 617-267-9300, mfa.org. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue'(through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art(ongoing) The skilled refurbishing of the Atheneum's storied Morgan Memorial Building reveals as never before the museum's splendors. The Great Hall is triple-hung with European paintings encircled by a spirited art-historical Cliff Notes from Egypt to Florence. On the second floor the fabulous Cabinet of Art and Curiosities leads to even more often outstanding paintings -- Baroque to Modernism -- accompanied by an array of decorative objects, especially porcelains. 600 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., 860-278-2670, thewadsworth.org. (Smith)

Last Chance

Billy Childish: 'flowers, nudes and birch trees: New Paintings 2015'(closes on Saturday) This skilled if unoriginal painter, who is better known as a poet and musician, should avoid figures and stick to his landscapes. These have a pleasant Nabi-like density, although they need to be differentiated more from the photographs on which they are apparently based. They might be even closer to Peter Doig's hallucinatory scenes of nature -- but that's a more interesting problem. Lehmann Maupin Chelsea, 536 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-255-2923, lehmannmaupin.com. (Smith)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed'(closes on Saturday) While she is probably best known for having been Willem de Kooning's wife, Elaine de Kooning had an interesting life and career of her own. Indeed, if an enterprising filmmaker wanted to make a romantic biopic evoking the New York artworld from the rise of its bohemian avant garde in the 1930s and '40s through the pluralist era of the '70s and '80s, he or she could not find a more suitable subject than Ms. de Kooning. Adding up to a collective portrait, this show's 18 paintings and drawings include four outstanding self-portraits by the artist herself along with works by Mr. de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Hedda Sterne and Alex Katz. Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center, 830 Springs-Fireplace Road, East Hampton, N.Y., 631-324-4929, sb.cc.stonybrook.edu/pkhouse. (Johnson)

Robert Indiana: 'Sign Paintings 1960-65'(closes on Saturday) A chance to see the Pop artist at his earliest, smallest and possibly best, in a gallery that seems made for their display, this show presents 17 canvases and one painting on wood that investigate the visual potential of words, numbers and the occasional eating implement. The ubiquitous four-square ''LOVE'' motif is included. Craig F. Starr Gallery, 5 East 73rd Street, Manhattan, 212-570-1739, starr-art.com. (Smith)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe'(closes on Sunday) This outdoor rooftop exhibition is about time. The main attraction is a massive fish tank containing a curious assortment of objects, animate and inanimate. As if by magic, a boulder of lava floats in the water, its top rising a bit above the surface. A couple of inches below is a mound of sand around which are swimming little brown eel-like lampreys and bright orange Triops cancriformis, or tadpole shrimp, two species thought not to have evolved in millions of years. Elsewhere on the roof, a boulder of Manhattan schist, the material that forms the bedrock for many New York City skyscrapers, represents geological duration. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Eduardo Paolozzi: 'Horizon of Expectations'(closes on Sunday) In the best Pop Art tradition -- that is, blurring the boundary between art and life -- the three Eduardo Paolozzi sculptures from the 1960s and '70s here actually did time as playground equipment, before being stripped of paint and becoming sculpture again. Accompanying the sculptures are screen prints from two series: the bright, hallucinogenic ''Z.E.E.P. (Zero Energy Experimental Pile)'' series, made from Paolozzi collages from 1969 to 1970, which include images that illustrate Cold War fears and manias; and the muted and pastel ''Calcium Light Night'' (1974-6) series, which responds to musical compositions by Charles Ives, but also mirrors the repeating curves and mechanical patterns of the sculptures. Clearing, 396 Johnson Avenue, at Morgan Avenue, Bushwick, Brooklyn, 718-456-0396, c-l-e-a-r-i-n-g.com. (Schwendener)

? Josh Smith: 'Sculpture'(closes on Saturday) This artist is devoted to unpredictability and a seeming nonchalance that usually pay off, or at least stir curiosity about his next move. His new ''sculptures'' -- no exception -- feature loose, spare marks on panels painted white that were made a few years ago and left outside. The results suggest works abandoned by Cy Twombly. Once more Mr. Smith's version of bone elegance, robust touch and assured composition convince. Luhring Augustine, 531 West 24th Street, Chelsea, 212-206-9100, luhringaugustine.com. (Smith)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/30/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-oct-30-nov-5.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/30/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-oct-30-nov-5.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREA MOHIN/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

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[***The Onstage Life Of Daniel Gerroll***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-43C0-002S-X0J7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1129 words

**Byline:** By GLENN COLLINS

**Body**

''You spend two acts being mildly amusing, and in the third act you don't even have to get out of bed to get a laugh,'' Daniel Gerroll said. ''If you say your lines and you don't mess up, you'll be hailed as a genius. It's like the proverbial Swiss watch: you wind it up and it keeps ticking and ticking away.''

Mr. Gerroll was talking about George Bernard Shaw's classic character, Captain Bluntschli, the peace-loving Swiss ''chocolate-cream soldier'' in ''Arms and the Man.'' Mr. Gerroll has received critical raves for his performance in the role in the Roundabout Theater Company production, which runs until July 9.

But he could just as easily have been talking about his own career, which also keeps ticking and ticking away. Some have called the 37-year-old Mr. Gerroll the quintessential Off Broadway actor. ''I'd rather be called that than the quintessential English actor,'' he said, laughing. ''I've spent so much money on mastering an American accent.''

Since Mr. Gerroll ''got off the boat nine years ago not knowing what I was going to do,'' as he put it, he has appeared in more than two dozen Off Broadway productions, six of them at the Roundabout, five at the Manhattan Theater Club, four at the Hudson Guild, and others at Playwrights Horizons and the Public Theater. Soon after he arrived in Manhattan from London in 1980, he auditioned for the part of Phil, the factory worker with artistic aspirations, in ''The Slab Boys'' by John Byrne at the Hudson Guild.

The reviews were good, and ''I suddenly found myself going from one Off Broadway show to another, like a pinball,'' he said.

Since then he has caromed through a series of productions, including ''The Caretaker,'' ''Knuckle,'' ''Translations,'' ''The Knack,'' ''Cheapside,'' ''The Common Pursuit,'' ''The Second Man,'' ''Bloody Poetry,'' ''The Film Society'' and ''Emerald City.''

'I Have to Hustle'

''I found it difficult to say no to almost anyone who offered me a job,'' Mr. Gerroll said. ''The tradition I was brought up in, it was work, work, work. I enjoy working, and I'm always asked back. I don't have a star name, so I have to hustle.

''My first agent in England told me never to play a leading man till I was near 40, and not to go for the easy buck, and it made perfect sense to me. He'd say, 'If you keep working, you'll have a very long and fruitful career.' ''

''People tell me, 'You work too much; you must be very selective about your roles, or you'll never make it,' '' Mr. Gerroll continued. He shook his head. ''Well, what does 'making it' mean? Look, Marlon Brando has made it and he hasn't performed in much of anything for 20 years!''

For the last few weeks, Mr. Gerroll's workload has been nourishing enough for two hungry actors. During the day, he's been acting in a public-television production on the life of Frederick Law Olmstead in which he plays the landscape architect's partner, Calvert Vaux. Often it means getting up at 5:30 A.M. to begin shooting, then finishing work 18 hours later, after the evening performance at the Roundabout.

A Two-Actor Family

''But I like doing two jobs at once,'' Mr. Gerroll said. ''Of course, it was easier when I was single. These days, I wouldn't recognize my wife if I saw her on the street or on TV, where she is more often.''

Mr. Gerroll met his wife, the actress Patricia Kalember, when he directed the 1984 Roundabout production of ''She Stoops to Conquer.'' ''She came to audition for me,'' he said. ''Didn't cast her, but I married her.'' Ms. Kalember will have a regular role next season in the television series ''Thirtysomething'' as Susannah, a director of a social agency. This means that she and the Gerrolls' children - Rebecca, age 3, and Benjamin, age 11 weeks - will live in Los Angeles. If Mr. Gerroll's work keeps him in Manhattan, ''we may spend the year meeting somewhere in Nebraska,'' he said.

Mr. Gerroll says he has always wanted to do ''Arms and the Man'' because it is the ''perfect'' Shaw play.''It's a charismatic play even when done badly,'' he said. ''Even when you try to mess it up, you can't. Thus, the Swiss watch. I should know. I was in a Swiss boarding school at the age of 6.''

In the Beginning

He grew up in a suburb of London, the son of an English designer of women's clothing and an American mother who took him back to Montauk, L.I., every summer from the age of 4. ''My father was the archetypical Jewish comedian,'' Mr. Gerroll said. ''I suppose I got the gift from him.''

Mr. Gerroll attended boarding schools in Switzerland, England and Scotland, the latter with members of the royal family. ''My first speaking role was in a 'Macbeth' in which Prince Charles played Macbeth,'' he recalled. ''A first-class Macbeth he was, too.''

Mr. Gerroll set out to study law and philosophy at Nottingham University, ''but I wound up playing billiards for a year,'' he said.

''In fact, the only school I ever completed was drama school,'' Mr. Gerroll said of his tenure at the Central School of Speech and Drama in London. ''And they tried to throw me out of there because I could never keep a straight face. I was positively subversive in Restoration comedies. I would get laughs from the audience, but I made myself laugh, too, and all the other actors on stage.''

'I Was Becoming Mickey Rourke'

''Until I was 32, I played troubled teen-agers,'' he said of his roles. In English repertory, regional theater, and on English television, ''my big thing was playing ***working-class*** louts,'' he added.

''I made a career of them,'' he said. ''I was becoming Mickey Rourke.'' In America his roles have been more varied. ''Seeing me now, people make the assumption that I'm very white-bread,'' said Mr. Gerroll, who is thin and angular, with a shock of ginger hair.

Mr. Gerroll has done American television roles, on ''Miami Vice'' and ''A Man Called Hawk,'' and has appeared in the films ''Big Business'' and ''Chariots of Fire.'' But so far, the film parts he has been offered haven't given him ''the chance to stretch as you can Off Broadway,'' he said.

''Off Broadway is one great repertory company,'' he said. ''You see all the same people at auditions, they see you in plays, and you see them in plays.'' Not uncommonly, the members of this informal troupe gather onstage, too. For example, Nathan Lane, Anthony Heald and Dan Butler, currently performing in ''The Lisbon Traviata'' at the Manhattan Theater Club, have all appeared with, or have been directed by, Mr. Gerroll - Mr. Lane, four times.

In fact, next month Mr. Heald is to start rehearsing with both Gerrolls in Stockbridge, Mass., for the Berkshire Theater Festival production of ''Betrayal'' in August. ''My wife plays Tony's wife and I play her lover,'' Mr. Gerroll said happily. ''It's all so cozy. Just a nice working holiday in the Berkshires.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Daniel Gerroll (Martha Swope)

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[***EDUCATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4083-MKN0-00MH-F20B-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Three Decades of Men at Vassar***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4083-MKN0-00MH-F20B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By WILLIAM H. HONAN

By WILLIAM H. HONAN

**Dateline:** POUGHKEEPSIE

**Body**

A FEW years after a wealthy brewer named Matthew Vassar founded Vassar Female College here, he decided the word "Female" was demeaning and deleted it from the name.

It wasn't easy. The words had been registered with state authorities and chiseled in marble over the entrance to the Main Building. But Vassar had the state registration rewritten, and the marble slab bearing the word "Female" was replaced by a blank marble slab, leaving a gap of about 15 feet between the words "Vassar" and "College." It looked odd then, and it looks odd today.

Some townspeople joke that the founder had a premonition that one day the school would open its doors to men. Apocryphal or not, a little more than a century after its founding in 1861, Vassar did just that.

It has been 30 years since that transition, raising the question: how has it worked out?

Has Vassar been able to attract male students? And in sufficient number? If so, have the men come to dominate campus life? That, after all, was the fear that prompted the establishment of women's colleges in the first place.

The short answer to these questions is both yes and no. Yes, the men have come in sufficient number (although Vassar has had to buck a national trend to get them). And no, the guys haven't taken over.

Entering the 1,000-acre campus through the main gate, a visitor is confronted by the Main Building, a palatial structure in the Second Empire style. In 1986, it was named a National Historic Landmark, along with the Empire State Building and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

If there seems to be an especially energetic manicuring of the lawns, flower beds and buildings, that reflects the fact that Frances D. Fergusson, who has been president of Vassar since 1986, holds a doctorate in architectural history from Harvard and is passionate about campus beautification.

"It's a great site," she said recently. "I like to call it an arboretum of buildings."

Vassar's endowment of about $650 million -- it is one of the wealthiest small liberal arts colleges in the country -- allows Dr. Fergusson to put serious money into upkeep and reconstruction. And it shows.

The treasures are not just brick and mortar. They include an accomplished faculty with standouts like Donald W. Foster, a professor of English who recently discovered a previously unknown poem by Shakespeare; James Merrell, a professor of history who just won his second Bancroft prize, this one for "Into the American Woods" (Norton, 1999), a study of American Colonial history; and Debra Elmegreen, a professor of astronomy and one of the college's most dynamic teachers, who recently presided over the school's acquisition of a $2.1 million, 32-inch research-grade telescope.

Academicians consider Vassar a great place to teach because it's only an hour and a half from New York City.

Now the male-female ratio among Vassar's 2,250 students is 39 to 61, said David Borus, dean of admissions and financial aid. That is just a whisker under the national average for men at small liberal arts colleges. Oberlin in Ohio has a ratio of 41 percent men to 59 percent women. Swarthmore in Pennsylvania, which makes a special appeal to men with its engineering program, weighs in at about 47 percent men to 53 percent women. At Goucher College in Maryland, the ratio is 30 to 70.

There are more women than men at virtually all these small liberal arts institutions because many men are being siphoned off by colleges offering programs in engineering (Vassar has no engineering department) or by those with greater emphasis on sports (Vassar does not play intercollegiate football but competes at the Division III level in 22 varsity sports).

Furthermore, Vassar, like all these colleges, is fighting a national trend in which men make up less than 45 percent of today's undergraduates. A chief reason for this enrollment gap, some experts believe, is that a strong ***working-class*** job market is luring many young men away from higher education.

So how does Vassar fight that?

In 1969 when Vassar first turned co-ed, some feared that it might lower its standards and use financial aid packages to attract men. Dean Borus, who was not at Vassar at the time, said he doubts that such practices were carried out, and he is certain that no such policies are pursued today. What he and his admissions staff will do, he said, is recruit men vigorously.

"When we spot outstanding men in the prospect pool, given the national shortage of men, it's our inclination to go after them even more agressively," he said. "We are careful to tell them about the excellence of our programs in the sciences and in sports.

"Furthermore," Dean Borus said, "we pay close attention to details such as making sure that the presence of men on the campus is accurately depicted in the college's promotional literature."

Most administrators here agree that it has been harder for Vassar to recruit well-qualified men than for colleges like Skidmore, Wheaton in Norton, Mass., and Connecticut College in New London, which went co-ed about the same time. The reason is not hard to find. It is because Vassar had been so successful in projecting itself as one of the leading women's colleges in the nation.

Norman Fainstein, dean of the Vassar faculty, puts it this way: "It's like merchandising. If you have the most famous product, it's that much more difficult to reposition yourself. Even some high school guidance counselors still haven't figured out that Vassar accepts men."

Dean Borus said: "I can travel the world and the people I meet recognize the name Vassar, but many still think Vassar is a women's college."

Colton Johnson, a professor of English and dean of the college who has been on campus since 1965, said that Vassar was also indelibly stamped in the public mind as a women's college because the radical intellectuals here in the early years of the last century attracted great attention.

"The suffragists were active here, and Vassar was also mentioned during the Red Scares," he said. "Vassar stood out because the women here would not accept the general view that women were frail and could not endure hard work. That was news."

With the vigorous recruiting of men, is there concern here that they are dominating campus life? Even the late Alan Simpson, the president of Vassar who guided the transition in 1969, had warned a few years earlier that "a co-educational campus is a male-dominated campus."

There is no evidence of that today. Students, faculty members and administrators agree that the sexes are treated as equals. Leadership positions like the top editors of the college newspaper and the literary magazines and the highest officers of student government tend to be filled alternately by men and women.

And the faculty policy committee is led by a woman -- Professor Elmegreen.

"There is a heritage here helping us to create a new image," Dean Borus said. "It is the fact that Vassar still has many of its best characteristics -- a heritage of equality, a tradition in which men and women treat each other fairly, the fact that we've never had fraternities or sororities, no eating clubs, no societies. We don't have any of that nonsense of students acting inappropriately toward each other."

More evidence of the high status of women was provided by Jim Steerman, chairman of the Department of Drama and Film. Three of the four student-directed theatrical productions this year have been directed by women, he said.

"Furthermore," Professor Steerman added, "a senior drama major, Ianthe Demos, is directing Shakespeare's 'King Lear,' and the title role is being played by Ariane Barbanell."

Perhaps the most convincing testimony that co-education has succeeded comes from the students themselves.

Take Norma Fabian, 22, a senior majoring in political science and Italian.

"Vassar works for me," she said. "Overall, I'll walk away with a sense of empowerment."

Or Michael O'Leary, 21, a senior history major who came here after graduating from Regis High School in Manhattan -- an all-boys prep school.

"Before this, my interest in women was only romantic," he said, "I really didn't know how they would be in class. I accepted the stereotype that they wouldn't speak up. But I found it very different. Here at Vassar the women are quite vocal, and I like getting a female perspective on things. My attitude toward women has changed. I love this school."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: In Thomas Library at Vassar (above). Sarah Schwartz, left in picture at left, and Dave Stadler, sophomores, at dormitory sinks. Inside a room, below. At top, Vassar students in "The Pageant of Athens," performed in 1911 for the college's 50th anniversary, and inside a study parlor in 1865. (Photographs by Chris Ramirez for The New York Times)

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[***Liberal Arts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MCN-8DW0-TW8F-G2H3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Steven Stern

**Body**

William Pym is a British expat with an art degree from Harvard. Zoe Strauss is a self-taught photographer with a ***working-class*** background. Each is something of a local celebrity on the Philadelphia art scene, and their stories tell much about the way this scene works.

Pym moved to the city after a disillusioning stint trying to make it as an artist in New York. In search of cheap space and a less frantic environment, he found both here. He also found a day job at the well-respected Fleisher-Ollman Gallery -- painting the walls. In six months he was curating shows. Today he's the director of the gallery.

Born in Philadelphia, Strauss picked up a camera when she was 30 and started taking pictures of life in the city's marginal neighborhoods. She displayed them on concrete pillars under Interstate 95 and sold photocopied prints for $5 each. Last year she received a $50,000 Pew Fellowship and was included in the Whitney Biennial. She's still selling her prints for $5.

In this city, the art world doesn't dance to the beat of a hyped-up market. Unlike New York and Los Angeles, where there are waiting lists for paintings with six-figure price tags and dealers pick and choose whom they'll deign to sell to, the art scene is more accessible, and certainly more fun. While the city's commercial gallery sector is growing in size and sophistication, it still doesn't dominate. Larry Gagosian won't be moving in anytime soon. You're just as likely to see the work of a local artist in a grass-roots collective as in a clothing boutique, a nonprofit space or a historic 18th-century house. And in those spaces, you're likely to see every major player, especially on First Fridays, when galleries stay open late, turning the whole city into an art-fueled cocktail party. Despite the homegrown atmosphere, the caliber of work is impressive. And competition is not really a factor. ''You're allowed not to be interested in what someone does,'' Pym says. ''But no one really sees the point of actively stomping on it and saying, 'This is rubbish.'''

''I couldn't have had the same career I've had if I went to New York,'' says the artist Virgil Marti, who is represented by Elizabeth Dee gallery in New York and has lived in Philadelphia since the late 1980's. Marti's objects and installations -- which wryly mix 70's kitsch with historical interior design -- have been collected by the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Victoria and Albert Museum in London and the director Gus Van Sant. (''Virgil is probably our biggest international art export,'' says Alex Baker, a curator at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.) Marti originally came to town to get an M.F.A. at Tyler School of Art, and he says that when he graduated, ''there was a lot of stigma about staying in Philadelphia.''

For all its second-tier status, Philadelphia has had its share of art-world luminaries, beginning with the Revolutionary-era polymath Charles Willson Peale. Major institutions like the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the Rodin Museum and the eclectic Barnes Foundation, as well as the city's art schools -- Tyler, Moore College of Art and Design, the University of the Arts and the venerable Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts (whose alumni include Thomas Eakins and David Lynch) -- have nurtured important talent. Carlos Basauldo, a curator from the experimental Wexner Art Center in Ohio, recently signed on as a curator for the contemporary art collection at the Philadelphia Art Museum; the museum is expanding its space, opening a new wing next summer.

For Marti, who received a Pew Fellowship in 1995 (the foundation issues up to 12 grants in the creative arts to Philadelphia-area residents each year), sticking around has clearly worked out well. His studio, on a cobblestone alley in the gentrified Old City neighborhood, is filled with plaster bones and antlers cast from resin, which he and his assistants are busy assembling into chandeliers and decorative moldings. Recently, a sort of mini-retrospective of Marti's work was shown at Philadelphia University's Design Center, a mod 1950's ranch-style house that once belonged to William Paley's mother. It was the perfect setting for his witty riffs on the domestic: the mirrored wall sconces and psychedelic black velvet wallpaper seemed to fit right in.

One of Marti's assistants, the 26-year-old Alex Da Corte, is poised to be another Philadelphia success story. He creates whimsical quasi-autobiographical pieces featuring plush snakes, floral wallpaper and toy soldiers. He's currently working on a collaborative project with his grandmother: a patchwork quilt. ''It's going to light up,'' he says.

If electric quilts and flocked wallpaper are common themes in current Philadelphia artwork, they might have something to do with the Fabric Workshop and Museum, where Marti and Da Corte have served apprenticeships. It was founded in 1977 to promote textile art, and the program has brought to town international stars like Jorge Pardo, Marina Abramovic and Louise Bourgeois. Artists have filled rooms with horsehair (as Ann Hamilton did), and created a carpet of silicone rubber entrails (Mona Hatoum's 1995 project). There's nothing behind the scenes at the workshop; visitors get to wander among the cutting tables and sewing machines.

A gallery, studio space and all-purpose hangout, Space 1026 has a similar open-door policy. Founded in 1997 by four refugees from Providence and the Rhode Island School of Design circle, Space 1026 calls itself ''a creative community -- not an institution.'' Twenty-eight artists work in a warren of cubiclelike studios in an industrial loft building on the southern edge of Chinatown. Their rent pays for the gallery, which with its soaring ceilings and pressed-tin walls makes for an unusual art space.

''We didn't know we were filling a void,'' says one of its co-founders, Andrew Jeffrey Wright, who has shown his neo-folk drawings in San Francisco and Los Angeles alongside the cult art star Barry McGee.

Yet the group quickly attracted attention, if only for its openings: in the early years, 1026 was known for the wildest parties in town. These days, things are a little quieter and more businesslike. (For one thing, the skateboard ramp in the gallery has been removed.) Crammed with screen presses and digital-music studios, the space serves as a hub of activity for artists making their names around town and beyond. It houses a T-shirt company, a record label and a publishing venture. One of its members, Adam Wallacavage, known for photographs of skateboarders, has recently started producing gloriously weird octopus-tentacled chandeliers, which were shown at the Jonathan LeVine Gallery in New York last summer.

Meanwhile, the city's blue-chip galleries are tapping into some of the local talent. The eminent Locks Gallery, in a stately manse on Washington Square, exhibits museum-quality works by Willem de Kooning and Frank Stella, but it is also committed to lesser-known Philadelphia artists, like the photographer Eileen Neff, the genre-hopping appropriationist Stuart Netsky and the Op Art painter Edna Andrade, who is still working at age 89. Fleisher-Ollman -- another longtime presence, established in 1952 -- has reinvented itself under the guidance of Pym. Once a pioneer in outsider art, it has turned its attention toward younger artists who are working in the Henry Darger-inspired naif style that is now popular. The gallery represents Anthony Campuzano, who makes brightly colored text paintings, and Tristin Lowe, a creator of darkly childlike assemblages.

For fresh-out-of-grad-school talent, there are small but slick new spaces like Basekamp. Located above the trendy Japanese restaurant Morimoto in Center City, the gallery regularly invites art collectives from around the world to collaborate on large-scale projects. At her eponymous gallery, Bridgette Mayer has cultivated a younger clientele for her abstract works. The program at Gallery Joe is made up mostly of drawings, with entry-level prices. And treading the line between art and commerce, the Philadelphia-based company Cerealarts sells multiples out of a shop in the Old City. There you can pick up Yayoi Kusama pillows and Marcel Dzama saltshakers.

Yet selling contemporary art to the local population remains an uphill battle, which is a good thing for the out-of-town collector. There's more inventory than in a market like New York. Those with the money to collect here often gravitate toward traditional landscapes and portraits; those with a taste for the contemporary usually can't afford to buy. ''The thing we lack is the hipster with disposable income,'' Baker says.

But that hasn't deterred six young artists from Cincinnati, who moved east in 2004 to start Black Floor Gallery. The gallery, which was recently overtaken by Luren Jenison's colorful yurt, shares Space 1026's mantle of cool. ''I wasn't interested in moving to a city that didn't need more energy,'' Annette Monnier, of Black Floor, says. ''New York didn't need me.''

Of course, New York doesn't need anyone. That's the point, isn't it? For artists besotted with fame and glitz, making a mark in the inhospitable art capital will always be a goal. Philadelphia is not the new Chelsea -- or the new Williamsburg or the new Lower East Side for that matter. And it probably doesn't want to be. The city provides a glimpse of what Baker calls ''a community of generosity.'' This generosity affects the work. Pym says he's seeing ''more smart, globally aware, unprovincial work each year'' -- and it can easily rub off on the viewer. For artist and visitor alike, Philadelphia offers a respite from overheated scenes, unwelcoming galleries and the economy of the latest thing.

Essentials Philadelphia

Hotels

Art and design enthusiasts should consider the Loews Hotel (www.loewshotels.com) in the former Pennsylvania Savings Fund Society building, erected in 1932, the nation's first architectural example of International style. Other luxury properties include the Ritz-Carlton (www.ritzcarlton.com), housed in another former bank; the Four Seasons Hotel (www.fourseasons.com); the Park Hyatt Philadelphia at the Bellevue (www.parkhyatt.com); and the cozier Rittenhouse hotel (www.rittenhousehotel.com).

Galleries and Museums Gallery hours can be erratic, so call ahead. Basekamp 723 Chestnut Street; (215)545-7562. Black Floor Gallery 319A North 11th Street; (267)679-4587. Bridgette Mayer Gallery 709 Walnut Street; (215)413-8893. The Design Center at Philadelphia University 4200 Henry Avenue; (215)951-2863. The Fabric Workshop and Museum 1315 Cherry Street; (215)568-1111; www.fabricworkshop.org. Fleisher-Ollman 1616 Walnut Street; (215)545-7562. Gallery Joe 302 Arch Street; (215)592-7752. Locks Gallery Washington Square South; (215)629-1000. Space 1026 1026 Arch Street; (215)574-7630.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Hot Philly: Alex Da Corte with one of his works

wallpaper by Jenny Holzer lines the ladies' room at the Fabric Workshop and Museum.

Medium cool From left: Space 1026 has a dorm-room atmosphere

a Virgil Marti installation in his studio

a Jorge Pardo-designed room at the Fabric Worskhop. (Photographs By Kevin Cooley)

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**End of Document**



[***At Mardi Gras, a Catch and Fleeting Ecstasy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:480R-7NC0-01KN-224J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1373 words

**Byline:**  By RICK BRAGG

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 23

**Body**

Few things go so quickly from trinkets to treasure to trash.

The beads, made from cheap plastic and cotton thread in Chinese factories, begin to appreciate as the first of the Carnival parades lumbers through New Orleans, as the crowds begin to swell along St. Charles Avenue in the area known as Uptown. Anticipation grows as the big ornate floats creep closer, until the cheap plastic is no longer cheap plastic, but an exotic thing that cannot be bought at any price, only bestowed, granted, won.

Then, after the marching band has high-stepped past, playing good music from dented tubas, the masked riders on the floats are finally right there, looking down on the begging crowds, treasures dangling from their hands. They lift them up, take aim -- not very good aim, because liquor is often involved -- and let them fly.

"Like catching a $20 bill," said Buddy Robichaux, who is 70 years old and has seen this phenomenon unfold all his life.

Grown men go goofy with bead lust and outleap grandmothers and small children. Stockbrokers scale wobbling ladders with beers and butterfly nets and flail at the plastic downpour. The inattentive, or most drunk, get socked in the head with imitation pearls.

As the parades leave the more residential Uptown route and ease into the more raunchy atmosphere closer to the French Quarter, tourists in ridiculous hats and high-intensity hangovers press against police barricades, and young women barter views of their naked breasts for a trinket that has all the lasting value of a campaign promise or a day-old doughnut.

"What's more exciting than shiny round objects when you're trashed?" said Greg Smith, a college student who has divined one of the many secrets of the bead.

Yet as soon as the grasping fingers close around the beads, they begin to depreciate. Some people give them away as soon as they get them, while others pile on strand after strand till they look like a dime store potentate. But the magic, the glow, has already begun to blink and fade.

A few people will hang them from rear-view mirrors, like the tassel from a graduation cap. Other beads, snagged by the lower branches of live oak trees, will dangle well into the stultifying heat of summer, purple, green and gold fading almost white. But most will simply vanish, stuffed into attics and garages, relics from an old party in a city always looking ahead to the new one.

The bead, say historians and sociologists, is just a tiny part of Carnival, but for as long as most people here can recall, the catching of beads has been tangible proof of the party, not only for tourists and young people but also for the grown-up residents who are not at all bashful about shouting, "Throw me something, mister."

Some people say it is simple competition, others say validation -- that being recognized and thrown a strand of beads from the floats is a fleetingly warm kind of personal connection -- while others just want to show off by adorning themselves with so many ridiculous beads that they almost asphyxiate themselves.

"There's this animal urge to compete for them," said Analisa Cisneros, who works in advertising and accounting and has lived here for nine years. "Then of course you stick them in your car trunk, and they just sit there."

Colin Poweska, who teaches defense tactics to law enforcement officers here, once watched a woman leap over a police barricade to scoop up a strand of beads, tearing a $3,000 party dress and sprawling into the path of a parade. "I helped her back so she didn't get hit by a float," he said. "I told her, 'Your dress is torn,' and she looked at me like I was crazy. 'Of course my dress is torn,' she told me. 'I had to get those beads.' "

The beads are not, at least here in New Orleans, synonymous with nudity. On the Uptown routes a parade is a family outing where flashing is -- usually -- uncommon. But in the French Quarter, where many tourists believe it is Mardi Gras (March 4 this year) all the time, flashing is a undeniable part of the celebration and has been for decades, just another manifestation of beadmania.

The beads took hold of Natasha Fernandez on a balcony on Bourbon Street.

"There were so many people and it was my very first Mardi Gras and it was absolutely crazy," said Ms. Fernandez, a college student here. "Everyone was throwing beads and there were just so many of them and they're so pretty. You want them all, they're so sparkly and fun. I decided after a long time of thinking about it that I would just do it. I flashed. And all of a sudden I was just bombarded with beads and it was so amazing because there is nothing like the thrill of flashing and having people enjoy it so much that they reward you with these little plastic things."

Older residents recall what a joy it was to snare a lovely strand of glass beads in the 1920's, when such things -- now called "throws" -- were more elegant, but much less a part of the celebration. Now, riders on a parade float might spend as much as $1,000 per person on beads, and millions of beads will be thrown in a single day of parades.

The average float rider will spend around $500 for throws, said Dom Carlone, who owns Accent Annex, which supplies beads to parading organizations across Texas, Louisiana and the Southeast. But the float riders, too, can be sucked in. "I've had people spend $4,500 -- on beads," he said.

The Krewe of Bacchus, which includes many doctors, lawyers and businessmen, has more than 1,000 members and will spend more than $1 million on throws, said Mr. Robichaux, who has been in Bacchus for 30 years.

"There's no sanity to it," Mr. Robichaux said. "The mystique of catching a bead? It cannot be described."

It can only be felt. Then, he said, it all becomes clear.

James S. Eiseman, vice president for student affairs at Loyola University here, and a former professor who specialized in popular culture, said: "I do it. I do. I go to 15 parades. I have been called parade trash, a parade slut. I don't want the beads. I give them all away. I just love to catch them."

He thinks it may have something to do with that fleeting contact.

"She threw me a bead," he said of one parade past, and a woman who singled him out for a throw. "So I must be somebody."

Tony Ladd, a sociologist at Loyola, said the beadmania is a modern-day version of Marie Antoinette's infamous words "Let them eat cake."

"Traditional Mardi Gras, old-line Mardi Gras, is, for me, very much a set of class rituals, that reinforce the status and prominence of the city's social register over and above the common folk and the ***working class***. When people of different social classes exchange gifts it confers more status on the giver than the receiver.

"That's my jaded and cynical take on observing the rituals of the bead toss," he said, laughing.

Ron Ragki, who has ridden in parades of the Endymion Krewe for 14 years, says it is the connection with the people on the ground, more than the beads he throws, that matters. The time he most wanted to throw something, to an old woman in a wheelchair, he was out of beads. So he blew her a kiss, and she blew one back.

"I personally get a little depressed when it's over," he said of the parades, of the exchange of beads, and more. "All that joy and high goes away. I try to go to different parades but it's hard to go from emotional power to emotional dependency. You're king for the night when you're a rider, but once you're on the street, you're just the ordinary guy again who wants stuff."

The most prestigious throw at Carnival is not a bead at all, but a coconut, a real coconut, brightly painted and decorated, handed down from the floats by riders in the predominantly black krewe Zulu. The coconuts used to be thrown, like beads, but people were prone to miss. The outcome was, at times, unfortunate.

For many people, the cheap plastic bead is synonymous not only with Carnival, but New Orleans itself. The T-shirt shops sell fancy beads with alligators and shrimp and even little breasts on them, but locals sneer at that.

Only a sucker buys beads, they say.

To wear them, to deserve to wear them, you have to catch them.

"I give them to my wife," said Gerald Landry, 57. "It makes me feel nice."

Like cut flowers, they will last only a little while -- but long enough.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Pablo Rodriguez catches beads. (Ting-Li Wang/The New York Times)(pg. A1); Stefan Rodriguez of the Krewe of Pontchartrain tossed beads Saturday at a parade in New Orleans. Parades lead up to Mardi Gras, March 4 this year. (Ting-Li Wang/The New York Times)(pg. A13)

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**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:484K-12J0-01KN-24GW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

"ALL THE REAL GIRLS," starring Paul Schneider, Zooey Deschanel and Patricia Clarkson. Written and directed by David Gordon Green (R, 108 minutes). Mr. Green follows "George Washington," his luminous found fable of Southern childhood, with a more conventional story of young love. Mr. Schneider plays a small-town cad whose easygoing promiscuity is derailed by Ms. Deschanel, whose character has just returned home from boarding school. Their sweet, fumbling romance is captured with scruffy, low-key lyricism.The film is an awkward hybrid of free-form, do-it-yourself filmmaking and professional discipline (supplied by the wonderful Ms. Deschanel, and by Ms. Clarkson), but its beauty and sincerity overcome its flaws and hesitations (A. O. Scott).

"DAREDEVIL," starring Ben Affleck, Jennifer Garner, Colin Farrell and Michael Clarke Duncan. Written and directed by Mark Steven Johnson (PG-13, 96 minutes). Sometimes playing a comic-book hero gives actors a chance to show suave, stylized moves. After stripping off their civvies, they emerge from the phone booth a star. Christopher Reeve gave a breezy, farcical charge to Superman and Clark Kent. As Batman and his alter ego, the wastrel playboy Bruce Wayne, Michael Keaton seemed to have a thousand things on his mind, most of them unpleasant. But poor Ben Affleck is lost in the minor, passable "Daredevil," in which he portrays the blind, red-costumed and horn-headed crime fighter whose other senses -- hearing, touch, taste -- were exaggerated in the chemical accident that cost him his sight. A big man, Mr. Affleck is shriveled by the one-dimensional role. Even his scarlet leather outfit makes him diminutive. The interlocked double D on his left breast makes him look like part of the food-service industry: "Hi, I'm Daredevil, and I'll be your superhero this evening" (Elvis Mitchell).

\* "GANGS OF NEW YORK," starring Leonardo DiCaprio, Daniel Day-Lewis and Cameron Diaz. Directed by Martin Scorsese (R, 165 minutes). Long awaited, enormously expensive, endlessly gossiped about, Mr. Scorsese's brutal epic of mid-19th-century Manhattan is a near-great film that, as time goes by, may well make up the distance. As has happened before with this director's films, the fairly conventional story -- a revenge tragedy pitting a young Irish immigrant (Mr. DiCaprio) against his father's killer, a nativist warlord (Mr. Day-Lewis) -- is less interesting than the setting. Mr. Day-Lewis gives his character, known as Bill the Butcher, an earthy Shakespearean grandeur. In his mouth the rough vernacular of the old New York streets becomes poetry. If Mr. DiCaprio and Ms. Diaz (in the underimagined role of a spirited pickpocket) don't shed their movie-star auras, they do show themselves to be intrepid and engaging actors. But the real achievement of the movie is the way it brings history to life, not merely by meticulously recreating its details but by offering a troubling and timely interpretation of how the violence and iniquity of the past continue to ramify into the present. The film, flawed and indelible, is nothing less than an attempt to reimagine the germs of America's historical identity. It suggests, with vivid plausibility, that clues to the national character can be found in the violent, contradictory and often tragic story of the urban immigrant ***working class*** (Scott).

"HOW TO LOSE A GUY IN 10 DAYS," starring Kate Hudson, Matthew McConaughey and Bebe Neuwirth. Directed by Donald Petrie (PG-13, 100 minutes). Yet another mediocre New York romantic comedy, yes, but notably less mediocre than "Maid in Manhattan" and "Two Weeks Notice." This is because Ms. Hudson and Mr. McConaughey are an energetic, well-matched comic pair and because the writers have smuggled a few sharp, funny jokes into the lockstep conventions of the plot. The premise, too, has a nice frost of screwball cynicism, as the two principals woo each other for venal, professional reasons. Ben (Mr. McConaughey), a tomcatting ad man, must make a woman fall in love with him if he is to win a big account; to write a feature article for a women's magazine, Andie (Ms. Hudson) must drive a man away. Would you believe that they actually fall in love? Nobody would, but it's sometimes fun to pretend, just as it's fun to pretend that the advertising and magazine industries are untouched by recession, the Knicks are in the N.B.A. finals and Staten Island is full of people who talk as if they're from Texas (Scott).

\* "LAUREL CANYON," starring Frances McDormand, Christian Bale, Kate Beckinsale, Natascha McElhone and Alessandro Nivola. Written and directed by Lisa Cholodenko (R, 103 minutes). Ms. McDormand is indelible as Jane Bentley, a leonine, free-spirited Hollywood record producer of a certain age in Ms. Cholodenko's followup to "High Art." Once again, the milieu is upscale bohemian, with the setting moved from the New York art world to the Los Angeles rock scene. Tensions build when Jane's son (Mr. Bale) by a former liaison and his wife (Ms. Beckinsale), both doctors, pay her a prolonged visit while she is completing an album with a British rock band. Although the music is more 70's and 80's than contemporary in flavor, this sexy movie, which portrays the Laurel Canyon neighborhood as a voluptuous lotus land, is a balanced, snappily written study of the reverse generation gap. Mr. Nivola smolders as Jane's much-younger lover (Stephen Holden).

"THE LIFE OF DAVID GALE," starring Kevin Spacey. Directed by Alan Parker (R, 130 minutes). In this would-be thriller, Mr. Spacey plays a death-penalty opponent facing execution for murder. As the title character, a downtrodden philosophy professor and activist who has become an alcoholic criminal, he evinces a weariness in his voice. The words float out of his mouth as if he were too tired to muster the strength for a single inflection, and this gives the picture the merest trace of believability. But that's before the crude, bullying narrative begins peppering the audience with kidney punches: "David Gale" may be the first liberal-leaning movie that could be brought up on assault charges since its director made "Midnight Express." Mr. Parker seems to think audiences are incapable of coming to their own conclusions, so he relieves them of that burden by doing it for them (Mitchell).

\* "THE SAFETY OF OBJECTS," starring Glenn Close, Dermot Mulroney, Jessica Campbell, Joshua Jackson and Patricia Clarkson. Directed by Rose Troche (R, 120 minutes). Ms. Troche's adaptation of A. M. Homes's book of stories, which weaves together jarring comic-gothic vignettes of suburban misery into a somber, lurid tapestry, invites comparison to Robert Altman's "Short Cuts." But whereas Mr. Altman cobbled Raymond Carver's sorrowful deadpan into a vision of social disconnection, Ms. Troche mines Ms. Homes's jagged minimalism for its grim, compassionate metaphysics. The four families under scrutiny, who live within a few yards of each other, present a tableau of fallen humanity, trying to exercise free will in a cruel and absurd universe. Ms. Close is especially fine as a mother grieving for her comatose son (Mr. Jackson), but the rest of the cast comes close to matching her precision and restraint. Though it has some awkward patches, and occasionally risks melodrama, "Safety" is on the whole a remarkably graceful satire, out of which sympathy sprouts like an unruly weed (Scott).

\* "SPIDER," starring Ralph Fiennes, Miranda Richardson and Gabriel Byrne. Directed by David Cronenberg (R, 98 minutes). This bleak minimalist film adapted from Patrick McGrath's novel (with a screenplay by the author) crawls into the mind of Dennis Cleg (Mr. Fiennes), a paranoid-schizophrenic man in his 30's who is discharged from a mental hospital into a grim halfway house near where he grew up in East London. The desolate urban environment mirrors the mental condition of a man whose warped memories of a homicide two decades earlier come flooding back as he revisits childhood landmarks. Mr. Fiennes's mumbling, agitated psychotic is an uncompromising portrait of a sad, creepy wreck. Ms. Richardson is equally disturbing in the dual roles of his demure mother and a Cockney tart, who personify the mother-whore dichotomy that obsesses Dennis. The recurrent imagery of spider webs, jigsaw puzzles and tangled string adds a layer of poetic creepiness (Holden).

"TEARS OF THE SUN," starring Bruce Willis and Monica Bellucci. Directed by Antoine Fuqua (R, 118 minutes). And also of boredom, frustration and fatigue, as an honorable intention -- to explore the moral conundrums of humanitarian military intervention -- bogs down in dramatic and ideological incoherence. Mr. Willis plays a United States Navy Seal who parachutes into the jungles of war-torn Nigeria to rescue an American doctor (Ms. Bellucci). He and his men end up trying to save a few dozen refugees from becoming victims of a ghastly genocidal campaign. The film's sentimentality is so overpowering, and so dumb, that it fails as drama, as action and as geopolitical fable. The filmmakers have gone to the trouble to invent a fictitious civil war in a real country, and for what? To soothe the American conscience about its failure to prevent actual recent slaughters? To give Mr. Willis another opportunity to exercise his talent for weary, manly stoicism? To give the egregious Hans Zimmer, who wrote the score, a chance to incorporate drums and pseudo-African choral effects? (Scott).

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Monica Bellucci and Bruce Willis in Antoine Fuqua's action film "Tears of the Sun." (Frank Masi/Columbia Pictures)

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**End of Document**



[***Trailer Trash? Not a Scent of It***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FX8-3S90-TW8F-G34B-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1569 words

**Byline:** By MIREYA NAVARRO

**Dateline:** MALIBU, Calif.

**Body**

AFTER making a fortune with his skateboard company, World Industries, Steve Rocco could have lived anywhere he wanted. He chose Paradise Cove, a woodsy neighborhood on a cliff overlooking the Pacific, where he bought a home for nearly half a million dollars and then spent more than $1 million replacing it with a Craftsman-style cottage.

But Mr. Rocco's place is not exactly on millionaire's row. Paradise Cove is a mobile home park.

''It's probably the best spot in the Southern California coast,'' he said.

Trailer parks may conjure images of retirees and low-income families in most of the country, but in Malibu parks that once drew the elderly, ***working class*** and bohemian are now being transformed into the new playground for the rich. Here new owners with the means to decorate with marble floors, recessed lighting and Sub-Zero refrigerators are replacing 1970's flat-roof aluminum metal-sided trailers with mobile homes in Craftsman, Cape Cod, Tuscan or Spanish villa styles that come with two-car garages.

In California, the most expensive housing market in the nation, the listings say it all.

''Stunning, drop-dead gorgeous, bluff top, custom architectural home, built in '05,'' read one recent ad for a 2,100-square-foot home with panoramic views of the ocean and the Santa Monica mountains.

The residence is not the detached single-family kind; that could go for more than $10 million around these parts, real estate agents said. The location is Malibu's Point Dume Club mobile home park, and the asking price is a mere $1.69 million.

''The world has changed,'' said Janet Levine, the developer selling this property and beautifying two others for resale at Point Dume. ''Spaghetti is now pasta. Religion is now spiritual. It's no longer a mobile home park. It's a fab park.''

For mobile home buyers like Mr. Rocco, 45, a former professional skateboarder who is more into surfing these days, the main draw to Paradise Cove was the beach and a cozier style of living, he said. The lots are still slivers of land where homes sit a few feet from one another under a canopy of eucalyptus trees, pine and palms, and neighbors run into one another at the children's playground or laundry room.

Among the eclectic mix of surfers, older residents, celebrities like Minnie Driver and affluent professionals and businessmen like himself, he said, many know one another.

''I know my neighbors' names, and I'm not the friendliest guy in the world,'' he said.

But just like other newcomers in recent years, Mr. Rocco, who bought a trailer for $430,000 in 2003 in an oceanfront spot, discarded the old structure to build a new one with all the accouterments he and his wife needed to make it livable: walls, countertops and beams of mahogany and maple with veneer dyed in blues, greens, oranges and yellows; shiplike nooks and crannies that hold bathrooms, bedroom lofts and a workout room; a Yosemite stone fireplace; a grand piano in the living room; upstairs and downstairs decks.

All in all it is 2,100 square feet, on a triple-wide lot where the only evidence of the home's humble origins are the raised foundation, a requirement for mobile homes, and the original trailer hitch, where Mr. Rocco plans to plant his mailbox.

His home now sticks out amid the more traditional mobile homes in the park, but ''it's just a nice house,'' Mr. Rocco insisted. ''I don't have gold fixtures.'' But he was somewhat self-conscious; he did not allow pictures of himself or his place.

If Paradise Cove is a throwback to more congenial times, the more upscale neighbors now welcome newcomers with a bottle of Champagne rather than pie. That is what Will Conrad, 37, an emergency room doctor from Santa Monica, said his neighbors did when a truck brought his new manufactured home up the hill to install in his lot last summer. It was the replacement, he said, for the $450,000 1,000-square-foot ''decrepit'' 1971 rollaway he had bought in 2003 as a second home.

Dr. Conrad said he grew up in Malibu and remembers coming to the mobile home parks as a child for classmates' birthday parties.

''The homes were considered a notch below everybody else's,'' he said.

But in adulthood Dr. Conrad has other priorities. A recreational surfer, he wanted the waves without the crowds, and Paradise Cove, with a guard booth at the entrance, restricts nonresidents' beach access.

''If I went to Palos Verdes, I'd get killed,'' he said, referring to a popular surfing area south of here. ''People getting into fistfights, damaging cars.''

Old-time residents like John Tindall, 70, a retiree who bought in Paradise Cove 18 years ago and still lives there with his wife in his 1970 model, are reacting to the influx of new affluence with amusement.

''No matter how much they pay, the people seem very friendly,'' he said. ''But the more they pay, the less they're here.''

Mobile homes account for less than 10 percent of the overall housing stock nationwide. Bruce Savage, a spokesman for the Manufactured Housing Institute, said that buyers pay an average of about $50,000 for the mobile home and another $45,000 for the land.

But he and others in the industry say all bets are off in resortlike communities where prices reflect high demand. Robert Kleinhenz, the deputy chief economist for the California Association of Realtors, said that in a state where median price for the traditional house is $471,000, it is not surprising it is leading the trend toward the upscale trailer park.

David M. Carter, an agent with Pritchett-Rapf & Associates here who specializes in mobile homes, said he sold his first million-dollar one last year but ''there's plenty now in the parks that would sell for over $1 million if they came on the market.''

Craig Fleming, the vice president of sales for a manufacturer of upscale mobile homes, Silvercrest Western Homes Corporation, said that beginning three years ago, mobile homes on private property have sold for $1 million or more in prime areas of San Francisco, San Diego and Orange County.

But mobile homes come with some drawbacks. Financing is hard to come by. and when people do get it, the loan amounts are smaller and the interest rates higher, real estate agents note. This is because buyers in mobile home parks lease their land space rather than own it (lease fees here in Malibu can range from $800 to $2,500 a month), a set-up that many of them overlook because of trade-offs like no property taxes and rent-controlled lease fees.

But there is perhaps a bigger hump to overcome, agents say: the trailer trash stereotype.

''You still get the stigma, especially on the telephone,'' said Mr. Carter, the real estate agent. ''When you say it's a mobile home or manufactured home, they don't even want to listen to you.''

''But when they come out and try to price other things in Malibu, it's an easy sale,'' he said.

Among the skeptical was Bobi Leonard, 54, an interior designer who had a lot of movie star clients as well as businesses who said that when she realized that the address for a date six years ago was in a mobile home park she almost made a U-turn to go back home.

''I said, 'Oh my God, I can't date a guy who lives in a mobile home park,''' said Ms. Leonard, whose previous homes were in the seven-bedroom, seven-bathroom range.

But the man (Greg Mooers, a life coach and spiritual guide who was once a monk) and the park won. In 1999 the couple married and bought a corner space in Tahitian Terrace, a mobile home park off the Pacific Coast Highway in Pacific Palisades. Since then she has spent close to $400,000 turning her home into a tropical oasis of bird of paradise palm trees, animal prints and burning candles and has helped others redesign their mobile homes too.

''I realized this is a treasure,'' she said, pointing at 180-degree ocean views, quiet environment and 10-mile-per-hour speed limits just minutes away from the freeway and city life. ''No gardeners. No pool men. I began to realize it was a simpler way of life.'' (Although she does have an electronic garage gate and motorized awnings that react to wind and rain.)

Dr. Conrad's wife, Deborah Conrad, 37, a Los Angeles lawyer, admits she had to warm up to the concept of having a mobile home as the couple's second home and still is ''not nearly as enthusiastic as he is.'' She likes Paradise Cove, she said, but even there the homes are still movable and too close together, many still look boxy from the outside and the public perception still comes from bad news about them.

''Most of the time, when you hear about mobile homes, you hear about a hurricane that's hit them,'' she said.

But it is the residents who bought their trailers at bargain prices as recently as a few years ago who are having the last laugh, real estate agents noted.

''In the last five years prices have been doubling each year,'' said Shen Schulz, an agent with Coldwell Banker here who last year moved his wife and 6-year-old twin sons to a mobile home at Point Dume Club.

Now the new buyers who are transforming ugly ducklings into swans say they may never sell. Dr. Conrad, who drives a 2004 Jaguar but has rented a Ford pickup truck for his jaunts to his mobile home, said he hoped his wife becomes comfortable enough to some day retire there.

And Mr. Rocco and his wife are expecting their first child, whom they plan to raise in Paradise Cove.

''I'm going to raise my kid in a trailer park,'' he deadpanned.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: MOVABLE FEASTS -- A mobile home at Point Dume Club in Malibu, Calif. People are buying motor homes and creating palaces, some of which sell for $1 million.

SURFING CALIFORNIA -- The ocean view from Paradise Cove, the trailer park that Will Conrad, right, moved to. (Photographs by J. Emilio Flores for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 10, 2005

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[***The Long Road to a Clinton Exit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SPJ-GPS0-TW8F-G0TF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PETER BAKER and JIM RUTENBERG; Adam Nagourney contributed reporting.

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

By the time the campaign tracked down the small-city Indiana mayor, Bill Clinton was in a lather. Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton had lost the North Carolina primary that evening and was eager to offset it with a win in Indiana. But a vote-counting delay in one county threatened to rob her of a prime-time victory speech.

The Clinton campaign called a supporter for help. ''I've got an angry president here and a candidate who wants to know whether or not she won,'' a local campaign representative told the mayor, Thomas McDermott Jr. of Hammond, Ind. Mr. McDermott could hear Mr. Clinton railing in the background. ''It's not very often you basically have a former president yelling at you to get the numbers out,'' he recalled.

The yelling was for naught. Mr. McDermott said he had no control over the vote count and, in the end, the late results cemented a negative narrative for an evening dominated by the North Carolina defeat with little attention focused on the eventual Indiana victory. The night of May 6 became the moment that Mrs. Clinton's desperate comeback bid for the Democratic presidential nomination finally crashed against the reality of delegate math. All she had left was the perception of momentum, and suddenly, that was gone.

Hers was a campaign of destiny that fell achingly short, garnering nearly 18 million votes in her quest to become the first woman to hold the presidency. ''Although we weren't able to shatter that highest, hardest ceiling this time, thanks to you, it's got about 18 million cracks in it,'' Mrs. Clinton said as she ended her campaign on Saturday.

Yet while she emphasized its trailblazing nature as she exited the race, her campaign also represented a back-to-the-future effort to restore the Democratic dynasty of the 1990s that could never quite escape the past. Although Mrs. Clinton proved a more agile candidate than many had expected, she built a campaign that was suffused in overconfidence, riven by acrimony and weighted by the emotional baggage of a marriage between former and would-be presidents.

As she flew from town halls to rallies on the road, she did little to stop the infighting back home among advisers who nursed grudges from their White House days. The aides grew distracted from battling Senator Barack Obama while they hurled expletives at one another, stormed out of meetings and schemed to get one another fired.

The Clintons struggled to adapt their successful formula to a new era against a new kind of opponent. They found their message of hope and change co-opted, and they found it hard to break out of the news media's old image of them. Mrs. Clinton variously tried presenting herself as the friend having conversations with the American people, then the experienced hand and tough warrior before settling on heroine of the ***working class***.

Mr. Clinton vented frustrations and, still not one to use e-mail, much less a BlackBerry, found his famed instincts inadequate in a blogosphere age that amplified every intemperate outburst.

While Mr. Obama had mastered Internet fund-raising, it took Mrs. Clinton a year to do the same.

And as they tried to master a new political era, the Clintons demanded loyalty from those who once surrounded them and felt betrayed by people they assumed would be with them again.

''What hurt them was their sense of entitlement that the presidency was theirs and all the acolytes should fall in line,'' said Gov. Bill Richardson of New Mexico, a former Clinton cabinet officer who endorsed Mr. Obama only to be branded a Judas by James Carville, the architect of Mr. Clinton's original rise to power. ''Instead of accepting it, they turned on the acolytes. It was their war room mentality, to attack when something doesn't go their way, and it just reminded me of the old days.''

In those days that mentality combined with grit and perseverance usually proved enough to win the day. If Gennifer Flowers, Newt Gingrich and Monica Lewinsky taught the Clintons anything, it was never to give in, no matter how many people told them to. This time, it was not enough, as Mrs. Clinton's three-month effort to salvage her campaign after a cascading series of defeats in February fell short.

''Bill and I share a character trait of being determined and committed and not easily deterred or discouraged,'' she said in an interview in the waning days of the race. Asked about onetime friends who had abandoned her, she said, with a note of resignation in her voice, ''That happens in politics.''

These past three months played out with classic Clintonian drama. Her staff conducted rival polls while debating how much to campaign in North Carolina. Unlike her opponents, Mrs. Clinton refused to make solicitation calls to donors and had to be talked into calling the party officials known as superdelegates. Aides busily blamed one another for strategic mistakes that put her so far behind.

By many metrics, Mrs. Clinton actually won those three months. She beat Mr. Obama in the popular vote in 9 of the final 16 contests, collecting 600,000 more votes than he did along the way and racking up 509 primary and caucus delegates to his 472 in that period.

She found a groove as the candidate of the 1990s establishment finally reinvented herself as the populist champion. And she tapped into a deep well of support, particularly among women, that leaves her a formidable force in American politics.

''In the last three months, she just relaxed and let it rip,'' said Gov. Edward G. Rendell of Pennsylvania, a key Clinton ally. ''She became almost a Hubert Humphrey, a happy warrior, and people responded to it.''

It was politics on the edge. ''The gun was to our heads many Tuesdays,'' said Terry McAuliffe, her campaign chairman. ''If we didn't win, we were dead. And we kept winning.''

But in the end, they were still dead.

The Old Team

As Mrs. Clinton assembled her campaign to take back the White House, she brought together much of the old team, led by her chief strategist, Mark J. Penn, who had orchestrated her husband's 1996 re-election. Just as they did in 1992, the Clintons were offering two for the price of one. As Mr. Clinton surveyed the field, he could not quite believe that an upstart, inexperienced senator from Illinois could be a serious alternative to such an accomplished figure as his wife.

The campaign was built on the assumption of overwhelming force. Strategists believed that the first four contests would be decisive and that she would wrap up the nomination by Feb. 5, when more than 20 states were to hold nominating contests.

Mr. Penn shaped a message that she was ''ready to lead'' a nation ''ready for change,'' talking in early meetings about her need to spark a ''movement'' and dismissing Mr. Obama as a glamorous personality who would not connect with ***working-class*** voters the way she could, campaign officials said. ''He may be the J.F.K. in the race,'' Mr. Penn told Mrs. Clinton last year, according to an insider, ''but you are the Bobby.''

Backed by Bill Clinton, Mr. Penn pushed for aggressive attacks on Mr. Obama, something other advisers resisted. At one point, Mr. Penn argued that Mrs. Clinton should find subtle ways to exploit what he called Mr. Obama's ''lack of American roots,'' referring to his Kenyan father and his childhood years in Indonesia and even the offshore state of Hawaii, the campaign officials said. Mr. Penn recommended that Mrs. Clinton own the word ''American'' -- she should talk about the ''American century'' and her ''American Strategic Energy Fund,'' and so forth. She should add flag symbols to her logo, he suggested.

Along the way, though, the campaign succeeded in defining Mrs. Clinton as a leader but not as an agent of change, and it hesitated in attacking Mr. Obama, who became the one leading a movement. Her logo was adorned with a flag, but her energy fund remained just an energy fund. Her strategists underestimated Mr. Obama's strength and spent too much money before the voting even began.

In a March 2007 memorandum summing up the campaign's consensus ''key assumptions,'' the Clinton adviser Harold Ickes wrote that Iowa would be better for Mrs. Clinton than New Hampshire and projected that the campaign would raise $75 million in 2007 with $25 million left at the end heading into the first contests. In reality, she finished third in Iowa while winning New Hampshire. The campaign raised $100 million in 2007 but spent so much in Iowa that it was broke soon after the new year.

The Clinton team that had been so successful in the 1990s arrived at that moment bearing all the resentments of the old days. Mr. Penn, a sometimes brusque number cruncher with centrist corporate sensibilities, had few friends inside the campaign other than the candidate and her husband. Mr. Ickes, a bare-knuckled liberal friend of labor, had despised Mr. Penn since their days in the Clinton White House and did nothing to hide it, regularly mocking ''our vaunted chief strategist'' and at least once engaging in a profanity-laden shouting match with him.

There were other fault lines. Aides to Mrs. Clinton took umbrage at Mr. Clinton's freelancing and deemed his office uncooperative -- at one point, they complained, his people would not allow one of her people to ride on his plane to campaign stops. His aides, on the other hand, stewed over what they saw as her people's disregard for the advice of one of this generation's great political minds and bristled at surrendering control of his schedule.

The squabbling got so bad that it spilled into public view. ''This makes me sick,'' Robert B. Barnett, Mrs. Clinton's lawyer and debate coach, wrote in an e-mail message to top campaign advisers, according to someone who read it. ''My message is simple: Stop it, please.''

As for Mr. Clinton, he boiled with resentment that a candidate with as little experience as Mr. Obama was given what he considered a free pass by the news media. Yet his tone struck some as dismissive. When Mr. Clinton referred publicly to Mr. Obama as a ''kid,'' Representative James E. Clyburn, Democrat of South Carolina, recalled in an interview that a fellow black congressman said, ''I don't know why he didn't just call him 'boy' and get it over with.''

In private, Mr. Clinton was making matters worse. On the night of the South Carolina primary, Mr. Clinton called and Mr. Clyburn said he told him to tone down his rhetoric against Mr. Obama. Mr. Clinton responded by calling him a rude name that Mr. Clyburn would not repeat in an interview. Mr. Clinton called back a few days later for what Mr. Clyburn called ''a much more pleasant conversation,'' but the damage was done. ''Clinton was using code words that most of us in the South can recognize when we hear that kind of stuff,'' Mr. Clyburn said.

A New Landscape

This was no longer an environment the Clintons were accustomed to. Black voters had always been the most loyal part of Mr. Clinton's base, and the accusations of racism wounded him deeply. The Clintons had little experience with caucuses in the 1990s and failed even to compete in most states holding them this year, allowing Mr. Obama to rack up a mass of uncontested delegates. Rather than sealing the nomination for Mrs. Clinton, the Feb. 5 coast-to-coast voting led into an 11-contest, monthlong losing streak.

Mrs. Clinton dumped her campaign manager, Patti Solis Doyle, who had been with her since 1992, and the two have not spoken since. Maggie Williams, the first lady's chief of staff in the 1990s, was brought in to take over. Mrs. Clinton finally agreed to attack Mr. Obama in a more sustained way and scratched out victories in the Ohio and Texas primaries on March 4 to keep her bid alive.

The day of those votes, Mr. Clinton called Representative Jason Altmire, a freshman Democrat from Pennsylvania, the next state to hold a primary. ''You could hear it in his voice how happy he was,'' Mr. Altmire recalled. ''He said, 'Now we're coming to Pennsylvania and I know you might be leaning one way or another. I think you should keep your powder dry and hopefully we can win your support.' ''

The campaign shifted to a contest for the superdelegates, or party elders and elected officials like Mr. Altmire who can vote at the convention. Mrs. Clinton was too far behind to catch up to Mr. Obama among delegates selected by primaries and caucuses, so she hoped to persuade the superdelegates that she would be the stronger candidate in the fall. Only then did she agree to start calling superdelegates personally, something Mr. Obama had been doing for months.

Behind the scenes, Howard Dean, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was pushing other superdelegates to announce their choices as quickly as possible in hopes of settling the nomination without added delay. Some Clinton aides viewed Mr. Dean as sympathetic to Mr. Obama and suspected his motives.

Tensions boiled over at a meeting in April between Mr. Dean and fund-raisers for the two campaigns at the Upper East Side apartment of the prominent Clinton supporters Steven Rattner and Maureen White. What was supposed to be a moment of unity quickly deteriorated when one of Mrs. Clinton's national finance chairmen, Hassan Nemazee, confronted Mr. Dean about the disputed Florida and Michigan primaries.

''I said to him, 'It seems to me that you as the chair need to exert some leadership and produce some resolution to this problem,' '' Mr. Nemazee recalled. The two argued over Mr. Dean's reply that Mr. Nemazee was trying to force him to choose sides, Mr. Nemazee and party officials said.

The campaign swung in unpredictable directions during the seven-week campaign in Pennsylvania. Radical sermons by Mr. Obama's minister generated days of cable television coverage, but Mrs. Clinton's false account of an under-fire trip to Bosnia stepped on her momentum. Mr. Penn pushed to go after Mr. Obama more directly for his association with the minister, the Rev. Jeremiah A. Wright Jr., but Howard Wolfson, the communications director, Mandy Grunwald, the media chief, and others resisted.

The rancor within the campaign escalated a few days later when Mrs. Clinton learned that Mr. Penn had met with Colombian officials as part of a contract to promote a free trade pact that the candidate opposed. Her aides fumed. One adviser, Tina Flournoy, walked out of campaign headquarters in anger. Mr. Penn's many enemies seized on the chance to get him demoted. Colleagues rejoiced. ''People felt like the sun came out a little more,'' said one. Geoff Garin, another pollster, and Mr. Wolfson took over the direction of the campaign, although Mr. Penn remained part of the operation.

While Mr. Penn had pushed to go on offense against Mr. Obama, seeing that as the only way to change the dynamics of the race, Mr. Garin steered in the other direction. ''There were lots of people who spent a lot of time thinking about what to say about Barack Obama and not enough people waking up every morning thinking about how to make the case for Hillary Clinton,'' he said in an interview.

As the race wore on, Mr. Clinton played a growing role in shaping strategy. Flying to events or at the local campaign headquarters, he would pore over maps of Pennsylvania with Governor Rendell, pushing for more time and resources in the Philadelphia suburbs. He crisscrossed the state, hitting small towns and pressing superdelegates.

At one point, the former president visited Mr. Altmire's district, giving what the congressman called ''the hard sell.''

While riding with Mr. Clinton in his car to an event, Mr. Altmire said, he asked how Mr. Obama's learning curve at the White House would stack up with that of the former president, who was 46 when he took office. ''I made a lot of mistakes when I started out,'' Mr. Clinton replied, according to Mr. Altmire. ''And I did some things in office that were politically naive, and I would have a fear that Senator Obama would have the same experience.''

On election night, Mr. Clinton grew playfully competitive with his wife over who had done more events or had had more impact, Mr. Rendell said. Mrs. Clinton was superstitious and rarely watched election night coverage, but in the hotel suite, Mr. Rendell showed her husband county-by-county returns.

''The president wanted to know exactly what the returns were in the places he had been and Hillary hadn't been,'' Mr. Rendell said. ''He kept showing Hillary, and she would laugh.''

Election night brought home the varied complex personal and political dynamics at play. Mr. Penn, once the most influential voice in the Clinton universe, showed up at campaign headquarters outside Washington to watch the returns but virtually no one would talk with him and he left early.

Mrs. Clinton handily beat Mr. Obama in Pennsylvania on April 22, but she could not translate that into gains with the critical superdelegates. The next day, she met with Mr. Altmire. She had won his district by some 31 percentage points and assumed that he would now commit his convention vote as a superdelegate to her. But he still refused.

''I think that was the frustration they were experiencing in that campaign,'' Mr. Altmire said. ''They kept winning state after state and they expected others to start turning their way and it just didn't happen.''

Losing While Winning

For Mrs. Clinton and her campaign staff, it was a surreal period. With each win, pundits would tell her to get out. The former president and his wife's strategists became convinced that the news media, suffering from sexism, Clinton fatigue and Obama mania, were unfairly trying to hasten the end of their campaign. One day around a conference table, a group of advisers burst out in angry defiance. They started calling out the big states she had won -- California, New York -- and fired each other up.

''It just became, 'You get out! Look at these states. You get out,' '' recalled one person in the room. ''It got everyone pumped up.''

Mrs. Clinton recognized the odds. But she was being encouraged by emotional supporters along the rope lines and came to believe she had an obligation to stay in, aides said. At every stop, someone would say, ''Don't you quit!'' -- and aides said she internalized the message. ''The psychology of it all is very complicated,'' one said. ''I'm sure you don't want to slow down because once you do, you start to think about things.''

Advisers shied from suggesting she quit. ''You're a persona non grata if you bring up getting out,'' another aide said. ''It just wasn't talked about.'' But the real mission remained unclear. ''What's peace with honor here?'' the aide asked.

If Mrs. Clinton ever thought about giving up, she seems to have kept it to herself. ''We kept winning -- if you're winning, why should she leave?'' asked Mr. McAuliffe, the campaign chairman and a close family friend. She never expressed doubt in front of him. ''She never did. Never, never, never.''

Mr. McAuliffe served as morale officer, regularly visiting headquarters and taking dejected aides to dinner. His feisty, manic television appearances became so ubiquitous that aides developed ''Terry Bingo'' with 25 boxes listing his most common lines of spin -- ''More electable,'' ''Can still win'' -- and marked the boxes as he uttered them again and again.

Mrs. Clinton's last real chance to change the shape of the race would come in Indiana and North Carolina. She started eight points down in internal polls in Indiana, which would prove to be the first state she would win after trailing.

North Carolina was the question mark. Mr. Clinton, unwilling to give up on his native South, believed they could whittle down her double-digit deficit and insisted on spending more time there. Mr. Garin took polls and reported back in an April 25 e-mail message that ''we are on track to narrow this to single digits.'' Mr. Penn argued it was not possible and took his own shadow poll to prove his point.

On election night, North Carolina proved far beyond her grasp, and the Indiana results were lagging from a pro-Obama county. When Mrs. Clinton's aides looked up at the television and heard what Tim Russert was saying on MSNBC, they realized they were losing the perception battle. ''She did not get the game-changer she wanted tonight,'' Mr. Russert said on air.

No More Illusions

Deep in debt and no longer harboring even illusions of winning the nomination, Mrs. Clinton stopped attacks on Mr. Obama to avoid alienating him or the party. With only a handful of primaries left, Mr. Clinton began focusing on how to win as much of the popular vote for his wife as possible. ''He wanted to at least put her in the position of being the vice president, and that was one way to do that,'' said an adviser.

Mrs. Clinton's elation at each new victory was stemmed by some painful new setback. She crushed Mr. Obama in West Virginia. But as she celebrated, Mr. Obama upstaged her by appearing in Grand Rapids, Mich., the next day with a surprise endorser, former Senator John Edwards.

Mrs. Clinton noticed, however, that Elizabeth Edwards did not join her husband. Mrs. Edwards in recent months had grown to like Mrs. Clinton, an Edwards adviser said, and so the campaign reached out to see if she might back the New York senator.

Mrs. Edwards would not go that far. But the disaffection of other women over the pressure on Mrs. Clinton to step aside only stiffened her determination to press on. She received angry messages on her BlackBerry from friends like Ellen R. Malcolm, the president of Emily's List, an abortion rights group that supports like-minded women seeking election. Ms. Malcolm said she vented in an e-mail message about how the news media were unfairly diminishing Mrs. Clinton's victories.

Joe Andrew, a former Democratic Party chairman who had switched allegiance to Mr. Obama from Mrs. Clinton, faced the wrath of her supporters firsthand when he drove up to the Washington hotel where party officials were meeting last weekend to resolve how to count Florida and Michigan delegates. Protesters shouting ''traitor'' descended upon his Chrysler minivan, denting it with punches and kicks, he said.

The tensions fed a sense of defiance within the campaign. The Friday before Memorial Day, an aide was dispatched to the New York offices of People magazine to dispute a single word attributed to Mr. Clinton that left an impression of female frailty. The magazine quoted him saying Chelsea Clinton ''bawled'' after her mother's loss in Iowa; the campaign said that Ms. Clinton had not cried and maintained that he had said ''appalled.'' The quotation stood.

The Withdrawal Plan

By last week, though, anger had given way to resignation. Even before the final primaries on Tuesday, aides said Mrs. Clinton knew she could not continue. But she told them she would not concede that evening in the college gymnasium where she was to give her speech celebrating victory in South Dakota. She and her supporters, she told aides, had earned the right to their own day, and she planned to take two weeks to think through her options.

The next day, though, Democratic supporters in Congress pressed her on a conference call to give up quickly. She gave in, hung up and asked top advisers to prepare a plan to withdraw. They met with her at campaign headquarters, where every member of her inner circle recommended she pullout and endorse Mr. Obama without preconditions or negotiations -- every member except Mr. Penn, who said she should hold out for concessions.

But Mrs. Clinton was, at last, ready to call it quits and switch focus to the general election, two aides recalled. ''Let's get on with it,'' she said.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Hillary Rodham Clinton thanked voters for putting ''about 18 million cracks'' in the glass ceiling. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUG MILLS/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A1)

SENSE OF OBLIGATION: Hillary Rodham Clinton was encouraged to keep running by emotional supporters and felt an obligation to stay in the race, aides said. (PHOTOGRAPH BY BEATRICE DE GEA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

A LAST EFFORT: Protesters outside a Democratic National Committee rules meeting on May 31 in Washington, where Mrs. Clinton's efforts on behalf of the disputed Michigan and Florida delegations were not successful. (PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CROWLEY/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A30)

COMMITTED SUPPORTERS: Mrs. Clinton and her message tapped into deep wells of support among several constituencies, particularly women voters, which leaves her a formidable force in American politics. PHOTOGRAPH BY DAMON WINTER/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A31) CHART: The Democratic Race: Senator Barack Obama never trailed, building much of his lead in 10 consecutive victories after the Feb. 5 contests.

Mr. Obama did not overtake Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton until the second week of May.

Excluding Florida and Michigan, Mr. Obama's lead was at its highest before Texas and Ohio voted on March 4.

**Load-Date:** June 8, 2008

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[***Watts Changes, And a Mainstay Bids It Farewell***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MFJ-17K0-TW8F-G2MX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1672 words

**Byline:** By RANDAL C. ARCHIBOLD

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Nov. 27

**Body**

The pint-size White Sox beat the A's 6-0, ending the baseball season the other day at Ted Watkins Park in Watts. James Dawson hauled out the trophies and T-shirts and some final words of direction and discipline.

''Win or lose, be sportsmen,'' Mr. Dawson told the losing players, 11- and 12-year-olds fidgeting with bitterness under his towering gaze. ''Nobody is better than anybody. If he strikes you out, he struck you out.''

A folding table appeared at home plate, and before handing out the awards -- everyone got one -- he thanked the players and the coaches and, about himself, offered this: ''I have been running this league for five years and I hope to do it for another five years.''

This is the same league that one of Mr. Dawson's sons coached in, and it was after a basketball game three years ago that the young man was shot and killed, yet another victim, it seemed, of the neighborhood's persistent violence. So Mr. Dawson's words this month were offered as assurance as much to the club as to himself, for change has come both to Watts and to the Dawsons, now formerly of East 105th Street.

In the neighborhood best known, depending on one's frame of reference, for the 1965 riots or the Watts Towers public art project, black families are moving out and Latinos are moving in, a migration taking place in many other once predominantly black neighborhoods in Los Angeles.

Sooner or later many middle- and ***working-class*** black families debate whether they should continue to be the stable oaks of the community or the seeds of distant, safer ones in the far-flung Los Angeles suburbs.

South L.A. or Moreno Valley? Watts or Lancaster?

One night not long ago, Mr. Dawson's wife, Dorothy, turned to him in bed and popped the question he knew would eventually come: ''What do you think about moving to Lancaster?''

It was not a question, really. He knew her mind was made up. Their son Jihad, having given up on Watts, was already there, more than 50 miles north in the high-desert constellation of subdivisions. And who could begrudge his wife, Mr. Dawson remembers thinking, after all they had been through?

Over 26 years they had raised their two boys in their split-level house and filled their lives with backyard barbecues, slumber parties and ballgames in the park.

But an afternoon three years ago shattered their lives and set in motion their own stay-or-go tug of war, with Lancaster finally triumphing.

On a recent drive to their old house on 105th Street, Mr. Dawson, 55, slowed a block or so away and nodded to an otherwise undistinguished spot on the street of bungalows.

''This is where Salim was killed,'' he said of his elder son, indicating a patch of sidewalk without stopping. ''I heard the shots.''

Salim Dawson had every opportunity himself to leave Watts, but came back.

After graduating from Verbum Dei High School, a highly regarded Roman Catholic school in Watts, Salim went to Arizona State University but, Mr. Dawson said, felt dislocated there. Within a couple years he came back, continued his studies at a local college toward a degree in psychology, counseled young children and began coaching in the sports league he had once played in.

Mr. Dawson recalled friendly arguments with Salim over African-Americans' responsibility to community and over the decline in civility among children, in addition to endless debates about how the afternoon's game was played.

''We would talk about why parents don't drop their kids off at the park, why parents are not as responsible as they should be,'' Mr. Dawson said.

On Feb. 22, 2003, Mr. Dawson and Salim coached games on the basketball court at Ted Watkins Park.

Mr. Dawson went home and thought Salim was not far behind. Jihad was in the house. And so when Mr. Dawson heard gunfire, he recalls, he was disturbed but not overly worried.

''Glad my boys are not around there,'' he recalls thinking.

It did not take long for the knock on the door. Mr. Dawson ran to Salim, bleeding on the sidewalk. He searched frantically, and in vain, for a pulse.

Salim was 23. The police theorized that he had been killed in a case of mistaken identity. As far as he knows, Mr. Dawson said, the shooter was never caught. He and his wife say they do not dwell on that.

''Justice is not going to bring Salim back,'' Mrs. Dawson said. ''He was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.''

Jihad, now 23, itched to leave soon after. Almost anywhere else in America, ''Where you from?'' is a polite query, but here it carries lethal consequences among turf-minded gang members. Lots of young men were not answering correctly.

A couple of weeks after Salim was killed, the substitute coach for his team and a companion were also shot to death for no apparent reason. Mr. Dawson stepped in as coach of Salim's team -- their triumph in the final game of that season made the local news -- and he and his wife decided then to stay, against the odds.

Maybe there is a part of him that wants to carry on Salim's legacy, but there is also the club, whose membership, he said, has dwindled from several hundred children in the 1990s to about 100 now. Mr. Dawson has no ready explanation for the changes.

Parents seem to feel more pressure to work longer hours and more jobs these days. And some of the newer, Latino parents favor soccer -- not one of the club's sports -- and do not speak enough English to converse with Mr. Dawson and the other coaches, who are mostly black. According to Census data, the population of Watts in 1970 was 90 percent black and 8 percent Latino; in 2000, it was 38 percent black and 61 percent Latino.

But Mr. Dawson, who like other club leaders opens his wallet to defray costs for parents who cannot afford the $25 registration fee, said he sensed parents these days seemed less inclined to participate in their children's activities.

''They have to work, and I can understand, but I work also,'' he said. ''I make a point to make time for this program.''

One coach said he thought the numbers had begun to drop around the time Salim and the others were killed, during a particularly violent spasm of gang fighting, though the Los Angeles police report that violent crime has declined in the past couple of years in the Watts area.

''There were a lot of killings around then, and people didn't feel safe at the park,'' said the coach, Parnell Roberts Sr., a former convict who credits Mr. Dawson with helping turn his life around.

Mr. Dawson coached when Salim and Jihad played in the league and stayed after they moved on. Coaching brings a certain satisfaction, like when a player turns from goat to hero, and he sees the league as a strand, however modest, helping hold Watts together.

''I see the need to provide leadership and direction to the kids here,'' he said. ''They have a lot of problems at home, broken homes, single parents. A lot of times the male figure is absent. Not to say I am a role model, but I think it is needed at times.''

Mr. Dawson works as an accountant at a nonprofit health agency in Arcadia, near Pasadena. The commute to work from Lancaster is more than an hour, and to Watts from home can approach 90 minutes in bad traffic, but he has committed to coaching two or three nights a week and at games on the weekends.

Other parents initially fretted.

''He brings a lot to the community; everybody looks up to him, not just the kids,'' said Denise Dumas, whose nephew plays in the league.

Others in the community tended to lean on the Dawsons as longtime, successful residents. Mrs. Dawson operates a taxaccounting business from her home. She advises clients not only on their 1040s but also on their 10-year-olds.

''A lot of people became dependent on us and we became the arbitrators, the referees, the counselors,'' she said, sitting in the serenity of her living room in Lancaster, where the family moved on Nov. 11. ''They would call year round, not just tax season, and talk about everything under the sun.''

Salim's killing gradually changed her outlook on Watts. In their first years there, she felt part of an effort to revitalize the community.

Even as the ethnic makeup changed -- children often interpreted for her Spanish-speaking clientele -- and the clatter of police helicopters overhead remained a constant, she said she still felt comfortable.

But she has come to believe it will never truly rise high, not with three large public-housing projects within blocks of one another and all the social ills that spill out from them.

''We can only help so many people,'' Mrs. Dawson said. ''We can't save the world.''

She predicts Mr. Dawson will give up coaching within a couple of years but may still show up to yell advice from the bleachers.

''Dawson'' -- like everyone else, what she calls him -- ''feels the need to continue to contribute, but I feel I have done my part,'' she said.

When word spread that the Dawsons were moving to Lancaster, to a subdivision called Coyote Hills that is so new the telephone wiring is just reaching the new homes, a group of neighbors and park regulars knocked on their door. This time, a pleasant surprise, as the group handed them a card addressed to ''the Parents of the Park.''

The Dawsons are now settling into their new house in Lancaster, where the black population has more than doubled to 16 percent of the 118,718 residents since the late 1980s. In Watts, their former neighbors are working through their loss.

One of them, Miss Ruby, which is what everybody calls Ruby Mae Randall, 90, has lived on the Dawsons' old block for more than 60 years, and used to look after their home as they did hers. She has seen the neighborhood go from ''Spanish and then black and now the Spanish are coming back again.''

''It's always changing, but I am staying,'' she said.

Still, a good neighbor is hard to lose.

''I am so sorry to see you go,'' she told Mr. Dawson, closing the iron gate on her front door as he stepped out.

Mr. Dawson didn't miss a beat

''I am gone in body,'' he replied, ''but not spirit.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mr. Dawson and his family lived in Watts for more than 25 years. Three years after a son was killed there, they decided it was time to move.

The family now lives in a new development being built in Lancaster, some 50 miles north of Watts, where the crime rate is much lower.

With the baseball season over, it was time for James Dawson, a coach, to hand out trophies to the players earlier this month at a park in Watts. (Photographs by J. Emilio Flores for The New York Times)(pg. A20)

**Load-Date:** November 28, 2006

**End of Document**



[***MEDIA; Struggling EMI Pins U.S. Hopes On Over-the-Top British Singer - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4826-XV40-01KN-24X6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 3, 2003 Monday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 2; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1331 words

**Byline:**  By LYNETTE HOLLOWAY

**Body**

With his cheeky, cutting lyrics and flamboyant stage antics, the British rocker Robbie Williams has been known to roil stadiums of 80,000 people, getting them to their feet, their fists thrust skyward as if they have all just scored a goal in the World Cup.

But can he stir up fans this side of the Atlantic? Mr. Williams has sold 20 million records worldwide. Yet in the United States, the world's largest market, he has been relatively obscure since starting out more than a decade ago.

That could soon change. His record company, EMI Recorded Music Worldwide, based in London, is taking a huge gamble by trying to make him a brand name in the United States. Not everyone thinks his style will translate well.

Despite its Grammy triumph last week with Norah Jones, EMI is struggling in the United States. It has the lowest share of the market among the five major companies here, falling to 8.08 percent this year through Feb. 23, from 8.55 percent in the period a year earlier, according to data from Nielsen SoundScan, which tracks industry sales.

Mr. Williams, 29, is the linchpin of a plan developed by Alain Levy, chairman of EMI Recorded Music Worldwide, to increase the company's United States market share.

Last year, Mr. Williams stuck with EMI after executives agreed to promote him vigorously in the United States. He signed a contract that is valued at more than $80 million, an enormous sum given the atmosphere of belt-tightening in the music business. The deal gives EMI a stake in touring, merchandising and publishing profits.

EMI, part of the EMI Group, came up with the contract after Mr. Williams received a volley of competing offers from Sony Music Entertainment, a division of Sony; BMG, a division of Bertelsmann; and the V2 label of Sir Richard Branson's Virgin empire.

On April 1, Mr. Williams's first album under the deal, "Escapology," will be released in the United States on EMI's Virgin label, which is not related to Sir Richard's company. Since its European release in November, it has sold 5.5 million copies in Europe and Asia, according to data from the International Federation of the Phonographic Industry, a trade association.

After more than 10 weeks at No. 1, it was pushed to the No. 2 spot last week by the British pop group Massive Attack, which is also on EMI's Virgin label.

"It became a huge record in Europe six weeks after it was released," David P. Munns, vice chairman of EMI Recorded Music Worldwide and chairman and chief executive of EMI Recorded Music of North America, said of "Escapology."

"It's all to be had in America," Mr. Munns said. "It's gold." He said he planned to ship four million copies of the album in the United States.

Can Mr. Williams sell that many records here? It is a tossup, industry analysts say. His music and personality are infused with an over-the-top British humor that young Americans might not appreciate. His humor is a cross between the British comedian Ali G, who poses as a white gangsta rapper, and Monty Python -- and both can be an acquired taste.

Mr. Williams also has the swagger of Eminem, the swivel hips of Tom Jones and the swing of Dean Martin. American youth are not used to seeing that blend of characters in a pop star, said Craig Marks, the editor of Blender, the music magazine.

Mr. Marks said that the most popular British acts, like the Rolling Stones, the Beatles and later the singer George Michael, have been more focused on their music rather than their personalities.

Mr. Marks said Mr. Williams has about a "40-60" chance of making it in the United States. "He has a couple of strikes against him. He does everything with a layer of irony that doesn't translate well here. It's hardwired into his being. On the other hand, he's an incredibly natural and gifted entertainer."

At a pre-Grammy event at the Roseland Ballroom in Midtown Manhattan, Mr. Williams performed before a crowd of thousands and had difficulty swaying them. To be fair, the crowd consisted mostly of industry representatives, and he was sandwiched between people who were there to see the pop songwriter Vanessa Carlton, the neo-psychedelic rockers the Flaming Lips and the politically conscious rap group Public Enemy.

His set included his latest single, "Monsoon," a ballad from "Escapology" about the perils of celebrity life. He strutted across the stage and smiled for the crowd, singing, "Yeah I'm a star, but I'll fade/If you ain't stickin your knives in me/You will be, eventually."

Holly Tickett, an assistant to the manager of the Britpop band Coldplay, said she found it frustrating that the crowd did not understand what Mr. Williams was trying to do.

"He was working the crowd and they just didn't get it," Ms. Tickett said. "He was doing things that would have driven crowds wild in London. When you see him perform in London, people sing along. They really get into the show."

Mr. Williams has been familiar to British audiences since he started performing with the teeny-bopper group Take That in the early 1990's. Since he went solo in 1997, all four of his albums have shot to No. 1 on the pop charts of Music & Media, which tracks sales in 18 European countries.

"Not knowing who Robbie Williams is for us is like not knowing who George Bush is in the states," Hamish Hamilton, the British video producer, said at EMI's post-Grammy party at the Blue Fin restaurant in Times Square. Mr. Hamilton has directed several videos for Mr. Williams, including the 2003 Grammy Award-nominated "Live at the Albert."

Mr. Williams, who now lives in Los Angeles, is a native of the ***working-class*** community of Stoke-on-Trent in west central England. He is a strapping 6-foot-3, with a chiseled square jaw and green eyes. He has had a difficult time navigating celebrity life and has been in constant battles with the British media.

His remarks often get him into trouble. At a news conference in Cannes in January, he made an off-the-cuff comment supporting CD piracy. The media demonized him.

He has talked openly about bouts of depression, romantic turmoil and troubles with drugs and alcohol. Now, he says, he is clean and sober.

The cover of "Escapology" is perhaps an expression of his desire to escape the hurly-burly of the celebrity lifestyle he has chosen. It shows him submerged in a 15-foot cylinder of water, holding his breath. He came up with the idea while thinking about the legendary escape artist Harry Houdini, he said in an interview with The Daily Record in Glasgow, Scotland.

EMI has not disclosed how it plans to market an artist as complex as Mr. Williams to Americans. But people close to EMI said executives want to promote him in much the same way that they introduced Coldplay into the United States: slowly.

Marketing strategies in the United States and Britain vary wildly, Mr. Munns said.

"In Britain, you can do four television shows, the BBC and you're set," he said. "The U.S. is a very competitive environment. There is a lot of work you have to do with artists in the U.S. It requires a lot of energy and time. You have to promote artists in many, many, many markets on radio, television and in newspapers."

Sean Ross, the Group Editor at Airplay Monitor, the radio publication of Billboard, said it was too difficult to predict if Mr. Williams would make it big in the United States.

"No artist is more than one song away from breaking a big song," Mr. Ross said. "There are certainly records that are too British to translate over here or are perceived as too British to make the cut, but Robbie Williams isn't one of those. We'll have to wait and see."

EMI is coming off a painful year. In 2002, it eliminated 1,800 jobs, released a string of failed recordings and paid Mariah Carey $28 million to sever her contract with its Virgin Records label, music analysts say.

It is the only major record company that is not owned by a conglomerate, like the Warner Music Group, which is owned by AOL Time Warner, or the Universal Music Group, which is owned by Vivendi Universal.

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

**Correction**

An article in Business Day yesterday about plans by EMI Recorded Music Worldwide to promote the British rock singer Robbie Williams in the United States referred incorrectly to a planned shipment of four million copies of his new album, "Escapology." They are to be sent to markets worldwide except the United States and Japan. EMI has not disclosed the number that will be shipped here or to Japan.

**Correction-Date:** March 4, 2003

**Graphic**

Photos: Robbie Williams, left, in front of a poster of his album "Escapology." EMI's David P. Munns, above, plans to ship 4 million copies of the album in America. (Agence France-Presse); (Rahav Segev)(pg. C10); Robbie Williams at the Roseland Ballroom in Manhattan last month. EMI plans to spend millions to try to make Mr. Williams a star in the United States, as he already is in Britain. (Rahav Segev)(pg. C1) Chart: "In Need of a Hit"EMI is struggling to gain a larger share of the U.S. music market. RECORDING COMPANIES' MARKET SHARE 2003, through Feb. 23 Universal Music Group: 32.6%BMG: 16.2Sony Music Group: 15.4Warner Music Group: 14.0EMI Music: 8.1Other: 13.7 (Source: Nielsen SoundScan)

**Load-Date:** March 3, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Malibu Invents A Sound Of Its Own***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47YW-DY80-01KN-203B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 20, 2003 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1413 words

**Byline:**  By NEIL STRAUSS

**Series:** SEARCHING FOR A SOUND -- First article of a series: Malibu

**Dateline:** MALIBU, Calif., Feb. 16

**Body**

The Malibu Inn is not your normal dive bar, especially tonight. The parking lot is full of BMW's, Lexuses and Mercedes-Benzes. The bar has several liquid-crystal televisions. The room is packed with so many gorgeous high-school students that it looks like a casting call for "Are You Hot?" Several proud mothers are also in the audience, looking about five years older than their daughters. And there are the stars in the crowd: the actress Kate Hudson, the producer David Foster, the former Eagles guitarist Don Felder and half a dozen professional surfers.

This may seem like a stereotypical image of Malibu, long celebrated as the bastion of the California dream, where the rich and successful come to nest. But in the last few years something has been added. On its own, the community has grown a rock scene with more than half a dozen quality bands, most made up of high school friends. One of these groups, Whitestarr, was recently signed to Atlantic Records, making Malibu an unlikely site of emerging talent, something that may make sense considering the entertainment-industry gene pool here.

The occasion is the first appearance together by four of the scene's top bands. The show has sold out with little promotion but the bar's marquee on the Pacific Coast Highway, practically the only way into of Malibu.

"There's no reason why a sound couldn't come out of Malibu, just as it does from anywhere else," said Mr. Foster, the winner of 14 Grammy Awards, whose stepson Brandon Jenner, 21, sings and plays guitar in the band Night Vision.

Michael Caren, who signed Whitestarr to Atlantic, has high hopes for the Malibu sound. "If somebody is a part of a new scene, and they're the first to introduce it to the rest of the world, it's very exciting," he said. "I think that after Whitestarr are successful, there will be a whole new subgenre of rock following them, just as Korn and Faith No More inspired so many bands."

The band's contribution, Mr. Caren said, will be to "reintroduce classic rock and big rock melodies" to the music mainstream.

At first listen, the sound that most of these bands play may seem incongruous with Malibu's image. Local rockers like Night Vision, Face Humper, Whitestarr, 454 and the more keyboard-centric Simon Dawes all dabble in Southern and classic rock, with moments that recall the Rolling Stones at their twangiest and Lynyrd Skynyrd at its rawest. Unlike most teenagers, the members of these bands didn't grow up on pop radio. They grew up watching their parents perform. Whitestarr includes:

\*Duane Betts the son of Dickey Betts of the Allman Brothers on guitar.

\*Alex Orbison, the son of Roy Orbison, on drums.

\*Cisco Adler whose father is the music producer Lou Adler, on vocals.

Linda Foster, the mother of Mr. Jenner (whose father is the former Olympic athlete Bruce Jenner), explains her son's country-rock predilection this way: "He grew up on the 'Hee Haw' set with me." (Under her maiden name Linda Thompson, Ms. Foster was a regular on the show for years.) Night Vision also includes Cody Felder, Mr. Felder's son, on bass, and Matt Diamond on drums.

It might seem easy to write off the scene as one made up of children riding on the backs of their parents, but the inspiration is not pushy parents but motivated peers, in particular two slightly senior Malibu bands.

One is Backbone69, a talented roots-rock act that disbanded after its singer, Chris Williams, died in a car accident a year and a half ago. The band also included Mr. Orbison, Mr. Betts and Berry Oakley Jr., the son of the Allman Brothers' bassist.

The other influence is a harder-edged group representing a different side of Malibu, 2 Cents. "The thing about Malibu is that either you are dirt poor or crazy rich," said Cliff Dorfman, who manages 2 Cents and Face Humper. "There is no middle class here."

Two Cents is a punk and rap-rock band that falls into the ***working class*** category. Passionate music lovers who went to Malibu High School with members of the other bands, they have in many ways inspired the current crop of Malibu bands, even teaching many of their members to play their instruments.

"Two months into college, all the kids from Malibu are coming home and don't know what they want to be," said Adam O'Rourke, 21, who sings and plays drums in 2 Cents. "But put a guitar in their hands, and they know what they want to be."

Until two years ago members of several of the bands had never played music. Mr. Jenner, for example, dreamed of being a race car driver, but when he tore up his knee dirt-biking, Mr. O'Rourke encouraged him to take guitar seriously.

Face Humper has a similar story. "Our generation wasn't into playing music," said Pascal Stansfield, 24, who, along with the band's guitarist, Brendan Hearne, is a professional surfer. "We picked it up late. Everyone in the band started playing last year. Two Cents helped us with our music, and we helped them with their surfing."

"We started out as a joke, and all of a sudden we were playing the Roxy and the Viper Room," he continued, speaking of two top Los Angeles nightclubs. "Some bands wait their whole careers to do that. The line we always use is, 'Welcome to our lives.' Surfing, swimming in rich people's pools and playing the Roxy. That's our life." (Of course it helps that Mr. Adler's brother Nic runs the Roxy.)

Face Humper is one of the sleeper bands on the scene. At the Malibu Inn this six-piece band artfully shambled through yowling blues-rock stompers that called to mind elements of the Rolling Stones, the White Stripes, the Allmans and Spinal Tap. The band is fun, its lyrics are outrageous, and although it acts as if it just doesn't care what it sounds like, it still delivers.

In every set the singer Beau Bright improvises one song. Tonight's free-style, about a friend who was pulled over in a BMW, reached a crescendo with the lyric, "Mr. Foster, will you help us get the Beemer back?"

Whitestarr, age 19 to 24, is another standout, featuring three band members who don't even play instruments. One, known as Coloured Plastic, simply dances and poses with his pot belly out, and the other two (Mr. Adler and Asher Levin) both sing into imitation vintage broadcast microphones like dueling Mick Jaggers. The sound works, combining a classic rock sensibility combining with an energetic come-what-may attitude and a touch of hip-hop breakbeats.

"This is the Malibu scene," Mr. Stansfield said, gesturing around the packed barroom during Whitestarr's set. "Wherever any of these bands play, you'll see all of these people. So every club always wants to book us, because it's a guaranteed 300 people." Two Cents often rents a bus to its shows outside Malibu, charging fans $10 for the ride.

Perhaps the greatest hurdle the Malibu scene faces is the stigma of Malibu itself as a place of privilege. To its credit, this part of the coastline is associated with the bright California sound and the country-rock music of the 60's and, more recently in neighboring communities, bands like Incubus and Linkin Park have found success. On the down side, 2 Cents often finds that people take it less seriously in the punk scene because they assume that everyone from Malibu is spoiled.

"Were they cynical about 'Beverly Hills 90210,' watching a bunch of privileged kids run around and have romantic problems in school?" asked Mr. Dorfman, who also produced the Malibu Inn concert. He says he believes in the commercial potential of the bands. "We live in Southern California, so there's a tendency to take it for granted. But if you're in Iowa, for every person who's cynical about Malibu, there's someone else who is enamored and fascinated with the area and pictures of the beach and the lifestyle."

When the show ended, Mr. Adler of Whitestarr invited the audience to his father's house in the hills nearby for the traditional after party, which, as much as the concerts, is integral to the scene. After all, a scene is not just made up of good music; it also consists of good parties that generate even better gossip.

"Before I was playing music, the parties used to be back at our place," Mr. Jenner said. "But too many people started showing up. Then, my parents got a little suspicious when they found out that we had the security guard collecting money at the bar" to pay for half the parties.

Searching for a Sound

Articles in this series will periodically examine local pop music scenes and the evolution of new bands at a time of uncertainty in the music industry.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Oliver Jones, left, and Cisco Adler of the band Whitestarr performing at the Malibu Inn. (Gerard Burkhart for The New York Times)(pg. E1); Brandon Jenner, son of the Olympic athlete Bruce Jenner, is with Night Vision. The fans are Jorge Vivo, Linda Thompson and Beau Garrett. (Gerard Burkhart for The New York Times)(pg. E5)

**Load-Date:** February 20, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Leningrad's Communist Party, Left in Tatters, Wonders What to Do Next***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5VX0-002S-X4BR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 30, 1989, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 10, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1165 words

**Byline:** By BILL KELLER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LENINGRAD, March 29

**Body**

As Leningrad's Communist Party leaders waited in smug confidence for last Sunday's elections, they were given a poll by sociologists at the Soviet Academy of Sciences showing the city's party chief trailing an upstart 28-year-old engineer by 60 percentage points.

They reacted to this incredible news, according to party members who were there, with hoots of laughter and wry smiles. Ridiculous. Impossible. Not in Leningrad, the cradle of the revolution.

But on Tuesday, Leningradskaya Pravda disclosed that the electorate had torn through the party hierarchy like a runaway locomotive, leaving smug assumptions and probably several careers in ruins, and presenting the party with a quandary it never had to contemplate before: what to do after the people say no.

Shock and jubilation spread through the city with news that the voters, choosing representatives to a new national congress in their first competitive elections since 1917, had repudiated the top five Communists in the Leningrad power structure.

Two of the losers, including the Leningrad regional party leader, Yuri F. Solovyev, a nonvoting member of the nation's Politburo, ran unopposed but were defeated anyway by determined voters scratching their names off the ballot.

''That's the amazing thing - to go into the booth, pick up a pencil and cross someone out,'' an astonished party member said. ''We didn't think a majority cared that much.''

Deviousness Was Expected

Valery Terekhov, a member of the Democratic Union, one of several independent political groups that campaigned for rejection of the party's candidates, said: ''Even we were astonished. We thought they'd do anything, falsify the results if necessary. Now the whole situation has been stood on its head.''

Around the country, enough senior party functionaries were beaten in the elections - by one unofficial estimate, 31 regional party leaders - that Mikhail S. Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, met today with top Soviet editors to assure them that there was no cause for alarm.

According to one editor who was present, the Soviet leader said the election results should not be taken as a defeat for the Communist Party, because many of the winners were also party members and because no other force has the power to lead the country.

''He said if the people want to change their leaders, this is no tragedy - it is normal democracy,'' said the editor, Vitaly A. Korotich of the popular weekly Ogonyok. ''There is no panic. Why think that someone who does not get elected must commit suicide?''

Mr. Gorbachev had reason to be happy about the results, since many of those spurned by the public had been lukewarm in their pursuit of his political and economic programs, and many of the newly elected have promised more enthusiastic support.

But in Leningrad, the election results stunned the Communist Party into silence. Rejected party officials declined interviews, and Leningradskaya Pravda, the official party organ, provided only a list of winners - leaving it to readers to deduce the losers.

Today, one of those defeated, Mayor Vladimir Y. Khodyrev, emerged from seclusion to tell the party newspaper that the root of the problem was not a party out of touch with the people, but a people ''poorly informed about our activities'' and ''content with rumors and gossip.''

Not an Isolated Thing

Around the city, though, residents said the elections represented a vote of no confidence and that party leaders should now be relieved of their party posts, as well.

''If it was one person, you could write it off as a matter of personality,'' said Andrei N. Alekseyev, a sociologist and campaign adviser to the young engineer who demolished the city party boss. ''But you can't do this in Leningrad. In Leningrad, it was an expression of mistrust toward the top group in the party apparatus. I think they must resign.''

The humiliation of so many high-ranking officials, Leningrad residents said, was the result of several factors.

Many voters said they crossed out the names of Mr. Solovyev and the other unopposed candidate, Deputy Mayor Aleksei Bolshakov, on the ground that no official of such rank should get a free ride.

''It was a general protest - against the idea of one candidate, against elections with no choice,'' said Margarita Levina, a 26-year-old economist.

Others said the party's attempts to manipulate the outcome also produced a backlash.

Mr. Alekseyev said supporters of the city's party leader, Anatoly N. Gerasimov, had circulated thousands of leaflets and newspapers printed by factories where the directors were aligned with the party leader.

He provided copies of fliers distributed around the city, including one anonymous broadside that condemned his candidate, Yuri Y. Boldyrev, for coming from a well-off family and not serving in the army.

Mr. Boldyrev, though a Communist Party member, drew support from alternative political groups with a radical program that included ending the ban on rival political parties.

Among intellectuals and students, the no votes reflected mounting discontent with the Leningrad party's reputation as a conservative bastion.

Critics said Mr. Solovyev had antagonized many citizens, especially the young, by railing against informal political groups, keeping a tight rein on the local press, and sending policemen to arrest demonstrators.

Late last year, the Leningrad K.G.B. began a sweeping investigation of the Democratic Union, calling in dozens of participants for interrogation on the ground that their political beliefs were anti-Soviet. The Democratic Union, which calls itself an alternative political party, favors a multiparty system, independent trade unions and free, private economic activity.

For ***working-class*** people more concerned about the shortage of shoes than the likes of the Democratic Union, the rejection of so many top party figures was a general cry of protest.

''We booted out all the Communists,'' a retired seaman said, exulting as he steered a taxi through the rutted streets. ''For 71 years they haven't let us live like human beings, and we're fed up. Step by step, we'll be rid of them in another 10 years.''

All of these discontents were fanned by an alliance of independent political clubs called Elections '89, which picketed downtown streets and passed out leaflets at subway stops urging voters to cross out the names of the party bosses.

Reeling at their success, the alliance this week began laying plans for runoff elections in mid-April and for all new elections on May 14 in the districts where no candidate survived the first round. Elections for local and republic government officials begin in the fall.

''These events are sure to change the situation in Leningrad,'' Mr. Alekseyev said. ''People have seen, or will see, that they can decide something.''

Mr. Alekseyev believes that the end of apathy is good news for Mr. Gorbachev. Mr. Terekhov of the Democratic Union is not so sure.

''Gorbachev opened a volcano,'' he said, ''and I don't think he realized the lava was so deep.''

**End of Document**



[***PERUVIAN'S LEAD IN VOTE PROMPTS CHARGE OF FRAUD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:401G-0HX0-00MH-F4BC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 11, 2000, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1411 words

**Byline:** By CLIFFORD KRAUSS

By CLIFFORD KRAUSS

**Dateline:** LIMA, Peru, April 10

**Body**

Official returns today showed President Alberto K. Fujimori approaching a first-round victory in Peru's presidential election, prompting cries of fraud and threats of civil disturbance.

At the end of Sunday's voting, polls of voters and independent counts suggested that neither Mr. Fujimori, running for a third five-year term, nor his challenger, Alejandro Toledo, would garner a majority.

That situation would have lead to a second-round ballot that foreign diplomats and election monitors hoped would avoid the irregularities and dirty tricks that election monitors said accompanied the campaign.

But with 56.4 percent of the vote counted, the National Election Office said tonight that Mr. Fujimori had received 49.6 percent to Mr. Toledo's 40.6.

Mr. Fujimori's closeness to an outright majority, coupled with unexplained delays of up to several hours in getting ballot boxes and tally sheets to computer centers, led to suspicions of fraud.

The head of an observer team from the Organization of American States, Eduardo Stein, said today, "Something sinister is happening here."

Mr. Fujimori rejected charges of fraud in a news conference tonight, saying the vote was "totally normal and just." He added that "a few problems happen in all elections." He said he could not declare victory until final results were in.

When the first accusations of counting irregularities surfaced just before midnight on Sunday, Mr. Toledo led tens of thousands of protesters on a march to the presidential palace, where they were driven back by policemen using tear gas.

Supporters carried Mr. Toledo on their shoulders, then threw tear gas canisters back at the police and at the palace itself, chanting, "The fear is gone!"

Mr. Toledo said today that the election results should be annulled. "The quantity and seriousness of the irregularities -- from the ballots to the counting centers -- have led us to the conclusion not to recognize the results," he added.

The ballots have already been destroyed, as allowed by Peruvian law.

Mr. Toledo, a business-school professor trained in the United States, has never held high office. But in his long-shot campaign, he showed a knack for timing and an ability to motivate energetic support, especially from ***working class*** people.

He and his supporters are now threatening a long civil disobedience campaign.

Foreign election monitors like Mr. Stein expressed particular concern over the delays in getting tally sheets and ballots to counting centers. Some arrived as many as seven hours after polls had closed, even in cities like Lima and Arequipa, where there was no reason for such delays.

Mr. Stein said he could not understand why dozens of government computer centers were shut down through Sunday night and most of today, when they were supposed to be open and tallying ballots. He said he could not ascertain how the government was coming to its official count, or where the count was taking place.

"I am worried," said Mr. Stein, a former foreign minister of Guatemala. "All the signals we got yesterday evening were disquieting because there was a big and inexplicable delay in the transportation of the vote tabulation sheets and the ballot boxes to the computer counting centers."

Six of the seven other opposition candidates have joined Mr. Toledo in criticizing the government's handling of the election.

It appears likely that Mr. Fujimori's alliance, Peru 2000, will lose control of Congress.

Mr. Toledo surged in the final weeks of the campaign because of growing dissent over reports of campaign irregularities in the Fujimori camp. With his strong Indian features, he was able to tap into deep chords of social discontent in the urban masses who are largely of mixed Indian and Latino blood.

A victory of questionable fairness would put the United States and the Organization of American States in a difficult position. They would have to decide whether to accept the results or retract recognition of the Fujimori government and levy sanctions until new elections are called.

Earlier today, when the election had appeared headed for a runoff, the State Department urged the Peruvian government "to take every possible measure to ensure that the next round of voting fully meets democratic standards of openness, transparency and fairness."

"The legitimacy of the next president is at stake," James P. Rubin, the department's spokesman, said today.

Mr. Fujimori has long been a key ally of the United States in fighting international narcotics trafficking, and is seen as a strong leader who can prevent the kind of guerrilla turbulence that afflicts neighboring Colombia.

But since Sunday's voting, there have been assorted reports to election monitors that convicts voted, that ballots were tampered with to remove Mr. Toledo's name, that people were paid to vote for Mr. Fujimori and that police and army officials harassed election monitors of opposition parties.

According to election observers, the vote tally sheets, which were scheduled to be delivered by 9 p.m. to the computer centers, did not reach the centers until between 4 and 5 in the morning. The delays were nationwide and appeared to be systematic.

"This process has been contaminated," said Rafael Roncagliolo, a director of Transparencia, a private group that is monitoring the election and is largely financed by the United States government. "If they avert a second round, we can only conclude that they have had a long-term plan for fraud all along."

A quick count of vote tally sheets by Transparencia on Sunday night showed that Mr. Fujimori had won 48.7 percent of the vote.

Today, Transparencia officials said that if anything, that tally overestimated Mr. Fujimori's strength. A quick count by the Organization of American States of separate vote tally sheets came to a similar conclusion that a second round would be held.

Referring to the Transparencia count, the State Department in Washington said today, "Reliable sampling of actual election returns revealed that no single candidate won an absolute majority and that there will be a runoff between President Alberto Fujimori and opposition candidate Alejandro Toledo."

Election officials said their latest tallies did not include votes from the most remote jungle and Andean Indian villages, where in the past Mr. Fujimori has been strongest and where election monitors say the chances for fraud are greatest.

Jose Portillo, the top Peruvian election authority, told reporters today that there were no computing problems and that "a very rigorous effort" was being made to ensure an accurate count. "A Dutch observer asked me why there were so many safeguards," he added, "and I responded that we are very careful people."

Clinton administration officials have long criticized Mr. Fujimori's strong-arm ways, particularly when his supporters dismissed three judges who opposed his bid for a third consecutive term, based on the 1993 Constitution.

The administration was also strongly critical of the repression of independent media during the campaign, as well as smear campaigns against opposition candidates thought to be designed by Mr. Fujimori's intelligence service.

Still, the Peruvian president has been a strong United States ally on security matters, and he has been credited with defeating two Marxist terrorist insurgencies and making peace with Ecuador after more than a century of border conflict.

The American ambassador, John Hamilton, made it clear to senior Peruvian officials today that a rigged election would put relations with Peru under the most serious pressure. He has also been talking repeatedly with Mr. Toledo, who can be impetuous and heated in his statements, urging him to remain calm.

How the diplomatic reactions play out is likely to have an impact on nearby Venezuela, where President Hugo Chavez is facing increasing opposition in May presidential elections. Mr. Chavez, who once led an army coup attempt, is a known admirer of Mr. Fujimori's and has radically remade the nation's democratic institutions.

Observers in Peru said no similar delays in transporting ballot boxes and tally sheets occurred in 1995, when President Fujimori won nearly two-thirds of the vote according to the official count.

The election authorities were supposed to release 30 percent of the vote count late Sunday night, and a rough unofficial count of the complete results by midmorning today. But so far, election officials said it would take at least 48 hours to come up with an official total vote.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Thousands of protesters headed to the presidential palace in Lima early yesterday as reports spread that ballots were tampered with to remove the name of Peru's leading opposition candidate, Alejandro Toledo. (Agence France-Presse)(pg. A1); The opposition presidential candidate, Alejandro Toledo, left (Associated Press), led marchers protesting what they called vote tampering late Sunday. President Alberto K. Fujimori, above, appeared to be approaching a first round victory last night. (Reuters)(pg. A12)

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**End of Document**



[***Bad for Real Estate, Good for the Arts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6070-0005-G45P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 7, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By AMY D'ORIO

By AMY D'ORIO

**Body**

DAVE BORAWSKI of East Hartford decided to have an art show this spring, but he didn't approach galleries or museums. Instead, he approached city landlords.

Within the time it would take galleries just to view a few slides, Mr. Borawski said, he secured space, and free space, too, for his one-day show. The space was empty, so why not, said John Pinone, one of the owners of Hartford's Civic Cafe. Mr. Pinone even called it good business because many of his restaurant patrons support the arts.

This was not Mr. Borawski's first time setting up a temporary gallery in empty office space. Last year, he received permission to have a monthlong show in an empty building in Middletown. Some of his friends, he said, used an old Shelton girdle factory for an exhibition.

Not all is free, but space has certainly become less expensive to rent, making it possible for a group of young artists in Danbury, among others, to start a gallery to display their work every day.

One of the artists, Chris Durante, said trying to get a show at a gallery is hard enough, being young and unconventional makes it almost impossible. To have their own gallery, and one that's only a few steps from Main Street, definitely changes their prospects. Mr. Durante said the low rent made the gallery, called 13, financially possible.

Indeed, because of Connecticut's glut of empty office and industrial space, artists are finding opportunities they did not have in the bustling 1980's.

"It almost seems like a windfall," Mr. Pinone said.

Especially since artists do not have the best reputation as good tenants, said Michael Roer, president of the Bridgeport Innovation Center. Besides taking up only small spaces, artists often do not pay on time and many try to live in studios, which can create zoning problems, he explained.

Mr. Roer says he rents to artists because he believes it is good for the community. Other business executives do not share his views, but they too are currently carving up large warehouse spaces and creating studios for artists because the real estate market dictates it.

Some landlords even offer free exhibition space to attract the artists. "We are getting a lot of cooperation from the depressed real estate market," said Linda Dente, a Connecticut Commission on the Arts program manager.

These opportunities have resulted in slightly offbeat showcases, but it has stimulated the arts community, she said.

"Strange venues," Ms. Dente said. "Then, again, if you live your life in the arts, it is not so strange."

Artists are often the first to arrive in a depressed area, attracted to the low rent. They help revitalize the community, Ms. Dente said.

This cycle is so well established that business organizations actually seek out the partnerships when tough times come.

"It is a 20-year cycle that keeps happening," Ms. Dente said. "The arts are always the first to come back to urban centers. Then, things begin to percolate."

While the arts are good for revitalization, revitalization is not always good for the arts. Once there is a healthy real estate market, rising rents make it hard for many arts organizations and artists to exist, Ms. Dente said.

She said she hoped the business community would protect the artist during this cycle because the arts deserved a permanent home in each community.

In the 1980's in downtown Hartford, the real estate boom took a thriving arts community and slaughtered it, said Will K. Wilkins, executive director of Real Art Ways of Hartford.

Organizations were forced from their downtown locations because of incoming highrises.

Real Art Ways moved three different times.

"We were one of the few that survived," Mr. Wilkins said, adding that he does not intend to subject his organization to such tumult again.

In 1989, he moved his organization from downtown Hartford to a place where he hopes is a haven from the ups and downs of real estate: Arbor Street in Hartford's Parkville section.

"It is a ***working-class*** neighborhood, so it won't ever be gentrified," he said.

Real Art Ways signed a 30-year lease for a 12,500-square-foot space and is planning a major renovation of it.

If the money can be raised, as it is hoped, the organization plans to expand by building a 200-seat movie theater, a 235-seat performance theater, three gallery exhibition spaces, a cafe for 125 people and an outdoor concert arena.

The landlord, Paul Sciarra, owns 225,000 square feet of space on Arbor Street. He said he never planned to rent to artists, but he could not afford to turn them away.

"My motto was, 'Just fill it,' " he said.

In hindsight, renting to Real Art Ways turned out to be a good business decision, Mr. Sciarra said. After Real Art Ways set up on Arbor Street six other arts-related organizations followed.

Now, he estimates about 20 percent of his tenants are artists or art-related businesses.

Not only do they rent from him, but he has found their presence helps him market his building, because they attract publicity and foot traffic.

Mr. Sciarra and Mr. Wilkins seem to have formed an alliance, one that portends to be long term.

Mr. Sciarra said he no longer expected to lease to large companies even if the economy approves. His game plan is to keep the arts organizations and artists -- as well as other small businesses -- in his buildings.

Joan Appicelli, manager of Erector Square in New Haven, has a similar situation.

Erector Square is a 400,000-square-foot complex in Fair Haven.

Gardella Brothers, a trucking business, purchased the property in 1969 because its customers needed warehouse space. Slowly, this need diminished and the Gardella Brothers rented to a few large companies.

But these companies moved out one by one, as part of the overall exodus of manufacturing from Connecticut.

"We got more and more calls from artists," Ms. Appicelli said.

With the 400,000 square feet of space to rent, Ms. Appicelli was not keen to let out small spaces to individual artists, but one floor of Erector Square was divided up into studio space.

"We could not get the walls up fast enough," she said.

Now, about 30 percent of her tenants are artists. Ms. Appicelli is certain large-scale manufacturing will not return to Erector Square. Large companies find it more efficient to operate in other parts of the country, plus, they prefer buildings that do not have multiple floors.

She said artists and small businesses are now part of her permanent market, and therefore, she has cultivated an environment to attract these customers. She provides juried shows and runs a gallery. Erector Square sponsors shows, and artists are also allowed to rent space for their own exhibitions.

Like Mr. Sciarra, she too has found the artists have helped promote her buildings. She said some tenants were initially not pleased with the Fair Haven neighborhood, but then they see the gallery "and it changes their outlook."

Some large landlords may always need to rent to artists now that major manufacturing has left Connecticut Mr. Roer said.

When the economy gets better, however, they will again be the exception and not the rule. As Mr. Roer sees it, communities must engineer a way for the arts to exist in every economic condition because the arts are good for business in good times as well as bad.

**Graphic**

Photos: In Danbury, Chris Durante, bearded and reviewing film, above, and other young artists found low-rent space just a few steps from Main Street for their Gallery 13. (Photographs by Helen Neafsey for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6110-0005-G54V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Drinking Tequila but Thinking Cognac, Maybe?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6110-0005-G54V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JULIA PRESTON

By JULIA PRESTON

**Dateline:** TEQUILA, Mexico

**Body**

To most Americans, tequila is some kind of exotic Tijuana firewater that if not the drink of connoisseurs, never fails to hit the spot.

But one tequila maker, Guillermo Romo de la Pena, is convinced that his liquor is really pure and sophisticated, the Mexican equivalent of cognac. And Mr. Romo, head of a small 225-year-old company named Tequila Herradura, is on a campaign to convince both makers and drinkers that his way of thinking is right.

Tequila has thrived since the mid-1980's on a 53 percent rise in exports, primarily to the United States. But among producers like Mr. Romo, success brought a debate as thorny as the cactus-like plant from which the drink is made.

The tequila makers are arguing over how Mexican their drink should be and how high brow it should become. They are divided over whether to be loyal to their origins or to their growth markets.

Indeed, the problem of this most Mexican of products is one many Mexican manufacturers face in the age of global trade if their goods -- whether ceramics, shoes or serapes -- have some national stamp.

"For us the product is first," Mr. Romo said, bluntly staking out his position. "Marketing has always been secondary."

True tequila can only be created in one place in the world. It comes from sugars cooked out of the heart of the blue agave, Tequilana weber -- a species found only in the parched hills surrounding this namesake town in the state of Jalisco and a few other places in the region.

It takes 10 years for the agave heart to grow to more than 100 pounds and "bleed," turning the tell tale maroon of full ripeness. The hearts are shorn of their spiny leaves by machete-wielding peasants, then steamed in cavernous rustic ovens. For several days the ground sugars roil and foam in fermenting vats, then the juice is distilled twice. At that point it is ready for drinking, but aging in oak barrels softens tequila's bite and lends it a golden tint.

The leading tequila companies originated at least a century ago with village gentry families, but recently they have gone international. In 1983 Tequila Sauza, a relative newcomer with an 1873 founding date, was bought by Grupo Domecq Mexico, part of the conglomerate International Allied Domecq.

In 1989, 45 percent of Jose Cuervo y Compania, a 200-year-old company that is the largest producer in the industry, was sold by the Beckmann family to International Distillers and Vintners, or I.D.V., a division of Grand Metropolitan P.L.C. (I.D.V. owns Heublein Inc., the largest distiller in the United States.) Sauza and Jose Cuervo together account for 85 percent of all exports.

Tequila developed a split personality after the margarita was first invented in an unremembered American bar some four decades ago -- a division that fuels today's marketing conflicts.

In the United States, tequila has usually been mixed with fruit juice and Cointreau to buffer its punch. Mexicans, though, have always taken their tequila straight, in clean, short shots with just a taste of salt and lemon.

Herradura and other smaller companies like Tres Magueyes, which makes Don Julio tequila, cater to shot drinkers, a coterie that has lately grown in the United States as well. These distillers put nothing in the bottle but 100 percent blue agave and a little distilled water. No laboratory-bred yeasts, no other sugars.

Mr. Romo wants everyone to do the same, even if it inconveniences consumers. In December, Herradura published full-page ads in newspapers around Mexico telling drinkers to be patient because the latest batch was not quite ready.

These purist views draw a strong retort from Jose Cuervo's president, Juan Beckmann Vidal. "If some company wants to get stuck one hundred years in the past, so be it," Mr. Beckmann said. "We should have the freedom to do what satisfies our customers."

In the 1970's, Mexican regulations were revised during a blue agave shortage to require that tequila contain only 51.5 percent agave. Cuervo and Sauza, aiming at a ***working-class*** market in Mexico and margarita drinkers in the United States, make popular tequilas that include 49 percent sugars from cane or corn.

"I call that legalized adulteration," Mr. Romo fumes.

The traditionalists would also like to see all tequila bottled where it is made, to help shift its image toward that of French wine. Sauza and Cuervo, which together account for 55 percent of all exports, send tequila northward in border-crossing tanker trucks, then bottle it in plants they control under their own labels in the United States.

Executives at those companies assert that Mexico does not make enough reliable glass bottles to meet their needs. Bottling in Mexico would slow production and push up prices, they said.

"We believe in going where free trade leads us," said Jorge Camacho Ornelas, Sauza's director general. Sauza's sales shot up 14 percent in 1995 alone, and Mr. Camacho noted pointedly that his company's tequila sales were six times those of Herradura.

The battleground for the clash is the Regional Tequila Industry Chamber, which brings together the 38 companies in the business. When Mr. Romo's company won the chamber's rotating presidency in 1994, he held up exports for a month to drive home his point. This year Cuervo and Sauza made sure to regain control.

Unlikely support for Mr. Romo's views comes from the farmers who raise the raw material. This year, when a sudden glut of ripe agave left many peasants unable to sell produce they had cultivated for a decade, they joined the clamor for an increase in the agave content of tequila.

"When we lose, we lose everything," said Julian Rodriguez, head of a Tequila-based farmers' union called El Barzon. The union halted agave trading in Tequila three times last summer to force the industry to step up production.

"There is only one tequila, and if we don't defend it, it is in danger of becoming like beer," Mr. Rodriguez said with a shiver of dismay.

The producers are united in seeking worldwide recognition of tequila's denomination of origin, a treaty formula that means the drink can only be made in this region. The United States has already agreed, but the Mexicans are negotiating with Europe, where pirates in Spain are churning out something they call tequila from sugar beets.

The industry is backing a 1994 New York civil suit brought by Heublein on behalf of Jose Cuervo against Seagram and E.& J. Gallo Winery, which market coolers in the United States that are labeled as margaritas but contain no tequila.

Mr. Beckmann of Cuervo said the top producers wanted the Mexican Government to outlaw the sale of bulk tequila to non-Mexican bottlers overseas. In the American Southwest, bottles with names like "Black Death" claim to be the real thing, though they are subject to few controls.

The big names are also taking a tip from Mr. Romo by marketing the fanciest tequilas they have ever made. La Reserva de la Familia, an aged 100-percent-agave spirit by Jose Cuervo that retails for $75 a bottle in the United States, sold out its first edition in a matter of weeks.

The success of the high-end tequilas seemed to give weight to one of Mr. Romo's selling points: the purer the drink, he says, the lighter the hangover.

**Graphic**

Photo: Mexican tequila makers have been debating whether to be loyal to their origins or to their growth markets. At the Tequila Herradura plant in the state of Jalisco, a worker checks a sample of distilled tequila. (Keith Dannemiller for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XFJ0-000D-G2PT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Love and Hate in Black and White***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XFJ0-000D-G2PT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** Spike Lee

By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN;

Samuel G. Freedman, the author of "Small Victories: The Real World of a Teacher, Her Students and Their High School," is writing a book about a black church in Brooklyn.

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**Body**

"Jungle Fever," Spike Lee's new film, opens with a still photograph of Yusuf K. Hawkins, the black teen-ager killed by a white mob in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn two summers ago. But if the screen had remained blank, the memory of that murder would have suffused "Jungle Fever" just as palpably, for it explores the nexus of race, sex and place that in one instance cost a 16-year-old innocent his life and in a broader historical scheme has tormented America for centuries. After touching these issues to both serious and comic effect in his earlier work, Mr. Lee with this latest film has driven to their core.

Hawkins was not shot, after all, because he crossed the line into a white neighborhood; he was shot because he was mistaken for being the companion of a local girl who was considered a pariah for dating blacks and Hispanics. And in the art Mr. Lee has forged from reality, the threatening prospect of interracial intimacy is embodied by Flipper Purify (Wesley Snipes), a married architect, and Angie Tucci (Annabella Sciorra), the temporary secretary who becomes his lover.

What begins as a standard-issue office affair, with late nights over Chinese take-out leading to desktop consummation, evolves by its racial nature into an affront to two families and two communities, Flipper's Harlem and Angie's Bensonhurst. When the pair begin living together midway through the film, it is less as willing mates than fellow traitors, and when they uncouple toward the end, Flipper says, "I give up. It's not worth it. I don't love you and I doubt seriously you ever loved me . . . . Love-can-overcome-everything . . . is only in Walt Disney movies, and I've always hated Disney movies."

Those words come as much from Mr. Lee as from the character. Even before "Jungle Fever" had its world premiere last month at the Cannes International Film Festival, he had said its purpose was to inspect and thereby demolish the sexual stereotypes of the black man as stud nonpareil and the white woman as beauty incarnate. But as he acknowledged in a recent interview -- in anticipation of the film's opening this Friday -- his concerns extend beyond the affair to its volatile, even violent consequences.

"I hate this whole Hollywood process of breaking down a movie to one sentence," he said. "My films don't deal with one theme. They interweave many different things. You have to think. I'm not saying interracial relationships are impossible. Flipper and Angie are not meant to represent every interracial couple in the world. They are meant to represent two people who got together because of sexual mythology instead of love. Then they stay together because they're *pushed* together. They're outcasts. And since their relationship isn't based on love, when things get tough, they can't weather the storm."

The sexual politics of race (or the racial politics of sex) has been a recurrent issue throughout Mr. Lee's career. "School Daze," his 1988 satire on an all-black college similar to his own alma mater, Morehouse, turned the friction centered on color into a pointed burlesque. The college's women divided into two camps, the dark "Jigaboos" and the fair "Wannabees," who taunted each other in one scene with the epithets "pickaninny," "Barbie doll," "tar baby" and "high-yellow heifer." The anti-apartheid activist who was the film's hero selected a dark girlfriend at least partly to establish his black nationalist credentials.

For exposing that color seam to white audiences, and so contravening the ideal of black unity, Mr. Lee received no small criticism from African-Americans. Not that it dissuaded him from raising the matter again and again. In "Do the Right Thing," the white owner of a pizzeria (Danny Aiello) treated a much younger black woman (Joie Lee) with affection that hovered ambiguously between paternalism and lechery. A black pianist's white girlfriend was the object of ridicule by his fellow musicians in "Mo' Better Blues." And Malcolm X, the subject of Mr. Lee's next film, spoke frequently about issues of color and appearance, whether castigating blacks for straightening their hair or wishing aloud he could drain the white blood from his veins, coming as it had from the rape of his maternal grandmother.

"You might call those sketches," Mr. Lee said of the scenes in his earlier films. "I really started thinking about 'Jungle Fever' while we were doing 'Mo' Better Blues.' I thought it was time to go back to the No. 1 problem in America -- racism -- but to try to broaden the canvas from 'Do the Right Thing.' That was about race alone. This is about race, sex, class, drugs -- and that's a more combustible mixture."

It is also about history. Ossie Davis, playing a retired minister who is Flipper's father, gives a speech that recalls the rape of black slaves by white masters and alludes to the case of Emmett Till, a 15-year-old black lynched for whistling at a white woman in Mississippi. "It really has to do with sexual inadequacy," Mr. Lee said, speaking of such violence. "If you look at the cases of black men who got lynched, they usually got castrated, too. There's something about black men being with white women that threatens white men. And that's why Yusuf Hawkins was killed."

It was in the fall of 1989, in the months immediately after the shooting, that Mr. Lee began making notes for "Jungle Fever." In his usual method, he transferred the best ideas from a legal pad to index cards, then arranged the cards into a sequence of scenes. Only then did he begin to write dialogue, guided not only by the skeletal plot but by his desire to tailor parts for Mr. Snipes, Mr. Davis, John Turturro and others.

Shaping issues of class as well as race, Mr. Lee made Flipper the white-collar half of the film's central couple. He lives in a restored brownstone on Striver's Row in Harlem, with The New York Times on the doorstep and a Romare Bearden collage on the wall. His wife works as a buyer at Bloomingdale's and their young daughter dresses for success in a Spelman College sweatshirt.

Angie, by contrast, is a child of the ***working class***, visiting Manhattan only on assignment from a temporary agency. With her mother dead, she is expected by Old World custom to cook dinner for her father and brothers, preferably early enough so they can turn on the Mets game and heckle Darryl Strawberry. Angie's longtime boyfriend, Paulie Carbone (Mr. Turturro), shares her longing for a future outside the neighborhood, yet settles for running the family luncheonette.

The film unfolds largely through parallel scenes -- Flipper and Angie each confiding their affair to a close friend; the couple going on dates to the Harlem restaurant Sylvia's, where they have trouble being served because of her presence, and to the San Gennaro festival in Little Italy; Flipper being kicked out by his wife and Angie beaten by her father after friends betray their secret. And if there is one set piece that rises above the rest, however powerful and well observed audiences may find them, it is the conversation among Flipper's wife, Drew (Lonette McKee), and her friends after his eviction.

The screenplay sets the scene this way: "What we have here is a WAKE. A MOURNING for another SISTER who has been WRONGED. Drew. . .and her girlfriends sit in the living room, laughing, crying and discussing the state of THE BLACK MAN." Mr. Lee's camera then gives public exposition to private candor.

"Most of them are homos, drug addicts or in jail," a woman named Nilda says of single black men. "And the good ones know" they are, "so they see 10 women at a time, leaving babies all over the place." To which Drew rejoins: "Even though my marriage is wrecked, I still believe there are good black men out there. The problem is a lot of these good men just might be ***working class***. A bus driver, garbage man or whatnot. There is nothing wrong with them."

A few moments later, the topic turns to white women. "It's ridiculous the way they act around the brothers," Drew says. "These white bitches think he's the best thing since sliced bread. This sacred thing that their daddies tried to keep them from all their life and when they get a chance, they gonna get some."

Mr. Lee devoted nearly three days to rehearsing the scene and an entire day to filming it, using two cameras at all times. Sam Pollard, the film's editor, culled two hours of usable dialogue, much of it ad-libbed at Mr. Lee's urging. "I can't write dialogue." he said, "as good as they're gonna say it."

For the actresses, the performance ventured deeply into their personal lives. Ms. McKee, the daughter of a black father and a white mother, was embraced only by her black relatives and yet has been spared certain racial indignities by virtue of her fair skin.

"There was a lot of truth in that scene," she said. "For nearly 500 years, we've been enslaved and told that white women are superior, that everything white is superior to anything black. How would a black woman compete with a white girl? We've been brainwashed for so long."

So intense and rending was the scene that it created several off-screen friendships between the actresses. And when Ms. McKee saw the finished film for the first time several weeks ago, she said the emotions felt as fresh as ever.

"I carry heavy baggage," she said, "and when I saw the scene I wept. It was just heart-wrenching for me. Because there's so much reality in that film. And I live it every day."

The mirror images of the black women in Drew's living room are the white men in Paulie's luncheonette. For them, too, color is a concept freighted with pain and irony. The customer quickest to bellow his bigotry listens to the rap group Public Enemy. The regular who reviles Angie for seeing Flipper curses the women who will not date him because, as a swarthy Sicilian, he is too dark. Paulie interrupts a customer's anti-black diatribe to recall the lynching of five Italian immigrants in Louisiana earlier in the century.

"There has to be a reason there's so much conflict with blacks and Italians," Mr. Lee mused. "Maybe it's because we're not that far apart. Sicily's not that far from Africa. Somewhere down the line, Hannibal or somebody. . . ." He let the sentence trail off, then continued: "New York has a lot of ethnic groups. Now we know there's conflict with blacks and Jews, with blacks and Koreans. But the violence is always between blacks and Italians."

Despite that atmosphere of lethal antagonism, Mr. Lee has shown the ability to write Italian characters as complex and varied as his black creations. And that artistic even-handedness has brought an integral tension and poignance to films like "Jungle Fever," based on confrontation.

Sal, the pizzeria owner, dominated "Do the Right Thing" with his mixture of pride, temper, tenderness and hate. In the aftermath of the Hawkins murder, Bensonhurst was often depicted as a monochromatic realm of racists. Mr. Lee in "Jungle Fever," however, has peopled the neighborhood with a far more complete range of humanity, from the gentle and yearning Paulie to the thuggish Vinny, whom the director modeled on Joseph Fama, the man convicted of murder in the Hawkins case.

Mr. Lee's familiarity and facility with such characters derives at least partly from his childhood. His family lived in the Cobble Hill section of Brooklyn when the neighborhood was largely Italian, and his closest friend on the block was Louie Tucci, his teammate for stickball in the schoolyard of P.S. 29. Louie's surname, of course, belongs to Angie in "Jungle Fever," and elements of his personality appear in Paulie. At the same time, Mr. Lee learned in Cobble Hill the limits of acceptance when he tried to join an all-white Cub Scout troop that operated from a nearby church. He was refused membership because, he was informed, he was not Roman Catholic.

Still, Mr. Lee said, he does not view the Italian and black communities in "Jungle Fever" as equally culpable, morally equivalent. Flipper's father may insult his child for crossing the racial line, but he will not exile or attack him. Even Drew Purify, it develops, is the child of a mixed marriage, who was accepted and raised in the black hemisphere of her bifurcated world.

"It's very rare," Mr. Lee said, "for a black family to disown a member for marrying someone white. This is not to say we view these couplings with open arms. But when you're oppressed, when you're at the bottom of a socio-economic system, you have a different perspective."

DRUGS IN HIS 'JUNGLE'

While "Jungle Fever" is largely the story of an interracial affair and its aftershocks, the film also includes Spike Lee's first reckoning on film with the drug epidemic. Some critics took him to task for not portraying drug abuse in "Do the Right Thing," but Mr. Lee maintained that the inclusion of such material in "Jungle Fever" is not at all reactive.

"This was the film to deal with drugs in," Mr. Lee said. "In 'Do the Right Thing' it would've been a bogus subplot. And in 'Mo' Better Blues' it would've been a movie we've seen before -- the genius musician ruined by drugs. This time it could be organic to the story."

Drug abuse is personified in "Jungle Fever" by Gator Purify (Samuel L. Jackson), a crack addict who is the son of the Good Reverend Doctor (Ossie Davis) and his wife, Lucinda (Ruby Dee, in photograph with Mr. Jackson), and the older brother of Flipper, the successful architect portrayed by Wesley Snipes. At one point, after Gator has stolen the family television set, Flipper tracks him to a vast crack den called the Taj Mahal. So central did the issue of drugs become to "Jungle Fever" that Mr. Lee chose to end the film with Flipper's wordless cry of anguish when, as he walks his daughter to school, an addict offers to perform oral sex for $2.

"Which is more important," the director asked, "whether a black man should love a white woman, or what drugs are doing to the black community?"

**Graphic**

Photos: Annabella Sciorra and Wesley Snipes in "Jungle Fever"--The director has driven to the core of race, sex and place. (David Lee/Universal Studios) (pg. 15); scene from "Jungle Fever" (David Lee/Universal City Studios) (pg. 15); Ossie Davis, Wesley Snipes, Annabella Sciorra and Ruby Dee in "Jungle Fever"--The couple's affair is an affront to both their families (David Lee/Universal City Studios); a scene from Spike Lee's "School Daze" (1988)--The issue of color was turned into burlesque, and the director was criticized. (Columbia Pictures) (pg. 22)

**Load-Date:** June 21, 1991

**End of Document**



[***One Idyllic Suburb, Two Parallel Universes - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M8N-BYD0-TW8F-G25H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 5, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 7; LIVING IN/Lawrence, L.I.

**Length:** 1724 words

**Byline:** By MARCELLE S. FISCHLER

**Body**

COMING from a co-op in Flatbush, Brooklyn, Chaya and Simon Fridman, both 27, searched the Five Towns area of southwest Nassau County for their first house before settling last April on a three-bedroom, two-bath high ranch in Lawrence, a well-to-do suburb that in recent years has become a hub of Orthodox Jewish life.

Ms. Fridman, a stay-at-home mother, wanted a yard and kosher shops, as well as a yeshiva for her 3-year-old, Matthew. In Lawrence, which blends seamlessly with the other Five Towns village of Cedarhurst as well as the hamlets of Woodmere, Inwood and Hewlett, there was no shortage of any item on her list.

''I loved the idea that we were able to breathe in our own yard,'' Ms. Fridman said, delighted by her 50-by-150-foot lot. ''It's a different kind of living. It's calmer.''

Like many of the young Orthodox families who have moved into Lawrence in recent years, the Fridmans relished the tranquillity of suburban living without having to compromise the traditions and strictures of their religious observance.

Observant Jews who do not ride on the Sabbath, the family had three congregations in walking distance to choose from. They settled on Congregation Bais Medrash.

Similarly, though school taxes on the Fridmans' $490,000 home run more than $2,000 a year, public schools weren't on the family's radar. Instead, they were lured by the area's numerous Jewish day schools.

''I had a choice of five yeshivas,'' Ms. Fridman said. She enrolled Matthew at the Yeshiva of the South Shore in Hewlett, where he is expected to study through the 12th grade. Preschool tuition runs $4,600.

The influx into religious schools has tipped the balance in the once top-of-the-line School District 15, which covers Lawrence, Cedarhurst, Inwood, Atlantic Beach, Woodsburgh, and parts of Woodmere and North Woodmere. There are now 3,872 private students and 3,333 in public schools.

Concurrently, with minority growth in some areas -- most significantly in ***working-class*** Inwood -- the public schools are becoming more diverse. ''We are becoming a majority minority school district,'' said Vicki Karant, assistant superintendent for curriculum.

The public school population today, Dr. Karant said, is 20 percent African-American, 30 percent Hispanic, 7 percent Asian and 43 percent white, while the nonpublic student body is almost exclusively white.

These changes, along with a decline in test scores at public schools, have many longtime non-Orthodox residents worried. An additional source of concern for them: In July, Orthodox candidates won four seats on the seven-member school board, even though most Orthodox children do not attend public schools.

''It's not a public school board,'' said Asher Mansdorf, the board president. ''By law, it's a school board that controls all educational monies in the area.'' Dr. Mansdorf, whose children attended yeshivas, says the board has both the religious and the public schools' interests at heart. By law, private school students receive busing, textbooks, special education services and nurses from public school funds. Fields and buildings, if available, may be used by private school students after hours.

Dr. Mansdorf said his board was focused on ''improving outcomes'' for public school students and making capital improvements to the school buildings. At Lawrence High School, for instance, the auditorium's ceiling, unstable from moisture, is being repaired. And an outside consultant will be brought in by January to help improve public school scores.

''Nothing would please me more than to have two incredible school systems, public and private,'' Dr. Mansdorf said.

But some parents are apprehensive about having private school parents decide what is best for public school students. Lisa Gray, a 1980 Lawrence High School graduate who now heads its PTA, said there had been a ''huge flight'' from the district. ''There are a lot of people that are concerned about the education of the children,'' said Ms. Gray, whose two children attend Lawrence schools. ''So they are moving out of the district.''

Ms. Gray, who has lived in the area her whole life, has thought about becoming one of them.

What You'll Pay

Property values and public-school quality usually go hand in hand. But in Lawrence, it is the yeshivas that keep demand high and prices steady.

While houses are taking longer to sell these days, the median price for homes in Lawrence was about $820,000 in each of the past two years. Prices range from almost $500,000, for a starter home in an unincorporated area north of the Long Island Rail Road tracks, to more than $3 million, for estates in the swanky area known as Back Lawrence.

Taxes on homes approaching $500,000 are about $4,600, and those on houses costing over $3 million exceed $33,000.

''You are not only buying a home, you are buying a quality of life,'' said Miriam Adler, an agent with Pugatch Realty in Woodmere.

There are 22 co-ops on the market, ranging from $140,000 for a one-bedroom to $500,000 for a three-bedroom. Concerns about strains on the village water plant resulted in a moratorium last year on major construction. A $6.7 million plan has been submitted to the State Department of Environmental Conservation to increase capacity and upgrade, but it awaits approval.

If the deal gets the green light, it will also involve the sale of the former School No. 1, a public school on Central Avenue, which closed in June 2004 as part of a consolidation to save the district money. A developer plans condos on the site.

What You'll Find

With its elegant homes, golf, tennis and yachting facilities, vast wetlands along Reynolds Channel, quick access over the Atlantic Beach Bridge to ocean beaches and easy commute to Manhattan, Lawrence has long been a beacon to those seeking the best of suburban living.

It has also been a Jewish bastion. The newest influx is far more traditional in dress and observance than two generations ago.

Synagogues are plentiful, and so, increasingly, are shtiebels -- private homes where followers of a particular rabbi gather to pray.

''Communities undergo change, and Lawrence is no different,'' said Dr. Jack Levenbrun, the village's mayor. A family-oriented neighborhood with 1,600 homes and 600 apartments, Lawrence draws both newlyweds and empty-nesters, who buy so that their adult children can visit.

''For someone who is observant,'' Dr. Levenbrun, ''all the amenities are there,'' including mikvahs, or ritual baths, and an eruv, a boundary built under rabbinic supervision, inside which Orthodox Jews are allowed to push strollers or carry essential items on the Sabbath.

Lawrence's shopping district, a stretch of Central Avenue between Rockaway Turnpike and Washington Avenue, is dominated by kosher markets and restaurants, along with a barber shop, furniture store and bath products store that are closed on Saturdays and open on Sundays.

Bridie O's, a bar on Central Avenue, is one of a handful of businesses that don't cater to the Orthodox clientele. Jimmy Dowling, its owner, said that on Saturdays Lawrence ''is a complete ghost town.''

The Schools

The district includes Lawrence High School, Lawrence Middle School, three elementary schools and a prekindergarten.

In Grade 4, 79.4 percent of students tested at or above grade level in math and 83.5 percent in English. In Grade 8, 56 percent tested at or above grade level in math and 56.1 percent in English.

Combined SAT scores for 2006 were 1,021, compared with the New York State combined average of 1,003. SAT writing scores were 496; the state average was 483.

Two of the largest Jewish day schools -- the Hebrew Academy of the Five Towns and Rockaway, and Rambam Mesivta -- combined this year to form Machon HaTorah, or the Torah Institute. Like most yeshivas, it has a double curriculum in Judaic and secular studies.

Median SAT scores at Rambam, which is for boys, were 1,257 in reading and math and 598 in writing. At the Hebrew Academy of the Five Towns and Rockaway, which is coeducational, scores were 1,182 in reading and math and 590 in writing.

The Commute

Lawrence is 20 miles from Manhattan, and 50 minutes from Penn Station on the Far Rockaway Branch of the Long Island Rail Road. The 5:32 p.m. express from Penn Station shaves six minutes off the ride; it does not require a change in Jamaica. A monthly ticket is $174.44 on the Web, $178 at the station. A peak ticket is $8.25; otherwise, it runs $6.

What to Do

The Lawrence Village Country Club has an 18-hole golf course and nine outdoor tennis courts. Residents receive priority and pay $3,000 for full golf privileges; nonresidents pay $6,150. The Lawrence Marina and Yacht House has a marina with 132 slips overlooking a natural cove.

The village shopping district extends down Central Avenue into Cedarhurst. Along Rockaway Turnpike nearby are several strip malls, a Costco and the Bay Harbor Mall, a 300,000-square-foot center with stores like Burlington Coat Factory.

The History

Lawrence, incorporated in 1897, got its start as a summer resort. In the 1850s, the brothers Alfred, Newbold and George Lawrence began acquiring land to build mansions in Back Lawrence, which became a wealthy haven from the city.

Rock Hall, a 1768 mansion, was built by Josiah Martin, a West Indian plantation owner, as a respite from slave rebellions in the Caribbean. Operated by the Town of Hempstead, it is the only museum in Lawrence.

What We Like

Yeshivas and public schools in District 15 are beginning to work together. Students from the Hebrew Academy of Long Beach branch known as the Davis Renov Stahler Yeshiva High School for Boys in Woodmere are mentoring elementary students in the English-as-a-second-language program at the public No. 6 School. And the Peninsula Public Library is working with local yeshivas, some of which lack large libraries, to train students on online data bases.

Going Forward

With Orthodox Jews voting as a bloc, said Ms. Gray, the PTA president, turnout among non-Orthodox voters in Inwood and Atlantic Beach, for example, would need to approach 100 percent if residents there wanted to gain a school board seat.

But parent participation has dwindled. Describing a recent PTA meeting as ''very sad,'' she recalled ''a time where you would have 200 parents there kicking and screaming.''

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

**Correction**

The ''Living In'' article last Sunday, about Lawrence, N.Y., misspelled the surname of the village's mayor. He is Dr. Jack Levenbrown, not Levenbrun.

**Correction-Date:** November 12, 2006

**Graphic**

Photos: ROOMS WITH A VIEW -- Lawrence has a marina and other amenities for outdoors enthusiasts, as well as amenities for its Orthodox Jewish residents.

On the Market: 105 OCEAN AVENUE -- This 1954 colonial on 2.5 pond-front acres has a tennis court and swimming pool. It is listed at $3.499 million. (516) 569-5110

156 HARBORVIEW SOUTH -- This 1966 split ranch has four bedrooms and two and a half baths. It lists for $1.2 million. (516) 295-3000

261 CENTRAL AVENUE -- This one-bedroom, one-bath co-op, No. E1, in a 1930 building lists at $154,000. (516) 791-8300 (Photographs by Kirk Condyles for The New York Times)Map of Long Island highlighting Lawrence.

**Load-Date:** November 5, 2006

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[***Carletonville Journal;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-63P0-002S-X3TY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'Whites Only' Is One Thing the Blacks Won't Buy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-63P0-002S-X3TY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section A; Page 4, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1092 words

**Byline:** By JOHN D. BATTERSBY, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CARLETONVILLE, South Africa, March 11

**Body**

''We are not living in the 1950's any longer. It is we blacks who have got the economic buying power now, and we can make the whites feel the pinch.''

Symon Chuene, an immaculately dressed black miner who works at the Elandsrand gold mine near this neatly landscaped mining town, spoke with confidence and pride.

As he spoke, the mainly white-owned stores in the downtown shopping area of the town were deserted because of a boycott by blacks that began on Feb. 27.

The boycott was prompted by the erection of whites-only signs in three of the town's parks two months ago by the far-right white town council.

Most Shoppers Are Black

Blacks account for more than 60 percent of business in Carletonville, a whites-only town of 40,000 people about 40 miles southwest of Johannesburg. A recent survey indicated that 23 of 93 businesses would have to close soon if the boycott continued. Some have already closed. White shop owners, who readily concede that they face ruin, have urged the council to drop the reimposition of rigid apartheid, but so far the councilors have stood their ground.

The council has been controlled by the Conservative Party, which advocates a return to rigid segregation, since local elections last October. The party won control of some 80 councils nationwide.

In the last decade the governing National Party has relaxed the application of segregation laws in many major towns. In Carletonville, blacks had been allowed to use parks and some recreational areas, but other public places like the library and swimming pool remained segregated.

By far the most striking change since the 1950's has been the rapid integration of the downtown commercial area, where black consumers spend an estimated $3 million each month.

'They Want Our Money'

When the National Party imposed rigid segregation in this town more than 30 years ago, most of the black miners were rural migrant workers and had little collective power.

Today they are still denied political rights. But black consumers form the backbone of the town's commercial activity, although they are forced to live miles away in the crowded and dusty township of Khutsong, Carletonville's nearest black neighborhood, which has a population of some 50,000. In addition, about 110,000 blacks live and work at the gold mines within 10 miles of the town.

Mr. Chuene, a member of the powerful black mineworkers' union, said that this time blacks would not take the buttressing of apartheid laws lying down. ''We are sick of the attitudes of the whites here,'' he said in an interview in the whites-only park. ''They want our money but they don't want our faces in the town.''

''From now on we will direct our buying power at the people who treat us like human beings,'' he said with a contemptuous glance at one of the new whites-only signs.

The signs state: ''Whites Only. Reserved in terms of Act 49 of 1953.'' The message is repeated in Afrikaans, but not in any of the African languages spoken by the miners.

Whites-only signs are among the most emotive symbols of apartheid for blacks. Thousands were put up all over the country in the 50's and 60's. In the last 15 years the signs have been removed in most public places, on trains and in post offices, although they are still found on some beaches and in smaller rural towns. In return for calling off their boycott, blacks are demanding the scrapping of the Separate Amenities Act, a law providing for the segregation of public accommodations introduced by the National Party 36 years ago. They also demand police protection against racial attacks by whites, which have raised tensions in the town recently.

Buying Elsewhere Sanctioned

The boycott's organizers have displayed an unusual pragmatism by sanctioning the buying of goods in other Conservative-controlled towns, the closest of which is 25 miles to the south.

They have also exempted the town's Indian shop owners from the boycott and have not yet targeted ''concession shops'' at the mines, where black miners are able to buy basic provisions. But Indian traders complain that they have been as heavily hit by the boycott as whites. Law and Order Minister Adriaan J. Vlok announced that there would be no arrests under the Separate Amenities Act for violating the racial restriction in the parks and that offenders should be merely cautioned and have their names taken. This has already undercut the Carletonville councilors, who had threatened to arrest blacks who sat down in the parks from the beginning of February. No arrests have been made. #8 Blacks Are Arrested Since the boycott began, eight black men have been arrested after complaints by Conservative Party councilors that black ''intimidators'' were preventing blacks from entering white-owned shops. But there is no indication that the authorities plan to invoke emergency regulations to end the boycott.

Carletonville is in the gold-producing Western Transvaal and is a creation of apartheid, having been founded in 1948, the year the National Party came to power.

The town is too far outside Johannesburg and too small to qualify as an industrial satellite. But it is bigger than the average rural town and its homogenous white mining population makes it atypical. The once omnipotent status of the white miners has been steadily eroded by rapidly growing black industrial power.

Koos Nel, chairman of the Carletonville Council, said in an interview that the town's whites were just not ready for the changes being demanded of them.

''I agree that there are other ways of solving the park problem but the easiest and cheapest way is to use the law,'' Mr. Nel said. ''We put up the signs because it was the only solution we could see, and it is working.''

The Price Could Be High

The whites have a lot to lose. In towns like Carletonville they have used their privileged position to create an unusually comfortable way of life for a ***working-class*** group. As a result, the fear among whites is almost tangible. Some Afrikaners flaunt revolvers in holsters at their waist.

Peet Ludick, a white barman at a blacks-only bar at one of the town's main hotels, has voted for the Conservative Party since 1983 because he feared black majority rule. But he says he will not do so again.

''I didn't vote for this sort of thing,'' he said, referring to the whites-only signs. ''I will vote for the National Party next time.''

But many whites seem prepared to make sacrifices to protect what they have been told for the last 40 years is rightfully theirs.

''I would rather die poor with principles than be a rich sellout,'' Mr. Nel said.

**Graphic**

photo of black workers in Carletonville, South Africa (NYT/Anne Day)

**End of Document**



[***The Survivor and the Survivalist***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FT8-NJ70-TW8F-G1SN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1684 words

**Byline:** By LIESL SCHILLINGER

Liesl Schillinger is an arts editor at The New Yorker and a regular contributor to the Book Review.

**Body**

A Changed Man

By Francine Prose.

421 pp. HarperCollins Publishers. $24.95.

LATE in 1992, Ingo Hasselbach, an East German skinhead who moved to West Berlin in 1989 and founded the united Germany's first neo-Nazi group, had a change of heart. ''I'd like to get out of the scene, but I don't have a clue how to do it,'' he told an old friend, as he recalled in his memoir, ''Fuhrer-Ex.'' At first, neither his former Kameraden nor the authorities believed in his conversion. Tall and blond, with a history of ''Clockwork Orange''-style ultraviolence, Hasselbach made an effective mascot for white supremacy, and his audience resisted his attempt to ditch the role. Ironically, one of the first to take his repentance seriously was Ignatz Bubis, the leader of Germany's Jewish community -- the first Jew this onetime anti-Semite had ever met. The two had a heart-to-heart talk, and afterward Hasselbach marveled, ''There was someone who understood me after all.''

The point of this lengthy preamble is to establish that the protagonist of Francine Prose's powerful, funny and exquisitely nuanced new novel, ''A Changed Man'' -- an American ex-neo-Nazi who enlists a Jewish human rights leader to help mend his ways -- is not a preposterous invention. He's someone who not only could exist but in many ways already does.

Prose's creation, Vincent Nolan, is a disenchanted member of the American Rights Movement (a k a ARM, or the Aryan Resistance Movement), a 32-year-old loser from upstate New York. Bumped from his hamster-wheel rotation of skinhead idees fixes by a harmonious tab of Ecstasy, ''pink as a kitten's tongue,'' Nolan impulsively heads for Manhattan in a Chevy pickup stolen from his ARM-thug cousin, Raymond. The dowry Nolan brings to his new life is skimpy: a resume that reads like a chapter from Barbara Ehrenreich's ''Nickel and Dimed: On (Not) Getting By in America,'' a copy of ''Crime and Punishment,'' some swag swiped from his cousin (Xanax, Vicodin and a copy of Soldier of Fortune magazine) and, on his arm, tattoos of SS lightning bolts and a death's-head. All the same, Nolan has something invisible but substantive to offer: information on the structure and methods of his cousin's hate group.

He has handpicked the recipient of his gift of knowledge: Meyer Maslow, the author (and subject) of a Holocaust survival chronicle called ''The Kindness of Strangers'' and the head of the World Brotherhood Watch Foundation, a prestigious philanthropic organization. Nolan has rehearsed the declaration he will make to Maslow, a stirringly simple cry for salvation: ''I want to help you guys save guys like me from becoming guys like me.''

But Nolan hasn't asked himself a crucial question: what kind of guys are the people who work at World Brotherhood Watch? And might they need saving themselves? As Prose's novel shows, it's not only errant sons who could stand some reforming. The world is full of prodigals; some just have better cover than others. Admittedly, Nolan's is more meager than most, and his appearance at the foundation's headquarters spooks the receptionist, who eyes his terrorist-issue duffel and calls in a supervisor, Bonnie Kalen, for backup.

As it happens, Meyer and Bonnie have been brainstorming about an impending crisis: their charity dinner is seriously undersold. How can they move hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of tickets in a matter of weeks -- especially when, in a ghoulish fluke, the night of their benefit coincides with the execution date of the Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh? ''I have a . . . funny feeling,'' Meyer tells Bonnie. ''Someone is coming. Something's going to happen. . . . The important thing is to stay open to the miracle when it occurs.''

Nolan is the miracle, but not the sort Meyer might have scripted in his memoirs. The first clue that this cliche-busting novel is entirely under Prose's control -- and will soon head in unexpected directions -- is that when hero and antihero collide they don't merely shake hands. In an unsettlingly frat-boyish ritual of male bonding, they compare tattoos: Vincent's Nazi insignia and Meyer's Auschwitz number, a souvenir of what Vincent's cousin still calls the ''Holo-hoax.'' ''My tattoos and yours are not the same!'' Meyer says pointedly. ''I know that,'' Nolan replies. ''You don't,'' Maslow insists. To which Nolan responds, ''I'm learning. Believe me.'' But does Maslow believe him? A famous martyr, he doesn't have a lot of faith. A deliciously subversive suspicion creeps in: is the survivalist more of a mensch than the survivor?

Unlike Meyer, Nolan doesn't think he knows what it means to be good, but he's sincerely trying to figure it out. And that means he's in the same boat as Bonnie, which is new for him but a lifelong situation for her. A liberal whose heart bleeds for everyone but herself, Bonnie has been dumped by her pathologically self-absorbed husband and is raising two adolescent sons on her own in the suburbs. She worships her boss with such blind devotion that her kids call him Meyer Manson.

But does Meyer deserve Bonnie's fealty? He likes to ponder his assorted pettinesses from time to time and sometimes frets that he could be accused of ''practicing telescopic philanthropy, mistreating those closest to him in his efforts to save people on the other side of the planet.'' Nonetheless, when Nolan needs a place to stay -- so that ARM bounty hunters don't chase him down and cut off his toes, as they did to a past defector -- Meyer neatly passes the Nazi-boarding duties to Bonnie. ''Bonnie wanted to be asked to take Vincent in,'' he tells himself self-servingly. Nice guy or not, he's right, and anyway Bonnie enjoys indulging him. ''Meyer insists on having it all at once,'' she reflects. ''History, God and expensive clothes.'' If he thinks he's entitled to go through the rest of his life with a free pass and rely on miracles to get his work done, that's fine by her. ''Meyer is, after all, a man plucked five times from the clutches of death. What was he supposed to do? Outgrow it after the war?''

And thus it is that Bonnie and her sons, Danny and Max, end up with the neo-fascist in the guest room. The boys, as blase and unshockable as all teenagers, act unfazed to find a shaved-head Ryan Gosling look-alike at the kitchen table. Not long before, they'd watched as a skinhead on a talk show turned himself in to the Simon Wiesenthal Foundation. ''Danny remembers telling Max: Trust me, it won't be long until Mom and Meyer get a Nazi of their own.'' But as Nolan's stay stretches from days to weeks, a metamorphosis occurs; the stray pit bull the family took in turns into the man of the house, someone who can listen to Bonnie complain about her day at work, lend her authority with her sons -- and even help Danny on his Hitler paper!

Bonnie, whose heart has been frozen since her husband left, warily begins to thaw. She's ''touched, despite herself, by this overgrown ***working-class*** kid, this hard-luck, basically likable young man who never had a chance. But how many bad breaks does it take to turn you into a guy with SS tattoos? The idea is so American.'' After his speech at the foundation dinner provokes a media lovefest, she's surprised to find herself wondering, ''Could she possibly have the tiniest crush on Vincent?'' Post-gala, Meyer is less squeamish about his desires. Could Vincent's notoriety create a publicity bonanza for World Brotherhood Watch -- and boost the flagging sales of Meyer's new book? House Nazi to the rescue!

Francine Prose has long been established as a writer who can carve and polish irregular human pieces until they fit together not with false prettiness but with smooth seams. In her last novel, ''Blue Angel,'' the puzzle pieces included a manipulative student, her bumbling but well-intentioned creative-writing professor and his wife and colleagues. But even decades ago, in novels like ''Animal Magnetism'' and ''Household Saints,'' Prose's tools were impressively sharp. Yet ''A Changed Man'' represents a departure: unlike her other books, which illuminate relationships among small circles (families, couples, tight communities), this story has a continental sweep.

Here Prose uses the exaggerated failings of an ideological extremist to expose the wishy-washy but more pervasive moral failures of contemporary America: detached or absent fathers; frantic, overworked mothers; undernurtured children; checkbook philanthropy; media hypocrisy; the shortage of local heroes willing to help the people around them. But for all of that, the novel isn't a sermon or a lecture. Prose doesn't sit in judgment; instead, she holds a mirror up to her characters, reflecting both their imperfections and their charms.

Even rehabilitated, Nolan is hardly an obvious role model, but he has a moral code. He quit ARM because he realized it was a cop-out, ''a way that guys have found to explain to themselves why they're unemployed and broke, or working crappy jobs they hate.'' As he tells Danny, he has learned that there are two types of people in the world: those who run toward whatever dangerous stuff is happening and those who run away. Which kind is Danny? Which kind is Meyer? And Bonnie and Nolan? There are no easy answers, but at least Nolan is struggling with the right questions.

John Updike attempted something on this scale with his century-spanning epic, ''In the Beauty of the Lilies.'' In it, a kid named Clark, the grandson of a small-town mailman and the son of a Hollywood actress, joins a Branch Davidian-style cult. During a Waco-like conflagration, Clark -- like Ingo Hasselbach and Vincent Nolan -- has a change of heart. Hearing that he has died while killing the cult's leader, his grieving mother thinks: ''Poor little Clark. He tried so hard as a baby to be good, working on how to nurse, to crawl, to walk, to talk, to be a person. . . . Thank you, Lord, for letting my son become a hero at the end.''

Francine Prose shows that heroes -- even compromised ones -- are much more useful if they can be kept alive. The most important part of being good is being there.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Drawing by Lou Beach)

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[***A Question of Culture - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RTT-0330-TW8F-G04V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1788 words

**Byline:** By KATIE THOMAS; Paul Bertoni contributed reporting.

**Dateline:** SANTO DOMINGO, Dominican Republic

**Body**

It is Sunday morning at the Club Gallistico de San Martin, and merengue pulses from two loudspeakers by the outdoor bar. But over by the plexiglass cages, the din of 106 roosters overpowers any other sound.

The birds stamp their feet and cock their heads in an uncanny imitation of boxers before a match. Men in Mets and Yankees caps scoop them up and cradle them like infants, stroking their feathers until they close their eyes.

By the time night falls in this cockfighting club in El Nueve, a ***working-class*** neighborhood of Santo Domingo, many of the roosters will be dead.

They can have their eyes pecked out by a more vigorous adversary. They can be impaled through the brain with one of the plastic spikes that are affixed to the foot of every fighting bird. Or, if a lung is punctured, the end may come in slow, raspy gasps.

Whichever way the roosters die, Jose Delio Jimenez will most likely chalk it up to the cruel order of Mother Nature.

''If you put two roosters together, they will fight,'' said Jimenez, 69, the club's longtime proprietor. ''But if you put a thousand hens together, they will never fight. The roosters have this in them.''

Many Dominicans look puzzled when asked their opinion of the controversy about an online video of cockfighting in which the current and former major league pitchers Pedro Martinez and Juan Marichal appear. The manager of a cockfighting club in Martinez's neighborhood said that Martinez was a regular there and that he had also been a guest at Jimenez's club.

Marichal oversaw the sport of cockfighting when he served as his country's minister of sports in the 1990s. He also raises fighting roosters, several cockfighting enthusiasts said.

''It is no secret to anybody that he likes cockfighting,'' Jimenez said.

In the United States, animal rights groups have called the pitchers' actions shameful and have drawn comparisons to Michael Vick, the Atlanta Falcons quarterback convicted of running a dogfighting operation last year. Cockfighting is illegal in all 50 states.

''There is no moral distinction between dogfighting and cockfighting,'' Wayne Pacelle, president of the Humane Society of the United States, said in a statement last week. ''Both involve the torture of animals for the titillation of spectators who enjoy the violence and bloodletting.''

But in the Dominican Republic, cockfighting is celebrated as a symbol of the country's warrior spirit. Nearly every neighborhood and country village has a gallera, or cockfighting arena, and the sport is legal and regulated.

There are 1,500 galleras registered with the country's National Commission of Cockfighting, and the industry employs thousands of people, said Junior Arias Noboa, the commission's president.

''We don't see anything wrong with it,'' he said of cockfighting. ''It is completely integrated in our laws and completely integrated in our tradition.''

The roosters in El Nueve begin their day at around 10 a.m., when they are weighed and matched with an opponent, then placed in numbered cages. Next, Elvin Decena, a licensed rooster inspector dressed in white scrubs, uses an acid rinse that change colors when illegal substances are present on the birds' skin. Overzealous owners sometimes rub tobacco or other chemicals on the roosters, which they believe makes them fight harder, Decena said. While a helper holds each rooster's legs, Decena rubs the rinse into the neck feathers, then wipes the head and beak.

By the time the roosters reach Decena, they have spent an average of two years preparing for the ring. Their underbellies are shaved and their combs and wattles are surgically removed. Many were hatched from hens with a record of mothering good fighting birds. They are fed a diet of special grains, vitamins and antibiotics. The feathers are trimmed just so by professional groomers.

As Decena cleans the birds, he rattles off his favorite baseball players. ''The Dominicans,'' he says with a grin. ''David Ortiz, Samuel Sosa, Pedro Martinez.''

With 99 Dominicans playing in the major leagues in 2007, baseball is easily the country's most popular sport. But many said cockfighting ranks second.

Chicago Cubs third baseman Aramis Ramirez is prominently featured in a recent issue of a Dominican cockfighting magazine, En La Traba, in which he is pictured with several roosters that he raises for fighting. Of roosters, he said in the magazine, ''When I'm in the Dominican Republic, I'm dedicated entirely to them.''

At the gallera in Manoguayabo, the poor suburb where Martinez grew up, workers said several baseball players were regular spectators. Martinez visited the Manoguayabo arena two weeks ago, said the manager, Raul Mendes Vargas.

As for Marichal, ''He's a professional cockfighter,'' said Ramon Dario Campusano, a regular at the Manoguayabo gallera. ''A professional baseball player, and a professional cockfighter.''

Martinez released a statement last week through the Mets saying that cockfighting is ''part of our Dominican culture.'' A team statement said that although the Mets did not condone cruelty to animals, ''in many other countries activities such as bullfighting and cockfighting are both legal and part of the culture.''

A spokeswoman for the Mets said Martinez did not plan to comment further on the issue. Marichal did not respond to a message left at his home in Santo Domingo.

Jason Carr, a Cubs spokesman, said the team did not know that Ramirez was associated with cockfighter in the Dominican Republic. He said Ramirez could not be reached until he reports for spring training in Arizona on Feb. 18.

Two animal welfare groups, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals and the Humane Society, have called on Martinez and Marichal to apologize. Pacelle of the Humane Society said the fact that the sport was legal and culturally acceptable in the Dominican Republic did not excuse the pitchers' participation.

''Players, for good or for bad, are role models in American culture, especially for kids,'' he said. ''And we have a major problem in the United States with organized cockfighting and dogfighting.''

According to the Humane Society, tens of thousands of people are involved in cockfighting in the United States, and the group estimated that 40,000 are involved in dogfighting.

Pacelle dismissed the argument that roosters were natural fighters. They will fight over territory, he said, but ''you would rarely see any death or serious injury in the natural world.''

Before a bout, the roosters' spurs are replaced with plastic spikes, and a third bird is used to instigate the fight. ''It doesn't seem to me that there's anything natural about that,'' Pacelle said.

The sun is high at the Club Gallistico de San Martin, and the hour of the first fight is approaching. In a shaded courtyard outside the arena, men wrap napkins around wet bottles of Presidente beer and prepare to arm their roosters.

First they whittle the birds' spurs with a sharp knife before fitting the spikes. Few of the birds protest, and some close their eyes while their owners work, wrapping tape around the shortened spurs like assistants preparing boxers' hands. The spikes are affixed with a few drops of hot wax, then taped. The owners smooth any excess wax with wet fingertips, and make sure that the spikes are straight.

According to a history published by the cockfighting commission, the first fighting roosters arrived in 1492 when Christopher Columbus landed on what became the Dominican Republic. The Greeks and the Romans were said to have heldrooster fights, and they are popular today in Indonesia, Thailand, Mexico, Puerto Rico and elsewhere.

In the Dominican Republic, many say, cockfighting is intrinsic to national identity, especially among men. ''This is something that we carry in our blood,'' said Jose Luis Ramirez, a cockfighting referee. ''We are warriors. We love the competition.''

Cockfighting is especially popular in the countryside, said Lynne Guitar, an anthropologist and historian who lives in the Dominican Republic and studies its popular culture.

''They play baseball, they play stickball, and they have cockfights,'' she said. ''On Sundays, the women go to church, and the men go to the cockfight.''

Even in societies where cockfighting is a tradition, times can change, Pacelle said. ''There are many rationalizations that people provide for animal cruelty,'' he said, ''and culture and tradition is nearly always at the top of the list.''

Guitar said that many Dominicans had more pressing concerns than whether a rooster was being treated humanely. In their country, 40 percent of the population lives below the poverty line.

''Daily subsistence here is a fight,'' she said. ''Most of them don't have money for medicine when their kids get ill. So to see a rooster dying, it's like, 'And? So what? It's a rooster.' ''

At the Club Gallistico de San Martin, two armed policemen stand at the arena entrance and ask spectators to leave their guns in a locked chest. As the men file in to take their seats, the scene looks straight out of ''Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome,'' the 1980s dystopian classic.

Four rows of cascading seats surround the ring, which is bathed in flickering fluorescent light. Ceiling fans rattle. Those who could not afford the entry fee of 300 pesos, about $9, cling to metal bars that surround the arena. The fight starts when the birds arrive in plexiglass elevators that creak and lurch on a track above the crowd. Then they descend into the ring.

Two birds will enter, one bird will leave.

Workers snatch the roosters from their boxes and toss them into sacks, which are then hooked on either end of a balance scale to ensure that they are of similar weight.

A buzzer sounds. The roosters raise their hackles, then peck and circle each other. They hop into the air and stab their spikes into any bit of soft flesh they can find. Feathers fly and blood spatters on the ring's artificial grass.

The spectators place their bets, calling out to men across the room with all the frenzy of Wall Street traders. ''Dos milles! Azul!'' one calls, placing a $59 bet on the rooster whose feet are marked with blue tape.

In the cockfighting arena, the bettors say, everything is based on a man's word. Wagers are not officially recorded, but they are honored nonetheless.

At least one fight ended when a bird died. Others were called after a wounded rooster lay on the floor for a minute. Another ended in a draw because the birds continued to fight after the 15-minute limit.

Out in the parking lot, as the buzzer signaled the start of another fight, a stray dog weaving between cars had something in its mouth.

It was the head of a fallen rooster.

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

**Correction**

A sports article on Wednesday about cockfighting in the Dominican Republic referred imprecisely to the legal status of the practice in the United States. Although all 50 states have voted to ban cockfighting, it is not yet illegal in all of them. (Cockfights can continue in Louisiana until the state's prohibition takes effect in August.)

**Correction-Date:** February 15, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Left, ringside seats for the action at the Club Gallistico de San Martin, where roosters fight to the death. Above, a rooster being prepared for battle in what is a legal, regulated and popular sport there.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY REBECA ARGUDO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. D1)

Above, wagering on a cockfight is done by calling out bets. Left, a rooster's spur being prepared for a spike.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY REBECA ARGUDO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. D4)

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**End of Document**



[***Film Series and Movie Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7V2C-2KF1-2PBB-21SN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Body**

Film Series

AN EVENING WITH MARNI NIXON (Monday) Famous for being anonymous, Ms. Nixon provided the singing voice behind three of the most celebrated performances in movie musicals: Deborah Kerr in ''The King and I'' (1956), Natalie Wood in ''West Side Story'' (1961) and Audrey Hepburn in ''My Fair Lady'' (1964). Ms. Nixon, who has worked with Stravinsky, Bernstein, Copland, Boulez, Ives and Schoenberg, will be interviewed by the author Stephen Cole on topics that cover her off-screen life as well as her career as a concert singer. At 7:30 p.m., Film Forum 209 West Houston Street, west of Avenue of the Americas, South Village, (212) 727-8110, filmforum.org; $11. (Dave Kehr)

FILM COMMENT SELECTS (Friday through Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday) This rich collection of work, both recent films and revivals, is chosen by the editors and writers of the journal Film Comment. The two-week series begins Friday with three local premieres: ''A Woman in Berlin,'' a film about one woman's struggle to survive the Soviet occupation of the conquered German capital, directed by Max Farberbock (''Aimee and Jaguar''); Michael Almereyda's diary film ''Paradise,'' in which he visits Iran, Los Angeles and Pleasantville, N.J.; and ''The Mugger,'' a ''minimalist thriller'' about a man who robs two schools in Buenos Aires and goes on the run, from the first-time director Pablo Fendrik. Other premieres in the first week include John Boorman's mysteriously neglected ''Tiger's Tail'' (2006), a follow-up to his 1998 film ''The General,'' featuring another bravura performance by Brendan Gleeson, this time as an Irish new capitalist haunted by a doppelganger (Saturday); Na Hong-jin's hit Korean thriller, ''The Chaser'' (Saturday); a new black-and-white feature from the French avant-gardist Philippe Garrel, ''The Frontier of Dawn'' (Sunday); and Gotz Spielmann's German crime drama ''Revanche'' (Tuesday). On the revival front, there's Rainer Werner Fassbinder's bitter 1979 comedy of bourgeois would-be revolutionaries, ''The Third Generation'' (Saturday); Joel DeMott's cinema-verite documentary ''Demon Lover Diary'' (1980), about the making of a low-budget horror movie (Sunday), shown with Ms. DeMott's controversial 1983 documentary, ''Seventeen,'' directed with Jeff Kreines (Sunday); and Lou Adler's caustic 1981 comedy about the rise of a girl punk band, ''Ladies and Gentlemen, the Fabulous Stains,'' starring the teenage Diane Lane and Laura Dern (Wednesday). (Through March 5.) Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 875-5600, filmlinc.org; $11. (Kehr)

FILMS BY JORIS IVENS (Thursday) This program features rare screenings of important documentaries by Mr. Ivens, a wide-ranging Dutch-born filmmaker, including his 1937 propaganda treatise on the Spanish Civil War, ''The Spanish Earth'' (6 p.m.), and ''The 400 Million,'' a horrified look at the Japanese invasion of China released in 1939 (8:30 p.m.). Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)

MOVIES

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

'CHE' (R, 4:17, in Spanish and English; shown in two parts, 2:09 and 2:08) Nearly four and a half hours long and spanning more than a decade, ''Che'' surely deserves the overworked, frequently misapplied label of epic. But it's a narrow epic, and while Benicio Del Toro, in the title role, offers a performance that's technically flawless, the movie is politically naive and dramatically inert. (A. O. Scott)

'THE CLASS' (No rating, 2:08, in French, with English subtitles) An artful, intelligent, heartfelt fiction film from the director Laurent Cantet about modern French identity and the attempt to transform young students of all sizes, shapes and colors into citizens through talk, talk, talk. (Manohla Dargis)

'CONFESSIONS OF A SHOPAHOLIC' (PG, 1:40) Like the flailing American economy, this comedy with Isla Fisher wants to eat its conspicuous consumption cake and have its spiritual redemption too. (Dargis) 'CORALINE' (PG, 1:40) Henry Selick's adaptation of Neil Gaiman's novel is exquisitely beautiful and creepy in the best ways. (Scott)

'THE CURIOUS CASE OF BENJAMIN BUTTON' (PG-13, 2:47) A hothouse blossom of romance, intrigue and breathtaking digital effects from David Fincher (''Zodiac,'' ''Fight Club''). Brad Pitt stars as a man who ages backward, but it is Cate Blanchett who provides the film's delicate, graceful emotional center of gravity. (Scott)

'DOUBT' (PG-13, 1:44) Adapted by John Patrick Shanley from his stage play, this drama about a Roman Catholic priest suspected of child molestation stars a tamped-down Philip Seymour Hoffman as the accused and an energetic, often wackily comic Meryl Streep as his accuser. (Dargis)

'FRIDAY THE 13TH' (R, 1:30) An undying slasher-flick franchise gets a surprisingly decent reboot in this stylish, playful example of the decapitated-hottie genre. (Nathan Lee)

'FROST/NIXON' (R, 2:02) It's twinkle (Michael Sheen) versus glower (Frank Langella) in Ron Howard's amusing, facile edition of the Peter Morgan theatrical smackdown. (Dargis)

'FROZEN RIVER' (R, 1:37) Venturing into the trenches where hard-working Americans struggle to put food on the table, Courtney Hunt's powerful, somber film evokes a perfect storm of present-day economic and social woes. Playing an impoverished mother of two who smuggles illegal aliens across the Canadian border, Melissa Leo gives an awards-worthy performance. (Stephen Holden)

'GOMORRAH' (No rating, 2:15, in Italian) Based on the 2006 expose of the same title by the Italian journalist Roberto Saviano, this corrosive, ferociously unsentimental fictionalized look at organized crime from the director Matteo Garrone is also a bracing corrective to the sentimentalized Mafia thug popularized on both the big and small screen. (Dargis)

'GRAN TORINO' (R, 1:56) Once again Clint Eastwood shows everyone how it's done, with a sleek muscle car of a movie set in that industrial graveyard called Detroit about a racist who befriends a besieged Hmong family next door. (Dargis)

'HE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU' (PG-13, 2:12) And neither am I. (Dargis)

'HOTEL FOR DOGS' (PG, 1:40) Children and dogs: those two magic words distill the appeal of this cuter-than-cute, sweeter-than-sweet family film about animal-loving kids who embark on a crusade to rescue all the stray pooches in a fictional city. (Holden)

'THE INTERNATIONAL' (R, 1:58) A murderous bank, pursued by Clive Owen and Naomi Watts. Much less interesting, and also less frightening, than a daily perusal of the business pages. (Scott)

'I'VE LOVED YOU SO LONG' (PG-13, 1:55, in French) The French novelist Philippe Claudel, making his debut as a director, shows sobriety and restraint in this story of a woman making her way back into normal life after serving a prison sentence for the murder of her son. Kristin Scott Thomas gives a remarkable lead performance, and Elsa Zylberstein as her sister is nearly as good. A climactic plot twist cheapens and diminishes the film somewhat, but it is still, for the most part, a powerful and subtle melodrama. (Scott)

'LAST CHANCE HARVEY' (PG, 1:38) Dustin Hoffman and Emma Thompson don't make a lot of sense as a screen couple, but there's something irresistible about watching two people fall in love, even in contrived, sniffle- and sometimes gag-inducing films like this one. (Dargis)

'LET THE RIGHT ONE IN' (No rating, 1:54, in Swedish) A charming and chilling Swedish love story directed by Tomas Alfredson about a lonely boy and the girl next door who may just happen to be a vampire. (Dargis)

'MAN ON WIRE' (PG-13, 1:34) Philippe Petit's 1974 tightrope walk between the towers of the World Trade Center might have seemed, at the time, like a crazy stunt, but James Marsh's beautiful documentary understands it as a work of art. (Scott)

'MILK' (R, 2:08) Gus Van Sant's film about Harvey Milk (1930-78), the San Francisco City supervisor who was one of the first openly gay elected officials in the country, is less a standard biopic than a sharp, lyrical history lesson, touching not only on a crucial decade in the gay-rights movement but also on the rough and tumble of big-city politics and the tricky ways of love. Sean Penn outdoes himself as Milk, balancing his intense conviction with an unusual and welcome playfulness. The large supporting cast is also excellent, and includes James Franco as Milk's lover and campaign manager, Scott Smith, and Josh Brolin as Dan White, Milk's colleague on the Board of Supervisors and also his murderer. (Scott)

'MY BLOODY VALENTINE 3D' (R, 1:41) Adding an extra dimension to the fondly remembered 1981 Canadian slasher about a rogue slayer in a small mining town, ''My Bloody Valentine 3D'' blends cutting-edge technology and old-school prosthetics to produce gore you can believe in. And if the gas-masked villain is less than terrifying, his pursuit of a naked young woman (Betsy Rue) is inspired. If there were an award for acting full-frontally while wearing sky-high stilettos, Ms. Rue would surely teeter away with it. (Catsoulis)

'NOTORIOUS' (R, 2:02) The legend of Biggie Smalls, the Brooklyn-born rapper who was murdered in 1997, is given the full epic-melodrama-biopic treatment in this uneven, rarely dull film, among whose producers are Smalls's mother, Violetta Wallace, and his friend and mentor Sean Combs. Those two important figures are played by Angela Bassett and Derek Luke, while Smalls is impersonated by Jamal Woolard, whose faithful mimicry compensates for some of his limitations as an actor. (Scott)

'PAUL BLART: MALL COP' (PG, 1:30) Fat people are funny. Fat people who run into things are funnier. Fat people who run into things and have humiliating ***working-class*** jobs? Stop, you're killing me! (Lee)

'THE PINK PANTHER 2' (PG, 1:32) Hoary slapstick routines, invariably rushed and only marginally funny, are all there is in this disorganized hodgepodge of juvenile pranks starring an overstressed Steve Martin. (Holden)

'PUSH' (PG-13, 2:01) Navigating a Hong Kong bristling with partly constructed skyscrapers, a telekinetic (Chris Evans) and a clairvoyant (Dakota Fanning) hunt for a mysterious suitcase while dodging a pair of Chinese brothers whose screams can pop blood vessels. Paul McGuigan directs with maximum efficiency and minimum reliance on computers, creating a landscape crawling with mind controllers and human bloodhounds. The only ability in short supply is acting. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

'RACHEL GETTING MARRIED' (R, 1:54) Anne Hathaway plays Kym, furloughed from rehab to attend her sister Rachel's wedding. The director, Jonathan Demme, working from a script by Jenny Lumet, takes a fairly conventional family-therapy drama and packs it with exuberant vitality. There is ample sorrow and recrimination at this party, but nonetheless you'll be sorry when it ends. (Scott)

'THE READER' (R, 2:03) You have to wonder who, exactly, wants or perhaps needs to see another movie about the Holocaust that embalms its horrors with artfully spilled tears and also asks us to pity a death camp guard. Kate Winslet plays the guard; Stephen Daldry directs. (Dargis)

'REVOLUTIONARY ROAD' (R, 1:59) Sam Mendes directs Kate Winslet and a fine Leonardo DiCaprio in a waxworks edition of the corrosive, furiously unsentimental novel by Richard Yates about an unhappy marriage in the mid-1950s. (Dargis)

'SLUMDOG MILLIONAIRE' (R, 2:00) A modern fairy tale from Danny Boyle (''Trainspotting'') about a pauper angling to become a prince, this sensory blowout largely takes place amid the squalor of Mumbai, India, where lost children and dogs sift through trash so fetid that you swear you can smell the discarded mango as well as its peel. (Dargis)

'SYNECDOCHE, NEW YORK' (R, 2:04) To say that Charlie Kaufman's feature debut is one of the best films of the year or even the one closest to my heart is such a pathetic response to its soaring ambition that I might as well pack it in right now. (In other words: Go!) (Dargis)

'TWO LOVERS' (R, 1:48) A ripe, old-school romantic melodrama from James Gray, with Joaquin Phoenix as a young Brooklyn man torn between the pull of duty and the dream of escape, and also between the title figures, played by Vinessa Shaw and Gwyneth Paltrow. With Isabella Rosselini as a Jewish mother beyond Alexander Portnoy's wildest dreams. (Scott)

'UNDER THE SEA 3D' (G, 40 minutes) No computer-designed animatronic invention can begin to match the beauty and grace of the oceanic life photographed in this visually enthralling 40-minute tour of the southwestern Pacific, aimed primarily at elementary school-age youngsters. (Holden)

'UNDERWORLD: RISE OF THE LYCANS' (R, 1:32) Michael Sheen howls up a storm in this prehistory to the first two ''Underworld'' flicks, which rewinds to when the werewolves rebelled against their vampire masters. (Dargis)

'THE UNINVITED' (PG-13, 1:27) Regrets only. (Scott)

'VICKY CRISTINA BARCELONA' (PG-13, 1:36) A rueful comedy from Woody Allen about two young American women (Scarlett Johansson and Rebecca Hall) who, during a summertime European idyll, savor numerous Continental delicacies, some provided by the equally alluring Javier Bardem and Penelope Cruz. (Dargis)

'WALTZ WITH BASHIR' (R, 1:27) Ari Folman's animated documentary about Israeli soldiers haunted by memories of the 1982 Lebanon war is part memoir, part dream, part combat picture and altogether amazing. (Scott)

'THE WRESTLER' (R, 1:45) Mickey Rourke, with sly, hulking grace, stars as a washed-up wrestler hoping for a comeback. But like its hero, the movie has a blunt, exuberant honesty, pulling off even its false moves with conviction and flair. (Scott)

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[***Critic's Notebook;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5530-002S-X0BX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Turn in Fiction: The New Post-Minimalism***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5530-002S-X0BX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

In a typical scene from a trendy new novel, the men from the county road crew get off work. Ed King heads for the Hill Top Tap and Sam Hall for the Mohawk Grill, where they gossip about their co-worker, Aubrey Wallace, who drove off in his pickup truck one lunch hour and hasn't been heard from since.

This small-town scenario is a likely one, though the roads these men repair and the places they live exist in three different, exceptionally accomplished recent novels. Aubrey walks away from a crew near a Vermont mountain town and travels through shabby back roads throughout the East in Mary McGarry Morris's ''Vanished'' (Viking ).

Ed and the Hill Top Tap are in Myles, the fictional upstate New York setting of Douglas Bauer's first novel, ''Dexterity'' (Simon & Schuster). And Sam lives in Mohawk, Myles's upstate twin, imagined by Richard Russo in ''Mohawk'' (Vintage) and ''The Risk Pool'' (Random House).

This abundance of characters who spend their days filling potholes and their nights in some dingy bar suggests a definite turn in fiction. Minimalism, with its Big Mac meals, slick yuppie dreams and television trivia, seems to be in its death throes. Many of the freshest, most energetic new writers are focusing on small-town characters whose lives are bound by factories and by gossipy neighbors who know each other's business.

Minimalism can be a clumsy catch phrase, of course, covering Ann Beattie's Yale graduates and Bobbie Ann Mason's blue-collar Kentuckians. No one could be less trendy than ''Spence + Lila,'' the elderly title characters of Ms. Mason's recent novella.

But ''Love Life,'' the title story in Ms. Mason's new collection, is minimalism at its purest. The middle-aged heroine spends her days wearing a Coors cap and watching MTV. Her niece's boyfriend looks like Dennis Quaid, and a statue is the color of the Jolly Green Giant. Such glib, brand-name stories, which have flourished for the last decade, do little more than describe the malaise of a world tenuously held together by television signals.

The new realistic novels are virtual rebuttals of the minimalists' shallow world of pop-culture references, where people are united by their knowledge of Bruce Springsteen lyrics. Ed sits in front of television, and we never hear what he watches. But we can name the places on Myles's main street, as Ed ''headed down Summit toward Tommy Beener's garage, his lunch pail in his hand,'' and ''passed Sampson's Grocery, Dee's Luncheonette, the other shabby storefronts.''

The focus on these characters' circumscribed lives is so intense that their towns seem to exist in some vague mid-20th century, almost out of time. In Myles, the single factory has burned to the ground. In Mohawk, which once considered itself the leather capital of the country, the tanneries are closing one by one. Aubrey picks up money by selling trinkets at a flea market where stalls display velvet paintings of Elvis Presley. Such details could apply to any time since the 1950's. It is impossible to drop into the middle of these novels and know that ''Dexterity'' and ''Vanished'' are set in the 80's and that Mr. Russo's two novels span the 50's to the 80's.

The vagueness does not harm the fiction, though, because these are not ***working-class*** novels intent on raising social consciousness. Characters in Myles and Mohawk search for the kind of love and community that small-town life promises, and the authors search for a fictional depth that minimalism denies. These writers do not return to small towns out of nostalgia or social conservatism, for they create places that can be as cruel as Sherwood Anderson's ''Winesburg, Ohio'' and as savage as anything by Sinclair Lewis.

In ''Vanished,'' the confused and simple-minded Aubrey impulsively goes off with a young woman who then kidnaps a child they call their own. A marginal creature in society to begin with, Aubrey travels with the woman and child for years because they seem to need him. But the innocent child must endure filthy cabins and bugs in her hair.

''The Risk Pool'' is a rich and gently witty portrait of a boy and his father. Ned Hall, the narrator, looks back on his childhood, when he was shuttled between his loving, respectable, high-strung mother and his here-today-gone-tomorrow father. To Sam Hall, a good dinner meant hamburger steaks at the Mohawk Grill and being a good father meant staying out of jail.

Ramona King walks out on her husband and their infant son in ''Dexterity'' because she feels inadequate and smothered. Ed beats Ramona, whose best friend looks at the bruises and says, ''He must really love you.'' Mr. Bauer makes it entirely clear why Ramona leaves and why, when her luxurious isolation turns lonely, she heads back to Myles.

And in Bret Lott's ''Man Who Owned Vermont'' (Washington Square Press, $5.95), the hero is an RC Cola salesman named Rick Wheeler who is unhappily separated from his wife. The Wheelers live in Springfield, Mass., a metropolis compared with Myles or Mohawk. But when they go for drives and look for houses they might buy one day, they head toward the country.

After fighting with his wife, Rick drives to Vermont and discovers that Brattleboro ''was nothing much to shout about. . . . I drove down the main street off the interstate, past a used-car dealer, a shopping center, convenience stores, bars, and whatever else you find in these small towns.'' This is the landscape of the new fiction, both comforting and confining.

Each of these authors has great sympathy for the men and woman they have created, and each has met a tricky challenge that minimalists rarely face: how can a novelist create an articulate study of often inarticulate people without condescending to them?

Ms. Morris places us inside Aubrey Wallace's mind and allows the actions and dialogue from the characters around him to reveal to readers what the naive Aubrey is too slow to grasp. The effect is poignant and subtle, the device extraordinarily difficult to pull off so well.

In ''The Risk Pool,'' one character says Ned isn't ''typical Mohawk.'' He seems too bright, and he writes his story years later, having been off to college. Now he can look back at an ignorant oaf who hated the town's few wealthy people and cleverly call him ''a Marxist au naturel.'' While ''Mohawk'' tries to duplicate small-town ambiance, the far more successful ''Risk Pool'' describes it from a fond but critical distance.

But however they approach their characters, all these authors are creating expansive portraits of modest towns like Mohawk and marginal people like Aubrey Wallace. They are reclaiming parts of society and aspects of fiction overlooked during the minimalist onslaught. Pearsond(Viking)Gulf and Western(Simon & Schuster, Washington Square Press)Advance Publicationsd(Vintage, Random House)

**Graphic**

photos of Douglas Bauer; Mary McGarry; Richard Russo

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[***ELECTION IN RUSSIA: THE OVERVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YWV-DV00-00MH-F1YY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Putin Wins Russia Vote in First Round, But His Majority Is Less Than Expected***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YWV-DV00-00MH-F1YY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL WINES

By MICHAEL WINES

**Dateline:** MOSCOW, Monday, March 27

**Body**

Acting President Vladimir V. Putin won a narrow majority of the vote today in Russia's presidential election, gaining the outright victory that the Kremlin had pursued with growing desperation to avoid a runoff next month.

Although Mr. Putin's anticlimactic triumph was huge in absolute terms -- some 20 percentage points ahead of his closest rival, the Communist leader Gennadi A. Zyuganov -- it appeared likely to fall considerably short of expectations. And that further elevated doubts, which had begun to surface in the campaign's final days, about the depth of Mr. Putin's popular support.

With 92.5 percent of the ballots counted by this morning, Mr. Putin had captured 52.57 percent of the vote, compared with 29.45 percent for Mr. Zyuganov.

The head of the liberal Yabloko party, the legislator Grigory V. Yavlinsky, was in a remote third place with 5.85 percent.

The final pre-election polls, published a week before the Sunday voting, indicated then that Mr. Putin was backed by as many as 57 percent of respondents who said they intended to vote.

In a post-midnight news conference, Mr. Putin seemed to give a nod to the narrowness of his majority, noting that with a potential electorate of 108 million, "even a half-percentage point is a huge credit from the population."

More telling, he hinted that he might invite political rivals into government, apparently in an effort to build political support for whatever programs he proposes. Mr. Putin was especially solicitous of Mr. Zyuganov, whose support appeared almost one-fifth greater than pollsters had estimated. In his news conference, Mr. Putin stated with surprising bluntness that Mr. Zyuganov's showing, especially in the face of a relentlessly hostile government and private press, was a warning that the Kremlin was not adequately addressing the problems of the ***working class*** and the poor.

He also offered tributes to his bitter rivals, former Prime Minister Yevgeny M. Primakov and Moscow's mayor, Yuri M. Luzhkov, saying they had helped hold Russia together by supporting the war against separatist rebels in Chechnya.

Whether they or any other outsiders will be brought to the Kremlin "is subject matter for negotiations," Mr. Putin said. But he added, in an allusion to a classic Russian fairy tale, that he would not allow his team to resemble "the notorious troika, where one is pulling into the water, another one backward and the third one to the clouds."

Mr. Putin's intentions may well depend on how bare the majority he won turns out to be after the counting of the final ballots. Yet with a victory in the first round he can accurately claim a mandate from Russian voters, paper-thin though it might be, to carry out new policies.

Had he not garnered more than 50 percent, the law required that he face the second-place finisher, Mr. Zyuganov, in a runoff scheduled for April 16.

Virtually no one doubted that Mr. Putin would have won such a contest handily; Mr. Zyuganov, also the Communist candidate in the 1996 presidential election, could muster only 40 percent of the vote in a runoff that year against Mr. Yeltsin.

But it also seems clear that Mr. Putin could emerge from winning a thin majority as a diminished leader, with a tarnishing of the image of infallibility and inevitability that has cloaked him almost since Mr. Yeltsin appointed him prime minister last August.

Mr. Putin, the spare, dour 47-year-old former chief of domestic intelligence, has captivated the public and utterly confounded political sages since his vault from near-total obscurity.

No one expected a man unschooled in politics and so bland in personality and appearance to seize the Russians' imagination. Most predicted that Mr. Putin's first and only action of profound importance -- the starting of an all-out war on secessionist rebels in the province of Chechnya -- would be an act of political suicide. Mr. Yeltsin's decision in 1994 to conduct a Chechen war that went disastrously awry for the Russian Army helped almost cost him the 1996 election and was one cause of the move to impeach him in 1999.

But in both cases Mr. Putin confounded the political pundits. His calm decisiveness, apolitical manner and comparative youth contrasted favorably with the bombast, Kremlin maneuvering and indecision of the final years of an increasingly infirm Mr. Yeltsin.

And the second Chechen war turned out to galvanize ordinary citizens, stung by the loss of Soviet empire and industrial might, who were looking for some evidence of Russian heft to raise their self-esteem.

At times this winter polls indicated that close to three in four Russians supported Mr. Putin's conduct as prime minister and, after Mr. Yeltsin abruptly quit on New Year's Eve, as acting president. His support was so robust that Mr. Primakov, once seen as a formidable opponent for the presidency, quit the race.

But in the last month, some of that support began to fade. Why is not completely clear: in part, Mr. Putin may simply have drifted out of the honeymoon phase granted new leaders; in part, voters may have begun to focus on the election and discovered other candidates they liked.

"The decline is among those people who like Putin, but do not vote for him," said Leonid Sedov, who directs the Public Opinion Foundation, a major Moscow polling organization. "They have nothing against him; they think his policies are quite all right. But they were going to vote for other persons anyway."

In the last week of the campaign, during which it was forbidden to publish opinion polls, Mr. Putin's backers began a furious effort to recapture some of that support, in part by promoting negative attacks on those politicians who were perceived as siphoning it away.

For the most part, the focus was on Mr. Yavlinsky. In the final days of the race, as Mr. Putin garnered much media attention by flying a combat fighter to Chechnya on an ostensibly official visit, Mr. Yavlinsky was investigated by the government on suspicion of illegally campaigning on a military base. On Thursday, the state television network ORT, controlled in part by the financier Boris Berezovsky, who is close to the Kremlin, broadcast a series of news reports identifying Jews, homosexuals and foreigners as principal Yavlinsky supporters.

On Sunday night, Mr. Putin's chief campaign strategist denied any role in those reports, which were clearly intended to stir smoldering Russian biases against minorities to Mr. Yavlinsky's disadvantage.

"Many mysterious and silly things happen during the campaign," the strategist Gleb Pavlovsky said in an interview on the privately owned NTV network. "I know nothing about Mr. Yavlinsky's sexual orientation, and I know nothing about events that take place in the gay community. If it was staged, it did Putin nothing but harm."

Mr. Yavlinsky, long regarded as a leader of Russia's Western-style democrats, said on Sunday night that his campaign "achieved what we wanted: we have demonstrated that there are millions of people behind us who support what we are talking about." He indicated he hoped to form a broader coalition of right-wing critics of the Putin government.

But it is not clear what that coalition might be. Many of Mr. Yavlinsky's ideological allies, like the Yeltsin government veterans who make up the new Union of Right Forces, have cast their lot with Mr. Putin.

In geographic terms, Mr. Putin swept every region of the nation. But he avoided a runoff apparently by piling up votes in European Russia to offset a comparatively disappointing showing in Siberia and on the Pacific coast.

In vast parts of the less populous east -- in the enormous central Siberian province of Krasnoyarsk, and far eastern regions like Chukotka and Primoriye -- Mr. Putin failed to reach the 50 percent mark. He also fell well short in the city of Moscow, which gave him about 46 percent of the vote and Mr. Yavlinsky 18 percent.

But in his hometown of St. Petersburg, Russia's second-largest city, Mr. Putin collected more than 6 in every 10 votes. And in northwestern provinces like Kaliningrad and Karelia he did almost as well.

The election commission stated that some 67 percent of voters had cast ballots, slightly below the turnout in the nation's first post-Soviet presidential election in 1996.

That eased one of the Kremlin's secondary concerns: that unanimous predictions of Mr. Putin's victory would depress turnout below the legally binding level of 50 percent.

Had turnout fallen below that floor, a new election would have been required in four months. Since it did not, Mr. Putin will be sworn in for a full four-year term as president in May.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Vladimir V. Putin near a polling station in Moscow. His support, though huge, fell short of expectations. (Associated Press)(pg. A1); Russian paratroopers guarded a polling station in Grozny, the Chechen capital, yesterday. The war in Chechnya has galvanized ordinary Russians and brought political support for Vladimir V. Putin. (Associated Press)(pg. A12)

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[***The Rock Laureate***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4VH9-G0T0-TW8F-G0XX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1957 words

**Byline:** By JON PARELES

**Body**

AT 9 o'clock on a recent morning Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band were already half an hour into a rehearsal at the rock club Terminal 5 in Manhattan. As N.F.L. executives and a television production team watched, they were tightening their miniset of four songs -- dropping verses, streamlining segues -- to fit their 12-minute slot as the halftime entertainment Sunday at Super Bowl XLIII, expected to reach tens of millions of viewers.

''My take on the Super Bowl?'' Mr. Springsteen said after rehearsal. ''Fundamentally it's a 12-minute party.''

Few musicians anywhere consummate symbolic occasions and mass events better than Mr. Springsteen. He's used to working on a stadium scale, and for decades his concerts have been nonstop singalongs that perfectly embody the yearning for community in his lyrics. In an era when pop hits can be as ephemeral as a deleted MP3 file, Mr. Springsteen has spent much of his career laboring to write durable songs about American dreams, from ''Born to Run'' to ''Promised Land.''

While his latest seven-album contract with Columbia Records is worth a reported $110 million, he still comes across as a ***working-class*** guy from New Jersey, invoking a compassionate populism as he sings about jobs, families and everyday life and savors the company of his longtime buddies in the E Street Band. He has the gravitas to lead off an inaugural concert and the gusto to rock the Super Bowl. In between he released a new studio album, ''Working on a Dream.''

Mr. Springsteen still reaches for big, symbolic statements and gets called on to make them. ''Those moments are opportunities for a very heightened kind of communication,'' he said.

Two weeks ago, in another nationwide telecast, he took up his longtime role as a voice of America at ''We Are One,'' the all-star opening ceremony and concert for President Obama's inauguration, before hundreds of thousands of people at the Lincoln Memorial and millions on television and online. Mr. Springsteen and a choir sang ''The Rising,'' a song about sacrifice and redemption on Sept. 11.

At a New York City Obama fund-raiser in October that Mr. Springsteen attended, Mr. Obama said, ''The reason I'm running for president is because I can't be Bruce Springsteen.'' Mr. Springsteen played ''The Rising'' at campaign events in battleground states, including a rally in Cleveland two days before the election.

''Once you start doing that kind of writing, it feeds off itself,'' Mr. Springsteen said. ''You write 'The Rising' for this, it gets picked up and used for that, so you end up here. If someone had told me in 2001 that 'you're going to sing this song at the inaugural concert for the first African-American president,' I'd have said, 'Huh?' '' He laughed.

''But eight years go by, and that's where you find yourself. You're in there, you're swimming in the current of history and your music is doing the same thing.''

He continued: ''A lot of the core of our songs is the American idea: What is it? What does it mean? 'Promised Land,' 'Badlands,' I've seen people singing those songs back to me all over the world. I'd seen that country on a grass-roots level through the '80s, since I was a teenager. And I met people who were always working toward the country being that kind of place. But on a national level it always seemed very far away.

''And so on election night it showed its face, for maybe, probably, one of the first times in my adult life,'' he said. ''I sat there on the couch, and my jaw dropped, and I went, 'Oh my God, it exists.' Not just dreaming it. It exists, it's there, and if this much of it is there, the rest of it's there. Let's go get that. Let's go get it. Just that is enough to keep you going for the rest of your life. All the songs you wrote are a little truer today than they were a month or two ago.''

Charles Coplin, vice president for programming at N.F.L. Television, said Mr. Springsteen had been ''at the very top of our list'' ever since the N.F.L. began programming its own halftime shows after the 2004 Janet Jackson brouhaha.

''Why were we so persistent?'' he said. ''Because we felt that his music, and just as important his performance, was everything we were looking for. He has the ability to perform on a grand stage, to be improvisational, and he has a tremendous catalog of music that is appreciated by so many people.''

Party or not, Mr. Springsteen has thought through his Super Bowl set meticulously. ''It was very challenging to try and get that exact 12 minutes. I found that in a funny way it was very freeing. O.K., these are your boundaries, so put everything that you have into just this box,'' he said. ''If you do it right, you should feel the tension of it wanting to spread beyond that time frame. But it can't.''

The Super Bowl performance follows the release of ''Working on a Dream'' on Tuesday, less than 14 months after ''Magic'' in 2007. Mr. Springsteen hasn't made studio albums so quickly since he released both of his first two albums during 1973.

Even more than ''Magic,'' the new album represents a sea change in Mr. Springsteen's music. After the elaborate, tortured production of ''Born to Run,'' back in 1975, Mr. Springsteen went through a ''reactive'' phase that lasted more than two decades, building his songs on the basics of country, blues and folk music, with utilitarian melodies and straightforward, near-live production. He and the producer Brendan O'Brien, who first produced Mr. Springsteen with ''The Rising'' in 2002, brought some pop embellishments to ''Magic.'' And ''Working on a Dream'' follows through.

Encouraged by Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Springsteen wrote five new songs during the week before he did the final mixes of ''Magic,'' he said. ''I realized, I do love those big sweeping melodies and the romanticism, and I haven't allowed myself much of it in the past,'' Mr. Springsteen said. ''When you have a little vein you haven't touched, it's full.''

''Working on a Dream'' often plays like a 1960s anthology: Creedence Clearwater Revival in the title song, the Beach Boys in ''This Life,'' the Byrds in ''Life Itself,'' Ben E. King in ''Queen of the Supermarket,'' psychedelic blues-rock in ''Good Eye'' and spaghetti-western soundtracks in the eight-minute ''Outlaw Pete.'' As lush as the music gets, few of the lyrics are fluff; Mr. Springsteen is pondering love and death. The celebratory affection of ''My Lucky Day'' gives way to songs that recognize the inexorable passage of time. In ''Kingdom of Days,'' he sings:

With you I don't hear the minutes ticking by

I don't feel the hours as they fly

I don't feel the summer as it wanes

Just a subtle change of light upon your face.

''Pop always brings with it the intimations of forever and immortality,'' he said. ''There was something so in tune with the universe in their math, and in the way that math was imbued with someone's hopes, dreams, love, despair, immortal feelings, feelings of death coming around the corner, and then you try to put it all in three minutes. It was very exciting for me, being in this place of my life, to go back to those forms which are filled with that sense of forever and put finiteness in it.''

At 59 Mr. Springsteen is indefatigable. His next American tour starts in April, followed by a summer of European dates. He still regularly plays vigorous three-hour sets. ''Onstage I can't noticeably say I feel any different than I did in 1985,'' he said.

The album ends with ''The Wrestler,'' the somber title track for the Mickey Rourke movie. It won a Golden Globe award for best song but, surprisingly, was not nominated for an Academy Award. The album also includes ''The Last Carnival,'' an elegy to the founding E Street Band keyboardist, Danny Federici, that Mr. Springsteen wrote for his funeral; Jason Federici plays his father's accordion. ''We'll be riding the train without you tonight/The train that keeps on moving,'' Mr. Springsteen sings.

Yet most of the album strives for the elation of pop. ''I wanted hooks, hooks, hooks -- things for people to sing, and sound that was going to lift you up,'' he said. ''I wanted to capture the intensity and the immediacy of passionate love, and then its resonance in and beyond your life. And I wanted it to sound, like, classic: verse, huge chorus, sky-opening-up strings.''

Steve Van Zandt, an E Street Band guitarist, said he was thrilled Mr. Springsteen's newer songs evoke 1960s pop. ''In the past he just ignored that part of his talent, and he's the most talented pop songwriter,'' he said. ''In a different era he would have been in the Brill Building.''

With a new album on the way Mr. Springsteen finally accepted the Super Bowl offer. ''It was sort of, well, if we don't do it now, what are we waiting for?'' he said. ''I want to do it while I'm alive.''

There were other pragmatic considerations. ''At my age it is tough to get word of your music out,'' Mr. Springsteen said. He has the strange choice, he says, of performing at gigantic events like the Super Bowl or none. ''If we weren't doing these big things, there's no middle things,'' he said. Not that he's doing too badly; even in a tottering recording business, ''Magic'' has sold a million copies, while his 2008 world tour grossed $204 million.

He made another promotional deal he now bluntly calls a mistake. On Jan. 13 a $10 collection of Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band's ''Greatest Hits'' -- 11 songs from a 1995 hits anthology, as well as ''Radio Nowhere'' from ''Magic'' -- went on sale exclusively at Wal-Mart. Since Wal-Mart has been accused of anti-union practices by Human Rights Watch, among others, and has paid large fines for violating labor laws, the announcement prompted online criticisms like the one from asroma on the fan site backstreets.com: ''Bruce is doing biz with Wal-Mart? Kind of goes against everything he stands for.''

In an interview with Billboard, Mr. Springsteen's manager, Jon Landau, defended the release, saying Mr. Springsteen's albums were already in Wal-Mart, which accounts for 15 percent of his sales. He also said: ''We're not doing any advertising for Wal-Mart. We haven't endorsed Wal-Mart or anybody else. We're letting Sony do its job.''

But Mr. Springsteen said the decision was made too hastily. ''We were in the middle of doing a lot of things, it kind of came down and, really, we didn't vet it the way we usually do,'' he said. ''We just dropped the ball on it.'' Instead of offering the exclusive collection to Wal-Mart, ''given its labor history, it was something that if we'd thought about it a little longer, we'd have done something different.'' He added, ''It was a mistake. Our batting average is usually very good, but we missed that one. Fans will call you on that stuff, as it should be.''

After more than three decades of shaping American archetypes, Mr. Springsteen sees his career as its own community in the making, shared and constructed with his listeners. ''It's not just my creation at this point, and it hasn't been really for a long time,'' he said. ''I wanted it to be our creation. Once you set that in motion, it's a large community of people gathered around a core set of values.

''Within that there's a wide range of beliefs, but still you do gather in one tent at a particular moment to have some common experience, and that's why I go there too.''

At rehearsal he strutted across the stage: testing banter, brandishing his guitar, belting lyrics and jiving with Mr. Van Zandt. As the band finished a run-through, someone holding a timer called out the length of the set. ''We've got one-sixteenth of a second left,'' Mr. Springsteen exulted. ''And we plan to use it.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY CENICOLA/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.AR1)

Bruce Springsteen performed with a gospel choir, left, and Pete Seeger, far left, during the ''We Are One'' concert, the opening event for President Obama's inauguration. Below, Mr. Springsteen with Steve Van Zandt of the E Street Band. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK RALSTON/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE - GETTY IMAGES

MANDEL NGAN/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESS -- GETTY IMAGES

BERTIL ERICSON/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESS - GETTY IMAGES) (pg.AR26)

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[***3 Look to College Suit To Show Their Merits***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:480H-WT40-01KN-21PY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1451 words

**Byline:**  By JACQUES STEINBERG

**Dateline:** PLYMOUTH, Mich., Feb. 20

**Body**

One is the daughter of a police officer who relished standing at the blackboard in algebra class and dreamed of using a degree from the University of Michigan's flagship campus in Ann Arbor as a springboard to becoming a forensic pathologist.

Another, who played varsity baseball and football and sang in the choir, figured that having the imprint of Ann Arbor on his resume would give him entry to a career in medicine, or public administration.

The third is a mother of two who, in her early 40's, applied to law school at the University of Michigan with hopes of becoming a lawyer specializing in health care issues.

Like tens of thousands of applicants to colleges and graduate schools each year, the three -- Jennifer Gratz, Patrick Hamacher and Barbara Grutter -- received rejection letters in the 1990's from the institution that was their first choice.

But unlike so many others who have had their hearts broken by an admissions committee, these three vented their anger and disappointment by suing. The three, all white, answered an open call in 1997 from several Republican state legislators and a public interest law firm seeking volunteers to challenge the university's race-conscious admissions policies.

Nearly six years after the two suits were filed, one against the undergraduate program and the other against the law school, the United States Supreme Court will hear their cases on April 1, the first time the court has revisited the constitutionality of affirmative action in admissions since its landmark 1978 ruling in Regents of the University of California v. Bakke.

Their cases are freighted with enormous political and legal consequences. The Bush administration has filed a brief in support of the plaintiffs, while a coalition of universities and Fortune 500 companies has weighed in on the side of Michigan. But Mr. Hamacher, 23; Ms. Gratz, 25; and Ms. Grutter, 49, are ultimately pursuing a more personal goal: an acknowledgment from the nation's highest court that, but for being white, they were amply qualified to attain what was denied them.

Ms. Gratz was a cheerleader and school leader who graduated among the top 15 in a high school class of about 300 and whose score on the ACT exam was in the 83rd percentile nationally.

Recalling the day she received her rejection letter, she said: "It was immediate that the racial issue came to mind. I knew students that had been accepted to the University of Michigan. I knew some of those students were minority students. I knew some of those kids had lesser credentials than I did -- lesser grades, lesser test scores, lesser activities."

Like Mr. Hamacher and Ms. Grutter, Ms. Gratz argues that her life would probably be better had she been admitted to Ann Arbor. After her rejection, she said, she lost so much confidence in herself that she gave up her intention to become a doctor, even before she had enrolled as a college freshman.

"To me, this was a failure," said Ms. Gratz, who grew up in Southgate, a ***working-class*** Detroit suburb about 40 miles east of Ann Arbor. She graduated with a math degree from the University of Michigan in Dearborn and is now a manager at a technology company in San Diego.

Under the university's admissions guidelines, a black or Hispanic applicant with the same grades and scores as the three plaintiffs would have had a better chance, statistically, of being admitted to the Ann Arbor campus. Mr. Hamacher got mostly A's and B's in high school, and scored above the 90th percentile on the ACT. Ms. Grutter was an A student in college who scored in the 86th percentile on the Law School Admission Test.

But Michigan has rebutted the notion that anyone, no matter their academic qualifications, can claim to have a rightful slot at any university, public or private.

The university has said that it gives a "lift" to black, Hispanic and American Indian applicants -- 20 points on the 150-point undergraduate admission scale, for example -- because it is trying to level the playing field for minority applicants who may not have had the educational opportunities of white applicants, and to ensure that white and nonwhite applicants alike benefit from a diverse classroom environment.

While Michigan has argued that its admissions policies are consistent with those outlined as constitutionally permissible in the Bakke ruling, the law firm representing the plaintiffs, known as the Center for Individual Rights, counters that Michigan has effectively set aside seats for minority applicants, which the Bakke decision prohibited.

The debate over such policies, versions of which are in place at nearly every selective public and private university in the country, has been so pitched as to divide families and longtime friends.

Indeed, in contending that Michigan discriminated against him, Mr. Hamacher has drawn the opposition of his girlfriend of nine months, Kathleen Hadden. Ms. Hadden, a graduate student in social work at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, said in an interview that she endorsed racial preferences in admissions, for the very reasons the university itself cites.

"The best part of my education," said Ms. Hadden, who is white, "is the friends I have made, the racial and ethnic minorities."

All three plaintiffs acknowledge that they had been relatively confident they would be admitted to Michigan and had done little to line up comparable backup choices.

Mr. Hamacher, who grew up in the rust-belt city of Flint, spent Saturday afternoons in the fall watching Michigan football games with his father. When it came time to apply in January 1997, Mr. Hamacher described his options as "U. Michigan and everyone else."

After being rejected, Mr. Hamacher resigned himself to attending one of the more regional colleges to which he had applied, including Saginaw State and Central Michigan. But at the 11th hour, he said, he was recruited to play catcher at Michigan State in East Lansing.

Mr. Hamacher said his experience at Michigan State was rich, and that it was there that he began to contemplate becoming a public servant, ideally a city manager.

Though happy to be working in the budget office in the city recreation department in Flint, while taking graduate courses in public administration at night at a branch of Central Michigan University in Flint, Mr. Hamacher said he still wondered what might have been.

"I just felt a wrong had occurred," he said. "I was never able to choose."

Ms. Gratz also had little in the way of choices. She had applied to one other selective college, Notre Dame, but only as a lark at the last minute, she said. She was rejected there, and for that she blames herself for spending only two weeks on her application, compared with the three months she spent perfecting her submissions to Michigan.

For Ms. Grutter, who applied only to the law schools at Michigan and Wayne State University in Detroit, the choices were dictated by more practical concerns. A mother of two boys and married to a Ford engineer, she needed to study law close to her home in Plymouth.

The fourth of nine children of a Protestant minister, Ms. Grutter put herself through Michigan State in the 1970's. After a long career as a consultant helping hospitals install computers and other technology, Ms. Grutter saw a need for lawyers with health care experience.

Mindful that the Michigan law school was seeking diversity in its class, she said she thought her high grades and respectable test scores, combined with her life experience, would make her a shoo-in.

"Here I was, presenting an application that had to look totally different from what typically comes in," she said in an interview that, like the others for this article, was monitored by phone by a lawyer for the plaintiffs.

Though rejected by Michigan, Ms. Grutter was accepted by Wayne State. But she chose not to attend, she said, because Wayne State had fewer courses pegged to health care and the law.

Unlike her co-plaintiffs, Ms. Grutter has said she is open to attending the school that was once her first choice, should the Supreme Court compel the university to take her.

But like Ms. Gratz and Mr. Hamacher, she would be satisfied if the court forced the university to stop using race as a factor in admissions, either by awarding extra points or, in the case of the law school, employing a less formulaic but equally determined effort to accept blacks and Hispanics with lesser scores and grades than whites and Asians.

"If the University of Michigan wanted to give someone an advantage because they were disadvantaged, that's fine," said Ms. Gratz, the first in her family to attend college. "But I know that our Constitution says we don't treat people differently based on their skin color."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Jennifer Gratz said she lost confidence and gave up plans to become a doctor after being rejected by the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. (Dave Gatley for The New York Times); Barbara Grutter and Patrick Hamacher, along with Ms. Gratz, are the plaintiffs in a challenge to the University of Michigan's admissions policies. Though the outcome will have significant political and legal consequences, the three say that for them the case is personal. (Photographs by Jeffrey Sauger for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 23, 2003

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[***Daley Wins Primary in Chicago; Mayoral Vote Is Racially Divided***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6CY0-002S-X52K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 1, 1989, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 4; National Desk

**Length:** 1189 words

**Byline:** By DIRK JOHNSON, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Feb. 28

**Body**

Richard M. Daley, son of the political boss who ruled this city for 21 years, won the Democratic mayoral primary tonight in the most racially divided vote here since black candidates began running for City Hall in the 1970's.

In losing, Acting Mayor Eugene Sawyer became the first black incumbent of a major city to be ousted by a white challenger.

With 72 percent of the 2,911 precincts reporting, Mr. Daley had 415,867 votes to Mr. Sawyer's 227,319. The pattern of vote-reporting indicated that Mr. Daley's final lead would be about 12 percentage points.

'Tired of Name-Calling'

''The people of Chicago are tired of the name-calling and the bickering,'' Mr. Daley, 46 years old, roared over the jubilant thunder of his supporters at the Fairmont Hotel here. ''They want our leaders to lower their voices and raise their sights.''

In his concession speech Mayor Sawyer, 54, said, ''Our struggle is not over,'' and urged Chicagoans to ''work to end racism, sexism and anti-Semitism.''

The racial voting pattern was demonstrated by a New York Times/ WBBM-TV poll of 2,114 voters showing that Mr. Daley, the Cook County State's Attorney, won 91 percent of the white vote, while taking only 5 percent of the black vote.

Mr. Sawyer took 94 percent of the black vote but only 8 percent of the white vote. These findings were subject to a margin of sampling error of plus or minus two percentage points.

The late Harold Washington, the city's first black mayor, triumphed in 1983 and 1987 with a large and unified black vote and about one-fifth of the white votes.

Black Vote Off Sharply

The number of whites and blacks in Chicago, the nation's third-largest city, with 3 million people, is roughly equal. But whites outnumber blacks among registered voters.

The total vote was about 200,000 less than that of two years ago, down in both black and white neighborhoods but off much more sharply in black areas.

On April 4 Mr. Daley will face Timothy C. Evans, a black Alderman who has launched an independent bid, and the winner of the Republican primary, where Dr. Herb Sohn, a urologist, and Edward R. Vrdolyak, a former mayoral candidate who waged a write-in campaign, were locked in a close race. With about three-fourths of the precincts reporting, Mr. Vrdolyak led Mr. Sohn in unofficial tallies, but the outcome remained in doubt because of uncertainties and disputes over write-in votes. Democrats have held City Hall in Chicago for more than six decades.

Racial Tensions Below Surface

Mr. Sawyer was chosen Acting Mayor by a majority of white aldermen and a handful of black City Councilmen in a stormy session Dec. 2, 1987.

His alliance with white aldermen angered many blacks, and while he made great strides to win their support, some lingering bitterness may have helped doom his chances.

In the campaign, Mr. Daley and Mr. Sawyer largely avoided personal attacks and repeatedly called for racial harmony. But in this city, often regarded as the most residentially segregated in the country, racial tensions were never far below the surface, and charges of racism on both sides flared repeatedly in the final weeks of the campaign.

The Sawyer campaign not only suffered losses in black turnout but also failed to do as well as Mr. Washington had done among whites. Three-fourths of the whites who voted for Mr. Washington went for Mr. Daley today. Jewish and Hispanic voters, two other groups from which Mr. Sawyer had hoped to win support, went against him solidly. Among Jews, Mr. Daley got 83 percent of the votes, against 15 percent for Mr. Sawyer. Among Hispanic voters, Mr. Daley led 84 percent to 15 percent.

'Mutiny in Our Community'

In the last weeks of the campaign, Mr. Sawyer campaigned at the side of the Rev. Jesse Jackson, who lives here. In numerous political rallies Mr. Jackson, the former Presidential candidate, led crowds of blacks in chanting, ''Keep the keys,'' a reference to black control of City Hall. Tonight he exhorted blacks to get out and vote, complaining, ''We have a mutiny in our community.''

Mr. Sawyer's strong showing among black voters illustrated a remarkable political comeback by the former Alderman, who had taken the oath of office surrounded by armed guards at a stormy City Council session while protesters chanted, ''Uncle Tom Sawyer, Uncle Tom Sawyer.''

But some of Mr. Evans's backers, who remained bitter toward Mr. Sawyer for his alliance with ethnic white aldermen that night, may have denied the Mayor a crucial edge by staying home from the polls.

Remembrance of 'Da Mare'

And Mr. Sawyer, who also needed to attract Mayor Washington's white supporters, most of them residents of the relatively affluent lakefront wards, and many of them Jewish, was surely hurt when he hesitated last year before discharging an aide who had delivered a series of anti-Semitic speeches to black audiences.

Richard Michael Daley, given to giggles, malapropisms and hometown boosterism, inspires deja vu in Chicagoans who remember his father, Richard J. Daley, whose clipped speech and use of words like ''dees'' and ''dems'' earned him the sobriquet ''Da Mare.''

But demeanor aside, allies and critics alike see important differences between father and son. His supporters contend that Mr. Daley has no desire to run the city with the autocratic, Irish, old-boy network that characterized the seemingly omnipotent Democratic machine - and could not do so even if he wished. The courts have outlawed much of the patronage that fueled the machine, and the city's black electorate, which has grown larger and more assertive, now insists on a fair slice of the bureaucratic pie.

'Common Man' Image

Critics see differences in ability as well. The elder Daley, they say, was mentally as sharp as a stockyard meat hook and potentially nearly as painful to his foes.

''People accused old man Daley of a lot of things,'' said Don Rose, a top adviser to the Evans campaign. ''But no one ever accused him of being dumb.''

The younger Daley is not as politically ruthless as his father; nor, the critics contend, is he as smart. A graduate of DePaul University Law School, the younger Daley flunked the bar examination twice before passing on a third try.

In eight years as a county prosecutor, he has not tried a single case. Indeed, the Sawyer campaign sought to capitalize on misgivings about Daley's intellect in advertisements that showed the candidate fumbling with crayon-scrawled notecards that read, among other things, ''My name is Richie.''

Mr. Daley has brushed aside such criticisms, even predicting that his ''common man'' image could help him in ***working-class*** wards, sometime described here as the Bungalow Belt.

He conceded that when he ran for State's Attorney, ''I had my skeptics.'' But he eventually won praise for his stewardship of the prosecutor's office, earning an endorsement for re-election from Mayor Washington in 1987.

In this campaign, Mr. Daley sounded the themes of law and order and the need for reform of the city's troubled school system.He has promised to hire minorities at City Hall at levels established under Mayor Washington and in nearly every campaign appearance has called for racial harmony.

**Graphic**

Photos of Richard M. Daley (AP) (pg. A1); Carol Freeman receiving her ballot at a polling place in Chicago as she prepared to vote (NYT/Jonathan Kirn) (pg. A21)

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[***Ethnic Voting in Chicago May Jar Daley on Road to Mayor's Office***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6CD0-002S-X4KF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 2, 1989, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1199 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, March 1

**Body**

Richard M. Daley and his supporters know that history is on their side as they enter the final, five-week-long drive to the citywide general election. A Democratic nominee has not lost a Chicago mayoral race since 1927.

But some uncertainties could alter the political road that Mr. Daley and the white Republican and the black independent who will oppose him must travel between now and April 4. On that date voters will choose one of them to fill out the last two years of the term of Harold Washington, Chicago's first black Mayor, who died 14 months ago.

On a Juggernaut

Mr. Daley, the son of the legendary Mayor Richard J. Daley, emerged as the front-runner in the April 4 general election after his campaign juggernaut crushed Acting Mayor Eugene Sawyer in Tuesday's Democratic primary by rolling up more than 55 percent of the vote, almost all from whites.

An important question for Alderman Timothy C. Evans, a black who is running as an independent, is whether he will be able to generate the broad support and high turnout among blacks that eluded Mr. Sawyer despite the latter's pleas to black voters to help him ''keep the keys'' to City Hall.

Among Republicans, the question is who the candidate will be. Although he claimed victory, Edward R. Vrdolyak, a former Democratic Alderman and bitter foe of Mr. Daley, has not been certified the winner of the Republican primary as a write-in candidate.

Republican officials say Mr. Vrdolayk apparently holds a lead of fewer than 500 ballots among the more than 24,000 cast in the party primary, and the election canvassers will not certify the ballots until Thursday. Depending on how many ballots are invalidated by election officials, and subsequent legal challenges, either Mr. Vrdolyak or Dr. Herbert Sohn, a little known physician, could end up on the ballot.

Assuming the Republican candidate is Mr. Vrdolyak, and if voting patterns in the general election are as sharply divided along racial lines as they were Tuesday, Mr. Vrdolyak could do some damage to Mr. Daley in a close race by splitting white voters to the advantage of Mr. Evans. Mr. Vrdolyak is a combative politician with a loyal following in some predominantly white ***working-class*** wards.

More Whites Registered

As for Mr. Evans, he will need monolithic support from the black community, a point Mr. Washington proved in his own two successful campaigns. Although the number of blacks and whites among the city's 3 million residents is nearly equal, whites outnumber blacks among registered voters.

Among many blacks, Mr. Sawyer was never able to overcome the suspicion and even enmity that grew out of the coalition he made with old-guard white aldermen in December 1987, when they helped select him as Acting Mayor over Mr. Evans in a tumultous City Council session barely a week after Mayor Washington died.

It may be different for Mr. Evans, an articulate man who has strong emotional support in the black community and whose independent campaign - he is running as a candidate of the Harold Washington Party - seeks to invoke the legacy and memory of the late Mayor, who is yet revered as a kind of folk hero.

Still, Mr. Evans must deal first with anger and bitterness among many of Mr. Sawyer's black supporters, who were quick to blame the low black turnout in the primary on Mr. Evans. Mr. Evans refused to endorse Mr. Sawyer's candidacy, and some of his allies actively discouraged voters from going to the polls Tuesday.

Turnout Declined Sharply

Turnout was the lowest in a decade for a mayoral primary, with only about 64 percent of the city's 1.5 million registered voters going to the polls, off sharply from 78 percent in the 1983 primary, when Mr. Washington became the party's nominee.

While voting was down across the city, it was off most sharply in black neighborhoods.

The Rev. Jesse Jackson, who backed Mr. Sawyer in the primary and says he will now support Mr. Evans against the Democratic nominee, acknowledged that the Chicago black political coalition that helped elect Mr. Washigton was ''fractured and broken.''

''There has to be some rapprochement, a bridge has to be built,'' said Rev. Jackson, who said he hoped Mr. Sawyer would prove ''the bigger man'' and eventually endorse Mr. Evans. Mr. Sawyer said late today he is leaning toward not making any endorsement.

Hard to Repeat

Don Rose, a campaign aide to Mr. Evans, said that Mr. Evans hopes to replicate the same popular movement that carried Mayor Washington to victory, when he coupled a large and unified black vote with strong support among Hispanic voters, and nearly 20 percent of the white vote, most of it from among more liberal voters who live in the upscale neighborhoods near Lake Michigan.

That may be very difficult. According to a New York Times/WBBM-TV poll of 2,114 voters as they left the polling places, Mr. Daley won 92 percent of the white vote, including many voters who backed Mayor Washington in 1983 and 1987, while taking just 6 percent of the black vote. Mr. Sawyer, in turn, took 93 percent of the black ballots but was able to win only 8 percent of the white vote. These findings were subject to a margin of sampling error of plus or minus two percentage points.

The survey also showed that among those who voted in the primary, Mr. Evans might not do as well in April against Mr. Daley as Mr. Sawyer did Tuesday. Only two-thirds of the blacks who voted for Mr. Sawyer indicated they would be willing to support Mr. Evans in April. Over all, only 30 percent of all those who voted in the primary - black, white and Hispanic voters - said they would support Mr. Evans in a race with Mr. Daley, who was the choice of 55 percent of those polled.

And only 5 percent of the whites who voted said they would support Mr. Evans, the poll showed. Those white voters who turned out in the largest proportion for Mr. Sawyer - whites who describe themselves as liberals or have some postgraduate education -said they were less enthusiasm about Mr. Evans than they were about Mr. Sawyer.

Courting the Stay-at-Homes

But Mr. Rose said Mr. Evans's winning margin would not come from those who voted in Tuesday's election, but among the 200,000 or so voters, black and white, who stayed home.

To get those voters out, said Mr. Rose, will mean infusing electricity into the campaign. Mr. Rose said that means suggesting that Mr. Daley's election would mark a return to white, machine politics .

David Axelrod, Mr. Daley's media adviser, said such tactics would not work. ''The machine is gone, just as the Vietnam War is over and the Beatles have disbanded,'' he said. ''Times have changed.''

How the Poll Was Taken

The New York Times/WBBM-TV Poll was based on questionnaires completed by 2,114 Democratic primary voters as they left polling places throughout Chicago on Tuesday.

In theory, in 19 cases out of 20 the results based on such samples will differ by no more than three percentage points in either direction from what would have been obtained by seeking out all those who voted in the Chicago Democratic primary.

In addition to sampling error, the practical difficulties of conducting any survey of voter opinion on primary election day may introduct other sources of error into the poll.

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[***Ex-Migrant Worker Struggles to Keep Farm Museum Alive***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6B40-002S-X3NK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 5, 1989, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 12CN; Page 33, Column 1; Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1104 words

**Byline:** By SHARON L. BASS

**Body**

WENTWORTH T. PHILLIPS said he had always banked on simple basics like self-sufficiency and knowing the skills of the laboring class to make it in life. Based on those tenets, he founded the Bloomfield Farm Implement Museum in 1980. As he will explain over and over, he started his museum with ''the kids, the kids, the kids,'' especially inner-city children, in mind.

''This is not a museum where people fold their hands and ask questions,'' Mr. Phillips of Bloomfield said one recent day inside the large, red weather-worn barn that holds many of the collection's 3,900 antique tools and farm machines. ''They crank things. They ride on them. They learn what they were made to do.''

''The kids start rattling things, sitting on them, pulling, pushing, cranking things,'' the 52-year-old said. ''They go crazy; you can't stop them. I don't teach kids reading and writing. I'm talking about skills.''

Began as a Migrant Worker

It is self-sufficiency, being able to do just about anything with his hands, that Mr. Phillips credits to his rise from a migrant farm worker to a homeowner and businessman. He has been a farmer, a blacksmith, a clocksmith, a landscape artist, an antique dealer and in his early days, a professional boxer. But his skills have not been able to help him pay off a government loan to save the museum, his nearby home and his dream to help as many children as he can.

When Mr. Phillips opened his museum, he received an $80,000 loan from the Small Business Administration to develop the museum's six acres of land and to cover initial operating costs. He also received two grants, for $10,000 and $25,000, from the State Department of Economic Development. Otherwise he has run the museum single-handedly, taking in less than $2,000 a year.

Since 1980, he said, he has made only one loan repayment. In 1987, the Small Business Administration began foreclosure proceedings on his house, which he had used as collateral, said Hunter Lohman, deputy district director for the administration's office in Hartford. Mr. Phillips has been allowed to remain in his house, where he operates an antique and clock repair business. However, Mr. Lohman said if Mr. Phillips did not repay the loan shortly his house and museum collection would be auctioned.

Mr. Phillips leases the land at the museum from the Culbro Land Development Company for $1 a year. But he owns the thousands of farm implements dating back 200 years - wagons, harvesters, feeders, potato cutters, butter churns, cream separators, chicken incubators, ploughs and hand tools. Mr. Phillips said he had spent decades going to estate and farm sales around New England to collect the pieces.

State Senator Reginald J. Smith, Republican of New Hartford, said he was moved by Mr. Philipps's plight and introduced a bill earlier this year that would appropriate $100,000 to purchase the equipment and buildings. If the bill is approved, Mr. Phillips would be able to repay the Small Business Administration loan and would remain as curator. Meanwhile, Mr. Smith said he hoped a private party would buy the property.

''If no one else picks up the pieces, the farm implements will be disposed of in some way,'' Mr. Smith said. ''Phillips had made a good case for the museum - its value to the community and the long and hard hours he has dedicated to it.''

Dedication, Mr. Phillips said, keeps him ploughing ahead despite the year-to-year financial struggles. He earns no income from the museum, which five years ago stopped charging admission and takes only donations. He supports himself by working odd jobs like repairing antiques and clocks or landscaping, he said.

In 1950, Mr. Phillips came to Florida from St. Kitts in the West Indies as a migrant farm worker. He moved to Hartford in 1952 and worked on the tobacco fields in Windsor. In 1954, he worked at a slaughterhouse in Bloomfield. The next year he began working odd jobs, but always hoped to open a museum of antique farm tools and machines and hand down his skills to disadvantaged children.

''I'm a poor man; I'm a black man,'' he said. ''So I ask you, I don't have any children. Why did I do it? I didn't put up that collateral to buy a Mercedes or a yacht. I did it to save inner-city children from stealing and killing.

''I am self-learned. I am self-sufficient. I came to the United States to earn 45 cents an hour. I own my own home now. I show kids that I learned the skills and disciplines, that I can do anything.''

About 10,000 visitors come to the museum each year, mostly children and mostly during the summer. Everything about the museum resembles a farm, from the winding dirt driveway and the baying goats and donkeys, to the many old and rusty wagons and tractors scattered around the property.

''This shows the kids what it was like before it was trucks and tractors,'' Mr. Phillips said. ''It was oxen pulling the carts, doing the same work that farmers do today.''

Inside the red barn museum, the dirt floor is covered with pebbles and the space is filled with such items as an 1810 vacuum cleaner (''It still works,'' Mr. Phillips said with a beam), one of the earliest washer and dryers, a rototiller from Sweden that dates back about 100 years, stage coaches, a permanent plough and deep-well pump from 1790, and the newest item, a 1911 clover cutter. Lining the walls are tree and ice saws. In display cases are horse bits, horse shoes and old medicine bottles.

The artifacts, Mr. Phillips explained, came to him dirty and rusty. He repaired and shined them and can spontaneously date any piece in the collection.

''The beauty of this museum is the kids,'' he said, not the collection. ''They seem to come alive here.'' Until a few years ago, Mr. Phillips ran a six-week summer program for inner-city children in Connecticut where they would spend the day at the museum helping to restore equipment, care for the animals, maintain the grounds and learn other skills.

''If I have to sum it all up I'd say I taught them discipline, culture and how to respect yourself,'' Mr. Phillips said. ''And to learn by being with other people.''

Deborah Carson, a real estate agent from Windsor who is a volunteer at the museum, is trying to expand the children's program to include first-time youth offenders. She also wants to help strengthen the museum's ties with school systems and to form a museum board.

''I believe in the museum and in him,'' she said. ''He believes in leaving something behind that's worthwhile. He's trying to preserve the ***working-class*** history, to make sure people know how butter was churned and what the first washer and dryer looked like. I call it the simple path.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Wentworth T. Phillps by a wagon on display at his Bloomfield Farm Implement Musuem; exhibits on display around the museum

**End of Document**



[***HAVENS; Weekender Essex, Conn.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47W3-WT40-01KN-207C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 7, 2003 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 6

**Length:** 1554 words

**Byline:**  By MAURA J. CASEY

**Body**

EAGLES like Essex, and so do people. Ten years ago, the book "The 100 Best Small Towns in America" by Norman Crampton (Hungry Minds, 1993) named Essex, with its lovely villages and sweeping vistas of the Connecticut River, the No. 1 small town in the country, and its residents say it's as good now as it was then. The eagles -- bald eagles, now increasing in numbers from their most endangered days -- vote with their wings, flying in by the scores from northern New England to fish in the tidal open water of the Connecticut River.

During a particularly cold winter like this one, when ponds and lakes freeze everywhere to the north, as many as 80 bald eagles inhabit the 15-mile stretch of river between Interstate 95 and the Goodspeed Bridge in East Haddam, according to Andrew Griswold, who directs the ecotravel office of the Connecticut Audubon Society.

Essex celebrates the eagles' temporary residency by playing host to the society's annual Connecticut River Eagle Festival; this year's, on Feb. 15 and 16, will be the fourth. There will be a parade (Feb. 15 at 9 a.m.), live music, storytellers and lectures as well as naturalist-guided train and boat trips to see eagles, and free shuttle bus trips to the best eagle viewing sites. Last year, 10,000 people attended.

On any weekend, Essex, just 11.8 square miles and dating from the 1600's, is made for ambling. Gracious old homes and boutiques line the sidewalks of the main thoroughfares. Its three distinct sections, which now run together, were once separate villages. The largest commercial area, still known as Essex Village, is on a peninsula in the river and was known for shipbuilding from the Revolutionary War to the Civil War. The village's winding streets have gracious Colonial and Federal homes, many with water views. The other two sections, Centerbrook and Ivoryton, are farther from the Connecticut River but have older homes on estuaries like Falls River. Ivoryton was once identified with pianos; from the Civil War to the 1940's, keyboards and other piano parts were manufactured there and shipped all over the world.

The Scene

Many people discover Essex when they steer their boats to one of the three yacht clubs, two boat clubs and two marinas in town. Philip Scheffler, the executive editor of "60 Minutes," arrived when he and Charles Kuralt, the CBS news correspondent, sailed up the Connecticut River. They bought a house together in the mid-1970's. Four years later, Mr. Scheffler bought out Mr. Kuralt's ownership in the property and Mr. Kuralt bought the house next door. He had a home in Essex until his death in 1997.

Although Mr. Scheffler has owned a second home in Essex for nearly 30 years, he calls himself a newcomer. One reason he likes the town, he said, is that weekenders are only a small part of the community. "It's a real town; people live and work here," he said. "It's not just a bedroom community." He isn't anxious to spread the word. "All the people from the Hamptons will move in," he said.

A favored place for dinners and social gatherings is the Griswold Inn, a 31-room inn and restaurant that has been open continuously since 1776. (Mr. Griswold of the Audubon is distantly related to the original owner, but the Griswold family is no longer involved with the inn.) Locals call it "the Gris," and it is known particularly for its Sunday brunch, based on the traditional English buffet it has served since the War of 1812, when the British briefly commandeered the town.

Essex loves parades. There are usually seven a year: two around Halloween; one during the Christmas season; one on Groundhog Day, when children gather to celebrate a large, papier-mache groundhog called Essex Ed; one on Memorial Day; the one for the Eagle Festival; and the Losers' Parade (May 3 this year), commemorating the 1814 burning of 28 ships in Essex Harbor by the British, who presumably walked up the street afterward to the Gris for Sunday brunch.

Pros

The Lower Connecticut River area where Essex is located is so ecologically rich that the Nature Conservancy has designated it one of 40 "Last Great Places" in the Western Hemisphere. Walk to the foot of Main Street in Essex Village, where shipbuilders once launched sailing vessels, and you may see an eagle soaring overhead. The rivers and estuaries offer fishing, boating and scenic views as well as good wildlife viewing for nature lovers. Some homeowners have their own docks.

The boating and yacht clubs, which range from casual to somewhat formal, require sponsorship of a member to join, but this is not much of an impediment, according to Frank J. Purdue, a sales associate at the Mitchel Agency in Essex. "Generally, as Realtors, we can recommend people and they are accepted," he said. Gaining membership in one of the yacht clubs is far less difficult than obtaining a permanent mooring in Essex Harbor, where there is a 10-year waiting list, according to First Selectman Peter Webster.

Trains from New York are nearby; both Shore Line East and Amtrak stop at Old Saybrook, eight miles from Essex Village. Two large outlet shopping malls, one in Westbrook and one in Clinton, are a 20-minute drive down Interstate 95. The Goodspeed Opera House in East Haddam and the Ivoryton Playhouse offer plays and other productions within a few minutes' drive; New Haven, with its theaters, museums and restaurants, is a half-hour drive away.

The Connecticut River Museum has exhibits about life on the river, and people can make arrangements there for naturalist-guided cruises on the river (67 Main Street, 860-767-8269). The Essex Steam Train & Riverboat, ([*www.essexsteamtrain.com;*](http://www.essexsteamtrain.com;) 800-377-3987) offering scenic train rides and riverboat cruises, runs on weekends and holidays and offers dinner train rides from May to October.

There are several good restaurants. The Copper Beech Inn, for example, offers good French cuisine (46 Main Street, 860-767-0330). The Black Seal (15C Main Street, 860-767-0233) is a good place for lunch and is less formal than the Griswold Inn.

On Main Street in Essex Village are curio and antiques shops, a toy store, and places for coffee and sandwiches. A small park with benches offers pedestrians a chance to enjoy views of Middle Cove, a sheltered inlet.

Crime in Essex is virtually nil.

Cons

The town is surrounded by water but has no public swimming area for residents, something First Selectman Peter Webster says he wants to change.

There is little open space for parks or new building.

Longtime residents complain that Main Street in Essex is dominated by real estate offices and quaint shops catering to tourists. There is no drugstore, for example. And parking is at a premium.

"Essex has changed a lot," said Jefferson Davis, who represents the Pomfret area in northeast Connecticut in the State General Assembly and grew up in Essex. It has far fewer ***working-class*** residents, he said, than it did three decades ago. Rising home prices have closed out much of the market to any but higher-income buyers.

Real Estate Market

Home prices in Essex have risen 30 percent a year for each of the last two years, said Chip Frost, an agent at Page-Taft Real Estate in Essex, a rise she attributes in part to the appeal of real estate as a safe investment in a time of weak stock prices. Last year, 115 homes were sold. Of the houses and condominiums on the market now, the closer to the river, the higher the price. Prices are generally lower in Ivoryton or Centerbrook than in Essex Village.

Page-Taft's listings this week included a house built near the water around 1647, with six bedrooms and three and a half bathrooms, for $1.5 million, and a three-bedroom, three-and-a-half-bathroom house in Essex Village, with no water views, for $379,000. The Mitchel Agency was offering a one-bedroom, one-bathroom, 1,066-square-foot condominium in Essex Village, with a water view and sun porch, for $229,900.

LAY OF THE LAND

A Real Town With Real Eagles

POPULATION -- 6,505 year-round residents.

SIZE -- 11.8 square miles.

NUMBER OF HOUSES -- 3,388.

MEDIAN HOUSE PRICE -- $287,500.

NEIGHBORS -- Philip Scheffler, executive editor of "60 Minutes"; scientists; lawyers; financial analysts; and retirees.

RECENT SALES -- A three-bedroom, one-bathroom, 965-square-foot house in Centerbrook, in need of renovation, sold in December for $123,750. A five-bedroom, two-and-a-half-bathroom house built around 1799, with five fireplaces and water views in Essex, sold in December for $890,000; a two-bedroom, two-bathroom condominium overlooking the water in Essex sold for $617,000 in December. In Ivoryton, a two-bedroom, one-bathroom house in need of renovation, with about 845 square feet, closed in October for $85,000.

DISTANCE FROM NEW YORK -- 105 miles.

TRAVEL TIME -- Driving, two hours from Manhattan. By rail, two hours and 20 minutes via Amtrak and Shore Line East trains to Old Saybrook.

GETTING THERE -- Take Interstate 95 North to Exit 69 and then Route 9 North to Exit 3. Turn left onto Saybrook Road and quickly right onto West Avenue, leading into Essex.

WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING -- Stay at the Griswold Inn (36 Main Street, 860-767-1776). Its 31 rooms are $95 to $200 in winter. Or stay at the Copper Beech Inn (46 Main Street, 860-767-0330). Its 13 rooms, some in a renovated carriage house and most furnished with four-poster beds and Oriental rugs, are $145 to $350.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: RIVER TOWN -- Essex, known for its marinas and yacht clubs along the Connecticut River, also celebrates its long history. (Photographs by George Ruhe for The New York Times) Map of Connecticut highlighting the town of Essex.

**Load-Date:** February 7, 2003

**End of Document**



[***MISSING ELEMENT/A special report.; Battery Park City Is Success, Except for Pledge to the Poor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:421S-6P20-0109-T08P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2783 words

**Byline:**  By ERIC LIPTON

**Body**

Twenty-five years ago, Battery Park City was little more than a barren riverside landfill and a dream. Today, its copper-roofed office towers, 25 upscale condominium and apartment buildings and finely manicured riverfront parks have become some of the most valuable real estate in New York City.

But one central ingredient in the formula devised and refined by a succession of New York governors and mayors is missing: the roughly 60,000 low- and moderate-income housing units promised either within Battery Park City or elsewhere in the city.

The plan, conceived in the mid-1960's by Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller and Mayor John V. Lindsay, was to avoid building just a "Riviera on the Hudson" by using the money that this government-backed project would generate to benefit the city's poor and middle class.

But while Battery Park City has flourished, generating tens of millions of dollars each year in revenues from leases and other sources, the low-cost housing plan has nearly disappeared, producing from 1,557 to 4,350 units of low- or moderate-cost housing in the last decade, depending on how it is counted.

What happened to Battery Park's commitment to finance the preservation or renovation of up to 60,000 units of housing citywide is hard to untangle, in part because responsibility now stretches over five mayoral administrations.

Officials at the Battery Park City Authority, an agency created by the state in 1968 that collects rent and payments from landlords that are made in lieu of taxes, and pays off its debts, say they have lived up to the bargain by turning over millions of dollars to the city every year. As to what happened to the money the authority has given to the city, Timothy S. Carey, president of the authority, said that is a question the city should answer.

City officials, though, say that they never really regarded the agreement as binding, and that the city has relied on a loophole in the agreement to spend the Battery Park money as it sees fit -- sometimes for housing, but more often for other things.

"If all you are talking about is money, I am not going to speak to money," Deputy Mayor Robert M. Harding said, when asked if the city had honored its Battery Park City commitments. "The city has done a remarkable job of putting new housing units on."

But housing advocates in the city, as well as several of the original architects of the deal, say that the commitments made at Battery Park City's birth have not been honored.

"I am terribly disappointed," said Meyer S. Frucher, president of the Battery Park City Authority from 1984 to 1988 and now chief executive of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange. "I think it has been a breach of faith."

The perceived failure to honor the agreement has become a central tenet in the intensifying criticism of the Giuliani administration by housing advocates, who contend it has largely ignored the increasingly acute shortage of low- and moderate-income housing in the city.

These advocates have recently been pressing Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani to reassert the city's commitment to the deal, by including in his final budget plan a large new investment in housing, a request the mayor has already hinted he intends to honor.

"There is an opportunity to start anew," said Carol Lamberg, executive director of the Settlement Housing Fund, which has participated in the meetings with Mr. Giuliani's top aides. "It is not too late."

The Pledge

An Obligation to Help All Housing Classes

The notion of replacing 20 rotting Hudson River piers with a virtual new city first surfaced in 1962, the same year architectural work on the adjacent World Trade Center began. Land dug up to make way for the twin towers was deposited along the Hudson shore, and on it would be built Battery Park City.

In a 1968 joint statement, Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Lindsay pledged that "the city would earmark funds it would normally receive from new commercial and luxury developments to underwrite land costs for new low- and middle-income housing." By 1969, Mr. Lindsay reached an agreement with other city officials that two-thirds of the 15,000 apartments set to rise at Battery Park City would be for people with low or moderate incomes, which in today's terms mean annual incomes up to about $45,000 for a family of four.

"With the climate of division coming out of the riots and civil rights struggle, this was the right thing to do," Percy E. Sutton, the former Manhattan borough president, said in an interview last month. "If you are going to use public land and public money, you have an obligation to be sure that it is racially and economically integrated or at least benefits people of all classes."

The construction of the 92-acre landfill was completed in 1976, when the city had slumped into a fiscal crisis, and the idea of developing Battery Park City as a mixed-income community was abandoned as quaintly utopian.

But after city finances stabilized and construction of housing and offices at Battery Park City had begun in the mid-1980's, a new vision for Battery Park was embraced: allow an exclusive community to be developed, but use money generated by it to finance affordable housing elsewhere in the city.

The idea seemed particularly apt, for the city was facing a drastic cut in the federal government grants aimed at low- and moderate-income housing. And the state's Mitchell-Lama program, which had created about 135,000 units of middle-income city housing since 1955, was no longer producing new units.

Battery Park City could never generate enough money to replace these programs. But Mr. Frucher, then the head of the Battery Park authority, suggested in a letter in October 1984 to Gov. Mario M. Cuomo that the authority's surpluses should be used to finance what they could in the way of new housing and the rehabilitation of existing housing for low-income residents.

That concept ultimately translated into two separate agreements between the city and the authority. First, the state would issue bonds, to be paid off with Battery Park City revenues, that would provide a total of $400 million to renovate 24,000 units of low-cost housing. After that, Battery Park City would give the city an additional $600 million in direct payments for low-cost housing in other parts of the city. Under that formula, Mr. Frucher said in a recent interview, 60,000 such units were expected by the end of the 1990's.

The agreement, signed by Mayor Edward I. Koch in December 1989, stated that the city should not use any of the $600 million in payments to substitute for city spending, meaning that the money had to be used to increase the investment in housing construction or housing programs beyond what the city would already have spent.

The Wealth

Corporate Centers And Luxury Yachts

Battery Park City has thrived. The World Financial Center is now home to the headquarters of American Express, Dow Jones, Merrill Lynch and other corporations. More than 6,000 apartments have been built, from TriBeCa Pointe in the north to South Cove Plaza in the south. The complex now includes Stuyvesant High School, the Museum of Jewish Heritage and the new headquarters of the New York Mercantile Exchange.

Its riverfront esplanade and Winter Garden courtyard, filled with palm trees and fringed with upscale retailers, draw crowds. Sailboats and luxury yachts dock at its private harbor.

Today, an estimated 40,000 people work there each day and 9,000 or so people live within Battery Park City. A two-bedroom apartment with river views rents for $3,800 to $5,500 a month, while a two-bedroom apartment facing the river sells for $635,000 to $800,000, real estate agents said. Four-bedroom penthouse apartments at the new Ritz-Carlton Downtown, now under construction, are selling for up to $6 million.

All this development has generated lots of money for the Battery Park City Authority, totaling $147 million last year. The authority pays off its debt and other bills, including $5.2 million last year invested in security and routine upkeep for the 32 acres of parks. The money that is left over is transferred to the city.

Mr. Carey, who was appointed by Gov. George E. Pataki to run the authority, says there is no question that Battery Park City has lived up to the agreed-upon terms by delivering the money for housing.

"Our promise has been kept," Mr. Carey said in an interview.

Since the first buildings opened at Battery Park City in the early 1980's, the authority has turned over a total of $705 million to New York City, according to authority documents. That money has come either as simple cash transfers of surplus funds, or as large payments -- reaching up to $150 million in one lump sum -- generated from the sale of bonds backed by Battery Park City. Of the total, $419 million has been given to the city for the express purpose of preserving, renovating or constructing housing, the documents show.

The Cutbacks

Initial Success, Then Fiscal Troubles

At first, there was clear evidence that the city and Battery Park City honored the housing commitments. Bonds backed by Battery Park City produced $143 million to finance the renovation of 893 apartments for low- and moderate-income families in the Bronx and an additional 664 in Harlem.

New Settlement Apartments, built in the Mount Eden neighborhood of the southwest Bronx, are a testament to this investment: 14 once burned-out buildings now filled with tenants since 1990. More than 250 of the tenants had once been homeless, or had lived in shelters, said Jack Doyle, the complex director.

Studios rent for about $400 to $450 a month, while three-bedroom apartments cost $650 and $800.

"I feel very proud of living here," said Nilda Louisa, a mother with five children who has rented at New Settlement since it opened.

In recent years, too, about 325 moderate-income apartments have also been built by housing developers within Battery Park City, and now make up about 5 percent of the complex's 6,077 apartments. Many of those are two-bedroom units reserved for four-person families with incomes that do not exceed $28,000.

But as early as 1990, the first plank of the affordable housing commitment, the $400 million in Battery Park City-financed bonds, ran into trouble after its initial success.

First, the initial housing rehabilitation project in Harlem and the Bronx that had been paid for with these bonds ended up costing far more than expected, an average of $90,000 a unit, after the city decided to go with an unusually expensive form of renovation. That meant the initial estimates that the $400 million in revenues from the bonds could produce 24,000 units was overly optimistic, even unrealistic.

The early 1990's recession only worsened matters.

First, Mayor David N. Dinkins, facing a large projected budget deficit, turned to Battery Park City for help, persuading state officials in 1990 to turn over a $150 million special payment to the city, financed with new Battery Park City-backed bonds.

This special payment to the city may have been a relief to the mayor. But it made it harder for Battery Park City to issue yet more bonds to honor its housing commitment, officials there said.

And then Olympia & York, the Canadian builder of the World Financial Center, filed for bankruptcy protection, and the attendant questions about Olympia & York's future again damaged Battery Park's ability to produce the bond revenues aimed at housing.

Ultimately, despite the promising start made with the $143 million generated by the first burst of bond revenues, none of the remaining $257 million promised under the agreement was paid to the city.

The Refusals

Giuliani Officials Disdain a Commitment

The second mechanism by which Battery Park City was going to deliver on its stated mission -- direct payments of $600 million in surplus revenues to the city government to support housing projects -- has also been far from fully realized.

Battery Park officials have records proving they have delivered the money to the city each year, although it has been at a slower annual rate than the state and city had anticipated. The payments started in 1992, with a $10.8 million contribution, and have gradually grown to $57.1 million in the city's 2000 fiscal year. So far, a total of $276.2 million has been turned over to the city.

But the Giuliani administration has not felt compelled to spend the money on housing programs, asserting that the commitment made years ago is neither legally binding nor fiscally smart. And Giuliani administration officials say former administrations felt and acted the same way.

Perhaps the most telling example of the administration's position with respect to the aim of using Battery Park City to finance affordable housing is the larger fact that city spending on housing of any and all kinds is about half what it was a decade ago.

In the 1991 fiscal year, for example, the year before the first payment, a combined total of $940 million in city money was spent on housing-related construction and Department of Housing and Community Development services, according to the New York City Independent Budget Office. In 2000, the city's spending on the same efforts was about $535 million.

Giuliani administration officials are disdainful of the Battery Park City accords.

Jerilyn Perine, the commissioner of the Department of Housing Preservation and Development, said that dating back to Mayor Koch, city officials resisted formally honoring the Battery Park City agreements in part because of the inability to predict just how much money it would mean for housing construction projects. She said that committing Battery Park City money to affordable housing, without question and irrespective of other budgetary concerns, was foolhardy.

"Koch didn't want to continue doing it either," she said. "If you are going to run a housing program, you want to have a housing program that is part of a budget process so you have some surety. It is very difficult to run a housing program based on whether or not Battery Park City is going to turn a profit in a particular year."

A June letter sent by the Giuliani administration to Battery Park City bluntly explained how a $46.6 million payment representing Battery Park's 1999 surplus was used: "to maintain existing city services." The letter cited a provision in the 1989 agreement that allows the city to spend the Battery Park City money however it sees fit, if it is facing a projected budget deficit. What the memorandum did not mention is that three days after it was sent, the city ended its fiscal year with a $3.2 billion surplus, the largest in New York City history.

The only time the Giuliani administration has ever claimed to have invested the Battery Park City payments directly into housing construction involved the renovation of 2,471 apartments, largely in the South Bronx, an effort that had been paid for with city money and almost entirely completed during the Dinkins administration, according to city documents provided in response to Freedom of Information Act requests. The Battery Park payments were used to reimburse the city for these projects, the documents say.

Ultimately, Deputy Mayor Harding said that questions about how the city is spending the Battery Park City money are irrelevant. What matters, he said, is that during the Giuliani administration, the supply of occupied housing units in the city has increased by 44,000, in large part because of the booming economy.

But city housing advocates are unconvinced. The net number of housing units in the city may have grown during the Giuliani administration, as Mr. Harding asserts, but during the same time, the city population has increased and the city has lost tens of thousands of units of housing within the reach of the city's poor or ***working class*** residents, said Frank Braconi, executive director of the Citizens Housing and Planning Council.

The city, the housing advocates said, may have found loopholes that allowed it to spend the Battery Park City money as it saw fit, but in doing so it violated the spirit of the commitment dating back three decades.

Mr. Frucher, the former Battery Park City president, called it "an abomination." Glenn S. Pasanen, associate director of City Project, a nonprofit budget monitoring group, said, "We think it is a sham."

With Battery Park City officials predicting that they will generate more than $65 million a year for the foreseeable future, Mr. Braconi and other housing advocates said, a wide open window of opportunity exists still.

"It does not call for a major innovation," said Mr. Braconi, who wrote a letter to Mayor Giuliani, Mr. Carey and Governor Pataki earlier this year urging such a move. "All that is needed is the political will to move it forward."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Battery Park City is a triumph on its silver anniversary, including the Museum of Jewish Heritage, top. But little of the promised low- and moderate-income housing ever materialized from its profits. Above, the bare landfill formed a beach in 1983. (Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times); (Ruby Washington/The New York Times)(pg. B4) Chart: "Battery Park City: Noble Ideas, Mixed Results"From Battery Park City's inception, the wealth created by the development was supposed to benefit the city's ***working class*** and poor, but there is little evidence that anything more than a small portion of low- and moderate-income housing was ever built. 1965 -- Phase One: Mixed-income housing concepts emergePhase Two -- Profits to be used to build housing elsewherePhase Three -- Payments begin 1962First plan for revitalizing 20 collapsing Hudson River piers calls for a mix of residential, commercial and industrial use. 1966Governor Rockefeller endorses the idea and has an architect design a model community with low- and middle-income housing. 1976The landfill is completed, changing the 20 piers into 92 acres of land. But because of a fiscal crisis in New York, development stalls. 1969Under political pressure, city agrees to split housing evenly between low, moderate and upper incomes. 1979With the original plan fiscally unfeasible, a new plan emerges that drops a commitment to mixed- income housing. 1992Payments toward $600 million commitment begin. 1982The first residents move into the area. Office construction under way. 1984The Battery Park City Authority proposes using surplus revenues to construct and rehabilitate low-income housing elsewhere in New York City. Bonds providing $400 million and later payments of $600 million are ultimately scheduled. 2000Battery Park City now includes 28 acres of parks, 25 residential buildings, a yacht harbor, the Museum of Jewish Heritage and four World Financial Center towers. Payments toward the $600 million deal total $276 million. (Source: Independent Budget Office, Battery Park City Authority)(pg. B4)

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[***Hospital Union Hopes to Heal A Bitter Split***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5K90-002S-X4TN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By FELICIA R. LEE

**Body**

For much of its existence, Local 1199 of the Drug, Hospital and Health Care Employees Union was synonymous with the civil rights movement and progressive politics. It fought for voter rights and fair housing alongside the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Adam Clayton Powell Jr., the Harlem Congressman.

For at least the last seven years, however, the fighting has been internecine. And the reputation of the largest predominantly black local union in the nation has been marred by public brawls, litigation, and charges of vote fraud, racism and sexism.

As its 100,000 members prepare to elect a new president - ballots were mailed out Monday - they are hoping that the leader they choose will be able to repair the internal rifts and concentrate instead on a growing fiscal crisis in the health-care industry. Members of Local 1199, which represents such workers as X-ray technicians, housekeepers and nurses' aides, have seen reductions in the benefits and services offered by their employers and say that now, more than ever, they need a strong union.

'We Stood for Something Then'

Many members, like Archie Williamston, a pharmacy assistant at Lenox Hill Hospital for 28 years, say they feel they have been left to battle the real problems on their own while their leaders have fought each other.

''You just can't feel as proud of 1199 as you did in the old days, when everybody was working together,'' Mr. Williamston said. ''We stood for something then.'' ''The union is broken,'' said Thelma Moshier, who works in the housekeeping department at Roosevelt Hospital.

The union was long considered to be ''in the forefront, the cutting edge of social change'' in New York City, said Leon Fink, an associate professor of history at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and the co-author of a history of Local 1199. But 1199 has been unable to find the answer to one major question. ''How do you hold together a multiracial, multiclass group when no one has been able to do it anywhere else in the city?'' Mr. Fink asked.

While 1199 has been at war with itself inside its headquarters on West 43d Street in Manhattan, external factors have not made life any easier. During the Reagan Administration, the labor movement suffered a decline. And there was crisis after crisis in the health-care industry, including a nursing shortage, overcrowded wards, rising medical costs and a deluge of patients suffering from the ravages of AIDS and crack.

Now the hospital workers are being asked to select as their president the incumbent, Georgianna Johnson, or Dennis Rivera, who has served under her as vice president.

A Vow to Fight Racism

Ms. Johnson, who is black, has vowed to eradicate racism from within the union. She asserts that white members, though in the minority, are still trying to control the union's leadership.

Mr. Rivera, who is Puerto Rican, has urged the forging of coalitions in labor and in politics and has pledged to end the inertia and bitterness that have plagued the union since its founder, Leon Davis, stepped down as president in 1982.

Standing in the wings is the handpicked successor to Mr. Davis, Doris Turner, who led the union until 1986, when she lost to Ms. Johnson. Ms. Turner, who is also black, was disqualified from seeking the presidency this year because of a dispute over whether she was a member in good standing. She has vowed to contest the results after the ballots are counted on April 29.

Union Dates to 1932

The union was started in 1932 to represent pharmacists, all of whom were white. As its rank-and-file membership expanded in the 1950's with the addition of hospital workers, the change in the membership from mostly white men to mostly black and Hispanic women brought a diversity that eventually degenerated into factionalism.

What divides the factions is sometimes murky, and the groups overlap along job classifications, race and disagreements over such substantive issues as wages, benefits and the 1199 constitution. Mostly, they seem to be power disputes among strong personalities who have accused each other of vote tampering, threats, bribes and even physical violence.

On the major issues, the candidates for union president are pretty much in agreement. They want 1199 to become more politically active, to negotiate strong contracts for members and to improve benefits and wages.

Ms. Johnson's tenure has been marked by disputes, from battles over the union's constitution to a thwarted takeover attempt by 1199's more conservative parent, the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union.

Some members feel that Ms. Johnson has been an absentee president and that, even though Mr. Rivera has been the de facto president, there is no one to effectively hear and resolve their grievances with management.

'Basically Destroyed' Union

In her defense, Ms. Johnson asserts that her rivals within the union, including Mr. Rivera, have prevented her from really assuming the presidency and that this is because she is black, female and apolitical. ''They've basically destroyed a progressive union,'' she said of 1199 under Mr. Rivera, who she said really runs the union with the help of the secretary-treasurer, Eddie Kay. ''It's not being run by the people on the slate, but politicians.''

Ms. Turner, who wants to be president again, agreed. ''Deep down underneath, it's a racist struggle that's taken on an air of respectability by latching onto the civil rights movement and Dr. King, and now David Dinkins and Jesse Jackson,'' she said. ''You mean there is no black woman able to run a union of predominantly black women?''

Mr. Rivera, a 12-year member of 1199, points to his successes in winning a contract for home-care workers, lobbying against Gov. Mario M. Cuomo's proposed Medicaid cuts and averting layoffs at Presbyterian Hospital.

Instrument for Change

Mr. Rivera believes he can restore 1199's role as an instrument for social change. ''There is a renewed interest in the labor movement in America,'' he said. ''I see people in this country, ***working-class*** people, fed up with what we're facing.''

Mr. Rivera - an active supporter of Mr. Dinkins, the Borough President who is running for mayor - was a city coordinator for Mr. Jackson's Presidential campaign, which leased part of the 1199 offices.

During her tenure, Ms. Turner led members in a devastating 47-day strike against the city's voluntary hospitals in 1984. After the strike ended with an agreement with the hospitals, the hospital workers still did not have a contract and they did not obtain the negotiated 5 percent raise that was contingent on union concessions and reimbursements from the State Health Department to help cover hospital labor costs. The contract dispute was not settled until 1986.

This time around, Ms. Turner promises essentially the same thing as the other candidates: to restore 1199 to a strong union that takes an active interest in its members' lives.

Whatever the outcome of the election, it will have reverberations throughout the city, said Herbert Bienstock, director of the Center for Labor and Urban Programs, Research and Analysis at Queens College.

''The hospital industry is now one of the most important industries in the city in terms of employment,'' he said. ''1199 is the union of that industry.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Dennis Rivera, union vice president (NYT/William E. Sauro); Georgianna Johnson, president of Local 1199 of the hospital workers' union (NYT/Marilynn K. Yee) (pg. B4)

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[***Russia's Communists, Still Alive, Await an Opening***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YSV-R720-00MH-F3MD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PATRICK E. TYLER

By PATRICK E. TYLER

**Dateline:** MOSCOW, March 8

**Body**

The movie theater was plastered with posters for coming films from Hollywood, but inside there was no attraction for Yuliya Lysova and Dasha Yegorova, both 18. A decade after the Soviet collapse, they were being forced, on a school day, to attend a "Young People for Zyuganov" rally featuring the Communist Party's candidate for president, Gennadi A. Zyuganov.

"Our teacher told us to come here instead of classes," said Ms. Lysova, glancing at her watch, then at the door of the auditorium, trying to determine whether the coast was clear for a fast exit. "It was obligatory."

Ms. Yegorova said: "We heard from our grandmothers and grandfathers what life was like under the Communists, and we do not want to repeat it. We are against Communism and against Zyuganov."

The March 26 election to pick a new president from a field dominated by Acting President Vladimir V. Putin finds Russia's Communists again in a swelter about the pasting they are about to receive and what to do about their future.

The Communists' prospects for attracting new members are not necessarily hopeless. They are campaigning across Russia, and in opinion polls, Mr. Zyuganov leads all other candidates opposing Mr. Putin.

But while many young people at the rally listened attentively -- even cheered -- during several hours of Communist proselytizing, the negative reactions of those like Ms. Lysova and Ms. Yegorova revealed the strong generational bias against the party of Lenin, though he would scarcely recognize the party today.

The organization is an object of ridicule in much of Russia, and what remains of the Communists' strength -- though still considerable -- has been sundered by defections and infighting among hard-liners, nationalists and those trying to craft a more centrist model based on the social democratic parties of Europe.

Last Dec. 19, 12 days before Boris N. Yeltsin stunned Russia by announcing his resignation, the Communists won 24 percent of the vote in elections for the Duma, the lower house of Parliament, finishing just ahead of the centrists backing Mr. Putin, then the prime minister. Although the grand alliance on the left, comprising Communists, agrarians and Stalinists, lost the majority it had enjoyed since 1995, the Communists are enough of a force that Mr. Putin needed their help to prevent his closest rivals from becoming parliamentary speaker. And that deal handed the Communists enough chairmanships of influential parliamentary committees to ensure that they remain something of a force, even if they cannot regain power.

"Yeltsin delivered a big blow to the Communists because he resigned and turned over power to a young guy who is relatively normal," said Aleksandr Gelman, a playwright, social commentator and friend of Mikhail S. Gorbachev, the former Soviet president. "Before Yeltsin resigned, it was possible -- at least psychologically -- that the Communists might come to power." Powerful businessmen gave the Communists money, just in case they regained power, he said. Now, he predicted, Communist influence will slowly wane.

The Communists see the future less bleakly. They remain the largest and best organized party in a country where socialist dogma seems imprinted like genetic code on a large portion of the intelligentsia and the impoverished ***working class***.

Even Mr. Putin has noted that the Communists are still the only party in Russia capable of creating a whole system of ideas supported by millions of people.

More than 22 percent of the roughly 70 million voters in parliamentary elections supported Communist candidates in 1995, and more than 24 percent did so in 1999.

"People said that 1995 was our last hurrah, that our electorate was dying out because it consisted of only pensioners and that it was practically impossible for the party to gain strength," said Leonid Dobrokhotov, a former Soviet diplomat and a leading political adviser to Mr. Zyuganov. "But despite the fact that dozens of millions have died since then," he said, more people voted for the party in 1999.

Nonetheless, Mr. Dobrokhotov added, "It is clear for all of us that the Communist Party candidate has no chance to win this election."

The reason, Mr. Gelman said, is that Russia's aspiring middle class is moving irrevocably into the capitalist orbit. "Slowly they are getting stronger," he said, "but to understand the middle class in Russia, you must not only count the people who have money, but also the people who hope to have money, because they will vote and act as if they had it -- because of their hope. In other words, hope equals capitalism."

The modern vote certainly seems to be behind Mr. Putin, 47. He has lofty ratings in public opinion polls -- mostly thanks to the popular war against rebels in Chechnya -- and has eaten into the Communist base.

Mr. Putin, schooled in the Soviet K.G.B., has skillfully addressed issues dear to the Communists' loyal constituency of angry pensioners, industrial workers, farmers and miners, whose standard of living has plummeted just as surely as that of a few oligarchs and nouveaux riches has soared. He has raised pension payments, hailed the notion of a strong state and waged war.

"Zyuganov doesn't have troops, he doesn't have tanks, and he doesn't have a victorious campaign in Chechnya," said Aleksandr A. Prokhanov, who supports and advises Mr. Zyuganov as editor of the newspaper Zavtra, known for its occasional flights toward neo-Nazi extremism.

Mr. Zyuganov declined to be interviewed for this article. Like many of his advisers, Mr. Prokhanov realizes that Mr. Putin is stealing the ground from under the Communists, but has been unable to develop any strategy to thwart defections.

"Putin has a very strong group of advisers who have employed all of the modern political technologies of the information age to create this image of a leader and to place into this image a specific person named Putin," he said.

Partly as a result, Mr. Zyuganov has apparently tried to move toward the center. "If you read the Communist program, you won't find a single word about Communism there," Mr. Prokhanov said. "In essence, Mr. Zyuganov is becoming a velvet social democrat."

On the south side of Moscow, Aleksei I. Podberiozkin -- until last fall, a close Zyuganov ally -- disagrees. He is trying to start a rival Communist Party and is running for president in hopes of siphoning votes from Mr. Zyuganov, who he says has been too slow to change with the times.

In Soviet times, Mr. Podberiozkin instructed ambassadors and K.G.B. officers on political correctness in foreign policy at the Foreign Ministry's academy. When the Communist system collapsed, he devoted himself to a new nationalistic ideology, the Spiritual Heritage Movement.

"I tried to drive home to the Communist leadership some of my ideas, and for a period of time, Zyuganov was accepting them," he said, taking credit for Mr. Zyuganov's rhetorical devotion to the need to restore "spiritual values" in post-Soviet society.

Mr. Podberiozkin helped build the left-wing alliance that opposed the sweeping economic reforms made under Mr. Yeltsin. Now, he says that there is no prospect for growth by staying with the Communists, and that Mr. Zyuganov is in the thrall of orthodox and doctrinaire advisers. Mr. Podberiozkin is now beginning to admire Mr. Putin, and is saying goodbye to the left.

In an elegant suite of offices overlooking the Kremlin, Boris S. Kashin, a 48-year-old mathematics wizard, spends most of his day fine-tuning a computer program he has sold to American investors that acts like a supercharged day trader, buying and selling thousands of shares of stock under a secret formula devised to profit from each fluctuation in the Nasdaq market. Paradoxically, Mr. Kashin, a member of the Russian Academy of Sciences and the youngest doctor of mathematics in his generation, is also an adviser to Mr. Zyuganov on science and education.

"The prestige of scholars and scientists has been so diminished and the living standards have dropped so low that the only way to survive is to go to the West, which is so humiliating," he said of his day job in the markets. But this strategy has another goal for Mr. Kashin: to keep the flame alive until the time comes for a Communist-led renaissance.

"In organizing the future, no system will work unless it recovers the greatest part of what was gained in socialist times," Mr. Kashin said, citing the example of rent. The concept of paying rent -- or getting evicted for nonpayment -- was too repugnant for Russians, he said.

"The state has to provide certain minimums or we will face revolution again or the destruction of great portion of the population," he said.

For him, Mr. Zyuganov is the only man who can save the country.

Up to now, he added, "he has not made any serious mistakes."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: A Russian woman carried a portrait of Stalin during a commemoration in Red Square on March 5, the 47th anniversary of his death.

**Load-Date:** March 13, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Standing Up For His Film And for Real Black Heroes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YN1-CBW0-00MH-F138-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By BERNARD WEINRAUB

By BERNARD WEINRAUB

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, Feb. 23

**Body**

For 11 years, Phil Alden Robinson, the director of "Field of Dreams," was obsessed with making a film about the earliest days of the civil rights movement in Mississippi, but every film studio in town rejected the idea.

"It was an original look at the civil rights movement, something people had not seen," Mr. Robinson said. "And nobody wanted to make it. They felt they could not make a profit. They said there was no market overseas for a serious film about African-Americans."

Finally Turner Network Television proposed that Mr. Robinson's proposal, initially titled "Mississippi Project," be turned into a television drama. Mr. Robinson said he was uneasy about the budgetary and time constraints of making a television film in contrast to a full-length theatrical feature. But the 50-year-old filmmaker, a reticent and somewhat idiosyncratic director, agreed.

"I wasn't sure I could do it," Mr. Robinson said. "I didn't have the confidence that I could do a good job on a television budget and schedule. I've never worked so fast in my life." He laughed. "It's the best film experience I ever had."

The result was "Freedom Song," written (with Stanley Weiser) and directed by Mr. Robinson, with an ensemble cast that includes Danny Glover, who is also the executive producer. The film, which will have its premiere on TNT on Sunday at 7 p.m., is a drama loosely based on the lives of the grass-roots organizers -- and ordinary people who helped them -- in small towns in Mississippi in the early 1960's.

Mr. Robinson said that what appealed to him at the outset was that the film was about normal people swept up in an abnormal situation. He said that he initially wanted to create a drama about Bob Moses, the pioneer civil rights leader, after reading "Parting the Waters," Taylor Branch's book about the civil rights movement, in 1989.

"I went to Bob and told him that I wanted to make a film about him because what he did was so inspiring, and he said, 'I didn't do anything,' " recalled Mr. Robinson. "He said that the people who risked their lives were the ones who housed and fed the workers, those were the ones who were inspiring."

"He was right," said Mr. Robinson. "These were everyday ***working-class*** people with no particular agenda other than they wanted to become first-class citizens, and they risked their lives day after day."

Julie Weitz, executive vice president of original programming for TNT, said the network had successfully produced a number of projects that dealt with racial issues and earned strong critical notices, including the 1997 "George Wallace" with Gary Sinise. The role of Mr. Robinson as well as Mr. Glover (the star and executive producer of TNT's "Buffalo Soldiers" in 1997) in shaping "Freedom Song" made the project a high priority for the cable network. It cost about $9 million and took 34 days to film, which is at least two weeks less than many features require.

Ms. Weitz said: "For us, success is gauged on different levels than a feature film or a network movie. Our success is not about a rating in and of itself. It's about critical reviews, the quality of the film, the fact that Danny Glover and Phil Robinson want to work with us, which will bring on other actors and filmmakers."

Mr. Robinson said that as a white filmmaker, he had never heard criticism from former civil rights workers and others about the idea of making a film about black people. "Actually the only criticism I ever heard was from the head of a studio who told me a white guy should not direct this and I'd be clobbered for it," he said. "Well, I would have been clobbered if I went off to the library and done research on my own and then made a film without those involved in the movement."

"But we did exactly the opposite," Mr. Robinson said. "We went to the people in the movement and said, 'You tell us what happened and that's the movie we'll tell.' And we involved them totally in the process of creating the film."

Unlike the 1988 Alan Parker film "Mississippi Burning," which was criticized by former civil rights workers for what they termed its inaccurate depiction of white F.B.I. agents coming to the aid of black organizers, the current television film deals almost entirely with black demonstrators -- and black townspeople -- confronting segregation.

Former leaders of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (a civil rights organization that helped organize voter registration in the South) like Mr. Moses and Chuck McDew assisted Mr. Robinson in developing the screenplay and in production of the movie. Mr. Moses is so enthusiastic about the film that he has asked TNT for numerous tapes of the drama to show to the students and teachers in his Algebra Project, a program that promotes mastery of mathematics among poor children.

Mr. McDew, former chairman of SNCC (popularly pronounced snick) and one of the advisers on the film project, described the TNT movie in a telephone interview as "the first one ever made that captures the spirit and integrity of the people involved in the movement."

Mr. McDew, who is 60 and teaches African-American history at Metropolitan State University in St. Paul, said that for him the significance of the drama was that it showed that "ordinary people did extraordinary things and can make a difference." He said that Mr. Robinson had told "the real story" as opposed to the one told in "Mississippi Burning."

Mr. McDew said, "That was really like an old-fashioned buddy drama of two white guys coming in and saving the trembling natives. Well, back then the F.B.I. was a bunch of good old boys, and to make them heroes was ridiculous."

Like other film directors who have moved into television to make serious projects that Hollywood studios rejected, Mr. Robinson said that cable was in many ways a haven for filmmakers. "Cable is just taking over a part of the movie business that studios have forfeited," said the director, seated in a busy Beverly Hills restaurant the other day. "TNT treated us better than any movie studio I ever worked with. They were very supportive. They treated you like a grown-up. They don't yell and scream. They're logical."

Mr. Robinson spoke from experience -- and not just with "Freedom Song." He acknowledges that his directorial credits were skimpy in contrast to those of other directors his age, and attributes that partly to his pursuing his interest in Somalia and in Bosnia in recent years.

After an early television career in which he wrote for the series "Trapper John, M.D.," Mr. Robinson wrote the screenplay "All of Me," which starred Steve Martin and Lily Tomlin. He directed the 1987 comedy "In the Mood," with Patrick Dempsey. But his breakthrough film as a director and screenwriter was the 1989 baseball drama, "Field of Dreams," starring Kevin Costner.

Mr. Robinson was then offered dozens of films to direct. But he took the year off and, after reading the Taylor Branch book, became consumed with the story of the early civil rights workers and the black farmers, housewives and shop owners who risked their lives to help them.

The project was initially set up at Universal Studios, but was passed on to other studios, where executives said it was too costly. Some studios asked Mr. Robinson to create a starring role for a white star like Kevin Costner or Mel Gibson. He refused.

In 1992 Mr. Robinson directed a modestly successful comedy, "Sneakers," with, among others, Robert Redford. That same year, he accompanied the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees as an observer on relief missions to Somalia and Bosnia. That led Mr. Robinson to write and direct five documentaries on those war zones for ABC News's "Nightline."

Mr. Robinson had another disappointing experience with film studios -- and stars -- when a long-planned script of his, "The Age of Aquarius," about a relief worker in Sarajevo, was scuttled by Universal when Harrison Ford dropped out of the project. Mr. Robinson, who had waited a year for the actor, was despondent for a while. Now he is pursuing other stars in hopes of reviving the project.

"Like 'Freedom Song,' it's something I'll never give up on," he said. "I get offered a lot of pictures, but they just seem like another picture. Every once in a while a subject like the civil rights movement or characters like the ones I met in Sarajevo grip me. I just feel l'll never get a better story than that. It's worth waiting for."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Vicellous Reon Shannon, center, in "Freedom Song," Sunday night on TNT. (Erik Heinila/TNT)

**Load-Date:** February 24, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Tabloids, Take Note: This Wild Girl's A Homebody Now***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7TYV-1FJ1-2PBB-20BP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 8, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; MUSIC

**Length:** 1934 words

**Byline:** By MELENA RYZIK

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

LILY ALLEN is in her bed, under the covers, fully dressed. It's a temporary pose; Ms. Allen, the British pop star, is known for an exhibitionist streak in her lyrics and her lifestyle. Soon enough she will be up, disrobing and divulging, in preparation for a gossipy, and probably gossiped about, night out.

But first there is the matter of an interview in her modest flat here. Munching chips, she eagerly gives a tour. It's a three-bedroom, but the smallest serves as a closet; her room is slate blue with a claw-foot tub not far from the bed. Like the rest of the place it is filled with art and mementoes: paintings by Saatchi artists, badges from her concerts, a cartoony cutout of herself (''It's fatter than me,'' she trilled), a mash note from Elton John and David Furnish (''big year for you in 2009'') and a framed blowup of her citation for assaulting a photographer. (''He was taking a picture up my skirt at the time, so I kicked him,'' she said.) She slips on beat-up Chanel flats to show off the garden; before she was a singer, she briefly studied to be a florist.

Ms. Allen, 23, bought the apartment, her first, a year and a half ago, after the success of her debut album, ''Alright, Still,'' released in 2006. A raunchy ska- and reggae-inflected alt-pop hit that sold more than 500,000 copies in the United States and 2.5 million worldwide, it earned her MTV and Grammy nominations and a reputation as a MySpace and blog-era star. In vintage-style dresses, door-knocker earrings and sneakers, she sang bluntly about boyfriends, lousy sex, good drugs and nights out somewhere in between. The hedonism extended offstage as well; Ms. Allen went on a bender of bad behavior, with photographs of her stumbling -- or being carried -- out of clubs as a paparazzi staple.

Lately, though, she has been taking pains to proclaim her homebody-ness. Inside her apartment, wrapped in a gray blanket and drinking milky tea, she talks quietly, curled up in a blue chair in the living room. ''We sit around this table and play Scrabble,'' she said of evenings with her friends. On her new album, ''It's Not Me, It's You,'' which will be released on Tuesday by Capitol/EMI, she extols the pleasures of eating takeout Chinese, watching TV and taking her dog -- a mutt, Mabel -- for a walk. The sound is less Ibiza party girl, and in addition to the usual topics (love, drugs, fornication) she tackles more grown-up subjects: family tension, politics, religion. Mature is the word her label has tacked onto it.

''We really think that there's an opportunity for her to take a big, big step forward,'' said Howard Handler, the executive vice president for marketing at EMI. ''There's a real opportunity to connect her to a much bigger audience here in America. She's also grown quite a bit as an artist.''

But the album, her first since ''Alright, Still'' made her an international symbol of girlish rebellion, also cheekily showcases her desire for the trappings of celebrity. ''I want to be rich and I want lots of money,'' she sings on the new single ''The Fear.'' ''I'll take my clothes off and it will be shameless/because everyone knows that's how you get famous.'' Her openness has always served her; Ms. Allen was one of the first artists to mine MySpace successfully for a fan base, posting demos before her debut and gaining attention with frank blog posts that highlighted her average-girl insecurities, about her looks and weight, and her pop star-in-the-making bravado, when she dissed better-known performers.

Now she is dealing with the aftermath of all that accessibility. ''I don't know what's right and what's real anymore,'' she sings later in ''The Fear,'' which is rising on the radio charts. In Britain especially Ms. Allen is, in her view, a target of the tabloids. She no longer prizes the attention, least of all after a tumultuous year when she suffered a miscarriage, lost her grandmother and developed a talk show. Balancing her public persona with her private life, as she says she wants to, could make her a more serious international artist -- or it could alienate the fans used to her openness.

Though she Twitters, she has cut down on blogging. ''I just can't be on there, defending myself the whole time,'' she said. ''Who am I defending myself to anyway?''

Her Wikipedia entry, she complained, is riddled with lies. Like what? She hopped up to her computer. ''Claims to have grown up with her mother'' -- Alison Owen, a film producer; her father, the actor Keith Allen, left when she was 4 -- ''in a ***working-class*** environment,'' she read. ''That's true. And attended 13 schools, that's true.'' Embarrassing and alcohol-fueled behavior? ''O.K., kind of true, I guess.'' She had to drill down nearly to the bottom to find misinformation: she did not have Kawasaki disease as an infant, doesn't have Damien Hirst paintings in her bedroom and has ''never been a size 12.''

Ms. Allen's reality, it turns out, is largely of her own making. And that is both her appeal and her challenge. ''Her voice, it's very personal, which makes her very different from a lot of pop artists, like Nelly Furtado or Britney,'' said Greg Kurstin -- of the retro pop duo the Bird and the Bee -- co-writer and producer of ''It's Not Me, It's You.'' ''People like to know what's going on with her. But there's definitely a downside to that.''

Mr. Kurstin saw it firsthand when Ms. Allen came to finish the record in his Los Angeles studio last year after sessions in the Cotswolds, England. (It was her idea to get out of London.) She was followed by a half-dozen paparazzi cars daily. ''It was definitely crazier than I'm used to,'' said Mr. Kurstin, who has worked with stars like Kylie Minogue. ''It might not have been Britney-style, but it seemed pretty close.'' Eventually they moved to a rented studio to avoid annoying his neighbors.

Mr. Kurstin, who also produced three songs on ''Alright, Still,'' was largely responsible for the sound of ''It's Not Me, It's You.'' Its mash of influences include modern dancehall, laptop electro and classic 1960s pop, he said, but he and Ms. Allen worked in a stripped-down way, noodling on the piano until she heard a hook she could put lyrics to. ''I just try to find the things that relate my life to everyone else's,'' she said.

As far as her label was concerned, any controversy stirred up by her songs would only help. ''She has a pretty sharp wit, and she doesn't hold back,'' Mr. Handler said. ''We don't have any problem with that.''

What about if she's only singing about playing board games at home? Mr. Handler wasn't worried. ''She's pretty fully rounded and kind of walks it and talks it, and it's all ultimately in the music.''

Ms. Allen doesn't write outside the studio. ''It feels too much like work,'' she said. And she feared a sophomore slump. ''I was quite terrified that I wouldn't be able to write anything, because I kind of started not believing in myself. I sort of thought I was a bit of a joke, I didn't really deserve what success I've had.''

How does she get through that self-doubt?

''I just usually give up and then go and live life for a couple weeks and then sleep with some people,'' she said.

She found out she was pregnant midway through the recording; to her dismay and that of her boyfriend, Ed Simons of the Chemical Brothers, the news made headlines in theBritish tabloid The Sun almost immediately. But she suffered a miscarriage in January 2008 and split from Mr. Simons soon after. ''The whole time was just really mad for me,'' she said, softly. By her own admission -- of course -- she went into a tailspin, checking into a clinic for treatment. (Her therapist counseled her to cut down on drinking, or at least being photographed with drinks, but it doesn't seem to have stuck.) Her talk show, ''Lily Allen and Friends,'' made for the BBC Three around that time, helped too. ''I was so sick of touring at that point, I was like, I've got to find another job,'' Ms. Allen said. The show was not renewed.

But singing, she said later, was not necessarily her calling. Apart from having a family, ''I don't have anything that I'm really passionate about,'' she said. ''Maybe I just haven't found what it is yet. But it's not music, which is a shame, because it would be good if it was.'' (Mr. Kurstin was surprised to hear this. ''She really put in the effort on this record,'' he said. ''She was serious about it.'') Ms. Allen said she was developing a screenplay with her mother.

Money is a concern; she really does want to be rich. Or rather, she has to be. ''How many hundreds of thousands of pounds did I spend on clothes?'' she called out to her assistant, Vicky Silverthorn, who was going through her 2008 finances.

''Can we say?'' Ms. Silverthorn replied. ''I think you'll be all right about it because it's clothing and jewelry. About $:100,000.''

Ms. Allen made a pinched face. ''That's a lot of money,'' she said (about $143,000 now). Then she brightened. ''People say how'' terrible ''I look all the time,'' she said, using a dirtier word. ''Imagine if I didn't spend $:100,000 on clothes.''

Naturally this segues into a trip to her closet, which is smaller than you might expect. But: ''From here to here is my Chanel section. It's awesome, isn't it?'' There are boxes of Louboutin and Louis Vuitton heels and a nearly six-foot-tall stack of sneakers. She will perform Tuesday at the Bowery Ballroom in New York, but hasn't yet decided how she will dress for the tour, which begins its main United States leg in April. ''I have some meetings,'' she said.

For our night out -- dinner at the Wolsely, a scene-y restaurant in the Mayfair neighborhood -- she chose a slinky black patterned jumpsuit. ''I'm going to go put on my big pulling-everything-in pants and go for a wee,'' Ms. Allen said. She changed with the bedroom door open.

At the restaurant Ms. Allen rejected the maitre'd's offer of a discreet corner table; we were seated in the middle of the room, facing the door. She walked in as if she would turn a few heads, and she did.

Dinner was lavish and fun. Ms. Allen is the right kind of girl to drink wine and talk about boys with. There is, especially in her case, a lot to say. ''I don't really go for hot guys,'' she said. ''I go for old men, as you may have noticed.'' In the car on the way over, she'd devoured a Look magazine her driver bought because she was on the cover. ''Agony over married lover!'' read the headline, detailing her latest holiday fling, with Jay Jopling, 45, a recently separated gallery owner and buddy of her father's. (Yes, she acknowledged, she has some daddy issues.) Does she mind that her relationships are so gossiped about?

''It's ironic because I'm not very good at them,'' she said. ''I'm good at having sex.''

She had more to say, but nothing that could be printed here. This is the kind of irresistible frankness that has gotten her, time and again, in trouble. But as she grows up and builds her creative niche, Ms. Allen seems unlikely to manage being buttoned up. (At the end of the meal she went over to greet Lucian Freud, the 86-year-old artist, sitting nearby. What did he say? ''He said he wants to. ...'' Ah, unprintable.)

''People always go, 'God you're so outspoken,' '' she'd said earlier. ''And that's just like such a weird term to use. That's like someone speaking out of place. If someone asks me a question, I'm going to answer. Maybe it's because I'm not a careerist and I don't think of it in those terms. I don't protect myself.

''It's not the main thing in my life, being famous.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID AZIA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Lily Allen performing last month, top, at Koko in London

with Susie Castillo, above left, in a 2007 appearance in New York on MTV's ''Total Request Live''

and below with Mark Ronson, on guitar, in July at the 02 Wireless Festival in London.(PHOTOGRAPH BY GARETH CATTERMOLE/GETTY IMAGES)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY EVAN AGOSTINI/GETTY IMAGES)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY GARETH CATTERMOLE/GETTY IMAGES)(pg. AR24)

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**End of Document**



[***Shrimp Boy's Day in Court***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5H5R-WJW1-JBG3-64R8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 5007 words

**Byline:** By ELIZABETH WEIL

Elizabeth Weil, based in San Francisco, is a contributing writer for the magazine. She last wrote about why it's so hard to get a great bagel in California.

**Body**

One day five years ago, Shrimp Boy found himself in a hardware store in Chinatown in San Francisco, buying big plastic paint buckets to make pruno. Pruno is jailhouse wine, and Shrimp Boy was an experienced vintner, though he had only ever made pruno in an empty fire extinguisher, because that's how the masters make it in prison. Yet there Shrimp Boy was, a middle-aged former Chinese-mafia don, now a free man, living at his girlfriend's condo in San Francisco's Potrero Hill neighborhood, trying to become what he called ''normal'' -- a state he found exotic and thrilling. Normal, to Shrimp Boy, included mild environmentalism, like conserving gas (''Nobody in prison thinks about the next generation!''); scooping up after his girlfriend's dogs, a terrier named Happy and a mastiff named Valentine; and hosting dinner parties, like the one for which he was making pruno. The entire menu was prison food. His girlfriend was curious about it, and he wanted to please her. As Shrimp Boy told me recently: ''I learned a lot from normal people. She's very square, strict.''

Shrimp Boy's prison-party dishes included a dip made with smoked oysters ­(available in the commissary) and ''the tuna and the jalapeño, green onions and mayonnaise,'' he said. ''We put that on a Ritz cracker or corn chip -- that's a very good spread. We also make the pork- and the chicken-tamale-egg-roll kind of thing.'' The tamale-egg-roll kind of thing, which Shrimp Boy ate when he could abscond with some leftover grits from breakfast in prison, is made by spreading the cooled, thickened grits out flat like sushi rice, adding a chicken or pork filling, rolling it all up, wrapping the log in a damp paper towel and a piece of plastic trash bag and steaming it in a microwave. Shrimp Boy's pruno is a classic blend: grapefruit juice (for acid), apple juice (for sugar), bread (for yeast) and orange slices. Eight days before the party, Shrimp Boy placed all the ingredients in a paint bucket, then left the bucket on his girlfriend's porch, in the sun, so its contents could ferment. A couple of hours before the guests arrived, Shrimp Boy strained the pruno through his girlfriend's stockings. ''I felt pretty funny about that,'' he told me, as if he strongly suspected that this wasn't normal but wasn't totally sure.

Shrimp Boy met his girlfriend, Alicia Lo, one night in a club in 2008. Lo is a U.C. Berkeley graduate from the upscale Bay Area suburb Walnut Creek, beautiful, the mother of an 11-year-old daughter and fairly normal, though not so normal that she wouldn't date Shrimp Boy. (His given name is Kwok Cheung Chow; Lo calls him Raymond, the name a teacher gave him during the one month he attended high school. Shrimp Boy calls himself Shrimp Boy.) When Lo began Shrimp Boy's re-education, she told me, she treated him ''as a foreigner'' or ''like a baby.'' ''He was so out of place in society,'' she said. ''He drove an old bulletproof Mercedes.'' So Lo started teaching Shrimp Boy the contemporary San Francisco basics: to hold her daughter's hand when crossing the street, to not throw trash out car windows, to put the recycling in the blue garbage can and the vegetable scraps in the green compost one.

Shrimp Boy's transition from gang boss to upstanding citizen was not always easy. For instance, Shrimp Boy organized a field trip for students at Lo's daughter's school to participate in the Chinese New Year parade. But some parents complained that a man who had spent close to two decades in prison should not be involved with children. Shrimp Boy's feelings were badly hurt when the principal informed him that he could no longer volunteer. Shrimp Boy made some more egregious missteps too. While taping a 2008 segment for the TV series ''Gangland,'' he gloated, ''In this city, I'm the man that calls the shots.'' (He later attributed this to a grammatical error; Shrimp Boy learned English as a second language, and he said he meant to use the past tense -- that he was the man who called the shots.) In hindsight, Shrimp Boy also probably should not have worn all white to the funeral of a murdered rival Chinese gang leader in 2006.

But given where he came from -- as a United States attorney put it in a recent court filing, he has an ''extensive and horrible criminal record'' involving ''almost all manner of racketeering possible'' -- he did pretty well. He counseled at-risk high-school students about addiction to crime. Shrimp Boy worked with a ghostwriter on a memoir he titled ''Son of the Underworld.'' He gave advice to young men who sought him out -- what to do if, say, you fall in love with a prostitute and want to take her home to your Chinese parents. He told fellow ex-cons about the solace he found in Lo's dogs. He cooked oxtail soup, enjoyed Marvel comics and learned to paint faces to entertain Lo's daughter after school.

But at dawn on March 26, 2014, while Shrimp Boy, Lo and her daughter were asleep in her home, law-enforcement officers broke down the front door, semiautomatic weapons drawn. ''That didn't scare me,'' Shrimp Boy said. ''What really scared me was worrying about Alicia and her daughter and the two dogs. They never had that kind of thing around.'' To minimize the havoc -- it was a school day -- Shrimp Boy cooperated, and as he lay on the living-room floor in handcuffs, with more than a dozen people standing above him, he thought back through his recent activities. ''I didn't sell no drugs,'' he recalled thinking. ''I didn't have no gun. I didn't have no money.'' Then, he said: ''I kind of laughed. What I did is O.K.! I'm a changed man!''

On Nov. 2, in Judge Charles Breyer's courtroom at the Federal District Court for the Northern District of California, Shrimp Boy, who is 55, is scheduled to stand trial on 140 counts, including racketeering, money laundering, conspiracy and trafficking in contraband cigarettes. Between 2008 and 2014, the F.B.I. ran a sting called Operation Whitesuit. Confidential informants infiltrated San Francisco's Chinatown and presented Shrimp Boy, who the government claims was back in the gang business, with opportunities to participate in crimes, including drug trafficking and murder for hire. Shrimp Boy claims he abstained.

Shrimp Boy and his lead lawyer, J. Tony Serra, are both characters from a bygone San Francisco. Shrimp Boy describes Serra, who is 80, as ''an old, very old wizard.'' Earlier in his career, in 1979, Serra successfully defended the Black Panther Party co-founder Huey Newton against the charge of murdering a prostitute. He has also represented members of the Hells Angels, Earth First! and the Symbionese Liberation Army, the revolutionary group that kidnapped Patty Hearst. His office is filled with threadbare furniture and Grateful Dead posters, as well as posters featuring the work of his younger brother, the sculptor Richard Serra. They have been estranged for almost 40 years, since their mother committed suicide by walking into the Pacific Ocean.

''I'm just so happy I'm not dead,'' Serra, who has thinning white hair and less than a full set of teeth, told me on a recent Sunday morning at his office. He wore a tie-dye T-shirt that looked new. Within 10 minutes of my arrival, Serra described Shrimp Boy to me as ''beautiful.'' When I asked what he meant, he said: ''Every time I go to talk to Shrimp Boy, it's like being in the presence of a holy man. He's soft and gentle and considerate and empathetic.'' For Serra, representing Shrimp Boy is an honor and a privilege. ''This is the type of case that any politically inclined lawyer -- this is your holy grail,'' he said. ''This is a government-created crime. This is a five-year and probably $3 million investigation.'' He concluded: ''I'm just delighted to take on the goddamn case.''

Serra grew up in a ***working-class*** family near San Francisco's Ocean Beach. After playing football as an undergraduate at Stanford, he tried to become an expat writer in Morocco, but at that point he had never smoked a cigarette and was put off by the heroin and the opium. He returned to San Francisco, discovered the Haight and took a vow of poverty. He graduated from law school at U.C. Berkeley in 1961 and has worked almost exclusively pro bono since. Among Serra's many strong beliefs is that nostalgia is a scourge -- ''the first sign of death,'' he says. Still, it bears noting that one of the biggest cases of his early career also involved Chinatown. Serra exonerated, in a retrial, a Korean-American man convicted of the 1973 murder of a Chinatown gang leader. That case formed the basis of the 1989 movie ''True Believer,'' with James Woods starring as a character modeled on Serra.

Serra himself has served two prison terms, as a tax resister -- four months in 1974 and 10 months in 2005. He would be happy to serve a third, should anyone care to arrest him. He loves life on the inside -- ''It's like locking a doctor who likes to practice medicine in a hospital,'' he once said. Less felicitous, to Serra, is contemporary, gilded San Francisco. (''Look out the window! Do you see the common man?'') Serra has no bank account, no credit card and no cellphone. ''My DNA is nonmaterialistic,'' he explained. He abhors what he perceives as the extravagance of American law enforcement after Sept. 11: As part of the sting, F.B.I. informants ate meals with Shrimp Boy at the Four Seasons, the Fairmont and the Ritz, according to a co-defendant's filing.

A few weeks after Shrimp Boy's arrest last March, Serra held a news conference. ''These undercover agents sought to induce him, sought to involve him, sought to catch him in some overt act that represented criminal activity,'' Serra told the journalists and friends of Shrimp Boy -- many of whom were wearing ''Free Shrimp Boy'' T-shirts. ''My client's not a gangster.'' The F.B.I., he said, ''didn't stop, you know, abort criminal activity that my client participated in.'' Serra pointed to a picture of Shrimp Boy, who is 5-foot-4, nearly wrinkle-free and almost always smiling. ''You saw a person,'' Serra continued, ''who is wholly dedicated to the Chinese culture. To love. Education. We represent an exemplary human being.'' He paused to clarify for those familiar with the Shrimp Boy of the 1970s, '80s and '90s, a man who was convicted of racketeering, drug trafficking, arson, armed robbery and attempted murder. ''I'm not talking before he went to prison,'' Serra said. ''I'm talking after he got out.''

In Shrimp Boy's pretrial defense, Serra, along with his co-counsel, Curtis Briggs, a former small-time criminal, has employed a legal strategy right out of the Merry Prankster handbook: Stand out, be aggressive and fight authority every step of the way. Serra, Briggs and other members of the team have accused the F.B.I. of racial profiling -- setting a dragnet over Chinatown to catch Chinese people breaking the law. They have also demanded that Shrimp Boy's case be dismissed on the grounds of selective prosecution: They argued in a motion that the same series of wiretaps that led to Shrimp Boy's indictment also revealed that Mayor Ed Lee of San Francisco laundered campaign money. (The mayor's office did not return calls and emails but has publicly denied this.) Judge Breyer ruled against the motion, but the local press ran with the story, which was largely the point.

Serra is cynical about many things. He believes that ''law is class struggle.'' He believes that judges ''are not referees, they are bullies,'' and that they make decisions ''based on their own moral perspective.'' But Serra still believes in juries, believes they are ''the last avenue to the common mentality, and there is something beautiful in the American mentality.'' He sincerely believes that a jury will hear Shrimp Boy's story and let him go. ''We have a person who did have an epiphany,'' he said about Shrimp Boy's decision to go straight and live a normal life, a person who didn't succumb to the government's yearslong campaign to lure him back into crime.

The prosecution, on the other hand, argues that Shrimp Boy was employing a classic strategy: ''He did not have to get his hands dirty committing crimes and could insulate himself -- although he did it poorly in the end -- from the crimes being committed around him,'' the government wrote in a filing. ''The jury should be permitted to understand that Chow's techniques were taught to him by his prior dai los.'' (Dai lo is the Cantonese term for big brother, or mob boss.) Still, Serra is confident. To win this case, and any case, he said, ''You have to show you have the moral high ground -- that you have transcended the conflict as defined by the prosecution.'' He paused, then added: ''I have the Buddha here.''

The visiting room of San Francisco County Jail No. 4 is on the seventh floor of the Hall of Justice, at 850 Bryant Street, across from Aladdin Bail Bonds and one block from Mint, a yoga, Pilates and barre-class studio. On weekend mornings, families wait in a concrete stairwell between the sixth and seventh floors. Over the past six months, I often joined the line. Each time, after a guard unlocked the door, I found Shrimp Boy among other inmates, sitting on a stool behind soundproof glass, waving me over to take a seat on the other side and pick up the phone. He started each conversation with: ''Hello. How are you?'' His face was far more relaxed than I expected, and his black plastic-framed glasses hung from the collar of his orange county-jail sweatshirt. He has soft hands and a shiny bald head. From our talks, both in jail and over the phone, and from his unpublished memoir, I learned the story of his life, at least according to Shrimp Boy; there are no public records of many of the details.

Kwok Cheung Chow was born in Hong Kong, where his grandmother nicknamed him Ha Jai, or Shrimp Boy. His father owned a successful barbershop, but when Shrimp Boy was 8, his father lost his business because of gambling debts. Shrimp Boy, his four brothers, his grandmother and his parents all moved from their nice apartment above the barbershop to a one-room shack with no running water. A year later, that shanty burned down, and Shrimp Boy's family moved to a home with only two beds. Every night, Shrimp Boy fought to sleep next to his grandmother. He liked to hold onto her ear, for comfort, the way a child might cling to a stuffed animal.

When Shrimp Boy was 9, he told me, a local tough noticed his scrappiness and bravado -- Shrimp Boy often puffed up his tiny body and told people he had won fights even when he lost. The tough took him on as a protégé, teaching him the ancient Chinese gang code of loyalty, trust, honor, dignity and respect, as well as the value of keeping a knife tucked in the waistband of your pants. Before long, Shrimp Boy says, he was working for his mentor, as a courier transporting small bags of heroin. Shortly after, Shrimp Boy showed up to watch his mentor in a fight. When the brawl started going badly, Shrimp Boy pulled out a huge, squared-off watermelon knife and leapt into the action. He whacked the blade, twice, on his mentor's opponent's head. Blood, exposed bone. This was the first significant violence of Shrimp Boy's life. He became a local gang hero, which he really liked.

In 1976, when Shrimp Boy was 16, his parents moved the family to San Francisco. By then, he says, he was already an accomplished hoodlum -- experienced in juvenile detention, practiced in not squealing to the police. Shrimp Boy carried with him to America a letter of recommendation, a to-whom-it-may-concern note from his Hong Kong gang leader. Shrimp Boy gave the letter to an elder in Chinatown, who introduced him around.

Instead of going to school, he applied his considerable ambition to climbing the tong ranks. The tongs were started by Chinese immigrants who came to California in the mid-1800s, for the Gold Rush and to work on the railroad. The immigrants experienced terrible discrimination. In 1856, the Californian Committee on Mines and Mining Interests declared the Chinese ''a disgusting scab upon the fair face of society -- a putrefying sore upon the body politic.'' The Chinese looked to their own community for help. ''No matter what you need, you go to the tong,'' says Ko-lin Chin, a professor at the Rutgers School of Criminal Justice, describing 1800s San Francisco. ''If a Chinese man dies and he doesn't want to be buried in the United States, the tongs help ship the body back to China. If you need a notice read in English. If you need a loan.'' The tongs also provided extralegal amenities, like prostitution, opium and gambling dens. To this day, tongs serve a range of roles, and they have spread to Chinatowns nationwide. Some tongs focus on extortion, others on scholarship funds. ''It depends on the leadership,'' says Chin, who notes that many tongs have a street gang, if not a connection to organized crime.

When Shrimp Boy was 17, he was dropped by a Hop Sing Tong lieutenant at a home in suburban Hillsborough. The tong, he says, had been hired by La Cosa Nostra, the Sicilian mafia, to land the resident of the house in the hospital for three months. Dressed in bell bottoms, a jeans jacket and platform shoes, he grabbed a two-by-four that happened to be propped by the front door. He beat the man brutally and left the house two minutes later. The next day, in a Chinatown restaurant, a tong boss gave Shrimp Boy a slice of custard pie and an envelope containing $3,000.

Shrimp Boy's first arrest and conviction came a year later, in 1978. He was charged with armed robbery after he held up a gambling den and was sentenced to 11 years. At San Quentin, he beat a man with a food tray -- Shrimp Boy told me that he used it like a tennis racket: ''backhand, forehand, backhand, forehand'' -- and landed himself in solitary. A prison psychologist told Shrimp Boy he needed a vocation outside of crime. He studied to become a deep-sea welder, but a prison riot broke out, and he couldn't complete his training. So he started dealing heroin in prison instead.

Upon his release, in 1985, Shrimp Boy took a bus to San Francisco. At a Vietnamese noodle shop, he tried to motivate himself to buy the Chinese newspaper and look for a real job. But then he noticed some girls outside. Pretty classy for hookers, Shrimp Boy thought. Within an hour, he was talking with them about how much money they made through their pimps and whether they would rather work for him. He rented a big Victorian house, and within a matter of months, Shrimp Boy says, his escort business was producing more cash than he could handle. He started rolling profits into a variety of enterprises: cocaine distribution, fencing stolen weapons, Rolexes, jewelry and pills. Shrimp Boy talks about that stage of his life as normal people often talk about college: Crazy time! Learned a lot! Needed to grow up and move on.

The first time Shrimp Boy tried to go straight, he says, was in 1989. He wanted to make his mother proud. She gave him a ritual bath with grapefruit leaves, to cleanse his spirit. Shrimp Boy found work at the Lucky market in Daly City, bagging groceries for $4.50 an hour. He worked hard and was promoted to janitorial staff at $7.25 -- but then, he says, a member of the San Francisco Police Department's gang task force called his boss, who became suspicious, and Shrimp Boy left his job. Next he found employment as a bodyguard, a slippery slope. One night he was working in a casino in Oakland, looking sharp and professional in his sleeveless undershirt and double-breasted suit, and before Shrimp Boy knew it he was walking around Stow Lake, in Golden Gate Park, with Peter Chong, a leader of a Hong Kong gang called Wo Hop To, talking about uniting the East Coast and West Coast heroin trades.

In April 1992, Shrimp Boy flew to New York to meet with gang leaders in Chinatown. Soon after, documents show, he was arrested and charged with 48 counts, among them RICO activities (the acronym refers to charges under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act), conspiracy to distribute heroin and cocaine, murder for hire, cocaine possession, arson, unlicensed firearm sales and transfers and a slew of interstate-commerce crimes -- so many charges that the government split the case into two trials. Chong, meanwhile, fled to Hong Kong.

Shrimp Boy's credo was: Never cooperate with the government. If you do, you have to debrief, or snitch -- outlaw suicide. But to Shrimp Boy's dismay, by the time the first of his two cases reached trial, in 1995, many of his associates had ratted him out. In his first trial, he was found guilty on six counts; he was later sentenced to 24 years. (The second trial ended in a hung jury.) Once incarcerated at California's Federal Correctional Institute, Dublin, Shrimp Boy says, he reached out to his tong to evaluate the loyalty of his underlings. He found that they had turned on him. Shortly after, Chong, who had been extradited to the United States, betrayed Shrimp Boy as well -- or so Shrimp Boy claims -- by hiring away the attorney who represented Shrimp Boy in the second trial.

Shrimp Boy's world crumbled: A gangster without a code or crew is just a lone felon. In 2000, in a prison conference room, Shrimp Boy says, he accepted a plea deal and decided to give up the underworld. Documents show that the government promised him a new life under the witness-protection program, an S visa (residence for a witness who assists law enforcement) and release on time served. In exchange, Shrimp Boy would testify against Chong. (Chong served time for racketeering and was released in 2008.) Shrimp Boy describes this act of testifying -- aiding the United States attorney, selling out his onetime partner and the only set of values he had ever known -- as the hardest experience of his life.

The 137-page affidavit of Special Agent Emmanuel Pascua, the document that led to Shrimp Boy's most recent arrest, is a great read for a legal filing -- drama, comedy, classical Greek tragedy, all right there on paper. It recounts the story of Operation Whitesuit, laying out the case against ''Kwok Cheung Chow, a.k.a. Raymond Chow, a.k.a. Shrimp Boy, a.k.a. Ha Jai, hereinafter Chow,'' along with 25 other Bay Area residents, including State Senator Leland Yee. (Yee and three other defendants pleaded guilty in July.) The F.B.I.'s most prominent informant is identified only as UCE (undercover employee) 4599. He posed as an East Coast emissary from La Cosa Nostra looking to make a name for himself on the West Coast. UCE 4599 met Shrimp Boy in May 2010. For the next four years, he ingratiated himself into Shrimp Boy's world.

As Shrimp Boy explained to me over our many visits and phone calls, after he cut his deal with the federal government, things did not go as planned. Shrimp Boy was released on time served, but the government did not deliver the S visa or a new identity through witness protection. Instead, Shrimp Boy claims, the F.B.I. dropped him with an ankle monitor back in San Francisco -- as bait to catch other criminals, he believes. At the time, he said, he had no real friends (who's loyal to a snitch?), no legal means of earning money, no faith in gangsterism. Even if he had wanted to pursue organized crime, life was passing him by. ''The new generation is about crime in the computer,'' Shrimp Boy said -- credit-card fraud, identity theft, cyber extortion. ''I don't even know how to use the computer.'' Rudderless, Shrimp Boy lived with his brother and his brother's girlfriend, who complained about how much toilet paper he used. He started having panic attacks. He visited a psychiatrist, who prescribed Ambien and sent him home.

Shrimp Boy says that at that point he ''wanted to be part of society.'' Toward that end, he started volunteering with gang-prevention organizations, telling high-school students to steer clear of trouble. As Shrimp Boy explains, ''You get a gun, and then you want a bigger gun, and then you want a bigger gun. It's human nature.'' By 2007, Shrimp Boy was talking to dozens of community groups a year, including Asian-American studies classes at San Francisco State University. In 2009, he volunteered to organize San Francisco's city-funded Chinatown Night Market -- although when news of his involvement came to light, the city decided to skip the night market altogether that year. In 2012, Shrimp Boy spoke about his life to the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, at the request of Steven Ford, a lieutenant with the city's police department. During these years, Shrimp Boy acknowledges, he also rebuilt his network in Chinatown. In 2006, the Ghee Kung Tong's leader, known as the dragonhead, was murdered, and Shrimp Boy ascended to that role, though he claims he was assiduously clean.

The affidavit of Special Agent Pascua indicates that during the years of Operation Whitesuit, Shrimp Boy was working on ''a potential book deal and movie proposition regarding his life,'' which would have allowed him to support himself legally. He was also dating Lo. When the two met in 2008, Lo told me, she considered herself to be ''not such a good Chinese person.'' She and Shrimp Boy fell in love and began a cultural exchange. Shrimp Boy took Lo to the tong, showed her how to bow down at the shrines and pay proper respects. Lo took Shrimp Boy to art openings, nice restaurants and the gay-pride parade.

During the time that Shrimp Boy was dragonhead, the affidavit also indicates, tong members sold drugs, contraband and illegal firearms; distributed drugs; and laundered money. Shrimp Boy deliberately maintained some distance from the crimes. As the affidavit reads, ''Chow did not want to know anything because he would not be guilty if he did not know anything.''

Shrimp Boy presented himself to UCE 4599 in mature, upstanding terms: ''a judge within his organization''; an esteemed elder dedicating his life to promoting ''grand ideas''; a tough guy who ''could move hundreds of kilos of drugs if he wanted to,'' but did not.

To a reader of the affidavit, Shrimp Boy comes across as a man who likes the idea of being normal, who even makes moves in that direction, but who has a fuzzy understanding of the concept. At one point, after UCE 4599 closed a deal to sell stolen cigarettes to China, he thanked Shrimp Boy.

''I never did anything,'' Shrimp Boy said.

''Well, I did,'' said Shrimp Boy's driver, George Nieh, who was standing there. UCE 4599 gave Nieh $5,000.

Another time, UCE 4599 thanked Shrimp Boy for the opportunity to work with Nieh on a separate transaction, and he slipped an envelope containing $2,000 into Shrimp Boy's pocket. ''No, no, I didn't give you the opportunity,'' Shrimp Boy said. ''You make your own opportunity.'' He further protested: ''Damn, that is bribery money, dude -- that's not good.'' He did not give the money back.

At moments in the affidavit, the relationship between Shrimp Boy and UCE 4599 comes across as intimate, close to tender. Shrimp Boy whispered in UCE 4599's ear in a karaoke bar. He told UCE 4599 that he loved him. But Shrimp Boy also said to UCE 4599 that ''if anything happened to him, the person who did it would pay a tremendous price, and their life would disappear.''

During the 19 months since his arrest, Shrimp Boy has been jogging in place in his cell, meditating and thinking about good and evil, whether he has lived a decent life. ''Everybody has to grow up,'' he told me. ''I have to grow up more than most.'' If he gets out, Shrimp Boy says, he will take care of his parents. He will pay taxes. Lo is not sure what their relationship will be when he gets out, but she still visits Shrimp Boy every weekend and attends his court hearings. ''I love him so much,'' she told me. But she needs a responsible adult in her life, a real partner, one who can read a grocery list and help fill out school forms.

''I know I caused the trouble,'' Shrimp Boy says. ''I would do anything to fix it.'' He has many regrets. Chief among them is that he never had children. ''I didn't see that when I was younger,'' he told me. ''The guy staying home, spending most of his time with his family -- I envy the man like that. I don't have anything. I'm 55, and I'm still in a county jail.''

Serra is eager for the courtroom drama to start. He described defending a client before a jury as ''like an acid experience. You merge -- it's like shooting someone up into your veins.'' He continues to see Shrimp Boy as ''transparent, courageous, spiritual.'' But the road to the Nov. 2 court date has been uneven. On Sept. 9, six of Shrimp Boy's co-defendants pleaded guilty, including George Nieh. Those pleas cleared the way for Shrimp Boy to go to trial alone, which Serra thinks is to his advantage. Less auspicious, the United States attorneys recently informed the court that they have evidence linking Shrimp Boy to the murders of a tong leader and a lieutenant. The prosecution noted in a court filing that it will use the fact that Shrimp Boy ''greenlighted'' murder to highlight ''the true nature of the enterprise run by Chow and his associates.'' After all, the prosecution reminded the court, sanctioning an enemy's death is not standard at ''the Moose Lodge or the local Rotary Club or legitimate tongs.''

Still, most days, Shrimp Boy remains upbeat. ''I'm a good man, I'm a regular man,'' he tells himself. When he is feeling down, he listens to the Operation Whitesuit recordings and feels better hearing himself refuse the many criminal offers. ''So many times I'm sitting here, I done something wrong!'' he said. ''Old temptations and addictions, I didn't fall for that. Wow. I turned down a lot of opportunity.''

He is especially proud of his discipline. ''It's like they baked me this cake, this delicious cake, and tried to get me to eat it, even rubbed it in my face,'' he said. ''But I didn't eat it. I stuck to my diet.''

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[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/18/magazine/shrimp-boys-day-in-court.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/18/magazine/shrimp-boys-day-in-court.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Kwok Cheung Chow, known as Shrimp Boy, at the Ghee Kung Tong headquarters in 2007. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JEN SISKA) (MM36)

Shrimp Boy with his girlfriend, Alicia Lo, during a field trip he organized to teach children about Chinese history and culture.

Shrimp Boy on his birthday in 2013.

Shrimp Boy with Steven Ford, a San Francisco Police Department lieutenant who asked him to give a 2012 Chamber of Commerce talk on crime prevention.

Shrimp Boy exercising while walking Lo's dog Happy. (MM39)

Shrimp Boy relaxing with Lo's dogs, Happy and Valentine.

Shrimp Boyand Lo on a trip to Disneyland with Lo's daughter and a classmate.

Shrimp Boy being interviewed in 2012 on the public-access TV show ''Change Makers.'' (PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ALICIA LO) (MM40)

Shrimp Boy's attorneys,Curtis Briggs (right) and J. Tony Serra,responding to quotations from the F.B.I.'s affidavit during a news conference in April 2014. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF CHIU/ASSOCIATED PRESS) (MM41)

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[***A Bumpy Path For Miami Kin Of Cuban Boy - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YHT-N0Y0-00MH-F3YN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PETER T. KILBORN

By PETER T. KILBORN

**Dateline:** MIAMI, Feb. 8

**Body**

For more than two months the Florida family of Elian Gonzalez has been a staple of the nightly news. There is Elian, the 6-year-old refugee, swinging a baseball bat in front of the little stucco house in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of Little Havana. There he is kicking a soccer ball with his great-uncle Lazaro Gonzalez and hugging Marisleysis, his cousin.

But not surprisingly, a closer look provides a far more complex portrait of an immigrant family suddenly caught up in an international spectacle of a dispute over the custody of Elian, who survived a crossing from Cuba in which his mother and 10 other people drowned. It is a striving, hard-working, close-knit family that neighbors say is unassuming, helpful and easy to get along with.

The two-bedroom, one-bath home of Lazaro Gonzalez, 49, his wife, Angela, and their daughter, Marisleysis, 21, is the gathering place for an extended family that itself is divided over Elian's future. And it is the focal point of a public relations struggle between Miami's Cuban-Americans and the Cuban government of Fidel Castro.

But this extended family is also one that has run afoul of the law in ways that could affect their bid to gain permanent custody of Elian, whose father in Cuba wants him returned, experts in custody law say.

Lazaro Gonzalez, an automobile mechanic who moved here from Cardenas, Cuba, 15 years ago, has four convictions for driving under the influence of alcohol during the 1990's, according to the Florida Department of Highway Safety and Motor Vehicles. His license was revoked or suspended for a total of three years. He completed an alcohol treatment course after his most recent conviction, in July 1997.

Mr. Gonzalez's brother Delfin Gonzalez, 63, a fisherman who usually lives in Marathon in the Florida Keys but who is a staunch supporter of Lazaro's custody claim and has been staying here with the family, has four convictions for driving under the influence over the last decade, most recently in May 1997. Two of the cases involved accidents with property damage or personal injury. Delfin Gonzalez had his license revoked for a total of two years.

Two other relatives who have been periodic visitors at the home have also had run-ins with the law, the weekly New Times newspaper here first reported.

Jose Cid, 32, one of Lazaro and Delphin's nephews and a son of their sister here, Georgina Cid, went to jail last month to begin a 13-year sentence for grand theft, forgery and violating probation, according to the Miami-Dade Department of Corrections. His twin brother, Luis Cid, goes on trial on Feb. 18 on charges relating to a robbery last September in Little Havana.

While legal problems like those of the Gonzalezes are not uncommon, lawyers say the drunken-driving convictions, especially, create problems for Lazaro Gonzalez's claims for custody and give the government a new argument in defending its decision last month to return the boy to Cuba.

"This does have an impact on the fitness of these adults to raise this child, unquestionably," said Bernard Perlmutter, a professor and expert in family law at the University of Miami.

Martin Guggenheim, a professor of law at New York University and a specialist in child and family law, said, "Increasingly in recent years, courts have been interested in any and all information that bears upon parental fitness.

"The child might be in the car and subject to an accident caused by drunk driving," Mr. Guggenheim said, "or the parent could end up injured, dead or in prison because of drunk driving."

No close Gonzalez relatives in Miami could be reached for comment. Armando Gutierrez, a prominent Cuban-American political consultant here and the relatives' publicist and spokesman, said he had not heard of the driving records until today.

The driving convictions, said Spencer Eig, the relatives' lead lawyer, are less troubling than comments by one of Elian's grandmothers, who told Cuban television that she bit Elian's tongue when she visited him here last month to goad him to talk and unzipped his pants.

Lazaro and Angela Gonzalez live in a neighborhood of fortresses and locks. Chain-link fencing cuts across the front of most yards, with padlocked gates across the front walks and the driveways. Many houses have wrought-iron gates to protect the front door, and wrought-iron grills on the windows.

To varying degrees most households are reaping the benefits of the nation's prosperity. The most prosperous have central air conditioning, red ceramic tiles on their roofs, replacing asphalt tiles, and tall, spiked iron fences.

The Gonzalez home, a 48-year-old, gray-white stucco house, is more modest than most. Except for Elian's outdoor toys, all donated, nothing is new. It is assessed for tax purposes at $67,298. Marisleysis shares her bedroom with Elian. Real estate agents said the rent would be be$500 to $1,000 a month.

Only Lazaro, Angela, Elian and and Marisleysis are living their now, although Delfin often visits. William, Lazaro and Angela Gonzalez's 27-year-old son, moved out about three years ago, after marrying the granddaughter of Guillermina Ferrer, the Gonzalezes' next-door neighbor.

One member of the clan, Manuel Gonzalez, a brother of Lazaro, is not welcome in the house because he has supported Elian's repatriation.

Angela Gonzalez rises before dawn each day to work in a factory sewing clothes and devotes the rest of her day to domestic activity inside the home. Lazaro Gonzalez works irregularly. Now and then he comes out to tinker with a red 1988 Thunderbird, registered in his wife's name, that was bought four years ago.

Marisleysis is a loan officer at the main branch of Ocean Bank here, along with a cousin, Georgina Cid Cruz. Georgina is the sister of the Cid twins.

Mrs. Ferrer has lived next door for as long as the Gonzalezes have been there. She said she watched William and her granddaughter Jacqueline's 6-month-old son while the parents worked.

"Angela is a very quiet woman," Mrs. Ferrer said. "Even before all this started, you never even heard her talk. You never even knew when she was around."

"I've never heard of anyone in that family getting into any kind of trouble or anything," she added.

Maria Castillo, across the street, said, "They're always there to help you. That family gets along fine and is very close."

Neighbors said that for entertainment, the Gonzalezes tended to stay home with relatives, rather than go out.

Across this neighborhood, and across Little Havana, there are few signs of the epic war of words and lawsuits that have stirred Congress, the Clinton administration, Cuba and the Cuban-American leadership.

The media vans and the demonstrators, largely anti-Castro immigrants from outside the neighborhood, have the Gonzalezes to themselves. Just one household near Elian's, a block away, has taken any note of ther fight still raging in court. "Back To No Future," a sign on the door reads.

But the case for holding Elian has taken another sharp turn. It is harder to argue for holding him in America, Mr. Perlmutter of the University of Miami said, in view of family's troubles with the law.

The family here is attempting to argue that it can offer Elian a better life than his father can, while the real issue is whether the father, Juan Miguel, is fit to raise his son, he said.

With the disclosure of the drunken-driving convictions, Mr. Perlmutter said, the Miami family's case is harder to make. Except for innuendo and unsubstantiated rumor, he said, no one has challenged the father's fitness to raise a child.

"He should win hands down," he said.

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

**Correction**

A front-page picture caption yesterday about the Florida family of Elian Gonzalez, the Cuban boy at the center of a custody dispute, misspelled the given name of a great-uncle in some editions. He is Delfin Gonzalez, not Deflin.

The related article misstated the number of times Elian's great-uncles Lazaro Gonzalez and Delfin Gonzalez were convicted of driving under the influence of alcohol. It was twice apiece, not four times.

**Correction-Date:** February 10, 2000, Thursday

**Graphic**

Photos: Jose Cid, left, a nephew of Lazaro Gonzalez, played with Elian in Miami late last year. In January he began a 13-year prison sentence. (Bill Cooke); Lazaro Gonzalez, left, and his brother Delfin with 6-year-old Elian Gonzalez at the Gonzalez home in the Little Havana section of Miami. (Associated Press); Elian Gonzalez sleeping, held by his cousin, Marisleysis Gonzalez. (Associated Press)(pg. A19)

**Load-Date:** February 9, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Along a Missouri Highway, Worries and a Sense of Duty to Help Bosnians***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-68T0-0005-G3RR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 4, 1995, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A;  Page 10;  Column 1;  Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1077 words

**Byline:** By DIRK JOHNSON

By DIRK JOHNSON

**Dateline:** SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Dec. 1,

**Body**

The notion of sending American troops to risk their lives in Bosnia initially struck Scott Nichols, a 26-year-old trucker in this rough-hewn Ozarks town, as downright foolish.

Mr. Nichols, browsing in a gun shop for something to hunt rabbits and squirrels with, ticked off the reasons he thought that President Clinton was wrong to commit 20,000 troops to the peacekeeping effort: the lack of a clear national interest in the Balkans, the odds against quelling deep-rooted hostilities, the danger to American forces if guerrilla-style fighting erupts.

Then he drew a breath and shook his head.

"But you think of the pictures of those poor people, lying in the street, some of them kids, raped, tortured, murdered," he said. "That's pretty hard to turn away from. And you think, I don't know, maybe it is worth it to go in there."

The involvement of the United States military in Bosnia, a subject that once met with overwhelming disapproval among Americans, seems to be gaining favor, to judge from the talk in the cafes and bookstores, bowling alleys and strip malls, along the stretch of Interstate 44 from Springfield to St. Louis. Nearly half of the three dozen people interviewed this week in this bellwether state said they believed the United States had a duty to restore peace in the Balkans.

"It reaches the point where your conscience won't allow you to do nothing," said Mary Alice Hollander, 61, who works at a library in Manchester, a conservative Republican suburb of St. Louis. "At night sometimes, I would sit and think of how it must be for some of these poor Bosnian mothers, trapped in some darkened hovel, waiting for children to come home, knowing they might never come home. I don't even see it as a political issue, but rather a moral issue."

To be sure, plenty of Americans remain vehement in their opposition to United States troops setting foot in Bosnia, even as part of a NATO force sent to help keep the peace. They have scant hope that any peace will hold in Bosnia, and fear that American troops would be pulled into a bloody conflict. On top of it all, they complain that a Government that is debating cutbacks in social services should not be spending $2 billion on a mission halfway around the world.

"We've got no business in somebody else's wars," snapped Ron Todd, 40, who sat in a cloud of cigarette smoke at Mitch's diner, near Fort Leonard Wood, an Army base in a rural, ***working-class*** district represented in Congress by Ike Skelton, a conservative Democrat. "Look, I feel bad for the people who have gone through terrible things over there, I really do. But get realistic, we're not going to be able to stop them.

"Why, we can't even stop bad things from happening in this country. You can't walk down the street in St. Louis or Chicago without worrying about getting hit over the head. We got little children that don't get enough to eat, don't have shoes to wear. We got women getting raped and beaten regularly. And now we're going to go over to Bosnia and clean things up? Give me a break!"

A waitress, D'Anne Klein, 51, came by the table to dispense some coffee and opinions. "I'm all for it," she said. "Anything that might keep the peace over there, it's worth a chance."

At the next table, a lanky military man, Sgt. Paul J. Treadway, 32, sat with his wife, Michelle, and two little girls, Christina, 6, and Virginia, 4. Sergeant Treadway, who served four months in the Persian Gulf war, said his engineering unit at Fort Leonard Wood stands a good chance of being sent to Bosnia.

"I'm real worried about it," he said. "I don't even know what our mission would be. There's no clear-cut good guys and bad guys. I just think it could be another Vietnam. I know that's a cliche. But it has all the markings."

Lyndon Morgan, 28, a St. Louis firefighter, said he had been reluctant to support any military action by the United States in Bosnia, because he felt the fighting in Eastern Europe was irrelevant to Americans.

But as he has followed the Balkans more closely, he has started to worry that future historians would find Americans guilty of shielding their eyes from atrocities and genocide.

"Is it becoming another Germany?" he said he asked himself. "If it is, we can't let it go on. You tell yourself, 'No, it can't possibly be like the Nazis, nothing as terrible as all that.' But then, you see these pictures of these innocent people, these civilians, getting killed. And you just can't ignore it."

In a bowling alley in the small town of St. Clair, some workers on the highway crew were drinking beer and knocking down pins. "We should have gone into Bosnia a long time ago," said Sam Ailleo, 40, "before so many lives were destroyed."

He had few kind words for President Clinton or the Republican-led Congress. The conservatives like to talk tough and strike blows for virtue, he said, but when it came to Bosnia, they were mostly silent. And Mr. Clinton, he said, likes to talk about his compassion, but "sat back and watched for two years and didn't do anything as the Serbs ruthlessly destroyed lives."

But Josie Johnson, 47, a nurse in St. Louis, said the United States could find plenty of examples of inhumanity around the world. She wants a Government that will tend to business at home.

"The Vietnam War should have taught us a lesson," Ms. Johnson said, as she locked her steering wheel with a steel device in a high-crime neighborhood of St. Louis. "If we've got troops looking for somewhere to help, send them in here. "

And in the view of Henry Caesar, 40, a scrap dealer in St. Louis, the Bosnia mission is destined for trouble. He warned that Americans would not support President Clinton in a military action, since he never served himself.

"Clinton should have stayed out of this from jump street," he said. "He never fought, and now he wants to send other boys. There's going to be a war over there, and we're going to be stuck in the middle of it."

To Gail Melgren, 33, a furniture saleswoman in Springfield, the Americans-first attitude seems a bit callous. "Isn't it enough to do something for humanitarian reasons?" she asked. "Does a nation have to have some oil for us to justify stepping in? I know that we can't step into every conflict. But there have been so many women and children killed over there, people who did not sign up to fight in any war. When we hear a crying child, I would hope that our instinct is to go help that child, and not to first check and see what nationality the child is."

**Graphic**

Photos: Henry Caesar, 40, a scrap dealer in St. Louis, doubts the President has much support on Bosnia. "Clinton should have stayed out of this from jump street. He never fought, and now he wants to send other boys."; Ron Todd, 40, left, with John Zeigenbein at a diner near Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., thinks deploying American troops can be of little help. "Why, we can't even stop bad things from happening in this country."; Gail Melgren, 33, a saleswoman in Springfield, Mo., sees a moral reasons for involvement. "I know that we can't step into every conflict. But there have been so many women and children killed over there." (Andy Lavalley for The New York Times) (pg. A10)

Map of Missouri

**Load-Date:** December 4, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Strike's Effects Tear at Social Fabric in Venezuela - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47PD-FW40-01KN-20VR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 16, 2003 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 3; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1404 words

**Byline:**  By GINGER THOMPSON

**Dateline:** CARACAS, Venezuela, Jan. 15

**Body**

The sign on the door says "closed." The lights are dim. The staff is not in uniform. Customers are only allowed in through the out door. But in the seventh week of a national strike aimed at shutting down the economy and toppling President Hugo Chavez, Blockbuster Video began covert operations in at least two popular stores in the capital.

The staff and managers refused to fully identify themselves, or to even respond to simple queries about store hours and movie releases coming soon. However, in one brief outburst, a store manager who identified herself only as Eugenia, strived to make clear that her decision to open for business weighed heavily on her conscience.

"It is hard to work," she said. "But it is harder not to work."

The strike that once left most commercial areas of the city dark and abandoned -- at an economic cost of more than $50 million a day -- is now a collage of contrasts: abandoned shopping malls and bustling street markets; long lines outside gas stations and traffic jams; shuttered McDonald's outlets and packed gourmet restaurants. Venezuelan beer has been replaced by Mexican and German brands. Movie theaters are closed, but neighborhoods are setting up screens in parks and plazas.

Since it began on Dec. 2, the strike has become the fault line that divides this society into rival camps, wreaking havoc on neighborhoods and families alike. It was organized by a coalition of business executives, union leaders and civic organizations to force Mr. Chavez to call new elections.

So far, the strike leaders have failed to accomplish that goal. In the lingering war of attrition between President Chavez and his opponents, Venezuelan society has begun to take stock of the consequences. The economy is in ruins. A country that already endures one of the highest violent crime rates in the hemisphere -- dozens of people are killed on an average weekend in this metropolitan area -- has now been pushed to the brink of civil conflict. Mr. Chavez shows no sign of leaving.

In some places the strike holds firm, particularly in the state-owned oil company, which pumps the black blood of Venezuela's economy and is a chief supplier to the United States. Thirty-thousand workers walked off the job soon after the strike started. The government has been unable to lure them back in significant numbers, causing oil shortages around the world.

Marches by flag-waving Chavez opponents, rolling through the city like red, blue and yellow tidal waves, continue almost every other day; the most vibrant display, some analysts say, of the politicization of a once comfortable middle class that considered politics a frivolous pursuit. In a nightly ritual called the "cacerolazo," or pot-banging, a cacophonous clatter echoes through the skyscrapers and condominium complexes across this valley city at 8 p.m. as opponents of Mr. Chavez -- housewives and professionals, rich and ***working class*** -- emerge from their homes and offices to blow whistles and bang on cooking pots.

In a local newspaper interview, the poet Rafael Arraiz Lucca described the atmosphere: "Venezuelans are living a collective hypnosis very close to hysteria."

Still, in the day-to-day life of the city, the strike comes more in fits and starts. Some private and public schools have not reopened. Others have opened with the help of neighborhood volunteers. Banks and supermarkets are open for limited hours. Subway and bus service continues as normal.

"This is not a strike that will be lifted," said Ibsen Martinez, a newspaper columnist. "This is a strike that will slowly languish."

The opposition's base of support among the Venezuelan middle class -- especially the owners of small and medium-sized businesses -- consider President Chavez a dictator in a democrat's clothes. They point to his control over the Congress and the justice system as signs of a grand plan to install a Cuba-style government. But their dwindling financial resources have them grappling over how much longer they can hold out.

Gonzalo Garcia, owner of a Subway sandwich shop, has lost more than $30,000 since the strike began. He added that if the Chavez government survives the strike, he and his family would leave their homeland.

"I would love to recover my store and even open others," he said, but "I cannot let my children grow up in an atmosphere of violence."

Lawlessness is not limited to Caracas. Local news media reported that three people were shot and wounded today as looters ransacked the town of Guiria, 310 miles east of the capital. Looting also was reported in Ciudad Bolivar, 280 miles southeast of Caracas.

Supporters of President Chavez seem simply fed up. Behind the marches and cacerolazos, they see a plot orchestrated by a group of the wealthy elite who are determined to impose their will on a democratically elected president.

Nicolasa Veita, a nurse the Centro Medico de Caracas, said the privately owned hospital had closed all but its emergency services. Last Friday, supervisors notified the nursing staff that they would not be paid this month. But she and the 130 other nurses refused to walk off the job.

"The first right that all people have, no matter what their political views, is the right to life," she said. "The doctors are looking for an excuse to close the hospitals and blame it on the government. The nurses are not going to let that happen."

On Tuesday the political storm that has battered this country came crashing down on the Mater Salvatori girls' school. Two-thousand parents -- almost all of them mothers -- packed into the small assembly hall to vote on whether to break the strike by opening the sprawling, affluent campus for classes.

The meeting turned into a rally, with parents roused from their seats, chanting "Not one step back." By the end of the morning, there was no need to take a vote.

One daring father stood briefly against the furious female outpouring against Mr. Chavez to ask how long parents were willing to keep their children out of school, and how teachers planned to make up the classes that would be lost.

The assembly hall filled with hissing. Then another father spoke up.

"This is not about losing some classes, or even the whole semester if that is what is necessary," he said, his bespectacled face turning red with emotion. "This is about losing our country."

School meetings like that one have become flashpoints for the strike against Mr. Chavez. After a vote at a private elementary school in a neighborhood called California Norte, Elenitza Guevara, a lawyer and mother of two, left fed up. The parents, she said, were not interested in a real debate about closing the school, she said. People like her, who were opposed to closing, were shunned. "I told them, what kind of tolerance are we going to be able to teach our children if we cannot let everyone express their views?" she said, still riled from the meeting. "The truth is, there was no room for negotiation."

What made her even more angry, she said, was that the cost of the decision had been passed on to the parents. While school administrators encouraged parents not to reopen the school, they advised the parents that they would be expected to make this month's tuition payments.

"If some parents do not want to send their children to school, they should have that right," she said. "But why should they take away my right to send my child to school? Why should they take away my child's right to an education?"

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U.S. to Join Mediation Group

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15 (Agence France-Presse) -- The United States said today that it would take part in a new group to assist regional mediation efforts to end the political crisis in Venezuela, whether President Hugo Chavez likes it or not.

"We would expect to be part of it and others would expect us to be part of it," said Richard Boucher, a State Department spokesman. After initial opposition, the United States now supports the creation of a "Friends of Venezuela" group to help mediation by the secretary general of the Organization of American States, Cesar Gaviria.

Otto J. Reich, the United States special envoy to Latin America, discussed the plans on Tuesday with Mr. Gaviria in Quito, where they were attending the inauguration of the new Ecuadorean president, Lucio Gutierrez.

Earlier, Mr. Chavez, who also attended Mr. Gutierrez's inauguration, had signaled that he did not want Washington to take part in meetings to set up the group.

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

**Correction**

A nurse quoted in an article on Thursday about the impact of a national strike on day-to-day life in Venezuela says the article misstated the context of her comments. The nurse, Nicolasa Veita, who works at the Centro Medico Caracas, said, "The doctors are looking for an excuse to close the hospitals and blame it on the government." Later, in the presence of Centro Medico administrators, Ms. Veita said her comments had referred to Vargas Hospital, a public facility, where she also works, not to the Centro Medico.

**Correction-Date:** January 18, 2003

**Graphic**

Photos: A nationwide strike now in its seventh week has crippled much of the Venezuelan economy. Jose Gregorio Hernandez, 11, waited in line for a fourth day yesterday in Caracas to fill his family's containers of cooking gas. (Associated Press)(pg. A1); The broken windows of a McDonald's in Caracas attest to the levels of friction and violence between supporters of the strike and its opponents. (Reuters); Even schools have engendered fierce debate during the strike. Some have remained opened with volunteers, while others are shut. (Getty Images)(pg. A10)

**Load-Date:** January 16, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Unheralded, Apartments Are Reborn For Homeless***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-70R0-002S-X2DS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 27, 1989, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 4; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1166 words

**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

The apartment is completely bare, except for a table and chairs in the middle of the living room and beds covered by green blankets in the bedrooms. But when Clarence Rollocks Jr. is asked what he thinks of his new apartment, he lights up in a smile and his answer is brief. ''Heaven,'' he says.

His satisfaction is easily understood. Along with his wife, Margaret, and their six children, Mr. Rollocks was forced by a fire from his last apartment, in a rundown building in the Morrisania section of the Bronx, almost two years ago. The family, which lost all of its possessions in the fire, then spent 18 months in a city shelter for the homeless.

They arrived last month in their new home, a city-owned building at 1043 Avenue St. John in the South Bronx that has been rebuilt for homeless families. The apartment building is one of 21 rundown or abandoned structures that the Koch administration has rehabilitated for the homeless in the last two years.

The brand-new apartment is unlike any he has known, said Mr. Rollocks, who is 30 years old. There are four bedrooms and two bathrooms, along with a spacious living room and a kitchen with wood cabinets and new appliances. The floors are oak, the walls smooth and freshly painted. The heat and hot water are reliable.

Largely Unknown

The rent: $412 a month, the shelter allowance provided to the family under the city and state's welfare formulas.

''I couldn't ask for anything more,'' Mr. Rollocks said.

The city's effort to provide permanent apartments for the homeless in formerly vacant buildings is called the Special Initiatives Program. It is known in government circles by the ungainly acronym S.I.P., but that alone does not explain why the program has remained largely unknown and unheralded since its inception in 1985.

The Koch administration has hardly been shy about other components of its 12-year, $5.1 billion housing plan. Yet, despite heavy criticism from many public officials and advocates for the homeless in recent years over what they view as the administration's failure to build anything but temporary shelters for the homeless, municipal officials have seldom talked publicly about the special program for permanent housing.

The reticence stemmed in part from a fear that neighborhood groups would resist the use of abandoned, city-owned buildings solely for the homeless, several former city housing officials said. In addition, officials said, the scope of the effort was expanded significantly in the last year. #15,000 Apartments About 6,600 apartments are to be completely rebuilt for homeless families under the program, the city's Commissioner of Housing Preservation and Development, Abraham Biderman, said. About 8,400 other apartments will be created for the homeless in other programs of the city's housing plan, Mr. Biderman said.

Those 15,000 units will account for about a third of the estimated 47,000 apartments that the city has promised to produce out of the abandoned housing stock that it owns. Most of the other apartments will go to moderate- and middle-income families.

More than 600 families have moved into new apartments since the first building entirely for the homeless was completed two years ago. Thirty-nine more buildings, including one next to Mr. Rollocks's building and two others around the corner, are under construction. These will produce about 1,100 new apartments. Eighty-nine more buildings containing 3,000 apartments are being planned or designed.

''I don't think anybody realizes that the city is building permanent housing from scratch for the homeless,'' Mr. Biderman said. ''The significance of this program is that people are going from the most deplorable conditions in the welfare hotels to housing that, in terms of design and construction, is virtually the same as new market-rate housing.''

City Maintains Ownership

Unlike other components of the housing plan, in which the city gives abandoned shells to nonprofit community groups or to private developers, the city maintains ownership of the buildings for homeless families. Construction, which costs about $65,000 per apartment, is done by contractors.

Many managers of low-income housing contend that buildings are likely to deteriorate quickly if all the tenants are families on welfare who once were homeless. Some advocates of low-income housing also assert that the city should foster economic integration by mixing homeless and welfare families with ***working-class*** households.

In response, Mr. Biderman said that, in other components of the 12-year plan, a substantial number of the apartments to be created in rehabilitated buildings will be set aside for the homeless.

In one program, called construction management, major construction companies are rebuilding clusters of vacant shells. Each cluster - there are currently three in the Bronx and one in Harlem - will contain as many as 900 new apartments, with 30 percent to be set aside for the homeless. In another program, abandoned buildings have been given to nearly two dozen community groups; 10 percent of these apartments will go to homeless families.

Families Are Screened

Mr. Biderman and other officials said there is reason to be optimistic about the fate of the buildings occupied entirely by homeless families. Precisely because they have spent time in rundown welfare hotels and city shelters, the families tend to be extremely appreciative of their new homes.

''Having lived in terrible conditions, these families don't take these apartments for granted,'' Mr. Biderman said.

In addition, he said, homeless families hoping to move into the renovated buildings are screened, and those with histories of drug abuse or other major problems are rejected.

Ely Colon, a city worker who manages 10 buildings with permanent apartments for the homeless in the Bronx, including Mr. Rollocks's, said the buildings have been well maintained. The first of the structures completed under the program, on West Farms Road in the West Farms section of the Bronx, has been occupied for two years and remains in first-rate condition, Mr. Colon said.

''It's a matter of survival,'' he said. ''They have no place else to go, and they know it.''

''Our concern,'' said Roberta Bosch, another new resident at 1043 Avenue St. John, ''is keeping the building intact, not having people selling drugs in the building, to keep people from the outside from coming in and destroying our building.''

Mrs. Bosch, who is active in the tenants association, is a 31-year-old mother of two. She and her family spent two years in the city's homeless system, first in the Holland Hotel on West 42d Street and then in a shelter in Brooklyn run by a nonprofit group.

Her daughter Raquel, who is 7 years old, was terrified of the drug dealers and constant fights in the notorious midtown hotel, and she still talks often about her fears, Mrs. Bosch said.

''I was never homeless before, and I will never, ever be homeless again,'' Mrs. Bosch said. ''I will never put my children in that position again.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Clarence Rollocks Jr. and his wife Margaret, one of his six children rent an apartment in South Bronx (NYT/Jim Wilson)

**End of Document**



[***Soccer, Anytime, Anywhere***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:59MH-3YW1-JBG3-62C4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 20, 2013 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section SP; Column 0; Sports Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2967 words

**Byline:** By SAM BORDEN; Taylor Barnes contributed reporting from Rio de Janeiro and Jill Langlois from São Paulo, Brazil.

**Body**

RIO DE JANEIRO -- In Brazil, the ball is always moving. It moves on grass and on sand, on concrete and on cobblestone. Sometimes, during the rainy season, it even moves on water.

Organized soccer, the kind the Brazilian national team will play next year in the World Cup, is known as futebol (pronounced FOO-chee-ball) in Portuguese. But the pickup variety, the kind played in the cities and the countryside, is called pelada, a term Brazilian men also use to refer to a naked woman. One night last month, a hotel doorman waiting to play at a game in the Flamengo neighborhood here explained the odd symmetry this way: ''Football and women,'' he said, ''are the only two things we really love.''

The doorman was idling beside an asphalt court. The court was lighted by three dim streetlamps and the glint of the moon. It was nearly 11 p.m., and in the distance, the lights of the Glória and Catete neighborhoods twinkled. Teams were divided into shirts and skins. Games lasted until one team scored a goal or for 10 minutes, with a cellphone alarm beeping to signal full time.

There was no crowd; just the bay on one side, the highway on the other and a concrete underpass, coated in graffiti and stained the color of dried lager, leading away from the court and back to the city. Before midnight, the game included students, day workers and beach bums; after midnight, busboys and waiters and valets arrived, kicking and running and sweating their way toward morning. Some played in sneakers or trainers. Others played barefoot, the blisters on their heels a nubby reminder of their devotion.

One of the players, a teenager named Lucas Daniel, did not have shoes with him at all. He played languidly, gliding up and down the court on his calloused soles. His team was beaten quickly. Afterward, he sat with his cousin Diego and pointed to the side of his foot. ''My toe was dislocated once,'' he said. ''The ball hit it hard, and it just bent. It hurt so much, I cried.''

He laughed. ''But then I pushed it back into place. And then I kept playing.''

Lucas and Diego watched the cellphone between them, waiting for their turn to play again. As they waited, they talked about another game, another pelada, with a visitor sitting nearby. This one was situated in the hillside favela where they live, Fogueteiro, up near the bohemian-chic neighborhood of Santa Teresa. Some days, they said, that game starts after breakfast. Some days, it finishes just before breakfast the next morning.

''We just play whenever,'' Diego said.

''Remember the kid who played so much we called him Neymar?'' Lucas said.

Diego shook his head. ''What happened to him?''

Lucas shrugged. ''I don't know. He was scouted by a big team. I don't see him anymore.''

They paused. That is the dream, of course, the fantasy. Romário, one of the greatest Brazilian scorers ever, played in the streets, too. So did Ronaldo. So did Rivaldo.

Sometimes, scouts come to the favelas and organize a game. Sometimes, a player is picked. Lucas said he once played for one of the junior teams of Flamengo, a popular Rio club, but it did not pan out. ''I am too old now,'' he said. (He is 16.) ''So I just play.''

He and Diego looked at the cellphone, and their lips moved silently. Cinco. Quatro. Três. Dois. Um. ''You want to see a real street game?'' Lucas said to the visitor as the phone began to beep. ''Come see us tomorrow. We will show you.''

Inside the Quadra

The ball moves differently in every city. In Rio, there are games on the beaches and in the favelas and on the aterro, the strip of land between the water and the road. Fred, the forward for the Brazilian national team who scored five goals at last summer's Confederations Cup, grew up in Minas Gerais and recalled that sometimes the ball he played with was not even a ball at all.

''I used to make a ball of socks,'' he said. ''I made one of cardboard. I made one out of plastic bags. Sometimes, it wasn't even round. We didn't care.''

He shrugged. ''We would put two rocks or two sandals to make the goal. We would even play on a hill. The goal was always on top, and it was two-on-two or three-on-three, and you would fight to get to that same goal. It was fun. But if the ball went down, you had to run over the rocks.''

Pelada has always been a part of Brazilian culture, and it has adapted to the country's changing face. In São Paulo, for example, the hub for pelada used to be on the edges of the city's two rivers, the Pinheiros and the Tietê. Players would scamper alongside the water in games that were known collectively as futebol de varzea, or lowlands soccer.

As São Paulo developed into a South American business hub, though, it transformed into a vast city, a labyrinth of concrete buildings and tangled streets. That meant open space was at a premium, and so now games have frequently shifted to courts that are penned in on all sides by metal fences. These fake cages are called quadras.

One quadra sits at a traffic-heavy intersection in the Vila Maria neighborhood, a ***working-class*** area in the northern part of the city. The grass around the court is brown and dusty, and the door does not close all the way, so the ball sometimes rolls out toward the cars. Despite the conditions, there was a line of players waiting to play on a recent Saturday afternoon, their backs pressed against the droopy railings in the fence and their feet ready to intervene if the ball tumbled toward the open door. Water breaks -- and bathroom breaks -- were taken at the gas station across the street.

The game was oddly silent. With five players on each side, there were the occasional shouts for a teammate to pass the ball or a warning that an opponent was approaching. Otherwise, there were just the scuffs and scrapes of rubber soles on concrete. On this smaller court, shots and goals were more frequent than in the games in Rio. Games were played to three goals. No time limit was needed.

At first, the players were all male. This is standard; the vast majority of games feature only men. At this quadra, one player played in dress pants. Several wore Brazilian club team jerseys, like those of Corinthians and Palmeiras. Outside the fence, sitting on a wood bench, Anesio Cornelo watched his 12-year-old son, Robson, play with men who were two or three times his age.

''I think this is good for Brazilian players,'' Cornelo said, sharing a popular theory. ''They play this way, on the court. They learn how to touch the ball, how to control the ball. It is a lot faster here than on a field. They become more skilled than if they just played on grass.''

For the most part, that skill was not altogether evident inside the quadra. The game was mostly ragged, with little defending and even fewer moments of quality. It was only when a girl, Clara Chaves, returned from a water break at the gas station and rejoined the game that the level increased.

Chaves was wearing a Palmeiras shirt. She is 14 and plays for one of the club's women's teams in a regional league. She readily admitted that her league -- and women's soccer in general in Brazil -- was a work in progress. There is no national league, and the most talented women, like Marta, a five-time world player of the year, earn livings abroad.

Still, Chaves dreams, just as the boys do, and she was sharp and aggressive on the court, chasing the ball deep into the opponent's end. She played quick, slick passes to teammates on the attack. She scored two goals in about five minutes.

Chaves began playing at this court when she was 9, she said, and it took a while before she felt comfortable. Initially, the boys and the men targeted her. They pushed her. They jostled her. They tripped her, sometimes when she was so close to the fence that she would fall against the rusty metal. Sometimes, they directed a particularly vile homophobic slur toward her. The treatment brought her near tears at times.

On this day, though, she was the best player on the court. Her team won. Then it won again. Then it won again. For an hour, the only girl in the quadra never left the court.

''The boys treated me that way in the beginning because they think they have some right to play, like this is their neighborhood and they are the only ones who want to be here,'' she said. ''A lot of men think like that. Maybe someday it will change.''

Chasing the Dream

It must be said: the ball has always had meaning, always resonated far beyond a foot and a goal and a game. As just one example, some believe the roots of Brazil's attachment to joga bonito, or the tenet that one must ''play beautifully'' or not at all, was born from the country's long history with racism.

There was a time, the theory goes, when a dark-skinned Brazilian could not even touch a white man without fear of retribution or punishment. Because of that, some say, the silky, slippery, slinky feints and shimmies that Brazilian players hone while playing pelada were developed as a form of survival: the goal was to be able to get past an opponent without even grazing him, lest a societal code be broken.

Now pelada remains a form of escape. The notion of a poverty-stricken young boy's finding fame and fortune after being discovered in a slum is shopworn, to be sure, but that is because there remains some truth to it: Brazil is annually among the nations exporting the most players to foreign professional leagues (nearly 300 in 2011 alone, according to a recent study), and hundreds more play for varying wages in the country's league system.

In more remote places like Manaus, the main city in the Amazon, young players will often leave home, traveling south to bigger cities on the murky advice of a scout or representative from one of the country's larger teams. There are no guarantees of success or even basic accommodations in these situations, and horror stories abound. In 2012, the São Paulo state club Portuguesa Santista was fined by a Brazilian court for endangering the safety of children, according to a report by the Brazilian investigative journalism center Publica.

The details were disconcerting: a dozen teenage boys had left their homes in Pará, in the Amazon, to go to the city of Santos on a promise from a scout that they could play in a youth tournament there. Once they arrived, they were crammed into a tiny room, given three mattresses to share and, over a period of several days, provided no food. Once the court intervened, Portuguesa Santista was ordered to either let the boys go home or put them in a proper hotel and feed them.

In many ways, though, it does not matter. Young boys will forever want to chase the dream, climbing aboard one of the countless small ships that leave from the port of Manaus, and sleeping in tiny hammocks hung from the ceiling for days until they arrive at the next stop on their journey to maybe, possibly, being discovered. To them, that is what pelada can represent.

''There is no famous player that everyone in the world knows who came from Manaus,'' a talented young player, Kaleb Campelo, said one day in August. ''But that does not mean there can't be someday.''

Campelo was standing alongside a dirt field in Santo Agostinho, a neighborhood on the west side of Manaus known mostly for its drug trafficking and crime. A crumbling wall was the divider between the playing surface and a steep hill littered with garbage, plastic bags and the occasional needle. The game, which featured Campelo, 17, and other teenagers, was interrupted at least once when a stray dog ran through the middle of the action.

This was, essentially, organized pelada. Manaus is known for being home to the peladão, a huge soccer tournament and beauty pageant, but this weekend was more typical with two teams, wearing mostly matching jerseys, playing in the rough equivalent of a neighborhood championship.

The juxtapositions were striking: there was a referee but no real boundary lines once the chalk was shuffled away. There were coaches, but the players did not pay to participate in the game or to be a part of the team. There was a halftime, but once the players took a sip of water, they were destined to wear dust mustaches for the rest of the afternoon as the swirling dirt clung to their wet upper lips.

Some players, like Campelo, who fired home a goal for his team with a graceful volley, may well play their way out someday.

''But even if he doesn't, and for the others who have no chance, it is not about that,'' said Berg de Souza, a longtime government employee in Manaus who helps organize the games in Santo Agostinho. ''There are about 50 players playing in these games. They would be drug dealers if they weren't. Last year, there were gangs in the neighborhood. They would play on the field and fight on the field. There were guns. It was terrible.''

De Souza shrugged. ''Now, it is a little bit better. I know some of the drug dealers. I organize things here. Sometimes, I even ask the drug dealers for money to help me get the games going, if I need it.''

Sometimes, the escape is more metaphorical. As the hub of the Amazon, Manaus is an industrial city where men work long days. Some haul heavy bags of flour and sugar up from the docks; others work in electronics factories or on the boats. Pelada is their haven, the only place and time that they can relax their shoulders.

In the East Zone of the city, in an area known as São José Operário, there is a sand pit carved out of a thicket of trees. Lizards hang from the branches. Araras, or macaws, chirp overhead. A tabby crawls out of an overturned refrigerator near the edge of the forest. The men who play at this field do not bother with lines to mark the penalty area or the touchlines on their 40-yard surface.

''We just know it by heart,'' said Cleivison Correa, who plays almost every day after work. ''Everyone just stops playing when they are supposed to.''

Games are held from Tuesday to Saturday. Players wait their turn to play, sitting on logs or felled trees. Newcomers are welcomed enthusiastically. ''We need this,'' Marcus Painaba, 28, said. ''This game -- when you live in Amazonas, this is where you go to be yourself.''

Nonstop Action

Lucas, the boy in Rio, played at the aterro until 5:30 in the morning. Then he went home and slept for a few hours. Then he got up and played again.

Around noon, he heard a commotion. The visitor from the night before was outside. Addresses in the area are murky, so the visitor had wandered through the streets that wind like cobwebs, climbing the hillside and asking neighbors if they knew someone named Lucas. Finally, a few women shouted his name down the alley.

Lucas waved. His neighborhood is pacified, one of the favelas in the city that has a perpetual police presence. This generally eliminates heavy drug trafficking and other serious violence, though muggings and lesser crimes are not uncommon. Still, the street nearest Lucas's home is where children play, kicking a ball up and down the sloping road. The goals are multiple: to score; to show off one's substantial ball-control skills; and to keep the ball from going down the steep stairs toward the bottom of the neighborhood or, really, anywhere else that would jeopardize the status of the game.

''One time, the ball bounced off the mirror of a car and knocked over an old lady,'' Lucas said. ''The neighbors complain a lot. They want us to stop and go to bed.''

But the boys do not stop. They never do. That afternoon, they clattered around a street barely wide enough for one car at time, bumping into curbs and walls and one another. They ran under wires dangling overhead. They sprinted up and down a hill so graded there were places where the ball, even though it was on the ground, could have easily rolled through a house's window.

After a little while, Lucas said that it was almost time to go to a nearby quadra, a place where some of the best players in the neighborhood played. This was not a child's game, Lucas said. Men played there, some who had even played for local professional teams. ''The game is very good,'' Lucas said.

First, he stopped at his family's home. The entrance was up a thin flight of steps from the street and then down another staircase of 34 steps, with no railing on either side, that led to a door cut out of the hillside.

Fifteen people stay in this structure, which is roughly 35 feet from end to end and about 10 feet wide: Lucas, Diego, Eduardo, Ilza, Zé, Penha, Rafael, Felipe, Gabriel, Monica, Tonho, Raiane, Rennan, Edjane and Márcio. Lucas's parents are housecleaners. He and one of his sisters look after the other children most days. He is not in school now but hopes to return this fall. ''I have played football every day of my life,'' he said.

Moments later, he led the way to the nearby quadra, up steps and then down steps, past the men carrying laundry baskets and around the corner where the dogs barked from behind a fence. Unlike in São Paulo, the quadra itself did not have a metal fence around it. Instead, it looked more like the top of an abandoned parking garage, its concrete walls covered in spray paint and its cracked floor dotted with water stains. On one side, the sheer edge of the mountain rose up and tendrils of long grass hung over the edge of a retaining wall.

Lucas walked up and looked surprised. There were a few children running around near one of the goals but no big game and no top players. Lucas turned to the visitor with an apologetic look on his face. ''This is Rio,'' he said. ''Maybe they will be here later?''

He shrugged, sheepishly, and lingered for a moment by the entrance. But immediately, he began inching his way toward the children. They were running and spinning and passing and dribbling, and it was not long before Lucas was, too. It was as if he were drawn to the game, as if he could not resist. And maybe he could not. In Brazil, the ball is always moving.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2013/10/20/sports/soccer/pickup-soccer-in-brazil-has-an-allure-all-its-own.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/10/20/sports/soccer/pickup-soccer-in-brazil-has-an-allure-all-its-own.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Pickup games, like one on a concrete field shoehorned into the Rio Comprido neighborhood in Rio de Janeiro, are the lifeblood of soccer in Brazil.

On the outskirts of Manaus, a youth team's substitutes waited for their turns to get into a local championship game. (SP1)

Top, a sandy field, with the jungle as a backdrop, in Manaus, the main city in the Amazon. With space at a premium in cities like São Paulo, above left, games have frequently shifted to courts that are penned in on all sides by metal fences. In the Rio Comprido neighborhood in Rio de Janeiro, above right, a boy in a Brazil jersey probably dreams of playing for his country. The player who wears a No. 10 jersey, like Pelé, is often the star. (SP6-SP7)

Players in the Amazonian port city of Manaus, above, which is known for being home to the peladão, a huge soccer tournament and beauty pageant. Below, a public field in São Paulo, the hub of pelada -- the term for pickup soccer, and for a naked woman. The fake cages are called quadras. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY LALO DE ALMEIDA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (SP7)

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[***Sao Paulo Journal;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YK3-DJ10-00MH-F1S8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Rich Brazilians Rise Above Rush-Hour Jams***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YK3-DJ10-00MH-F1S8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 15, 2000, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By SIMON ROMERO

By SIMON ROMERO

**Dateline:** SAO PAULO, Brazil, Feb. 14

**Body**

At night the skyline in this city of 16 million is a dazzling display of lights that can easily remind visitors of Manhattan.

But something is different. Many of the lights are moving.

The skies of Sao Paulo, Latin America's financial capital and the richest big city in the developing world, are filled with helicopters.

Like a fleet of airborne limousines, the helicopters are increasingly used by privileged Paulistanos to commute, attend meetings, even run errands and go to church. Helicopter landing pads are now standard features of many of Sao Paulo's guarded residential compounds and high-rise roofs.

Illustrating what may be a Blade Runner-esque glimpse of the future in metropolises where rich and poor are crammed together, helicopters are the vehicle of choice for more than just their convenience. Many of the roads here are hopelessly clogged with traffic. Carjackings, kidnappings of executives and roadside robberies have become a part of the risks of daily life for anyone perceived to have money.

So the demand for private helicopters in Sao Paulo has turned the city into one of the most vibrant markets for helicopter dealers.

For pilots, navigating the city by air is like flying through an endless concrete maze. "My favorite time to fly is at night, because the sensation is equaled only in movies or in dreams," said Moacir da Silva, the president of the Sao Paulo Helicopter Pilots Association. "The lights are everywhere, as if I were flying within a Christmas tree."

At 400 and growing, the total fleet of private helicopters in Sao Paulo is the biggest of any city in the developing world. Although the fleets in New York and Tokyo are larger, the helicopters in those cities are owned mostly by corporations, not rich individuals.

Moreover, the growth of the Sao Paulo fleet has quickened in recent years, even with the slowdown in Brazil's economy after the currency devaluation crisis a year ago.

While Brazil's economy grew less than 1 percent in 1999, the nation's helicopter fleet rose more than 7 percent, to nearly 800. Most of that growth was here.

"Sao Paulo commands the most favorable characteristics of any city in the world for the civil helicopter industry," said Fabrice Cagnat, the president of the Brazilian subsidiary of Eurocopter, a venture between DaimlerChrysler and Aerospatiale of France.

The most favorable is the traffic, a byproduct of Sao Paulo's haphazard expansion in recent decades as millions of migrants from poorer parts of Brazil moved here in search of work. Roads were never sufficiently expanded to accommodate the swelling population. Subway lines can barely handle a fraction of the residents, and an efficient freeway system remains a distant dream.

With the city's crazy-quilt layout that is part Los Angeles, because of sheer horizontal breadth, and part Manhattan, because skyscrapers are so numerous, navigating by car is daunting.

"Money is time, and the time lost in traffic is substantial," said Marco Antonio Audi, the Brazil representative for Robinson Helicopters, which is based in Torrance, Calif.

The use of helicopters to avoid traffic has grown to the point where some people use their choppers to commute daily to work or to retreat to their country estates or beach homes every few days.

"One member of my congregation regularly comes to Sabbath service by helicopter to escape the horrendous Friday night traffic," said Henry Sobel, the senior rabbi of Sao Paulo's largest synagogue.

The most affordable and best-selling helicopter in Brazil is the Robinson R44, which can comfortably seat three or four people. It costs about $380,000, or roughly 90 times the average annual income of a Sao Paulo resident. Another popular model is the Bell 407, which seats as many as seven people and costs about $1.5 million.

"Why settle for an armored BMW when you can afford a helicopter?" said Eric Wasson, a Latin American sales representative for Bell Helicopter of Fort Worth, Tex.

The helicopters of Sao Paulo are not universally admired. Critics consider them an obscene barometer of the financial power enjoyed by the affluent few in a sea of poverty. According to the World Bank, Brazil's richest 10 percent control more than 50 percent of the country's wealth while the poorest 10 percent control less than 1 percent.

It is easier for a wealthy person to buy a helicopter than it is for a ***working-class*** person to buy a car. Rich Paulistanos have access to financing that often is substantially cheaper than domestic lending rates, and more financing options are emerging. Debis, the financing arm of DaimlerChrysler, recently opened an office here that will largely focus on helicopter deals.

The contrasts are not lost on the vast majority of people in Sao Paulo who cannot afford a helicopter.

"One of the contradictions of the Brazilian character is the capacity for great warmth to coexist with an extreme individualism," said Renato Janine Ribeiro, a professor of political philosophy at the University of Sao Paulo. "The desire for a helicopter is a result of a complete lack of concern for other people."

Others see the helicopters as a symbol of a worsening class distinction in Brazil.

"That there is an archipelago of wealthy consumers that is able to use helicopters just as their counterparts do in Manhattan or Bombay or wherever doesn't surprise me," said Jorge Wilheim, an urban planner. "But the ocean of people surrounding this archipelago should be getting the transportation services they need, and they are not."

Compared with the several hundred people in the city who are able to commute by helicopter, about 3.7 million residents resort to the city's precarious bus system each day, according to municipal figures. Riding the city's 10,400 buses is not only uncomfortable but often dangerous, because of the high risk of muggings. So unlicensed minivans have grown popular as a way to get around.

Earlier this month, when three people were killed and eight injured when a minivan driver fled from the police and hit a tree, one newspaper said in a front-page editorial, "No one controls the city."

While travel on the ground remains quite dangerous, there have been few accidents involving helicopters in the city.

Mr. Wilheim said Sao Paulo would need to extend its subway by six miles each year in the next decade for the public transportation system to approach those of Paris or New York. Yet there is little impetus from the authorities to make such plans when spending is restricted. A result of Sao Paulo's lackadaisical approach to public transportation is an assault on the ears of residents.

In some parts of the city, the honking horns of bottlenecks and sirens of police vehicles weaving through traffic is joined by the almost incessant sound of helicopters whizzing by. The Sao Paulo Helicopter Pilots Association says about 100 helicopters fly above the city at any given time during the day.

"I can't stand helicopters," said Paula Doria, a 21-year-old student, "because I live next to an apartment building with a heliport, and the noise is incredible." Still, she said, "If I had enough money to buy a helicopter I would, because it's a way to escape from crime."

Visually, the helicopter traffic is an added feature that can make some of Sao Paulo's more crowded districts, already adorned with huge television advertising screens and multilingual billboards, resemble a scene from "Blade Runner," the 1982 movie about a rain-soaked, futuristic Los Angeles.

Just as a wealthy elite seeks private-sector solutions for its problems in "Blade Runner," Sao Paulo's powerful are increasingly turning to private companies for services normally in the public sphere, like security, education and transportation.

James Thurston Lynch, a former banker at Chase Manhattan, understands this well. Mr. Lynch, a Brazilian who now has his own investment firm, plans to buy 100 helicopters for a part ownership program similar to the system that people use to share private jets in the United States.

Mr. Lynch, who intends to sign up 1,000 people to buy shares in his fleet, said, "I hope to democratize use of the helicopter."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: A hangar in Sao Paulo is crowded with private helicopters. Like bats, the copters often fill the sky after dark. (Dario Lopez-Mills for The New York Times)

Chart: "KEEPING TRACK: Flying the Family Helicopter"

Wealthy Brazilians in Sao Paulo are using private helicopters to avoid traffic, making the city's total helicopter fleet the third-largest worldwide, after New York and Tokyo. Here is a look at the most affordable and best-selling model in Brazil.

R44 Raven Helicopter

GROSS WEIGHT: 2,400 lbs.

HEIGHT: 10.75 feet

LENGTH: 38.25 feet

PASSENGERS: 3 to 4

CRUISE SPEED: 130 m.p.h.

MAXIMUM RANGE: About 400 miles

MAXIMUM ALTITUDE: 14,000 feet

FUEL: 30.6 gallons

COST: $294,000 and up

STANDARD FEATURES

Baggage compartments

Carpeting

Tinted windows

Cabin heater and defogger

Intercom system

OPTIONAL FEATURES

Leather seats

Fire extinguisher

Bubble door windows

Headsets for each seat

(Source: Robinson Helicopter)

(pg. A4)

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[***As Neighborhood Sinks, Residents Wait to Leave***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-79X0-002S-X148-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By WENDY E. SOLOMON, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30

**Body**

When hundreds of residents were told they would have to leave their houses in the Logan area of the city, the structures already posed a hazard: the row houses listed at angry angles, sidewalks were crumbled and the ground seemed no more steady than the nerves of the residents. It was a situation, city officials said, that could only get worse.

But now, two years later, only a handful of the homeowners have managed to move despite a city program to help them leave Logan, a ***working-class*** neighborhood built 70 years ago on an unstable foundation of cinder and ash on a creek bed. The houses are sinking, officials say, because the soil is shifting.

''The homes actually tilt like the Leaning Tower of Pisa,'' said Edward T. Schwartz, director of the city's Department of Housing and Community Development.

''It is a disaster of the magnitude of Centralia,'' he said, referring to the town in Pennsylvania that had to be permanently evacuated because of an uncontrollable underground mine fire.

'Devastating to Our Nerves'

Elizabeth Stone, a secretary who has lived in Logan for 15 years with her husband and three children. said she moved her washing machine from the basement to her kitchen because the basement floor was caving in. Her dryer is still down there, but she will not go in the basement because she is afraid the floor will collapse. Besides, she said, there are rats down there and there seem to be more of them in the neighborhood because of shifting foundations.

''It really has been devastating to our nerves,'' she said. ''They told me I could leave anytime. All I have to do is pick out another house, but I'm not sure when I'll get reimbursed.''

The city's Department of Licenses and Inspection now rates 202 homes as dangerous or in the most serious category of ''imminently dangerous,'' almost double the number there were two years ago. In all, about 950 houses show the effects of the shifting soil. In many houses a hairline crack on the wall or a clogged drain will eventually end up as a crumbling wall and septic problem. Gas line and electrical problems have left many homes with little or no heat. So far, officials said, no one has been injured.

City officials estimate that $30 million to $50 million will be needed to relocate Logan's residents. Each homeowner is to be allotted $40,000 to $45,000, Mr. Yarbrough said, noting that an undamaged Logan house would fetch about $28,000. The allotment is reimbursement for the damaged house and a down payment on the replacement house, and there is no additional reimbursement for moving, settlement and miscellaneous costs.

The Logan Assistance Corporation, a nonprofit agency, was set up by the city to help raise the money and coordinate the operation. Joseph C. Yarbrough Jr., the agency's executive director, said it had $5.6 million from the state to purchase and replace 120 of the most damaged houses. To date, he said, 29 damaged houses have been bought and 19 of those families have been placed in new houses. In January 31 more Logan houses are to be purchased.

The agency expects to receive $2.6 million from the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development and $5 million from the city, Mr. Yarbrough said, and will lobby the Federal Government for more money in early 1989.

Crumbling and Demolition

In 1987, 11 houses were torn down in the neighborhood's 800 block of Roosevelt Avenue. Some parts of vacant houses, like front porches or walls, have collapsed on their own. Mr. Yarbrough said it was not yet known how many more homes would be demolished nor had the city yet considered how to redevelop the land. He added that a study was to be conducted on how many of the affected houses could be stabilized so residents could continue living in them.

Although residents had problems with their houses for years, it was not until a gas main explosion and fire gutted the home of Elizabeth Bray two years ago that people thought the problems might be linked. The explosion prompted an investigation by an independent engineering firm hired by the city. It found that electricity, gas and sewer lines were affected by the loosely packed cinder and ash fill that had compacted, eroded and washed away.

Mr. Yarbrough cited several reasons that residents have had to wait to leave Logan: the initial money did not arrive until June, he had become the agency's head only two months before and was just getting organized, and residents were finding that buying a new house was not easy.

''This is a unique situation, in terms of a nonprofit group working to relocate people under a contract,'' Mr. Yarbrough said. ''We almost had to hit the street running, so to speak.''

Feeling the Strain

But the reasons for the waiting are lost on many Logan residents.

Sarah Simmons, a 55-year-old sewing machine operator, lives in a damaged home on 10th Street that she has owned for 19 years. She is the treasurer of the Logan Assistance Corporation.

Recently, she said, she reached a low point in despair over chronic problems with her own house.

''Sometimes I just feel like running my car over the Delaware River Bridge,'' she said. ''Three weeks ago, I was so upset I called a friend and she just talked to me over the phone. It was when it was real cold and I had no heat.''

For some, the worry has been so great that they have been referred to city mental health services, Mr. Yarbrough said.

''Sometimes I think I need a mental health unit,'' he said. ''People have been suffering. Since 1986 people have been sort of trapped. Even now I can't say to people I'm going to definitely take you on until I have money. There's a lot of frustration, anger and depression.''

A family whose sinking home was constantly flooded by raw sewage tired of the wait. Arthur White, his wife and 10 children and grandchildren left the house to squat in an abandoned house in another neighborhood. ''I am homeless - I don't have a home,'' said Mr. White.

Mortgage, But No House

Alvin Mitchell, 37, is one of those who has been moved out of the neighborhood in the city program. He is living with his mother in temporary housing. There is no charge for the housing for 18 months, to allow time to find a new house, but in the meantime, mortgage payments on the damaged house must be kept up.

In a recent visit to the neighborhood, Mr. Mitchell was angry as he stood outside his boarded house in the middle of 8th Street. ''Why should I pay mortgage on space I'm not living in?'' he asked.

Those who still reside in Logan's sinking houses, meanwhile, are anxious about the winter and anticipate snows that could put further stress on already weakened roofs.

''It's the first home I've ever purchased,'' Ms. Stone said. ''Wondering what the outcome will be has really frayed my nerves. It's a type of situation where you're trying to wait out the storm.''

**Graphic**

Photo of occupied and abandoned houses that are sinking on Wyoming Avenue in the Logan section of Philadelphia (NYT/Arthur W. Wilkinson)

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[***That's Show Biz, and Academia***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YDD-5B90-00MH-F0YH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By TODD S. PURDUM

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Jan. 23

**Body**

Here in the city where "entertainment" means everything from a televised freeway chase to a multimillion-dollar movie, the University of Southern California is embarking on an ambitious interdisciplinary effort to study entertainment as a defining concept of 21st-century life, in fields from law to architecture, from business to journalism, with the dual goal of prompting intellectual debate and training the next generation of media moguls.

The initiative, believed to be the first of its kind, takes a page from earlier multidepartmental academic programs, like environmental studies, American studies and the program in history and literature at Harvard. It offers as its organizing thesis nothing less than the assertion that today, in every advanced industrial economy on earth, the largest and most important component of cultural content is entertainment.

University officials say their ultimate goal is to coordinate some 100 existing courses and add a range of new ones to examine the impact on the culture of everything from theme parks and casinos to music videos and attention-grabbing graphics in television news.

The program is the brainchild of Martin Kaplan, associate dean of the Annenberg School for Communication at U.S.C., which houses the university's courses in journalism and communication. Dr. Kaplan, a former chief speechwriter for Vice President Walter F. Mondale and a former studio executive and screenwriter at Disney, describes the program as an effort to bring the intellectual rigor long applied to topics like politics, education and high culture to a study of the driving engine of mass culture.

"Each of those areas is supposed to have standards and hierarchies and epistemologies that stand up to the world, so journalism, for example, depends in part on understanding what it is not," said Dr. Kaplan, whose varied background includes the presidency of The Harvard Lampoon as an undergraduate, a Ph.D. from Stanford in modern thought and literature and a screenwriting credit for the Eddie Murphy comedy "The Distinguished Gentleman."

"Entertainment's only value is do I like it, am I bored, does it keep my attention?" Dr. Kaplan said. "When you apply that to these other realms, very interesting distortions begin to happen."

The effort got under way quietly with an undergraduate survey course last fall that used texts like Neal Gabler's "Life the Movie: How Entertainment Conquered Reality." It is now being greatly expanded with a $5 million gift from the television producer Norman Lear, creator of cultural touchstones like "All in the Family," to start the Norman Lear Center at the Annenberg School. The center will sponsor seminars, conferences and scholarly writing on topics from children and media to the effects of celebrity on politics to the ownership of intellectual property and imagery in a digital age, when presidents can be inserted into fictional films and dead actors can be revived for cameos.

"I think it's an idea whose time has come," said Kevin Starr, a university professor at U.S.C. and the author of an acclaimed series of social histories of California, who is on the advisory panel for the new program. "This is an international business that profoundly affects politics, family life, intellectual life and every area of American life. The university has got to be looking at it the way the university looks at other phenomena. There's no one discipline that can contain it, and Los Angeles is ground zero for this business."

To Mr. Lear, who has used his fortune to support scores of philanthropic causes from environmental protection to civil liberties, the effort "couldn't be more timely." The power of the media broadly defined is now such, he said in an interview, "that the heads of major corporations will have more impact on the values of people worldwide than the heads of governments."

"What a time to be thinking about how we make some intelligent diagnosis," Mr. Lear added.

Neil Postman, chairman of the department of culture and communication at New York University and the author of such critical studies of the media as "Amusing Ourselves to Death: Public Discourse in the Age of Show Business," said the efforts of the Lear Center struck him as timely and potentially valuable.

"The idea of taking what people call the entertainment culture as a focus of study, including historical perspective, is not a bad idea," Professor Postman said. "It's always dangerous because of the temptation -- especially in California, I imagine -- to just get a lot of movie stars and directors and producers to come and tell you how wonderful it all is. But if it's done from a critical point of view, to examine what is wrong and right with the entertainment culture and what problems it creates, then I think it's a good idea."

Geoffrey Cowan, the dean of the Annenberg School, said the goal was to bring both dispassionate criticism and firsthand knowledge to the subject. Like Dr. Kaplan, Mr. Cowan is something of a polymath. A Yale-trained lawyer who spent more than 20 years teaching communications at the University of California at Los Angeles, Mr. Cowan is the son of Louis G. Cowan, who created the game show "The $64,000 Question" and served as president of the CBS television network and director of the Voice of America, a job that Mr. Cowan himself held decades later under President Clinton before coming to Annenberg three years ago.

"What Marty and I may bring to this, hopefully, is an understanding of the industry which makes us not just critics," Mr. Cowan said.

And since the new program aims in part to make the next generation of agents, entertainment lawyers and moguls think critically about their own business, he added, "The vocational and intellectual fit together very closely."

So, for example, Mr. Cowan will teach one of the eight new undergraduate courses planned for the program, "Fact and Fiction: From Journalism to the Docudrama," a study of the "historical, legal and ethical limits to the misrepresentations of fact."

Among the other elements of the program is a planned two-year faculty seminar, "Celebrity, Politics and the Public Sphere." The seminar will be led by Leo Braudy, an English professor and author of "The Frenzy of Renown," an acclaimed study of fame through the ages, and Steven J. Ross, a historian and author of "***Working-Class*** Hollywood: Silent Film and the Shaping of Class in America."

"What I tried to do in the fame book is to avoid the horrible alternatives of throwing up your hands and saying the culture's going down the tubes, or indulging in the superficiality of it all, but instead being able to stand back and see what serious issues are intertwined with what seem to be superficial issues," Professor Braudy said. He added that he hoped the faculty seminar could help break down an academic culture that tends by its nature to be "discipline-bound and isolating."

"There's a way in which the country itself appeared on the stage of world history as this kind of ingenue country, this Cinderella nation, and immediately tried to make a name for itself," he added. "That's very interwoven in American history, and knowing that history lets you see what's going on in the present."

Erwin Chemerinsky, a constitutional expert at the U.S.C. law school, will lead a conference next year on how technology has affected intellectual property rights, using case studies of real situations to examine the issue with experts including producers, writers and academics.

"What makes this so exciting is that it is interdisciplinary," Professor Chemerinsky said. "It's a chance to deal with a cutting-edge legal issue, and bring to bear all the different perspectives on it, within the university community and beyond."

Dr. Kaplan said his goal was to examine such topics from every angle, eventually producing everything from Congressional testimony to discussions on the Lear Center's new Web site, entertainment.usc.edu.

"The entertainment industry could profit from more leaders who grasp its impact on society," a glossy brochure for the program says, adding, "The society could benefit from more conscience, and more critical self-consciousness, in the creative process."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Martin Kaplan, left, and Geoffrey Cowan, right, of the University of Southern California meeting with Norman Lear, who is helping to finance the university's new interdisciplinary program for the study of entertainment. (Ed Carreon for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** January 24, 2000

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[***The Co-Author of Gen. Powell's Book Is Given a Part as the Story Goes On***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2GY0-0005-G367-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 1, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1247 words

**Byline:** Joseph E. Persico

By FRANCIS X. CLINES

By FRANCIS X. CLINES

**Dateline:** GUILDERLAND, N.Y.

**Body**

As Colin L. Powell first tried to talk out his life story, the Vietnam years would slip feebly away, downplayed in clipped military-speak, until the person listening and inquiring and composing had to challenge the military man's resistance to those memories.

"He had an emotional shield around him concerning that experience," said the listener, Joseph E. Persico, co-author of the retired four-star general's autobiography, a creative role that has proved to be as much political midwife and spin doctor as biographer.

Between them, the two men collaborated on a 643-page vehicle-turned-juggernaut that teases the nation with the thought that Mr. Powell may run for President in a fresh chapter of the life that Mr. Persico still cannot shake.

The general continues to call the writer almost daily from the road, with tales of book-signing fun and endurance in "that voice, an amalgam of New York City-wise kid and Boy Scout," Mr. Persico said.

"He did two Vietnam tours, and he gave me bare bones," the writer recalled about the most difficult part of the collaboration. "He'd say 'regimental adviser in '63' and 'battalion exec in '68.'

"And I said: 'Wait a minute. That's it? You served in the Army during this country's most controversial war and its most sundered period since the Civil War. You saw friends die. You can't let it go like this.' "

As it turned out, the general did not. The reams of tape-recorded memories that Mr. Persico elicited across 20 months of visits to Mr. Powell's simple basement den in McLean, Va., grew richer in detail, as did the finished book, "My American Journey," with two chapters on the war.

"He started explaining his frustration at what he saw," Mr. Persico said. "The Army's unwillingness to challenge the political leaders as to just what was expected out of this conflict. The whole attitude of inflation of success, of body counts. All the factors he felt undermined the Army's credibility and his own sense of self-worth. This came eventually pouring out of him."

Not since Elvis Presley was an enlisted man has a soldier mustered out to such waiting celebrity and exploited it so well, by chapter and verse. The book has been selling at an industry-shocking rate, as readers follow General Powell all the way back from Gulf War strategist to South Bronx Shabbos goy, the lad who earned a quarter on Friday nights turning on and off the synagogue lights for Orthodox Jews.

There is even an owning-up anecdote that rings of George Washington's cherry tree. "Father, I did it," he admitted from the assembled gathering of teen-age summer campers when an angry priest asked who had sneaked beer onto the grounds. Mr. Persico cites that as a formative lesson in the rewards of honesty, not the conscious limning of a campaigner's profile.

"In all the time we worked together, never once did he say to me, 'Now don't forget this is a campaign Bible that we have to shape,' " said Mr. Persico, who has written biographies of Nelson A. Rockefeller, Edward R. Murrow and William J. Casey.

Mr. Persico knows more than a little about politics because he was the speechwriter for Mr. Rockefeller as New York Governor and Vice President.

"And, naturally, we never did anything so incautious that it would foreclose a political future," Mr. Persico said about General Powell's osmotically transferred subtleties. "Interest in the book fuels interest in his political future, and vice versa. It's hopeless to deny they're joined at the hip."

"I would intrude" in urging the general to run for President, Mr. Persico conceded. He received no clear answer as he made the case, in talent and history, for a popular black hero who was seeking the White House.

"It would be cosmic," Mr. Persico said. "And he said, 'There're other things I can do.' And I said, 'Nothing comparable.' "

In the collaboration, the writer made weekly flights from his apartment here in the Albany suburbs to the Powell home, the two men working in the den and carefully securing their labor, particularly the taped interviews, which were entrusted for transcription only to Mr. Persico's wife, Sylvia, and daughter Vanya Perez.

"I knew absolutely nothing about Colin Powell other than what everybody else knew: this stern-visaged guy with the pointer before the chart who was cutting off armies and killing them," said Mr. Persico, who received the assignment on the Random House book after the general had interviewed and selected him from among a list of writers.

"I would have speculated he was black middle class, out of West Point," Mr. Persico said of his subject, who turned out to be a humbler ***working-class*** R.O.T.C. graduate of City College in Manhattan and, like Mr. Persico, the son of a seamstress.

"We clicked early, both of us compulsive workers, and we were drained at the end," Mr. Persico said, noting that after 10-hour workdays he faxed pages of fresh questions to the general's home near midnight and was awakened at dawn by pages of replies. "The guy's an interesting combination of easygoing style and sterling-steel ambition."

The writer saw his job as capturing the general's voice, "almost like tuning in a frequency on the radio," and letting the general modulate its tone. "He'd tell me how he was refused service in a hamburger joint in the South, and I'd write and edit that, maybe change something to make it more book-readable," Mr. Persico said. "We'd go over that chapter and hit that passage, and he would want to add or rephrase something. Then, I might rephrase what he rephrased. So, in the end, who wrote it? It was a very tight collaboration."

Mr. Persico, a well-reviewed biographer whose favorite writer is George Orwell, said General Powell had written beautifully of his young days in New York, describing stickball and his immigrant father coming home from work.

"The guy speaks in sentences that form paragraphs that turn into pages," Mr. Persico recounted. "You could lift whole passages of what he said and just lower them into the book."

On the other hand, the general had to be talked out of dwelling on some of his proudest Army moments, from inspection awards for platoon excellence as a junior officer to structural changes in the Army as Pentagon chief after the cold war.

" 'What, you don't want more about Force Structure and Joint Publication 1?' he'd say, his feelings hurt," Mr. Persico recalled. "And I'd just snore in reaction. I told him, 'We have to keep in mind a person reading your life. Picture a rather bright ninth-grade social-studies teacher, probably a woman, in Winnetka, Ill. How much does she want to hear about Force Structure?' "

It helps to be hero-proof, Mr. Persico said, in facing Mr. Powell's charm, which includes a biting humor and a mix of calypso and Yiddish accents that the writer found the general cautiously toning down on the page. Warnings of irascibility were not borne out in 20 months.

General Powell even went forth quietly to buy the sandwiches (hero sandwiches).

"You keep working," he told Mr. Persico, whose writer's labor beyond interviewing and selecting material was in "getting narrative fire out of how you juxtapose things."

"I'm exhausted, exhilarated," Mr. Persico said as he declined to discuss his fee. He now wonders, along with much of the nation, how Mr. Powell's life will turn out.

"We had a conversation where I told him he had to run, that even if he didn't succeed, it would be defeat in a noble cause," Mr. Persico said. "And he just looked at me and said, 'But I like to win.' "

**Graphic**

Photo: Joseph E. Persico, the co-author of retired Gen. Colin L. Powell's autobiography, in his study at his home. (David Jennings for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 1, 1995

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[***Grim. Giddy. Scared. All of the Above.;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YGS-35B0-00MH-F17G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***4th Graders Take Statewide Test That May Determine Their Futures***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YGS-35B0-00MH-F17G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 4, 2000, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By ANEMONA HARTOCOLLIS

By ANEMONA HARTOCOLLIS

**Body**

When Lily Sacharow got to her fourth-grade classroom yesterday, she was met with an eerie sight. Brown paper wrapping and black plastic garbage bags covered the walls of the girl's classroom as if something improper were underneath.

It was the last day of the three-day standardized reading and writing test for fourth graders, and everything the children had lovingly placed on the walls, from book charts to writing tips in a childish scrawl, was off limits for fear it might be used to cheat. A Board of Education monitor patrolled the halls.

"The whole thing just makes me so sad," said her mother, Barbara, a librarian, after taking Lily to the Neighborhood School, a public school in the East Village. "I object! I object! I object!"

Covered walls and furious parents were not the only evidence of the anxiety in the instructional air, as 220,000 public school students throughout New York State took the feared fourth-grade test for the second year in a row this week. (Some private school students also took the test.) Across the system, children, parents and educators grappled with jittery nerves, sleep deprivation and terrors that fourth grade was the end of the educational line.

The stakes this year were much higher than last year, when the test was introduced, and it showed. For the first time this year, New York City -- though not most of the rest of the state -- will use the results of the fourth-grade test to help determine whether children will be promoted to the next grade. Last year, 67 percent of New York City fourth graders and 43 percent of fourth graders in the rest of the state failed the test.

At Beginning With Children, a public school in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, where struggling artists live side by side with ***working-class*** and poor black and Latino families, almost every child interviewed after the test was worried that a wrong answer might mean a plunge into the abyss of failure and a sentence to the purgatory of summer school.

Jessica Polanco, 10, the daughter of a hair salon owner and a retired professional baseball player, even gave this lofty assessment of how important passing the test was: "It will make a difference in college, because they might look at your permanent record," she said. "You could get into a good college like Harvard or Cornell."

She named those two schools, she said, because they were the only colleges she had ever heard of.

Just as nervous were the officials who run the system. Prompted by a scandal last December when teachers were accused of coaching students to cheat on standardized tests -- an episode that contributed to the ouster of Chancellor Rudy Crew -- the Board of Education posted a security monitor in every elementary school. In a memo sent to every school, the board ordered teachers to cover anything on the walls that might help children on the test.

Fears that teachers would be accused of abetting cheating were running so high that even the slightest misstep produced panicked calls to the Board of Education. The test designers included a well-known children's book, a Caldecott Award-winning fable by Arnold Lobel about a bear and a fox, as one of the questions on the first day of the test. Dozens of principals and teachers called the central board. Their students had already read the fable in class, they said anxiously. Would that be construed as cheating?

The state education commissioner, Richard P. Mills, insisted yesterday that the inclusion of widely known literature in the test did not give students who had been exposed to it an advantage. He said it was part of an effort to foster improvements in the curriculum through testing, by encouraging schools to use good literature. Being familiar with a text would have no bearing on whether children were able to show the skills needed to answer analytical questions and write good essays.

"The whole point of the test, and the whole point of the curriculum, is to expose children to high quality literature," Mr. Mills said. "The alternative would be to ask students to prepare by reading serious literature, then giving them second-rate cooked-up examples. That's not appropriate."

At Beginning With Children, teachers tried to help children relax before the test by coaxing them to close their eyes and meditate.

"All the nervousness goes through your fingers and it just floats away," said Amy Cruz, 9.

Her mother, who works at Citibank, gave her a solid breakfast of peanut butter and crackers before she left for school.

Meghan Collard, 9, said her mother was tense about the test because, as a college professor, she cared about such things. "My father teased me," she said. "He said I might be a dropout if I don't pass. He said if I don't pass I might get all hysterical and go to my room, because I'm a very sensitive girl."

She said she hadn't laughed. It was a joke to him, she said, but "not to me."

Meghan said she had gone to bed the night before at 8:45 instead of her usual 10. But she had not been able to sleep. "I lied in bed wondering what was going to happen," she said. "If I was going to fail or pass. How many would I get wrong? How many would I get right?"

Her parents had assured her that they would still love her and think well of her, no matter how well she did, as long as she tried her best. She was harder on herself. Still, she added softly, "I think I passed."

It is the element of competition, of pitting children against children and schools against schools, that troubles Sylvia Wertheimer, an assistant district attorney in Manhattan. Her daughter, Laura, a fifth grader at Public School 41, took the test a year ago, and is still living with the consequences.

Like many other children across the city, Laura is applying to competitive middle schools that use last year's fourth-grade test results as criteria for admission. The schools have set exact cutoff points, she said, creating a caste system, consisting of children who scored above and those who scored below.

"It really categorizes kids in the sense of a hierarchy, and kids are aware of it," Ms. Wertheimer said. "I think it makes some kids feel bad and their parents feel bad, and it makes some kids feel very good and their parents feel smug."

"One kid went on a middle school tour, and somebody started talking about scores," she recalled. "The kid started to cry."

Even as an adult who should know better, Ms. Wertheimer said, she couldn't help feeling that this test was a harbinger of the future.

"It's like what used to happen to us at the college level has now been brought down to fifth grade," she said. "The whole feeling is much more pressure, pressure, pressure. It's harder for schools to look at an individual child and bring out the best potential in each child."

Advocates of the fourth-grade test, including Mr. Mills, say it is a big advance over older multiple choice tests, because it teaches practical skills, such as writing essays, taking notes and reading and understanding long passages, that children will need in the future.

After just a year, teachers said yesterday, the test has transformed the curriculum at many schools. While the fourth graders bent over their test yesterday, the third graders at Beginning With Children practiced skills they will need next year.

Their teacher, Lauren Schexnider, read them a story about Fannie M. Coppin, a freed slave who became an educator. Just as they will next year on the fourth-grade test, they listened, took notes and wrote an essay.

"We don't want to teach to the test," said the principal, Sonia Ortiz-Gulardo. "At the same time, it's our moral responsibility to make sure we are helping them."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: At the Beginning With Children school, the test stakes were high. (The New York Times)(pg. B9); Anxiety was rife for fourth graders this week. Stewart Granger, 9, read a study guide to Corneisha Clarke, 9, and Amarilis Pidilla, 10, right, at a Brooklyn school. (Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

**Load-Date:** February 4, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Stadium in West Haven Held Between 2 Visions***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3W50-0014-53PC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1156 words

**Byline:** By SHARON L. BASS

**Body**

ITS stands, built 41 years ago with secondhand lumber, are gone as are the minor league baseball games that made Quigley Stadium West Haven's most famous landmark. But the memories and dreams of the thousands of games played at there are still quite alive among most of the 60,000 town residents.

And while town officials say they have plans other than baseball and football for the six-acre site, some residents pledge to generate enough public support for the stadium to not only keep the stadium standing, but to rejuvenate it.

Recently Fred Ghirardin and Charles Andreoli, two West Haven residents who are fighting to keep Quigley standing, went out to the stadium in the Allingtown neighborhood, a predominantly ***working class***, multi-ethnic community of lifelong residents. They helped town workers prepare the field for a high school football game later that evening.

Memories Still Fresh

Because the bleachers were razed last year, the crew put up temporary stands as well as fences. A pickup truck off to one side of the field, which is bordered by a die casting factory on one side and single-family homes on another, was filled with folding metal chairs.

But the bleakness of the stadium, which both men say the town no longer maintains, did not seem to dampen their spirits. Both said they looked forward to the evening games just as much now as they did decades ago.

Mr. Ghirardin, who was a baseball, football and basketball official for 50 years, has lived in West Haven for 35 years. He recalled officiating thousands of games at Quigley since it was built in 1947 as home to the West Haven Sailors, a minor league team. ''I've had some great games here,'' he said as he looked to the scoreboard that he would run that evening.

'We Need Quigley'

He talked about some of the baseball stars who got their start at Quigley, like Ron Guidry and Dave Righetti of the New York Yankees and Detroit Lions fullback Nick Petrosanti. With obvious pleasure he recalled watching Joe DiMaggio in action.

''We need Quigley, we can't afford to knock it down,'' Mr. Ghirardin said.

Mr. Andreoli, who has lived in West Haven all of his 50 years, said: ''I saw my first professional baseball game here. I saw the West Haven Sailors play the Cincinnati Reds here. I remember a home run going right over the fence. I've watched so many things here. My family has watched so many things here. It's our history.

''If the city takes this away from us,'' he continued, ''we'll have nothing.''

Recently, Mr. Andreoli and Mary Tracy, 31 years old, held two rallies in support of preserving and renovating Quigley. They also organized a committee, to save the stadium.

'Last Frontier' for Development

Nearly the entire town, said Robert Greenwood, a member of the Quigley Stadium Commission, which oversees the stadium, supports saving the stadium.

Mayor Azelio M. Guerra sees the situation differently. He sees a deteriorating, unprofitable stadium taking up land that, he said, West Haven cannot afford to throw away. In 1979, he said, a study by the state indicated that the stadium was the ''last frontier the city has for development.'' The Mayor said plans call for building a multimillion-dollar industrial park on the site. ''It's not what I would like here, it's what a study shows would be profitable,'' he said.

''I know there's a lot of opposition out there,'' Mayor Guerra said. ''We're not taking anything away except for a facility, which for the last 15 years has cost taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars to maintain.''

The stadium loses $75,000 a year, he said. It no longer attracts such minor league teams as the New York Yankee farm team, and draws high school and youth football, American Legion ballgames and some university baseball games. Though those teams pay a fee, it is not enough to keep the stadium profitable, the Mayor said.

Bleachers Are Gone

''I think the time has come that the city cannot continue to maintain something that causes continual losses,'' Mayor Guerra, a Democrat, added.

Over the years, Quigley Stadium has deteriorated. It was built with secondhand wood, which rotted easily. Last year, the city deemed it unsafe. While the bleachers are gone, the lights, dugouts, fence and football goalposts still stand.

Named after Maurice P. Quigley, who owned the Sailors and a tavern in West Haven, a popular hangout among sports fans, the stadium was built after the field the team used was torn down.

''This is the only park that's worth anything, and Mayor Guerra wants to put another empty factory on it,'' said John Dillman Jr., Republican chairman of the Fifth District, which includes West Haven. The only other field in town is at the high school.

'Knocking Everything Down'

''He insists on bringing in heavy industry'' when the town cannot fill its existing factories, he said. A factory across the street from Quigley has a sign advertising 90,000 square feet for lease.

Mr. Dillman said the town had not been able to find a tenant to rent the space for some time. ''The city is behind the times,'' he said. ''If it rebuilt the stadium and cleaned it up, they could make money. I'd like to see it become another Beehive Stadium, which is in New Britain. It brings in more than a million dollars in revenue a year to local businesses.''

Mrs. Tracy, who was a town employee for 15 years, said: ''There's nothing left for our children. The developers are coming into town and knocking everything down. Quigley is a landmark. It was always a thrill for me to see a farm team come into town.''

''The Mayor thinks we're trying to instigate something,'' she continued. ''But this has got nothing to do with being politically motivated. Just because I am trying to save a landmark. I have nothing to gain, not one thing. Most people live here most of their lives. They work for the city or in a factory. But only a few control an awful lot in this city.''

Development at a Standstill

Mayor Guerra, who called the effort to save Quigley Stadium a political maneuver, said development in West Haven had been at a standstill because of a lack of sites. Recently development has included an inpatient medical complex to treat people with known or suspected cardiac problems, which is now under construction about a mile from Quigley, and Miles Laboratories in the West Haven Industrial Park has recently built a new research center.

Meanwhile, people like Mr. Greenwood are holding on fast to their memories as they join in rallies and sign petitions. One of Mr. Greenwood's most vivid recollections dates back to 1948, when Cincinnati Reds first baseman Ted Kluszewski hit a home run that cleared a 100-foot light tower during an exhibition game against the Sailors.

''Everything happened so quickly,'' he said. ''And even though it wasn't our home team, the crowd still got a kick out of it.'' After the game, Mr. Greenwood and buddies went to Quigley's bar to talk about the home run - a hit they are still reminiscing about.

**Graphic**

Photo of Charles Andreoli, Mary Tracy and Fred Ghirardin (NYT/Steve Miller)

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[***Under Glass***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6KY0-0005-G3TN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Bruce Bawer;

Bruce Bawer is the author of "A Place at the Table: The Gay Individual in American Society" and "Prophets and Professors: Essays on the Lives and Works of Modern Poets."

By Bruce Bawer;    Bruce Bawer is the author of "A Place at the Table: The Gay Individual in American Society" and "Prophets and Professors: Essays on the Lives and Works of Modern Poets."

**Body**

VIRTUAL EQUALITY

The Mainstreaming of Gay and Lesbian Liberation.

By Urvashi Vaid.

440 pp. New York:

Anchor Books/

Doubleday. $24.95.

BEFORE Patrick J. Buchanan's anti-gay philippic at the 1992 Republican National Convention and the religious right's 1993 sabotaging of President Clinton's pledge to lift the ban on homosexuals in the military -- which propelled countless infuriated gay Americans out of the closet, many into activism -- the gay rights movement was essentially a creature of the political left. Between 1986 and 1992, Urvashi Vaid's successive roles as public information director and executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force put her, a young Vassar graduate and civil rights lawyer, at the center of the action. Noted for her belief that the movement should not only focus on equal rights for gay people but also seek "liberation" for women, people of color and the ***working class***, Ms. Vaid responded to the influx of moderates into the gay rights movement with alarm, denouncing the "mainstreaming" of homosexuality as inimical to revolutionary change and calling for "a full-scale frontal assault" against "the coming of a racist, sexist gay and lesbian right." (There is, incidentally, no such right in sight.)

"Virtual Equality: The Mainstreaming of Gay and Lesbian Liberation" is the work of a woman in an unusual position. While remaining an ideological extremist (who, for example, still defends the stipulation that half of each state's steering committee members at the 1993 march on Washington had to be people of color), Ms. Vaid manifestly wishes to win over a general audience and re-establish her authority in a movement whose center has moved rapidly toward the nation's political center -- and away from her. To this end, she has moderated her formerly strident tone, cut down on the barn-burning rhetoric about the evils of religion, capitalism and the patriarchy, and embraced goals (like the acceptance of gay people by traditional religious institutions and the military) to which she was once at best indifferent. Instead of demanding "full-scale frontal assault" on dissident homosexuals, she speaks of working together.

At times, indeed, Ms. Vaid sounds strikingly like the Johnny-come-lately liberal, moderate and libertarian activists and writers (this reviewer included) whom she labels "gay conservatives." In stating that gay men and lesbians must "be willing . . . to expose the wildness of our subculture and be prepared to debate it honestly and question it thoroughly," that the gay ghetto can simply be "a more spacious closet" and that the movement should seek to educate straight people instead of ignoring or demonizing them, Ms. Vaid echoes core "gay conservative" concepts.

Yet "Virtual Equality" is, essentially, vintage Urvashi Vaid, proffering a vision of a "common, progressive movement" for social, economic and political revolution led by gay people, who, in her view (though not, it seems to me, in the view of most gay people themselves), embody a radical differentness that makes them the natural vanguard for revolution. And we need such revolution, she maintains, in order to transcend what she calls "virtual equality," the situation -- "at once marginal and mainstream, at once assimilated and irreconcilably queer," and at once accepted and vilified -- in which gay Americans now find themselves.

"Gay conservatives" consider the present state of affairs a transitional stage on the way to full social acceptance, which will be achieved only if the gay movement grows beyond extremism and confrontation and if gay people continue to come out of the closet and to give their straight friends and relatives courses, as it were, in Gay 101 (helping them to understand, among much else, that being gay does not necessarily mean being a revolutionary). According to Ms. Vaid, however, virtual equality has resulted from an excessive focus on "mainstreaming," and can only be overcome through "radical social change." Virtual equality, she says, will give way to real equality only if gay people "develop a movement courageous enough to articulate gay liberation's approaches" to issues like "the deficit, crime, public schools, housing, the role of government, national defense, welfare reform and the shrinkage of the work force." In other words, there are correct gay positions on every issue from Nafta to health care, and gay people need only to listen obediently when their leaders explain what those positions are.

Ms. Vaid, then, who at the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force could not even work out a coherent challenge to propaganda from the religious right (and who, in one of many errors in her book, confuses the Bill of Rights with the later amendments to the Constitution, which she dates at 1776), proposes to formulate both the goals and the strategy of a movement for comprehensive and well-nigh utopian "cultural transformation." She never gets very specific, however, about the nature of that transformation and the means by which she hopes to achieve it; she appears to think that in churning out vacuous sentences full of words like "organization," "mobilization" and "empowerment" she is actually saying something. Yet she is clear about who stands in her way: in straight America, her enemy is the white heterosexual overclass oppressor (she ignores the fact that it is in overclass communities that gay people are safest and most accepted); in gay America, her enemy is middle-class white males who, by insisting on "single-issue politics" -- that is, on a gay rights movement focused on gay rights -- fail to understand that for oppressed gay women, blacks and workers, sex, race and class are also gay issues. Issues, yes -- but gay issues?

TO be sure, Ms. Vaid is aware enough of the recent sea change in gay politics to recognize that most readers will not cotton to her radical approach. Hence she proposes a compromise -- a coordinated two-tiered movement that would enable single-issue types to focus on gay rights while others pursue a "common movement" agenda. All this activity, she suggests, might be subsumed under an "umbrella organization" like Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition. This is, of course, basically what the gay movement had in the Age of Vaid: many grass-roots people who did important and effective work toward understanding and acceptance, and a few national leaders who sent out a message of opposition to capitalism, religion and bourgeois values. Ms. Vaid is right to assert that "the gay movement needs a fundamental shift." But while more and more gay people realize that the required shift is one toward integration, education and conciliation, Ms. Vaid longs to return to the days of class struggle and liberation fronts. That her rhetoric has come to seem so old so fast is a measure of how gay political discourse -- outside the academy, anyway -- has been profoundly altered in a relatively brief time.

Green Mansion

The last candle made of his bending face the ancient mask of a tyrant or a priest before it, too, winked out. Leon paused then as he always did, looking back on a world which only he ever saw. It spread away to every horizon, a tessellated land whose each plant was distinct yet thickly nested among its neighbors. Small water noises tinkled where voices had been muffled. Newt and terrapin nosed their way about invisible tanks while drops condensing inside an acre of cold glass pattered down on soil and leaves. Sometimes he could hear the tightly wound shoots of bamboos and lilies squeak as they thrust upwards. As his eyes adjusted, dabs and dots of green light marked patches of luminous fungi whose spores had arrived with the plants in their Wardian cases (along with mites and pests and noxious insects) and had thrived in the congenial warmth. And, as he waited still longer, a directionless radiance seeped into his eyes. It was so faint as to be without color, yet had an intensity of its own powerful enough to permeate the universe. This was starlight filtering through the thin layer of snow on the roof. From "Griefwork."

**Load-Date:** October 29, 1995

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[***In an Outcast's Story, Defiance of Iran's Mullahs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YH5-TVT0-00MH-F2H7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 6, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 3; Column 1; Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1319 words

**Byline:** By JOHN F. BURNS

By JOHN F. BURNS

**Dateline:** TEHRAN, Iran

**Body**

But for his battered brown brogues, Hossain Khorram might never have told his story. But there was something in the overstretched, heavily scuffed leather of his shoes, and the back seams held together with string, that suggested that the heavyset Mr. Khorram, quietly sipping tea in an artists' workshop in old Tehran, was harshly down on his luck.

An inquiry about the shoes opened the way to a riches-to-rags tale. Mr. Khorram, who is 53, said they were a hand-lasted pair that he had bought for $500 more than 20 years ago and wore still because his monthly income as a freelance evaluator of paintings, ancient scripts and other antiquities rarely exceeded $300, and in many months amounted to nothing. He could barely afford food for his family, he said, much less new shoes.

Beyond that, he said, the brogues were "the only thing left" from his days of wealth, before the Islamic revolution cast power to the mullahs, or Muslim clerics, who remain Iran's rulers today. In the blood bath that followed the overthrow of Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi in 1979, Mr. Khorram's father, Rahim Ali Khorram, an immensely rich contractor who built roads and airports for the government, and sometimes used his 2,000-man work force as a political shock force in support of the shah, was executed by firing squad.

As the evening lengthened, Hossain Khorram's reminiscences became, in a way, a parable of modern Iran. The story he told in the workshop, and over supper later in his cramped three-room apartment in a ***working-class*** district of south Tehran that is owned by a friend, was one of Shakespearean proportions, of how Iran's once-powerful fell from grace, and the once-powerless rose to supplant them. But it seemed, just as much, a warning for the mullahs, who face a popular challenge now that in many ways is as serious as the one that toppled the shah.

On Feb. 18, and in a second round of voting in March, the clerical establishment will face its sternest challenge yet when the country's 30 million voters go to the polls in a parliamentary election. If the reformers, led by a new generation of liberal-minded Muslim clerics, can overcome the disqualification of hundreds of reform candidates and break the hard-liners' stranglehold on the 290-seat legislature, they could begin moving Iran toward greater democracy and respect for human rights.

Many Iranians, including Mr. Khorram, think that could be the beginning of the end for clerical rule. "The mullahs promised the poor the world -- free electricity, free transportation, a dividend for every family from the country's oil wealth -- and what did they get?" he asked. "Nothing. In fact, worse than nothing. There are millions who have no jobs, and those who do have to take two or three jobs to survive. Is it any wonder people say the mullahs are finished?"

That Mr. Khorram dared to speak up, and allow a Western reporter to quote him, is a measure of how Iran is changing. Not long ago, anybody with his troubles would have been well advised to stay silent. For more than 20 years, as one of Iran's new dispossessed, he has been stripped of his civil rights, rebuffed by a bureaucracy entrusted with restoring the assets of members of the old ruling class, barred from traveling outside Iran and repeatedly spurned in his attempts to get a full-time job.

But the winds of change are blowing through Iran, and the clergy are bending with them. While the courts continue to imprison dissident clerics, editors and other activists in an attempt to blunt the popular clamor, many Iranians are speaking up, in ways harshly uncomplimentary to the mullahs. Increasingly, too, there is defiance of the social and moral rigidities imposed by the clerical leadership.

Middle-class women think little of attending dinners in figure-hugging dresses and fashionably streaked hair, covering themselves with cloaks and head scarves only in public. Love affairs outside marriage, in theory punishable by death, are increasingly common in Tehran's wealthy suburbs. Alcohol is widely available. One theory is that the mullahs have come to care less about how Iranians behave privately as they are forced to care more about holding on to power.

In taking advantage of the new mood, Mr. Khorram is hardly impartial. In 1979, the mullahs, declaring his father "an enemy of God on earth" and guilty of widespread corruption in his business dealings with the shah, seized everything his family owned. That included the construction company, a Tehran amusement park, several mansions, dozens of bank accounts and a collection of priceless Persian carpets, old European furniture, paintings and sculptures.

His father's execution was crueler by far. Mr. Khorram, quoting prison guards, said Rahim Khorram, 56, suffered a fatal heart attack when he was taken before the two mullahs acting as his judges to hear his sentence after a five-minute trial. The mullahs -- Muhammad Geelani and Sadegh Khalkhali, later dismissed for excessive harshness by Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini -- ordered guards to take him to the execution ground nevertheless. "The mullahs said, 'It doesn't matter, the sentence must be carried out anyway,' " Mr. Khorram recalled. "So they dragged him out and fired three shots into his chest."

Weeks later, the younger Mr. Khorram, in the first of several periods in prison, was himself led, blindfolded, before a firing squad. But the fusillade turned out to be blanks, the "execution" an amusement for the guards. Two decades later, tears well up in his eyes when he recalls what he saw as he walked back to the cell. "There were four other men who were taken out there with me, and they weren't so lucky," he said. "Their blood was flowing across the cobblestones. There are some things no man should ever see."

Still, Mr. Khorram said, Iranians had reasons to be disenchanted with the shah, considering how the old ruling class lived. For 16 years, until he was 26 and returned to Iran to help run his father's businesses, Mr. Khorram was educated at Swiss boarding schools, and at a university in Zurich, where he earned an engineering degree. He toured Europe in Jaguars, Maseratis and Lamborghinis with his brothers, Gholam Reza, now 46, and Ali, 42, spending part of a monthly allowance of about $25,000 gambling in the Monte Carlo casino. Both brothers now live virtually penniless in Tehran.

"I was a rich man's boy, without any worries," Mr. Khorram said. "But in the shah's time there were many who couldn't eat. Iranians stopped loving him because he lost contact with them. In the end, he cared so little for the people who supported him, like my father and General Nassiri" -- Nematollah Nassiri, the shah's childhood friend who headed the secret police -- "that he left without ordering them released from prison, where he'd sent them to appease the people protesting in the streets."

Mostly, Mr. Khorram speaks without self-pity, but his voice falters when he talks of finding a way out of penury that offers his wife, Mekhri, 38, herself the daughter of a once well-connected family, and their daughter, Jayran, 13, and son, Salar, 3, a better future. "They have taken away from me the smallest thing a man can hope for, the chance to build a future for my children," he said, as his daughter sat sad-eyed beside him on the arm of a sofa, her arm around her father's neck.

As for the mullahs, Mr. Khorram believes that whatever happens in the parliamentary election, their days in power were numbered from early on in the revolution, when they, like the shah, lost their connection to the people. "For years, people have been comparing their lives under the mullahs to life under the shah and saying, 'The dictatorship of the boots was better than the dictatorship of the slippers,' " he said. "It's too late for me, but perhaps for my children's generation, who will have learned not to mix politics and religion, there can be a renaissance for Iran."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Hossain Khorram, with his daughter, Jayran. Mr. Khorram, 53, who was wealthy before the Islamic revolution in 1979, now works as an evaluator of antiquities, and rarely earns more than $300 a month. (Kazemi for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 6, 2000

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[***Review/Theater;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3M60-0014-52S0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Jagged, Percussive 'Coriolanus' From Steven Berkoff***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3M60-0014-52S0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 23, 1988, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 9, Column 5; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 1253 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

Politics is a dirty business, yet, in a democracy, someone has got to do it. But who? To many Americans, the answer was hardly satisfactory in 1988, a year in which the handlers, the pollsters and the advertising men often seemed to have more say than either the candidates or the voters. The national disenchantment that was registered on Nov. 8, when a low turnout produced a mandate of dubious import, could hardly find more articulate or sorrowing expression than it does in ''Coriolanus,'' Shakespeare's corrosive view of Roman democracy in the fifth century B.C. ''Coriolanus'' is a tragedy in which the political process proves every bit as chaotic and poisonous as war.

The point is brought home with blazing, bitter irony in Steven Berkoff's striking production at the Public Theater, the sixth and easily the most provocative offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival's Shakespeare Marathon. Mr. Berkoff is an idiosyncratic English playwright, director and actor (he's Hitler in television's ''War and Remembrance'') whose view of Shakespeare will infuriate purists. His ''Coriolanus'' is performed in more-or-less-modern dress, nearly all of it black, with the star, Christopher Walken, outfitted in the hip, double-breasted jackets worn by aging pop royalty. The play's pulse has been quickened to a rock beat by textual slashing and fiddling, sharply choreographed movement (alternately martial and MTV), and an inventive all-percussion score (by Larry Spivak) that echoes Shakespeare's own percussive imagery even as it recalls Philip Glass's thematically related music for the film ''Mishima.''

Those who have seen Mr. Berkoff's stage work - most specifically, ''West,'' a neo-''West Side Story'' about London's disaffected ***working-class*** young - will recognize his blueprint for ''Coriolanus.'' One would hate to see the high-pitched Berkoff brand of stylization imposed upon most classics, but ''Coriolanus'' is one (''Arturo Ui'' might be another) that is enriched by his colloquial approach. Mr. Berkoff also deserves credit for his work with actors. In addition to presiding over Mr. Walken's most impressive classical performance to date, the director has fielded an excellent, tightly drilled company that does not often succumb to the usual Shakespeare Festival malaise in its lower ranks.

Neither Mr. Berkoff nor his actors make a fetish of the modern touches. Though the Playbill specifies Rome, the staging techniques sometimes suggest the Oriental theater, and the accents are variously American and British, the exact place and time of this ''Coriolanus'' remain vague; it's the intellectual point of view that's firm. Usually in concert with the author, Mr. Berkoff takes a cynical stand on nearly everyone in the play. The Roman plebeians are black-shirted rabble, virtually indistinguishable from their enemy, the fascistic Volscian army commanded by a vulgar Aufidius (Keith David). The people's tribunes (Larry Bryggman and Andre Braugher) are conniving, street-corner gangsters in pin stripes, while the generals (Thomas Kopache and Moses Gunn) are steely bureaucrats. Menenius Agrippa, the garrulous patrician sometimes portrayed as a well-meaning liberal, is revealed in Paul Hecht's witty, meticulous characterization as a patronizing hypocrite. Coriolanus's hard-driving mother, Volumnia, is the quintessential political manipulator, always masking her lust for power as maternal affection in Irene Worth's sonorous, extraordinarily cunning performance.

It's no wonder that Mr. Walken's Caius Marcius, who is awarded the surname Coriolanus after conquering the Volscian city of Corioli, detests being a candidate for the consulship. Given the populace and its leaders, the campaign can only soil a brave military man of his patrician standing and egotistical pride. When Mr. Walken refuses to surrender his ''own truth'' to electoral expediency -choosing to be an enemy of the people rather than a toady to them - our sympathies are with him. In this production, Coriolanus's arrogant refusal to pander to the popular will, though ultimately carried to destructive extremes, is clearly the principled response of an honest man to a system that would warp him into an instrument of demagoguery.

Except when he slips self-indulgently into jokey Brando-ese more appropriate to his show biz roles in ''Hurlyburly'' and ''The House of Blue Leaves,'' Mr. Walken fulfills the protagonist's tragic stature. He is a majestic hero on the battlefield and a vain but undeniably magnetic autocrat when confronting the mob at home. In exile later, his face a shadowy terrain of exhaustion and despair, Mr. Walken becomes a vulnerable ''boy of tears'' who must save Rome and destroy himself by capitulating to his mother's wishes. In acting their last, hush-inducing scene together, he and Ms. Worth seem to pick up and gravely deepen the neurotic intimacy - part child-mother, part sexual - that they created over a decade ago when co-starring in a revival of Tennessee Williams's ''Sweet Bird of Youth.''

When Mr. Walken meets his inevitable extinction soon after, the scene earns more pity than it usually does in contemporary productions of ''Coriolanus,'' including Peter Hall's celebrated 1985 quasi-modern-dress version, in which Ms. Worth's Volumnia was partnered by Ian McKellen at the National Theater. This is attributable in part to Mr. Walken's ability to humanize the off-putting hero, but also to Mr. Berkoff's spare and highly theatrical staging. Aside from a dozen straight-back chairs that are deployed in seeming emulation of Harold Prince's junta tableaus in ''Evita,'' Mr. Berkoff and his imaginative designer, Loren Sherman, use a minimum of scenic clutter in ''Coriolanus.'' The stabbing of Mr. Walken, like the battle sequences earlier on, is mimed without swords but with such conviction that the scene leaves far more room than conventional outpourings of stage gore for an audience's grotesque imaginings.

It can't be happenstance that while Mr. Berkoff dispenses with all actual weapons in his ''Coriolanus,'' he pointedly does emphasize one realistic prop: a gray diplomatic envelope containing a peace treaty. The evening ends with a chilling sequence in which that document, so frail a symbol of a citizenry's best hopes, is abruptly doomed to the oblivion of a government briefcase. The brutal political caravan, meanwhile, inexorably marches on.

Democracy As the Low Road

CORIOLANUS, by William Shakespeare; directed by Steven Berkoff; set design by Loren Sherma; costume design by Martin Pakledinaz; lighting design by Mr. Berkoff; music composed and played by Larry Spivak; associate producer, Jason Steven Cohen. Presented by Joseph Papp. At the Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette Street.

Menenius Agrippa … Paul Hecht

Caius Marcius … Christopher Walken

Titus Lartius … Thomas Kopache

Cominius … Moses Gunn

Sicinius Vellutus … Larry Bryggman

Junius Brutus … Andre Braugher

Tullus Aufidius … Keith David

Volumnia … Irene Worth

Virgilia … Ashley Crow

Valeria … Sharon Washington

Citizen, Senator, Soldier and First Officer … Ethan T. Bowen

Third Citizen, Senator and Soldier … Deryl Caitlyn

Messenger, Citizen, Soldier and Senator … Albert Farrar

Citizen and Soldier … Tom McGowan

Second Citizen, Senator and Soldier … Joseph C. Phillips

Citizen, Senator, Soldier and Second Officer … Armand Schultz

First Citizen, Senator and Soldier … Roger Guenveur Smith

Citizen, Soldier and Senator … Matt Bradford Sullivan

Volscian Senator, Volscian Lieutenant and Citizen … John Madden Towey

**Graphic**

Photo of Irene Worth, Christopher Walken and Keith David (Martha Swope)

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[***University, Mexico's Pride, Is Ravaged by Strike***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YCJ-BSY0-00MH-F49Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 20, 2000, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

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**Length:** 1449 words

**Byline:** By JULIA PRESTON

By JULIA PRESTON

**Dateline:** MEXICO CITY, Jan. 19

**Body**

One of the first things the administrators of the national university here will have to do, if they ever get it back from student strikers who have occupied it for nine months, is to fumigate. Rats and bugs, even the odd scorpion, have run free on the leafy campus as it sits largely empty.

The battered look of the National Autonomous University of Mexico, with its walls tattooed in insurrectionist graffiti and its courtyards converted to tent camps for strikers, are only the most visible signs of deterioration during the months of paralysis.

Once a proud symbol of publicly financed education for the masses, this immense university -- with 275,000 students the largest in Latin America -- has suffered losses in students, research, finances and especially academic stature that it will probably never recoup.

The strike began last April as a limited student protest seeking to preserve free tuition and open admissions. But it soon exploded out of the control of the administrators, President Ernesto Zedillo and even the broad-based student organization that initiated it, crippling the school.

It has dragged on because of a tough, anarchic leftist movement that took control of the student revolt, akin to the radicalism that clashed with the police at the World Trade Organization meeting in Seattle last month. Its larger sworn enemy is the globally intertwined economy and the competitive, free-market policies that are changing Mexico.

The demand of the strikers for a free higher education for ***working-class*** children was not extreme. But they ran headlong into a new world and a new Mexico, where shrinking public spending can no longer promote social mobility through a huge and generous institution like the national university.

This week, the administration and the strikers are headed for a showdown. Dueling referendums will allow each side to gauge its support. A 48-hour vote organized by the students on their platform ended today. A separate "plebiscite" on a counterproposal by the university president, Juan Ramon de la Fuente, takes place Thursday.

The strike at the UNAM, as the university is known by its Spanish acronym, was begun April 22 by students who rejected a plan by its president at the time, Francisco Barnes de Castro, to raise tuition to about $75 a semester from a mere two cents.

The strikers also demanded that open admissions for all students from a number of public high schools, which had been canceled in 1995, be reinstated and that a general congress of faculty, students and workers be held to reorganize the university from top to bottom.

Along the way the strikers won battle after battle, and always came back asking for more. In June Mr. Barnes scrapped his tuition plan. In November he resigned in defeat. But the strikers pressed on.

On Jan. 5, Mr. de la Fuente, the former health minister who replaced Mr. Barnes, offered a plan that would suspend all tuition payments indefinitely, cancel most criminal charges brought against students protesters and open the general congress. Although Mr. de la Fuente had ceded practically every point, the strikers rejected his offer on the ground that it came from the administration, not from them.

President Zedillo, who once ran from government troops when he was a student protester during the uprising of 1968, considered sending the police to round up student leaders at several points, senior officials said. So far he has favored negotiations, fearing that any bloodshed would reawaken the trauma that still lingers from the government's brutal suppression of the students 32 years ago.

According to the treasurer of the university, Jose Manuel Covarrubias, the strike so far has cost it about $205 million, mainly in salaries paid to 30,000 teachers and 28,000 workers when no classes were under way on campus.

About half of all the scientific research in Mexico is done at the university, and with strikers camped out in the science department and many laboratories, it has been greatly impaired. Libraries and archives are barricaded shut. In the huge central campus vandalism and looting, probably by outsiders, has taken a toll the authorities will be able to calculate only after the strike ends.

Students have fled by the thousands to other universities, mostly outside of Mexico City. However, while at least 20,000 UNAM students supported the strike, more than 228,000 registered for classes last fall. Professors held classes in rented nooks, on athletic fields, even in their cars.

At the beginning the strike had broad student support. But as time wore on one faction, dubbed ultras by their fellow students, rose to dominate the movement.

Marathon verbal battles in the students' steering committee often raged for 24 hours and beyond. Once the ultras gained the upper hand they purged their opponents, sometimes in fistfights. At the height of the confrontation, protest leaders surrounded the stage where they presided with barbed wire to block dissenting students from storming it.

Sergio Humberto Abreu Cruz, 27, a political science student, was squarely behind the strike at first. His family's only income comes from the sale of pies baked by his mother. The $140-a-year fee the administration wanted to impose was going to drive him out of school.

But after Mr. Barnes withdrew his tuition plan, Mr. Abreu thought the strike should end.

"What the ultras' position came down to was that if the president says yes, we say no," Mr. Abreu said. "They wouldn't let me talk in meetings. They said my word was worthless. They banned me."

The strikers displayed the trappings of revolutionary Marxism, adorning their meetings with posters of Che Guevara, Stalin and Abimael Guzman, the imprisoned leader of the extremist Shining Path guerrillas in Peru.

But they know little about these men or their ideas. They are driven instead by the feeling of betrayal by the Mexican government, which has withdrawn its unconditional promise to educate them. They have a foreboding about their future in a tight and competitive economy where their first career step could well be unemployment. The vast university is their safe haven.

"This university gave me everything I am, my knowledge, my friends, my girlfriends," said Hugo, 20, a student on strike duty by the dry fountain in the center of the science complex. He withheld his last name, saying he feared that the police might come after him.

"It never asked me any questions about who I was," he said. "That's why we can't end the strike without winning all of our demands. The future of people like me in this university depends on it."

The movement was hard to bargain with because it was a many-headed body with arms in every one of more than 30 departments, schools and research institutes. When the new president, Mr. de la Fuente, agreed to talk with the strikers, they insisted on sending 120 delegates.

"Our leadership is horizontal," said Victor Barboza, 25, a music student. "Our movement is a chaos of ideas. We are looking for an anarchic utopia far away from any political theory. We want to practice pure democracy without any theories."

The movement fought even with those who initially supported it. Strikers had violent clashes with the press and fell out with the left-of-center city government.

One group of strikers assaulted a professor who tried to hold an open-air class outside the campus. A demonstration in front of the United States Embassy on Dec. 11 turned into a stone-throwing melee in which 98 strikers were arrested for property destruction. On Jan. 2 two students who were apparently trying to make small bombs were seriously injured when the explosive powder accidentally ignited.

The strikers also faced violence that reaffirmed their distrust of the authorities. Alejandro Echavarria, a political science student who was one of the strike's main strategists, said he was kidnapped and beaten by unknown captors.

At the recent meeting of the student strike council where the students rejected Mr. de la Fuente's proposal, they seemed not to have noticed that its terms meant they had won. Called for noon in a dim and chilly auditorium, the session finally got under way after dark and ended after dawn. The camraderie was strong, but one speaker after another denounced the president's offer as a plot to lull the strikers and prepare for police to storm the campus.

The strike has left many taxpayers disenchanted with the university, compounding Mr. de la Fuente's difficulties in retaining government support for the old university model.

"The society is doubting the university," Mr. de la Fuente said in an interview. "When the strike ends, we will have to prove to the public that it has not exhausted its usefulness."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Under a banner portraying Che Guevara, strikers at the National Autonomous University of Mexico paint another promoting their cause. (Wesley Bocxe for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** January 20, 2000

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[***Man in the News;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2GT0-0005-G34N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Educator Who Calls for Higher Expectations -- Rudolph F. Crew***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2GT0-0005-G34N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 8, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 39;  Column 4;  Metropolitan Desk ; Column 4; ; Biography

**Length:** 1249 words

**Byline:** Rudolph F. Crew

By JACQUES STEINBERG

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**Body**

Alone among the candidates for schools chancellor interviewed last month by the New York City Board of Education, Rudolph F. Crew had a simple request: he first wanted to wander around a city public school.

And so a visit to an elementary school on the Upper West Side was hastily arranged for Dr. Crew, who has led two West Coast school systems but never has worked in New York. Roaming through the hallways and lunchroom of Public School 9 on West 84th Street, Dr. Crew chatted amiably with teachers and students, helped one child mop up a spilled carton of milk and stooped to accept a hug from a small boy who had no idea who he was or what he was doing there.

"Mister," the boy asked, "do you work here?"

Last night, the Board of Education answered that question by naming Dr. Crew the leader of the country's largest public school system -- a job he had not said for sure whether he would take.

In deciding to offer the post to Dr. Crew, 45, the board's president, Carol A. Gresser, said that she and a majority of her colleagues were impressed by his belief that the only way to raise the achievement of urban children is to raise standards and expectations. It is a philosophy shared in New York by one of Dr. Crew's early mentors, Chancellor Ramon C. Cortines, whom he would succeed.

"I wear a pin that says, 'Children first,' " Mrs. Gresser said. "His visit to that school tells me he feels the same way. That means a lot."

Dr. Crew, who became Superintendent of Schools in Tacoma, Wash., two years ago, has won support for the three goals he set out to achieve -- increasing parental involvement, improving attendance and raising scores on standardized tests given in the district of 31,000 students.

He has made so much progress that the Tacoma Public School Board extended his contract last July. On Friday night, its president issued a strong statement imploring Dr. Crew to honor that contract and remain as Superintendent until 1998.

"He is devoted to the success of every child, regardless of their station in life" said Byron Haley, a Tacoma board member. "He has brought back self-esteem to the teaching staff, the children, and certainly the community."

But some national experts on urban education wonder whether Dr. Crew has the credentials to run a school system of more than a million students. New York has twice as many teachers as Tacoma has students.

His previous administrative experience includes stints as the deputy superintendent and Superintendent of the Sacramento, Calif., schools, with a student population of 51,000, and, previously, the deputy superintendent's job in Boston.

"He's known as strong on instruction and curriculum and he has a good sense of the problems that racial diversity presents to a system," said one educator, who spoke on the condition of anonymity. "But his breadth of experience is nothing like that of the most recent chancellors. Not even close. That is not to say he may not be up to it, but it is going to be a big stretch for him."

Raised in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Dr. Crew is not entirely unfamiliar with New York City. He told the board that his father, who worked for I.B.M., often brought him along on weekend trips to Harlem, where he played in jazz clubs.

Dr. Crew's affection for children extends to his personal life. He and his second wife, Cathy, share seven children, four from his previous marriage and three from hers.

If he accepts the job, Dr. Crew would be the second black to lead the city school system. He received most of his education in Massachusetts -- a bachelor's degree in management and economics at Babson College in Wellesley, and a master's in urban education and a doctorate in educational administration from the University of Massachusetts in Amherst.

It was while enrolled in the doctoral program that Dr. Crew spent a year as an intern under Mr. Cortines, who was then the Superintendent of Schools in Pasadena, Calif. Dr. Crew has cited Mr. Cortines, who worked hard in New York to bring the fundamentals of teaching and learning to the fore, as an early mentor.

Dr. Crew first worked in a classroom in Pasadena, teaching social science and English to high school students from 1973 to 1975.

But he quickly crossed over into school administration, becoming, at 24, principal of a 300-student high school in Claremont, and, later, assistant superintendent of a 4,000-student district, Duarte. Both are in Southern California.

Dr. Crew returned to the East Coast to work in Boston from 1985 to 1987 as the superintendent of curriculum and instruction. This past summer, he was one of four finalists for the superintendent's job in Boston, but he abruptly pulled out, citing his commitment to Tacoma.

In his two years in Tacoma, a ***working-class*** community on Puget Sound where the school system and the local paper mill are among the biggest employers, Dr. Crew has striven to raise standards. He has required high school students, for example, to take an additional year of mathematics, English and science, and two years of a foreign language.

The effort parallels that of Mr. Cortines, who last year began requiring every high school student in New York to take college-preparatory math and science.

In Tacoma, as in Boston, Dr. Crew has embraced the principles of the Efficacy Institute, an organization in Lexington, Mass., that trains teachers to instill in their students the expectation and anticipation of success. Dr. Crew has incorporated the institute into an instructional program for Tacoma teachers on which the district is spending nearly $2 million over four years, with about $414,000 going to the institute itself.

Dr. Crew has also stressed the importance of giving individual schools greater say in how they are managed, with the active involvement of the teachers' union and parents' groups.

"We now have monthly management meetings where a range of problems get aired," said Theresa Tommaney, the president of the union, the Tacoma Education Association. "That didn't happen under the previous superintendent."

Last month, Dr. Crew made it into the pool of 15 finalists under serious consideration by the New York City board and left a strong impression on many board members after his interview two weeks ago. But he withdrew from consideration the following day, saying he had much work to complete in Tacoma.

Late last week, however, as the board renewed its interest in him as a compromise candidate acceptable to Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, he began to send out a flurry of conflicting signals -- reassuring Tacoma officials that he was not seeking the New York job while indicating, in a nearly two-hour conference call with the board, that he would not rule it out if he were drafted.

Precious little is known about how Dr. Crew would run the New York City schools, or about Dr. Crew himself. Board officials said that their investigators had completed a preliminary background check on him that showed nothing unusual. But he still must submit to a physical, as well as a more substantial inquiry by the city's Department of Investigation.

In a brief interview on Friday, Dr. Crew would only say that he looked forward to "exploding the mythology about the educability of poor and urban children."

Echoing other Tacoma officials, Mr. Haley said he would miss Dr. Crew's broad smile, sympathetic ear and warm ease in relating to children. But he said he did not plan to stand in Dr. Crew's way.

"We all really appreciate what he has done," he said. "I guess the bottom line is he made a difference."

**Load-Date:** October 8, 1995

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[***One Generation Got Old, One Generation Got Soul***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RHP-X560-TW8F-G007-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 6, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1912 words

**Byline:** By RACHEL AVIV

Rachel Aviv teaches freshman writing at Columbia.

**Body**

SIXTEEN students sat around a table in the Manhattan cafeteria of the New School discussing where commas should go. They were rewriting, for the third time, a mission statement for their chapter of Students for a Democratic Society, the activist group that had been dormant for nearly 40 years. They wanted the document to be collectively produced, but after more than three weeks of communal drafting, no one seemed particularly content with the results.

One student thought the phrase ''we accept all persons'' should be broadened to cover animals. Another worried that the word ''delineation'' was alienating because ''it means drawing lines, and don't we object to lines?'' The only sentence everyone seemed to support wholeheartedly was the final one: ''Power to the People!''

The subject was a sensitive one, because the revived group has yet to produce a document as compelling as the S.D.S. manifesto, the Port Huron Statement, written in 1962, long before any of them were born. Although members of the original movement serve as mentors, the young S.D.S. is eager to prove that its interest in social change extends beyond nostalgia.

''One of our strengths is having a clear understanding of what went wrong in the '60s,'' says Pat Korte, a 19-year-old sophomore at the New School, in Greenwich Village. Mr. Korte was a co-founder of the born-again organization in 2006, as a senior at Stonington High School, in Connecticut. S.D.S. now has around 120 active chapters and 3,000 registered members.

''We know the drive for revolutionary change is correct,'' Mr. Korte says, ''but blowing up buildings is not going to get us anywhere. Nor is joining the Democratic Party.''

According to a provisional statement, drafted at the national convention last summer at Wayne State University in Detroit, the group aims to combat ''racism and white supremacy, capitalism, patriarchy, heterosexism and transphobia, authoritarianism and imperialism.'' Chapters focus on any issue that falls under the rubric of ''oppression.'' In the past year, members have occupied military recruiting centers, participated in hunger strikes to raise wages for university workers and demonstrated in front of companies that invest in nuclear power plants.

The group's growth has surprised everyone involved, particularly former members who wondered why students would want to model themselves on an organization that ultimately self-destructed. The original S.D.S. became a major force in the opposition to the Vietnam War and grew to nearly 100,000 members before collapsing in 1969 into radicalized factions. It never quite overcame the perceived homogeneity of its leaders. Most were white, male and upper middle class.

The new S.D.S. is painstakingly self-conscious about its image and inherited failures. Men refrain from speaking for the group; if one interrupts a woman or finishes her sentence, he may be politely reminded of what he has done. There is no national hierarchy, and members coordinate through conference calls -- up to 30 people on the line. (There's a roll call at the start of each conversation.)

A significant number of chapters are not at prestigious universities, which already have a glut of political groups, but at commuter schools, community colleges and high schools, many of which had existed in a political vacuum. Members cite three events -- 9/11, the Iraq war and Hurricane Katrina -- in describing what brought them to S.D.S.

The chapter at Queens College has 140 people on its mailing list, a quarter of them Latino. ''At a ***working-class*** school, we have jobs to go home to at night, so the problems in the government more directly affect the quality of our lives,'' says Rachel Haut, a 19-year-old junior. And while most young people view the war in Iraq via remote, on commuter campuses like Queens the military recruits heavily. Ms. Haut's chapter sets up a table every other week to distribute literature aiming to discourage students from enlisting.

Although the student movements of the '60s have often been viewed through a veil of mythical romance, their legacy has become particularly relevant in the midst of another unpopular war. Forty years after the events of 1968 -- the Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy assassinations, the Tet offensive in Vietnam and the Democratic convention in Chicago -- the decade is back on the cover of news magazines.

Three books written or edited by former S.D.S. members are coming out this month and next: ''Ravens in the Storm: A Personal History of the 1960s Anti-War Movement,'' by Carl Oglesby; ''A Hard Rain Fell: S.D.S. and Why It Failed,'' by David Barber; and ''Students for a Democratic Society: A Graphic History,'' edited by Paul Buhle.

''I think the sense of powerlessness is so profound right now that to know there was a movement of young people that changed history offers leverage, a sense of confidence,'' says Dr. Buhle, a lecturer in American civilization at Brown.

The graphic history, which comes out this week, is written by the comic book author Harvey Pekar. It traces the rise and fall of the first S.D.S. and includes a six-page epilogue, ''S.D.S. Revived.''

''While few seemed to be watching,'' it begins, ''the demography of American youth had shifted dramatically and a new generation of students, more insecure, much more often the children of immigrants, had arrived.'' The first panel features a couple kissing on a grassy hill. The second panel, representing the new S.D.S., shows an airplane flying into the World Trade Center while New York City is engulfed in flames.

The epilogue also includes a drawing of Pat Korte, with shaggy hair and big, alarmed eyes. Jessica Rapchik, 19, was the S.D.S. co-founder with Mr. Korte. She says she was surprised that her role goes unmentioned in the book. The omission, she says, points to ''larger problems in our society -- men being sought out as voices of authority.''

MR. KORTE and Ms. Rapchik, of Chapel Hill, N.C., met on a conference call. Both were active members of an antiwar group in high school. They wanted to be part of an organization that would tackle more enduring issues.

''These problems won't go away unless you change the entire power structure,'' says Ms. Rapchik, now a sophomore at Antioch College. She blames the ''dominant hegemonic system.''

Ms. Rapchik's parents were so opposed to her involvement in a radical organization that they threatened not to help pay for college if she attended the first convention, so she stayed home. Mr. Korte says his father voted for Nixon. ''My parents didn't even know the '60s happened,'' he says.

In search of mentors, the students reached out to the first president of S.D.S., Alan Haber, who is now a woodworker. He and other original members met with the students and offered their old pamphlets and letters. The ''old folks,'' a k a the ''veterans,'' attend meetings and marches, help coordinate conferences and provide moral support. When students are arrested, veterans sometimes wait outside the jail with sandwiches.

But some chapters have distanced themselves from the '60s generation. To Ms. Haut, at Queens College, it is not ''productive'' to work with ''a lot of old white guys arguing about what they should have done.'' As it is, the new group devotes a good deal of intellectual energy to self-analysis.

At the second national convention, attended by about 200 members, the students spent a day discussing how not to oppress one another. They split into caucuses based on gender, class, race and sexual orientation.

Nick Kreitman, a junior at Elmhurst College in suburban Chicago, participated in meetings about ''Class Privilege,'' ''White Privilege'' and ''Hetero-Privilege,'' in which, he says, members talked about the danger of coming off as the ''liberal savior who is going to instantly solve all their problems.''

Because the ultimate goal is to become a mass movement, S.D.S. members make an effort to appeal to students who wouldn't necessarily cast themselves as left-wing political activists. One proposal at the convention that was later adopted advocated using ''the language of the mainstream'' and avoiding ''intimidating word choice'' -- an unintimidating euphemism for leftist buzzwords like ''anti-authoritarianism'' and ''syndicalism.''

Aaron Petcoff, a founding member of the Wayne State chapter, worries about the group becoming a clique. ''We can't just go to the punk places and tell people it's cool to join S.D.S.,'' he says. He consciously recruits for diversity, and his chapter has one Hispanic, two African-American, two Iraqi-American and six white members.

Nationally, membership is predominantly white, and Mr. Petcoff describes himself as fitting ''the stereotype of the white, left, activist guy.'' He first learned about the group two years ago, when, he recalls, a roommate's friend told him, ''You look like you got drop-kicked out of S.D.S.'' He was dressed in ''these bell-bottom kind of pants and an olive green army jacket with a big peace sign.'' He didn't know what S.D.S. was, he says. ''So I went to the computer and did an image search, which was how I found out the group was being revived.'' Soon after, he joined.

AFTER shelving the syntactical problems of the mission statement, the huddle at the New School cafeteria moved on to planning action at the Manhattan office of a New School trustee whose company has military contracts. The students debated whether to demonstrate on the company's property with a marching band, but the conversation soon digressed into the risk of using e-mail. Some worried that the authorities would read what they wrote. When one student offered that ''the federal agencies probably don't care,'' the group ignored him.

Mr. Korte, who lives with three other members on Malcolm X Boulevard in Brooklyn, frequently reminds the group that it is trying to start a movement that will ''last for decades,'' not just a semester. He asked if anyone felt it was worth it to be arrested at a coming antiwar demonstration. Almost everyone raised a hand.

In the past two years, well over 100 S.D.S. members have been arrested for civil disobedience, including blocking ports in Washington from which military equipment was being shipped to Iraq and demonstrating in front of car dealerships in favor of higher fuel efficiency standards. This fall, the group began participating in the Iraq Moratorium, a series of monthly national antiwar demonstrations modeled after the 1969 Vietnam Moratorium.

Today's organization has yet to depart significantly from the protest models of the past. Many members say they resent being overshadowed by the S.D.S. of 1968 and argue that their opposition will manifest itself in a way unique to their own generation. Beyond having a new organizing tool in the Internet, it's unclear what this will look like. Students elegantly critique what's wrong with the country but struggle to find new ways to channel their disgust.

''They're blogging against the war, they're not burning draft cards,'' says Tom Hayden, the primary author of the Port Huron Statement, who went on to serve in the California State Senate. A former president of S.D.S., he has met many new members but held back from giving guidance. ''The war in Iraq vividly demonstrates that the issues of the '60s have not gone away,'' he says. ''But this generation has an identity crisis that it will have to resolve on its own.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Pat Korte, a founder of the reborn Students for a Democratic Society, at a recent protest.

''S.D.S. Revived'' is the final chapter of ''Students for a Democratic Society: A Graphic History,'' to be published this week by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIEN JOURDES FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

**Load-Date:** January 6, 2008

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[***Fox's Blue-Collar Comedy vs. ABC's: No Contest***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3JX0-0014-553V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 1, 1988, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 22, Column 3; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1153 words

**Byline:** By N. R. KLEINFIELD

**Body**

Al Bundy sells women's shoes and hates the work. He once told a customer her feet resembled ''rib roasts with nails.'' He and his spendthrift wife, Peggy, are always barking at each other. She's a miserable housewife; he's a pathetic provider. Their two teen-agers are the sort you worry more about keeping out of prison than getting into college.

''Married . . . With Children,'' a half-hour comedy about the Bundys that appears at 8:30 Sunday nights on the Fox television network, focuses on the warts of blue-collar family life. Instead of hugs and smooches, there are hassles and sneers. Last year, the show finished its first season ranking 142d out of 163 shows in the ratings. John O'Connor, the television critic of The New York Times, said it had set ''almost weekly milestones in vulgarity.''

Roseanne and Dan (they don't give any last names) are a blue-collar Illinois couple. He works in construction. She's employed in a plastics factory. They have a lot of spats over things like unclogging a drain and toast crumbs left by their children on the butter. Their three youngsters often seem on the verge of killing one another.

''Roseanne,'' which is shown Tuesday nights at 8:30 on ABC and also illuminates the imperfections of a ***working-class*** family, made its debut a month ago. After its first four shows, it was the second most popular show on television, according to the A. C. Nielsen Company.

So how do the creators of ''Married . . . With Children'' feel about the sharply different receptions of their show and ''Roseanne''?

''Phenomenally bitter, I think,'' said Ron Leavitt, a co-creator.

''Yeah, we're not real good sports about it,'' said Michael Moye, the other co-creator.

Fox's Struggles

They were kidding, mostly. But the fates thus far of ''Married . . . With Children'' and ''Roseanne'' suggest a lot about the long odds facing the Fox Broadcasting Company, which has has been struggling to create a fourth commercial television network in prime time since it began in 1986.

Last year, in its first full season of programming, Fox lost about $94 million. Last month, in a significant blow to its ambitions, Fox scrapped its dismally received week night ''Late Show,'' with the comedian Joan Rivers as the host when the talk show began, cutting its weekly prime-time programming nearly in half - to 5 1/2 hours on Saturday and Sunday evenings from 10 1/2. Fox does no original programming on other days.

While advertising executives continue to root for Fox, since it offers an alternative to the three major networks, many worry about its chances. ''I'm not sure they didn't make an error in scheduling Saturday,'' said Paul Schulman, who buys television air time for advertisers. ''The programming is appealing to a younger audience. The people at home on Saturday night are not young. It's a night when people watch NBC or rent a cassette. I'm not sure they wouldn't have done better scheduling Sunday and, say, Wednesday night.'' On Saturday nights, Fox's two original shows are ''Reporters'' and ''Beyond Tomorrow.''

Depending on how the new season goes, Fox's plans at this point are to return to late-night television next spring and then to introduce two hours of Monday night programming by early summer.

By looking at the experience of ''Married . . . With Children,'' the gulf between Fox and the three more established networks becomes starkly evident.

Something Not for Everyone

Mr. Leavitt and Mr. Moye conceived the idea for the comedy out of the conviction that the construction workers, plumbers and delicatessen butchers of the world had nothing pertinent to watch on television. ''We saw how Cosby was a red-hot hit,'' Mr. Leavitt said. ''We sat around thinking: does anyone have a family like that? Wasn't there a family where the guy had a job that he hated?''

The creators picked the shoe clerk job for Mr. Bundy because, as Mr. Leavitt put it: ''We couldn't think of anything that would depress a man more. There seemed something about kneeling at the foot of a fat woman and trying to wedge her foot into a shoe that was incredibly depressing.''

Barr Rejected for Role

Oddly enough, when Mr. Leavitt and Mr. Moye pitched the show to Fox executives, they mentioned Roseanne Barr (now the star of ''Roseanne'') as a prototype for the role of the wife and played a videotape of Ms. Barr's stand-up comedy act. Mr. Leavitt, though, thought her voice might grate on people. Mr. Moye felt that they needed more glamorous actors playing the main roles.

When ''Married . . . With Children'' was signed, Fox was confident the show would be its biggest hit and was predicting ratings for it that were double what it achieved. It finished last season with a 4.6 rating and a 7 share, according to figures provided by the Nielsen company. After four programs, ''Roseanne'' enjoyed an average rating of 22.3 and a 33 share.

Each rating point represents about 904,000 television households and the share signifies the percentage of televisions in use.

The early weeks of the new season have had some sunshine for ''Married . . . With Children.'' The opening segment drew a 9.4 rating and a 13 share, and on Sunday the show got a 10.5 rating and a 15 share, the best rating of a regular prime-time Fox show. It was 48th in the list of shows. But that's still a long way from being a hit. As Brad Turell, Fox's senior vice president, put it: ''We think in terms of getting out of the bottom 10. The others think in terms of getting into the top 10.''

'Archie Bunker Updated'

Mr. Schulman is one of the biggest fans of ''Married . . . With Children.'' ''I just think 'Married' is hysterically funny,'' he said. ''It's Archie Bunker updated. If it played at 9 o'clock Tuesday behind 'Roseanne' on the ABC lineup, I think it would play at a 30 percent share.''

Though small, the show's audience seems loyal. Mr. Moye pointed out: ''We get a lot of mail stamped 'inmate mail.' We seem to do well in institutions where there is one television and large audiences.'' Whose Idea Was It? The big audience and explosion of publicity surrounding ''Roseanne'' have frustrated Fox executives. In fact, Mr. Turell said he felt that ''Roseanne'' is clearly based on ''Married . . . With Children.'' ''It's a good show,'' he said, ''but it's derived from our show. You can't deny that.''

Matt Williams, a former ''Cosby'' show writer who created ''Roseanne'' and is its head writer, does deny that. He said he had never seen ''Married . . . With Children'' when he came up with ''Roseanne.'' The idea hit him, he said, because he, too, felt that television was not presenting a realistic picture of most peoples' lives.

''Roseanne'' is unquestionably warmer than ''Married . . . With Children.'' There are more hugs and kisses and tender moments. The Bundys are relentlessly acerbic. ''They will occasionally kiss and hug,'' said Mr. Moye, ''but not as a sign that the show is two-and-a-half minutes from being over.''

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[***ARCHITECTURE VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3R50-0014-54P6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HIGH MARKS FOR LOW-COSTS HOUSING IN BOSTON***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3R50-0014-54P6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1233 words

**Byline:** By PAUL GOLDBERGER

**Dateline:** BOSTON

**Body**

Can there be such a thing as ''affordable housing'' that is decent, even wonderful, as a work of design? That manages to make sense both economically and esthetically? The answer, at least in Boston, is yes. Two complexes of apartments have recently been completed in this city that achieve what is often thought to be no longer possible in our age - they are desirable places to live for ***working-class*** families and at the same time they add to the city's body of good architecture. In other words, they do something both for the people who live in them and for everyone else.

The very phrase ''affordable housing'' is a nicety of the 1980's. It began as a euphemism, an attempt to break away from the stigma of publicly assisted housing; that the phrase exists at all points up a tragic reality of this moment, which is that most housing is not affordable. Less than a generation ago there was housing; no adjectives were needed, for it was taken for granted that the average person could afford average housing. If there was any special category, it was luxury housing. But now conventional housing is luxury housing, affordable only by the rich or the near-rich, and it has become necessary to invent this new category, a constant reminder of the absurdity of the economics of housing today.

The two complexes are Tent City, at the edge of Boston's South End, designed by Goody, Clancy & Associates, and the Charlestown Navy Yard Rowhouses, designed by William Rawn Associates. Together with a third complex in the Mission Hill section of Boston, known as Back of the Hill Rowhouses, also designed by Mr. Rawn and still under construction, these projects give Boston a remarkable inventory of first-class buildings that happen to contain reasonably priced apartments.

How is it possible here, where it is so difficult everywhere else? In truth, it is not all that easy in Boston; the relationship of planning and architecture to politics is as intense here as anywhere - the Tent City project, in fact, takes its name from a demonstration in 1968 mounted by community activists who camped out on the site in tents to protest the gentrification of the South End neighborhood. But what makes Boston notable is that ultimately subsidized housing, rather than a complex of purely luxury condominiums or commercial buildings, did get erected there, and it is characteristic of Boston's benign attitude toward such matters that the protest, instead of being purged from the history books, was memorialized in the name of the complex.

The Massachusetts Housing Finance Agency's enlightened programs for subsidizing mixed-income housing were critical to this project; at the Charlestown Navy Yard and Mission Hill, the lucky break was the vision of Thomas McIntyre, head of the local Bricklayers and Laborers Union, who became, in effect, the developer. Through his union Mr. McIntyre started a nonprofit corporation to build affordable housing and show off the union's brickworking skills at the same time, and the corporation now has more than 300 units of affordable housing under way in Boston, making it a real-estate developer to be reckoned with. But unlike conventional developers, who build only for short-term profit, this kind of nonprofit corporation - which is becoming an increasingly common vehicle for constructing affordable housing all across the country - can afford to invest in the long-term benefits of design quality.

Now for the architecture. Tent City manages a particularly remarkable trick of urban design: it fills a long-empty site between the townhouse-filled neighborhood of the South End and Copley Place, an immense development that consists of two high-rise hotels and an upscale shopping mall. Tent City is a bridge between two worlds that are as different architecturally as they are sociologically, and it ties them together deftly.

Tent City's largest element, a 12-story wing, is, logically, at the end closest to the Copley Place mega-project. The rest of Tent City, which is constructed of reddish-orange brick with narrow bands of colored brick trim, steps down gradually to the scale of the town houses of the old neighborhood on the other side. The design of the complex never imitates the 19th-century town houses of the South End directly, but it echoes many critical elements: double-hung bay windows, mansard roofs, front stoops.

And the various sections of this 271-apartment complex are arranged in a conventional street pattern rather than on some huge and bland superblock. The fundamental philosophy here, as at Battery Park City in New York (where Joan Goody, one of the partners in charge of this design, has done studies for affordable housing), is the notion that there is wisdom in accepting the traditional and common elements of the existing city - that it is not timid but enlightened to use what is familiar as the starting point for new architecture. The Tent City apartments, which are as thoughtfully designed within as without, are conventional in the best sense of that word: they seek to serve the demands of reasonable, comfortable, normal life.

William Rawn has been slightly more assertive in his design for 50 units of housing at the former site of the Charlestown Navy Yard, which is now being redeveloped. But the values here are the same: Mr. Rawn, too, celebrates the conventional, and has struggled hard to design housing units that are both functional and uplifting to their occupants. To this end he has oriented most units toward views of Boston Harbor, given them large family room-dining areas adjacent to kitchens, and made bedrooms easily divided. And many of the apartment units here have private outdoor decks just outside the kitchens that are safe for children and easily supervised from within.

But here, as at Tent City, it is the overall architecture, the public presence of this complex, that is the truly special thing. Mr. Rawn has come up with a design for this narrow site that is at once monumental and gentle, a building of brick that recalls the old industrial buildings of the Navy Yard (some of which still remain as its neighbors) and also evokes the brooding, primal forms of the architect Aldo Rossi.

The Navy Yard building is shaped something like a long wharf structure. It has three distinct sections: a high, gabled frontal section, set along the street and echoing in shape the front gables of the older buildings; a long wing behind this front section, set perpendicular to the street, and then, at the far end, a cylindrical wing with a conical top. The buildings are constructed entirely of brick, with tiny decorative insets of granite, and there are handsome arches at the base, intended both to evoke the spirit of the older buildings and also to show off the virtuoso talents of the bricklayers' union.

The building is sumptuous, yet spare, and it stands beside Boston Harbor with an eloquent but quiet presence. There is nothing coyly imitative of 19th-century architecture here, but there is something highly respectful of the spirit of older buildings, and determined to express that spirit in a way that is the architect's own. This is a building that manages to speak to the needs of its occupants and to the needs of the city, with equal attention to both. Tent City and the Charlestown project will house more than 300 families, but they improve the quality of urban life for everyone in Boston.

**Graphic**

Photo of Tent City (Steve Rosenthal)

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[***Busy Season for Home Wine Makers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6WR0-0005-G1B9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1217 words

**Byline:** By HOWARD G. GOLDBERG

By HOWARD G. GOLDBERG

**Body**

ALTHOUGH most Americans buy their wines in stores and would never dream of making their own, those who passionately crush, press and ferment, whether in garages, basements or apartments, know firsthand that this is the season of the grape.

And just as new techniques and equipment are steadily changing the home wine-making picture, the amateur wine makers of today are different from their predecessors.

"The old-timers who made rough paisan wines from alicante bouschet and carignan and muscat and Thompson seedless grapes are dying off," said Peter Pagano Jr., whose company, M. Pagano & Sons, has sold grapes to amateurs at the Brooklyn Terminal Market for 45 years. "The younger guys -- doctors, lawyers -- are making specialty wines: chardonnay, cabernet sauvignon, merlot and petite sirah."

Joseph C. Vicari of Hartsdale, N.Y., who teaches the sixth grade at Public School 25 in Yonkers, typifies the new breed. He has made wine in his suburban home for 13 years with up-to-date equipment.

There are no low-tech Old Country flaws -- coarse tannins, overdrive alcohol, heavy oxidation -- in his reds. He is a stickler for micro-details, especially the picky sanitation practices that deliver healthy wine.

That is why his reds won a silver medal and three bronze medals in August at the 1995 New York State home-wine competition, held at Casa Larga, a winery in Fairport, a suburb of Rochester. It was sponsored by the American Wine Society, a Rochester-based nonprofit organization with 4,500 members that helps to educate home wine makers.

On autumn weekends, Mr. Vicari is a consultant for amateurs who buy the standard 36- and 42-pound crates of grapes as well as presses, barrels, bottles and bottle fillers at the Prospero Equipment Corporation in Pleasantville, N.Y.

Mr. Vicari also plays wine doctor for customers after crises arise in the cellar. When Dennis DeSario, a butcher from Wappingers Falls, N.Y., fine-tunes his favorite wine, a semidry rose blended from ruby-cabernet and carnelian grapes, he telephones Mr. Vicari at home regularly.

"Every night, my wife has a list of 15 to 20 calls," Mr. Vicari said. He has never visited a winery or a vineyard. "Everything I've learned, I've learned through books," he said.

Like many home wine makers, he rarely buys wine. "It costs me $3.50 to make a bottle of wine," he said. Just once, his wife, Linda, splurged: a $100 bottle of 1989 Lafite Rothschild awaits a special occasion.

Any supper is the occasion for Epaminondas Lakkas, a Brooklyn carpenter, to pour his own stuff. "My father was a farmer in Patras," in Greece, he said during a visit to Pagano's warehouse to buy 40 crates ("lugs," in trade lingo) of grapes. "He taught me how to make wine."

"I can't drink more than three glasses a night," he said. "I make it strong." Next year, he hopes to use grapes he is growing in East Marion, on the North Fork of Long Island.

Abraham Horowitz, a 26-year-old Hasidic rabbi in the Borough Park section of Brooklyn, has produced kosher wine in his grandmother's basement for nine years.

"Mainly, it is for Shabbos and Passover," he said. "I never drink wine in the middle of the week." He makes only dry wines. "I use natural yeast -- no commercial yeast -- for the fermentation," he said.

Joao Nunes, a construction foreman who was born in Portugal and lives in LaGrange, N.Y., expects to hand over $1,600 for new equipment and grapes to produce 120 gallons of red and white wine. "The wine'll be gone in a year," he said.

It sometimes seems that people of Italian, Greek and Portuguese descent dominate home wine making. (Many Italians crush their grapes on Columbus Day.) And in Brooklyn, more and more Hasidim are becoming wine makers, said Mr.Pagano, the grape merchant.

But Angel E. Nardone, the executive director of the American Wine Society, said: "No ethnic backgrounds dominate our national membership. There is a tremendous cross section of people."

"Perhaps a third are from universities and colleges," Mrs. Nardone said. "They tend to be in food science and chemistry. Outside academe, there is a high percentage of engineers, chemists and other professionals."

Most home wine makers are men; only 5 to 7 percent are women, she said. One woman who makes wine is Lena B. Brattsten, a professor of entomology at Rutgers University in New Brunswick, N.J., who became interested because of her immersion in biochemistry.

She has been most successful with regional grapes -- Cayuga White, vidal and seyval, as well as two reds: chambourcin and de Chaunac. "I'm only an amateur," she said. "I don't think I'll ever make my wine to pay my bills."

Dee Roberson, the executive secretary of the Home Wine and Beer Trade Association, based in Valrico, Fla., estimates that there are as many as three-quarters of a million home wine makers.

"Most are in New York State and California, because of the easy availability of premium grapes," she said.

Presque Isle Wine Cellars, a mail-order house and small winery in North East, Pa., has sold grapes and juice to home wine makers since 1964. "We've averaged 15 percent a year growth in each of the last 10 years -- and we hardly advertise," said Douglas P. Moorhead, an owner.

But Jeff Stadelman, the owner of the Wine Rack, a store in Flanders, N.J., believes that home wine making is declining. "People have switched over to beer making, especially yuppies -- because of their interest in microbrewed beer," he said.

But some are in it for life. William Van Felix, an 80-year-old refrigeration instructor who makes wine in his Greenwich Village home, first became passionate about wine in 1937.

"I went to Spain to fight Franco," Mr. Van Felix said. "I was anti-alcohol. I thought it was the curse of the ***working class***."

"But in Spain, wine was regular issue -- you got wine with food," he said. "I learned to use it. When I came back, I bought a bottle. It tasted like vinegar.

"I decided to make my own. Now I got stuff in my basement that is 12 years old. You wouldn't believe how good it tastes."

Where to Find Wine-Making Supplies

THE American Wine Society provides information about home wine-making, equipment and raw materials, at 3006 Latta Road, Rochester 14612; (716) 225-7613.

Home wine-making equipment and supplies are sold by a number of dealers, including: Kedco Wine Storage Systems, 564 Smith Street, Farmingdale, L.I. 11735; Milan Laboratory, 57 Spring Street, New York 10012; the Prospero Equipment Corporation, 134 Marble Avenue, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570; Presque Isle Wine Cellars, 9440 Buffalo Road, North East, Pa. 16428, and the Wine Rack, Sutton Plaza, Flanders, N.J. 07836.

Grapes, shipped from California in refrigerated vans, are sold by a number of retailers, including Prospero, as well as Brew and Wine Hobby, 68 Woodbridge Avenue, East Hartford, Conn. 06108; J. Corrado Inc., 600 Getty Avenue, Clifton, N.J. 07011; Angelina Izzo & Sons, Gabriel and Fourth Streets, Glen Cove, L.I. 11542, and M. Pagano & Son, 59 Brooklyn Terminal Market, Foster Avenue and East 87th Street, Brooklyn.

Grapes from Finger Lakes growers can also be bought at New York City Greenmarkets.

As for rules, the Government limits each household with one adult to making 100 gallons a year and each household with two or more adults to 200 gallons. The wine must be confined to personal use and cannot be sold.

**Graphic**

Photo: At top, Joseph C. Vicari, left, and Angelo Petrone, right, his neighbor, loading grapes into the grape crusher and destemmer. Above, Mr. Vicari testing the acidity of the grapes. (Photographs by Michelle Agins for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 4, 1995

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[***As the Senator on the Outside, Lieberman Walks a Tricky Path***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KVG-3WH0-TW8F-G2RD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 9, 2006 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1765 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER MEDINA and PATRICK HEALY; Patrick Healy reported from New York and Jennifer Medina from Bridgeport.

**Dateline:** BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 8

**Body**

It was the sort of awkward moment that Senator Joseph I. Lieberman now faces regularly: He and the mayor of Stamford, both Democrats, recently appeared in a city park that Mr. Lieberman helped win millions for, and talked about their long friendship -- and about how the mayor is not supporting him for re-election this fall.

''Joe Lieberman has a right to come to Stamford -- it's his town and his state,'' said the mayor, Dannel P. Malloy, who, like many Democratic officials, has abandoned Mr. Lieberman for the party's new Senate nominee, Ned Lamont. ''When you do good work, you deserve to come and visit the projects you're working on.''

Mr. Lieberman, as a three-term incumbent, never needed anyone to explain his right to visit Stamford before. But the senator is now running on his own party line, and he has begun a complicated, occasionally clumsy tango as he tries to woo Democrats, Republicans and unaffiliated voters without the backing of any party.

Since his defeat in the Aug. 8 Democratic primary, Mr. Lieberman has been seeking Democrats while appealing to Republicans with tough talk about terrorism that is similar to President Bush's. He is mulling creating nonpartisan ''citizen town committees'' because he must build a new voter-turnout operation from scratch. And he is calibrating his language to try to appeal across party lines without seeming inconsistent or awkward -- though, at times, he does.

No longer the Democratic nominee, he has lost a handful of union endorsements, and his allies in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. may stay neutral. His campaign must replace and train hundreds of field workers that the state party usually deploys to help turn out voters. The Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, usually on his side, is now providing fund-raising and strategy help to Mr. Lamont. And there is no party organization that can quickly gather its members for the large campaign rallies that can be a shot in the arm.

Independent candidacies are rare, because party affiliation provides so many advantages: Fund-raising aid, battle-tested organizers, policy and strategy assistance, volunteers and an apparatus that can attack the candidate's opponent without the candidate appearing negative.

But interviews with Mr. Lieberman and his advisers make it clear that he has made a strategic bet: That his stature, name recognition, appeal among Republicans and power to deliver federal money to Connecticut will more than compensate for the lack of a party behind him. He has spent much of August highlighting federal projects he has supported -- such as the $6 million park expansion that he and Mayor Malloy celebrated -- and suggesting that a Senator Lamont, as a liberal in a Republican-controlled chamber, would not deliver as much. Mr. Lieberman said that if he is re-elected, he will continue to caucus with Senate Democrats.

Yet as Mr. Lieberman acknowledges, there is an element of making it all up as he goes along.

He hesitated when asked in a recent interview if there was any Republican endorsement he would not accept, knowing that his ties to President Bush have cost him before. He is trying to strike a balance between Republican and Democratic endorsements and appearances; for instance, he suggested, he was waiting for the right timing and opportunity to invite a Republican friend, Senator John McCain of Arizona, to campaign with him.

''I haven't asked him -- yet,'' Mr. Lieberman said in a recent interview.

''This is a very different kind of race than anything that's been run before,'' he added. ''Maine had an independent governor, and there was Jesse Ventura of Minnesota. I've taken a look at those. But as far as we can tell, we're doing something different here. The moment is different. So we're putting together a campaign in a way that makes sense for the moment.''

Mr. Lieberman has hammered away at polarizing partisans in his campaign, though he is reluctant to say just whom he is referring to, other than Mr. Lamont, whom he once criticized as having too many ties to Republicans.

''People are sick of the partisanship and sick of the old party rules,'' Mr. Lieberman said on Friday.

Mr. Lieberman has managed to hire one prominent Democratic media consultant, Josh Isay, who demonstrated partisan flexibility by working for Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg last year. (He already has a Republican pollster, who also works for Senator Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania.) Yet other Democrats have left his campaign, leaving Mr. Lieberman's staff of loyalists to shoulder many new tasks -- in particular, building its own get-out-the-vote operation without relying on state and town Democratic organizations that can move voters to the polls.

Sherry Brown, who took over as Mr. Lieberman's campaign manager last month, said her team needed new ways to identify and mobilize voters beyond using the traditional lists of registered voters that the parties use to plan turnout strategy. The citizen committees are one idea; she also said the senator would rely more than usual on assistance from unions, environmentalists and other groups that have endorsed him, such as the Chamber of Commerce.

Vets for Freedom, a group with ties to top Republican strategists, is also planning to rally Republicans to vote for Mr. Lieberman, using commercials and other organizing tools. Alan Schlesinger, the Republican challenger, is trailing far behind, with only nominal support from his party leaders.

''The biggest question for us is the ground war: Where do you target for votes and how do you find and move people without a party organization?'' said Ms. Brown, who oversees a paid staff of 25. ''It's something we have to develop.''

Lieberman advisers declined to discuss their strategy in detail, saying they did not want to tip their hand. But Ms. Brown said the senator would go after voters in the two major parties -- and Connecticut's many independents -- and would highlight his support for a higher minimum wage and access to better health care for the ***working class***.

She said that Mr. Lieberman's popularity was strong enough across party lines to counter setbacks; she said invitations to him to march in local Democratic parades have been fewer than before, but added that he has received more invitations overall than he could ever accept.

Mr. Lieberman's loss last month was also, to some extent, a loss for the state's Democratic Party apparatus. He has been a consistent fund-raiser for the party, helping add as much as $1 million to its coffers in some election years. He could tap his national base of donors for help, too. The newcomer, Mr. Lamont, may now end up devoting money and precious time to aiding the party.

Connecticut voters have a history of embracing independent candidates, most notably Lowell Weicker, a former Republican senator elected governor as an independent in 1990. And the makeup of the electorate appears hospitable to an independent bid: The largest bloc of registered voters, nearly 830,000, belongs to neither party, while there are 657,860 Democrats and 413,093 Republicans, as of last month.

''Connecticut tends to support mavericks -- Chris Shays, Weicker, Lieberman -- who show an independent streak and are willing to buck their own party,'' said Douglas Schwartz, director of the Quinnipiac University Poll.

While Mr. Lieberman has, as Mr. Weicker did, two advantages to help overcome the lack of a party -- broad name recognition and a centrist image -- the political dynamicshave changed. The electorate today is sharply divided over the record and conduct of the Bush administration, and Mr. Lieberman appears to some as a sore loser who has tried to have it both ways -- running as a Democrat and then as an independent. (Mr. Weicker became an independent before his 1990 run.)

''Lieberman's fate as an independent will depend on how he is viewed, and I think the bloom is off the rose as far as his image in the state,'' said Mr. Weicker, who lost his Senate race to Mr. Lieberman in 1988 and who is supporting Mr. Lamont this fall.

Mr. Lieberman said he hoped to create the sort of grass-roots, nonpartisan political movement that helped support the third-party former governors that he has looked to -- Angus King of Maine and Mr. Ventura of Minnesota. Asked if there was enough time to do this, with less than 10 weeks until the general election, Mr. Lieberman said he was not sure.

''It's an open question,'' he said. ''But it's my desire to create a real, independent citizens' movement in this race.''

Tom Swan, Mr. Lamont's campaign manager, said there was no evidence that Mr. Lieberman could inspire such citizen brigades.

''How does he come across as anything but a whiny self-centered career politician trying to cling to power?'' Mr. Swan asked.

Mr. Lieberman has walked a political tightrope at almost all of his campaign appearances, and has sometimes stumbled. Recently he called himself a ''noncombatant'' in the three Congressional races where Democrats are challenging incumbent Republicans; his aides amended the statement a day later, saying he would support the Democrats.

Lieberman advisers acknowledged that this episode was awkward, saying the senator was working through the right language to describe his support for Democratic Congressional candidates who have endorsed his rival, Mr. Lamont.

Adding to the confusion, two days after the ''noncombatant'' comment, Mr. Lieberman attended a motorcycle rally with one of the Republican incumbents, Congressman Christopher R. Shays, a close ally. Lieberman aides did not alert the press corps to the joint appearance, but according to a report on Fox News, Mr. Lieberman said that the Democrats should have considered the effects of his independent bid on their Congressional candidates before electing Mr. Lamont.

''Well, I guess I should say they should have thought of that during the primary,'' Mr. Lieberman said in the Fox segment. ''But here we are.''

At other times, Mr. Lieberman has reasserted his party credentials, calling himself a ''proud Democrat.''

Yet there is a fine line between party fidelity and his new pride as an independent, with Lamont supporters accusing him of caring only about ''the party of one.''

During a campaign stop in New London this week, Mr. Lieberman was dogged by reporters pressing him to explain whom he saw as his base of support.

''People treat the parties as if they are the only thing that matters,'' Mr. Lieberman said, adding that he hoped his run would show that there was a ''higher loyalty to our state and our country.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Joseph I. Lieberman talked with Joyce Harney and her granddaughter, Taylor Rosa, 2, at a diner in Stratford while campaigning this week. (Photo by Andrew Henderson for The New York Times)

Jim Capinera answered the phone last week at Lieberman's stark campaign headquarters in Hartford. (Photo by Steven Lee Miller for The New York Times)(pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** September 9, 2006

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[***Terrorists Said to Hide In Canada's Melting Pot***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y5T-66H0-00RP-K4BX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JOHN KIFNER

By JOHN KIFNER

**Dateline:** MONTREAL, Dec. 23

**Body**

All street and shop signs here, by Quebec provincial law, must be in French. But walk a few blocks from the modest bachelor apartment at 1250 Fort Street where Ahmed Ressam lived under the name of Benni Antoine Noris, and sometimes Mario Roig, and the signs tell of a rich ethnic bouillabaisse.

Here is Boutique Ali, a shoe repair shop, next to Bombay Palace-Cuisine Indienne, and then, in quick succession, Thai, Chinese, Italian, Russian and Swiss restaurants, as well as two Middle Eastern groceries and "Pandit A. B. Chowdhury, immigrant consultant for refugee claimant."

Since the arrest of Mr. Ressam, an Algerian, near Seattle last week and his indictment Wednesday on charges of trying to smuggle enough bomb-making material into the United States to flatten a building, that rich ethnic mix and the loose immigration controls that have made it possible have come under close scrutiny in Montreal and across Canada.

Officials here have been trying to explain, among other things, how Mr. Ressam managed to remain in the country after his application for asylum was refused, and even after he was arrested on charges of breaking into automobiles -- in the spring of 1998, two months after a nationwide warrant for his deportation was issued.

Mr. Ressam seems to have simply melted into the immigrant community in Montreal, which includes more than 15,000 Algerians, obtaining driver's licenses under his false names and even a Canadian passport last February, a year after the initial deportation order, by using his French-sounding alias and a forged Roman Catholic baptismal certificate. In Quebec, a baptismal certificate is sufficient identification to receive a passport.

Mr. Ressam was not alone. Critics of the government charge that as many as 10,000 people a year who are seeking asylum simply vanish from official view, some smuggling themselves across the porous border into the United States, many apparently disappearing into the population here.

A spokesman for the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service said the United States has had similar problems with asylum seekers, especially those who file for asylum after being charged with violating immigration law. A 1995 study by the I.N.S. found that 90 percent of those vanished while their applications were pending.

According to a recent report by Canada's intelligence agency, the Canadian Security Intelligence Service, the country's openness to immigrants has helped make it "a haven for terrorists."

A senior intelligence official told the Toronto Globe and Mail that the agency had begun watching Mr. Ressam shortly after he arrived in early 1994 with a fake French passport and a tale of being falsely accused and tortured by Algeria's military government, which is battling Islamic insurgents. But, he added, the intelligence agency dropped the investigation.

"He has been known to us for some time," the official was quoted as saying in today's issues. "We had to drop it recently because of lack of resources. We just don't have the time and people to continue these investigations indefinitely."

Montreal's Algerians came under closer scrutiny by the city's police last October, when a team of French counterterrorism investigators arrived in Canada. Montreal had experienced a rash of car break-ins around the financial district, with cell phones and laptop computers being stolen and then peddled on the streets.

The French were conducting an investigation based on the arrest of Fateh Kamel, an Algerian Islamic militant, and they wanted to question two men they believed to be his lieutenants -- Mr. Ressam and Karim Said Atmani, who the police now say had been directing the Montreal theft ring. Mr. Ressam was not found.

Mr. Kamel, who had fought with Afghan rebels against the Soviets, was arrested by the authorities in Jordan last spring and extradited to France.

According to the French, Mr. Kamel had been the leader of a band of gangster-terrorists who carried out a series of armed robberies and shootouts around Roubaix in northern France. He had also operated out of Montreal in the 1990's and may have married a Canadian woman, and was believed to have directed a loose group of Islamic terrorists. Some of those terrorists were veterans of fighting in Bosnia, which, like Afghanistan, attracted Arab Muslim volunteers to what they regarded as a holy war.

"I think he was the leader of this group," a senior official of the French police and judicial antiterrorism task force said in Paris. "We have material evidence he conducted this group from Montreal. He moves around -- Bosnia, Syria, Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Jordan."

Mr. Atmani, the other man sought by the French, had been deported last year to Bosnia because he carried a Bosnian passport when he arrived in Montreal as a stowaway on a cargo ship. His whereabouts are unknown, although officials suspect he may have slipped back into Canada.

Last week, the Montreal police arrested 11 men -- most of them Algerians -- who they said had been stealing from parked cars in groups of two and three and extorting money from other Algerians. The police said that part of the proceeds was going to finance the Armed Islamic Group, an Algerian group that has carried out massacres in villages there.

"These guys are financing organizations that train people to assassinate fathers of families, pregnant women, old people and children," said Jean-Yves Mailloux, the head of the Montreal police counterterrorism division.

As the investigation accelerated, the police found a second apartment where they believe Mr. Kamel, Mr. Atmani, Mr. Ressam and two others spent several months together in 1998. It is in Ville d'Anjou, just east of Montreal, near the ***working-class*** neighborhood where Mr. Ressam had been preparing to open a small grocery store with a license issued under his identity of Benni Noris.

Investigators also believe they have identified the second man who shared rooms at a motel in Vancouver with Mr. Rassem before he made his ferry trip into the United States. He was said to be Abdul Majid Dahoumane, an Algerian who applied for asylum here in 1995, was refused, and, like Mr. Rassem, was under a deportation order.

Police and intelligence officials say that Canada's generous immigration policies have meant that foreign terror groups can more easily establish and maintain cells here.

Last year, the Canadian Security Intelligence Service reported that it had active investigations into 50 terrorist groups and 350 individuals.

The agency's director, Ward Elcock, told the Canadian Senate's security and intelligence committee last year that terrorists have been taking advantage of the system for years and that almost every terrorist group in the world had a foothold in Canada.

"Terrorist groups are present here whose origins lie in every significant regional ethnic and nationalist conflict there is," he said. "The nature of our society and the related policies concerning refugees and immigrants make us particularly vulnerable to terrorist influence and activities."

The intelligence agency's Web site lists a wide variety of foreign groups operating in Canada, including Hezbollah, Hamas, groups from Algeria and Iran, the Tamil Tigers of Sri Lanka, the Irish Republican Army and "all the major Sikh" separatists. It adds that more groups are arriving, including the Kurdish Worker's Party, "trained assassins" from the Palestinian Force 17 and the Iranian intelligence service.

Since 1992, Canada has deported only 11 people as terrorists. Before that, none.

In addition to Canada's general welcome of immigrants, Mr. Rassem was probably helped by official Quebec policy of trying to bring more French-speaking immigrants into the province. Many Algerians speak French as a legacy of French colonial rule.

In 1999, 12,600 French-speaking immigrants were admitted. Next year the number is expected to reach as high as 14,600.

"Quebec has attained its objective of increasing French-speaking immigration," the provincial immigration minister, Robert Perrault, said in a news release last month.

The number of Algerian immigrants increased markedly after 1992, when the Islamic Salvation Front started a bloody insurgency in Algeria after the military canceled elections and seized power. In 1990, 493 refugees and immigrants entered Canada from Algeria; last year the number grew to 1,914. Since 1997, the government has stopped extraditing people to Algeria because of the violence there.

Of 1,197 Algerians who applied for refugee status in 1998, 67 percent were accepted, compared with 40 percent for all refugee groups that year.

Leon Benoit of the opposition Reform Party contended that Canadian authorities cannot account for as many as 10,000 people who claimed refugee status at border points last year. Of 24,000 who made claims, he said, about 10,000 were given refugee status, and 4,000 to 5,000 more were sent away. The whereabouts of the rest, he said, are unknown.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Police officers blocked a street in Montreal on Sunday after finding a van belonging to Ahmed Ressam. Mr. Ressam has been charged with trying to smuggle bomb-making material into the United States. (Associated Press); Ahmed Ressam was one of 15,000 Algerians living in Montreal.

**Load-Date:** December 24, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Why Are Black Students Lagging?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47BC-T800-01CN-H1T6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:**  By FELICIA R. LEE

**Body**

The persistent academic gap between white and black students has touched off difficult and often ugly debates over the question why. Are racist stereotypes to blame? Substandard schools? Cultural attitudes?

This long-running argument may bubble up again next year with the arrival of a book that argues minority communities themselves contribute to student failure.

The book, "Black American Students in an Affluent Suburb: A Study of Academic Disengagement" (Lawrence Erlbaum Associates), is by John U. Ogbu, an anthropology professor at the University of California at Berkeley and a well-known figure in the field of student achievement for more than three decades. Indeed, it was Mr. Ogbu's research that popularized the phrase "acting white" in the mid-1980's to help explain why black students might disdain behaviors associated with high achievement, like speaking standard grammatical English.

Now Mr. Ogbu is back, arguing with renewed fervor that his most recent research shows that African-Americans' own cultural attitudes are a serious problem that is too often neglected.

"No matter how you reform schools, it's not going to solve the problem," he said in an interview. "There are two parts of the problem, society and schools on one hand and the black community on the other hand."

Professor Ogbu's latest conclusions are highlighted in a study of blacks in Shaker Heights, Ohio, an affluent Cleveland suburb whose school district is equally divided between blacks and whites. As in many racially integrated school districts, the black students have lagged behind whites in grade-point averages, test scores and placement in high-level classes. Professor Ogbu was invited by black parents in 1997 to examine the district's 5,000 students to figure out why.

"What amazed me is that these kids who come from homes of doctors and lawyers are not thinking like their parents; they don't know how their parents made it," Professor Ogbu said in an interview. "They are looking at rappers in ghettos as their role models, they are looking at entertainers. The parents work two jobs, three jobs, to give their children everything, but they are not guiding their children."

For example, he said that middle-class black parents in general spent no more time on homework or tracking their children's schooling than poor white parents. And he said that while black students talked in detail about what efforts were needed to get an A and about their desire to achieve, too many nonetheless failed to put forth that effort.

Those kinds of attitudes reflect a long history of adapting to oppression and stymied opportunities, said Professor Ogbu, a Nigerian immigrant who has written that involuntary black immigrants behave like low-status minorities in other societies.

Not surprisingly, he said, the parents were disappointed when he turned the spotlight on them as well as the schools. Peggy Caldwell, a spokeswoman for the Shaker Heights City School District, said that minority families cared deeply about their children's academic achievement and the district was working with education experts to reduce the racial achievement gap. She noted that while Professor Ogbu called most of the black families in the district middle class, 10 to 12 percent live in poverty.

Also not surprisingly, many researchers take issue with some of Professor Ogbu's latest findings.

"When we asked if friends made fun of kids who do well in school, we don't find any racial difference in that," said Ronald F. Ferguson, a senior research associate at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard who analyzed a new study of 40,000 middle and high school students in 15 middle class school districts, including Shaker Heights.

Indeed, the study, which was administered by the Minority Student Achievement Network, an organization that explores ways to close the racial achievement gap, found that African-American and Latino students work as hard and care as much about school as white and Asian students do.

Mr. Ferguson said that while minorities lag behind whites in things like homework completion, it is wrong to infer that they aren't interested in school. "High achievers are more often accused of acting white than low achievers, but it's because the low achievers suspect the high achievers believe they are superior."

"It's things like talking too properly when you're in informal social settings," he continued. "It's hanging around white friends and acting like you don't want to be with your black friends. It's really about behavior patterns and not achievement."

Mr. Ferguson speculated that what Professor Ogbu saw was a clumsy attempt by black students to search for a comfortable racial identity. "What does it mean to be black?" he said. "What does it mean to be white? The community needs to help kids make sense of their own identity."

"I would agree with Ogbu that there are youth cultural patterns and behaviors that are counterproductive for academic success," he went on, mentioning socializing in class and spending too much time watching television. "But when they engage in those behaviors, they are not purposely avoiding academic success."

Other researchers have zeroed in on other culprits, whether inferior schools, lower teacher expectations, impoverished family backgrounds or some combination.

Theories of black intellectual inferiority, too, have popped up from the 1781 publication of Thomas Jefferson's "Notes on the State of Virginia" to "The Bell Curve" in 1994 and beyond. Given that sensitivity and the implications for policies like school desegregation and affirmative action, virtually every aspect of the academic gap has been examined.

Where Professor Ogbu found that some middle class blacks were clueless about their children's academic life, for example, Roslyn Arlin Mickelson, a sociology professor at the University of North Carolina, instead concluded that such parents were often excluded from the informal networks that white parents use for information about courses, gifted programs and testing. "I believe, based on my own research, that the center of gravity lies with the school system," she said.

Claude Steele, a Stanford University psychologist, meanwhile, has hypothesized that black students are responding to the fear of confirming lowered expectations.

And Walter R. Allen, a professor of sociology at the University of California at Los Angeles, said that even when racial minorities and whites attended the same schools, they could have radically different experiences because of tracking and teacher expectations.

Professor Allen is conducting a long-term project on college access for African-American and Latino high school students in California. In his view, black students sometimes underperform because of subtle exchanges with teachers who convey the message that they find the students inferior or frightening. And, he said, minority schools still overwhelmingly lack good teachers and adequate teaching tools.

He also pointed out that comparing the income level of black and white families, as Professor Ogbu did with his Midwestern subjects, can be misleading. Black incomes might be derived from two-career families juggling several jobs compared with a single breadwinner in white households.

Professor Ogbu is no stranger to controversy. His theory of "acting white" has been the subject of intense study since he first wrote about it in the mid-80's with Signithia Fordham, then a graduate student and now a professor of anthropology at the University of Rochester. They studied an inner-city Washington high school where students listed doing well in school among the "white" behaviors they rejected, like visiting the Smithsonian and dancing to lyrics rather than a beat.

The two anthropologists theorized that a long history of discrimination helped foster what is known in sociological lingo as an oppositional peer culture. Not only were students resisting the notion that white behavior was superior to their own, but they also saw no connection between good grades and finding a job.

Many scholars who have disputed those findings rely on a continuing survey of about 17,000 nationally representative students, which is conducted by the National Center for Education Statistics, an arm of the federal government. This self-reported survey shows that black students actually have more favorable attitudes than whites toward education, hard work and effort.

But that has by no means settled the debate. In the February issue of the American Sociological Review, for example, scholars who tackled the subject came to opposite conclusions. One article (by three scholars) said that the government data were not reliable because there was often a gap between what students say and what they do; another article by two others said they found that high-achieving black students were especially popular among their peers.

"It's difficult to determine what's going on," said Vincent J. Roscigno, a professor of sociology at Ohio State University who has studied racial differences in achievement. "'I'm sort of split on Ogbu. It's hard to compare a case analysis to a nationally representative statistical analysis. I do have a hunch that rural white poor kids are doing the same thing as poor black kids. I'm tentative about saying it's race-based."

Indeed, Professor Mickelson of the University of North Carolina found that ***working class*** whites as well as middle-class blacks were more apt to believe that doing well in school compromised their identity.

All these years later, Professor Fordham said, she fears that the acting-white idea has been distorted into blaming the victim. She said she wanted to advance the debate by looking at how race itself was a social fiction, rooted not just in skin color but also in behaviors and social status.

"Black kids don't get validation and are seen as trespassing when they exceed academic expectations," Professor Fordham said, echoing her initial research. "The kids turn on it, they sacrifice their spots in gifted and talented classes to belong to a group where they feel good."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: John U. Ogbu, a professor at the University of California at Berkeley, in his office. (Susan Ragan for The New York Times)(pg. B11) Drawing (Stephane Denis)(pg. B9)

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**End of Document**



[***CLINTON DEFENDS INCOME TAX CREDIT AGAINST G.O.P. CUT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-71S0-0005-G0JT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 19, 1995, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A;  Page 1;  Column 3;  National Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1015 words

**Byline:** By TODD S. PURDUM

By TODD S. PURDUM

**Dateline:** ASHINGTON, Sept. 18

**Body**

Casting himself as a defender of the ***working class*** and the American work ethic, President Clinton today sharply attacked Republican proposals to curb tax breaks for low-income families, warning that he might veto any such plan as "inconsistent with those basic, bedrock values this country should be standing for."

At the same time, Mr. Clinton praised the welfare overhaul efforts of Senate Republicans and said he believed Congress and the Administration would eventually compromise on an overall budget agreement, though probably not before the start of the next fiscal year on Oct. 1.

Mr. Clinton's comments, in a brief Oval Office interview with The New York Times suggested by the White House, amounted to the spearhead of an Administration-wide offensive against House and Senate proposals to limit the earned-income tax credit, a Federal rebate intended to help low-income workers keep more of their wages. Mr. Clinton expanded the credit significantly as part of his first budget in 1993.

He made the same point at a $1,000-a-plate fund-raising dinner in Philadelphia tonight. "We believe no one should be taxed into poverty," the President said.

The earned-income tax credit has a far lower political profile than popular behemoths like Medicare, and its fate is almost certain to become entangled in more sweeping budget measures Mr. Clinton already opposes. But Mr. Clinton has long cited the expansion of the credit as a major underappreciated accomplishment of his Administration, and attacking the Republican proposals lets him not only defend the interests of a core Democratic constituency, but also highlight Republican plans to cut taxes for the affluent.

Republicans contend that the tax credit program is subject to significant waste and abuse and that families earning well above the supposed limit -- in 1996, about $28,500 for a family with two or more children -- manage to benefit from the credit, in part because Social Security and pension benefits are not included in the limits. The House measure would count such income, and thus reduce eligibility for the credit.

"It's basically an income redistribution scheme that this Administration has greatly expanded, in my opinion, without really looking at its costs," said Senator Don Nickles, an Oklahoma Republican and co-sponsor of the principal Senate proposal.

The President said he, too, was committed to weeding out abuses, but the White House said the Senate Republican proposal for curtailing the benefit would increase taxes for 18 million taxpayers in 2002, by an average of $655. Mr. Clinton said that ran counter to the Republicans' professed desire to lower taxes.

"If there are problems in the administration of the program, let's fix those," Mr. Clinton said. "But let's don't raise taxes on working people while we're lowering taxes on everybody else in the country. It just does not make sense, and it is inconsistent with rewarding work and responsibility and strengthening families. It's inconsistent with those basic bedrock values this country should be standing for now."

About 45 million people benefit from the program, the Administration estimates, including about 15 million families and about 4.5 million people without children to whom the benefit was extended for the first time under the Clinton plan. The Republicans would eliminate the benefit for individuals and reduce it, to varying degrees, for families. Under current law, the income threshold at which the credit is phased out is adjusted for inflation, and the Senate proposal would also eliminate that provision, which the Administration contends would punish millions of workers.

In all, about 35 percent of American families benefit from the credit, and last year, 24,000 families with incomes above $50,000 a year got some benefit. That figure is expected to rise to 36,000 by next year, according to Congressional estimates. Before the 1993 expansion, the program was expected to cost about $20 billion next year; without changes, it is now expected to cost about $25 billion in 1996.

The program began in 1975 under the Ford Administration and was expanded by both George Bush and Ronald Reagan, a bipartisan legacy that Mr. Clinton took pains to point out today.

"You know, President Reagan said it was the best anti-poverty program ever devised," Mr. Clinton said.

Mr. Clinton spoke out today because the proposed changes in the tax credit are part of a much larger tax bill that the House Ways and Means Committee began considering tonight. The measure includes dozens of changes in the taxation of businesses, but it would not appreciably change the taxes owed by most individuals. The vote on the changes in the tax credit will probably be on Tuesday or Wednesday.

Mr. Clinton said cutting the tax credit was particularly inconsistent with bipartisan efforts to encourage work and reduce the welfare rolls.

"I think it will substantially undermine our ability to move people from welfare to work," Mr. Clinton said. "And more importantly, it will make a statement that we're backing off of this value that we want people to succeed as workers and as parents. And if -- that if they're willing to work, no matter how meager their incomes, we want to lift them above poverty, if they work full time."

The White House contends that counting Social Security benefits as part of the income limits could have harsh effects on older poor people, who often care for grandchildren born to single mothers.

Representative E. Clay Shaw Jr., Republican of Florida, a sponsor of the House measure to reduce the credit, said he had no quarrel with making it available to those with incomes below about $11,600 a year. But he said he wanted to reverse the growth that Mr. Clinton undertook and to count Social Security and interest income toward the eligibility limits.

"We're trying to take what basically was originally a Republican program and smooth it out a little bit and just bring it down a little bit," he said. "I think this should include all your resources. If you have $2,000 a year from a C.D. account, that should certainly be included."

**Graphic**

Photo: President Clinton yesterday attacked Republican proposals to curtail the earned-income tax credit for low-income families, saying he might veto such a plan as inconsistent with "basic, bedrock values." He met with a senior adviser, George Stephanopoulos, background, and others in the Oval Office. (David Scull/The New York Times)

Chart: "ROUNDUP: About the Earned-Income Tax Credit"

HISTORY -- Enacted in 1975 to give adults with children incentives to work instead of relying on welfare. For those who qualify, it provides a tax credit of 7 to 40 cents on each dollar earned. The criteria for who qualifies were expanded in 1986, 1990 and again in 1993.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE -- On average, 35 percent of all families with children take advantage of the credit in any given year. Here are the broad criteria for receiving the credit.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  |  |  |
|  | Income must | Maximum |
| Group | be less than | 1995 credit |
|  |  |  |
| Families with two or more children | $25,296 | $2,528 |
| Families with one child | $23,755 | $2,038 |
| Families with no children | $9,000 | $306 |

Through the end of July, the Internal Revenue Service had received 18.5 million claims and paid out $20.6 billion for the year, with the average claim about $1,113. Under the 1996 benefit schedule, the credit would lift about 4.5 million Americans above the poverty line, according to the Urban Institute.

HOW IT WORKS -- Taypayers must fill out a one-page form to accompany a completed 1040 or 1040A form. The refund can be received either in a lump sum or spread out over a year.

EXCEPTIONS -- In 1994, 24,000 families with incomes over $50,000 received a credit. In 1996, the figure is expected to rise to 36,000. Most of these families get the bulk of their income from Social Security or private pensions. The credit is also available to low-income workers who do not have children. (pg. A18)

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[***Blaming Nixon***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YBP-J3K0-00MH-F22H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 16, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 10; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Column 1;; Review

**Length:** 1403 words

**Byline:** By Brent Staples;

Brent Staples writes editorials on politics and culture for The Times and is the author of the memoir "Parallel Time: Growing Up in Black and White."

By Brent Staples; Brent Staples writes editorials on politics and culture for The Times and is the author of the memoir "Parallel Time: Growing Up in Black and White."

**Body**

America Divided

The Civil War of the 1960s.

By Maurice Isserman

and Michael Kazin.

Illustrated. 358 pp. New York:

Oxford University Press. $30.

The triumph of the liberal ethos is evident in environmentalism, multiculturalism, feminism, the civil rights revolution and several other transforming movements that came to life in the 1960's. But Americans who revere the liberal legacy often demean the decade that produced it, so much so that the term "liberal" has evolved into an epithet. In "America Divided," Maurice Isserman and Michael Kazin trace this paradoxical view of liberalism to 1972, when Richard Nixon crushed George McGovern by portraying the Democrats as a band of longhairs and welfare cheats whose leaders wished to "throw money" at social problems instead of taking a hard-nosed approach to solving them.

The traditional analysis holds that liberal Democrats fell from grace because they embraced African-Americans and the white radical left -- at a time when both were rioting in the streets -- thus alienating the white ***working class*** that had once been a bedrock Democratic constituency. Isserman and Kazin dispute this view, arguing that Nixon copied progressive ideas while misrepresenting liberalism to the voters. But by fixating on political tactics that are nearly a third of a century old, Isserman and Kazin unintentionally show that the liberal movement was killed not by Nixon's shrewdness but by a failure to create a coherent politics that the voters could understand and appreciate.

Among other things, Isserman and Kazin argue that the Democratic shift toward liberals and the poor never really happened; that Democrats never really spent gazillions of dollars on government programs; and that liberals never really got a chance to govern but were robbed of their good names by that evil genius Nixon, who invented all manner of political libel, wounding liberalism terminally.

Isserman and Kazin are impassioned liberals who have never been shy of the label. The two were college radicals together in Portland, Ore., and belonged to the same "revolutionary youth collective." Isserman, a professor of history at Hamilton College and the author of "If I Had a Hammer: The Death of the Old Left and the Birth of the New Left," among other works, has written extensively about American Communism. Kazin, who teaches history at Georgetown, is the son of the writer Alfred Kazin and the author of "The Populist Persuasion," an account of American populism.

"America Divided" tries to create a conceptual map of the forces that ripped the 1960's apart. Like many such histories, this one begins with discontented teenagers and housewives who inhabited the predictable and unremittingly white "Leave It to Beaver" suburbs at the end of the 50's and were casting about for something to energize their lives. That something turned out to be the civil rights movement, which provided a tactical template first for the antiwar protests, then for the feminist and gay rights movements that would come alive later in the decade.

The book moves through 14 chapters that interweave the various protest movements throughout the administrations of John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. The chapters on the three presidents themselves are competent and insightful, but nothing you wouldn't know if you were alive at the time.

The chapter entitled "The Making of a Youth Culture" is morally problematic, as is the period it describes. In the age of the AIDS epidemic, it is startling to see Isserman and Kazin describing the poet Allen Ginsberg as "an exceedingly generous soul" who "delighted in sharing his poetic visions, his semen and a variety of mind-altering drugs" with everyone he met. Ginsberg, of course, could not have anticipated AIDS. But two authors writing today should recognize that the word "semen" in this context has the resonance of a gunshot to the head.

The sexual revolution -- like the youth movement in which it flourished -- was 100 percent adolescent appetite, writ large and raging through the streets. But in the hands of Isserman and Kazin, it becomes a means to an end for radicals who "believed that the path to defeating repression, both societal and personal, lay in the rapid spread of a sensual, creative lifestyle." Here as elsewhere, "America Divided" makes the wild and random elements of the decade seem part of a rational, utopian design.

The discussion of how the women's movement emerged from the New Left is intensely interesting. By the middle of the decade, women who joined the "revolution" were bristling at being assigned to second-class roles. In a 1964 position paper circulated to the members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, Mary King and Casey Hayden (then Tom Hayden's wife) asked why women in SNCC who were "competent, qualified and experienced are automatically assigned to the 'female' kinds of jobs such as: typing, desk work, telephone work, filing, library work, cooking," while generally being excluded from "executive" positions. The SNCC leader Stokely Carmichael responded that "the position of women in SNCC is prone!" -- which was apparently the closest thing to a conciliatory response that King and Hayden got. The backlash against sexism in the revolution pushed the women's movement into full bloom.

Isserman and Kazin are far too sentimental about the New Left, especially given the testimony provided over the last decade by former radicals like Ronald Radosh, David Horowitz and Peter Collier. As Collier has put it: "What we called politics in the 60's . . . was an Oedipal revolt on a grand scale; a no-fault acting out. We liked to think of ourselves as characters out of Malraux." But "we were always political Katzenjammer kids whose mischief turned homicidal somewhere along the way."

Professional 60's-bashers get tiresome too. But they are right to view the Students for a Democratic Society as, for the most part, spoiled brats who posed as revolutionaries while being subsidized by their parents at college. In California, Tom Hayden of S.D.S. struck up what can only be called a romance with the Black Panther Party, a former California street gang that informants have since told us was routinely involved in murder and the protection racket. Recent portraits of the relations between S.D.S. and the Black Panthers reek of radical eroticism, with the street criminal Huey Newton strutting around shirtless as white boys from the suburbs admired his physique and his animal fierceness, egging him on to violence. By contrast, the portrait of the New Left offered in "America Divided" depicts a group of flawed but earnest idealists.

In political terms, what the authors wish us to see is that the conservative view of the 60's -- that liberals ran the country and threw money at social programs -- bears no relation to what actually happened. Isserman and Kazin argue that the Kennedy administration had only the trappings of liberalism, but marginalized true liberals who ended up, in John Kenneth Galbraith's words, like "Indians firing occasional arrows into the campsite from outside." Isserman and Kazin tell us that Johnson's War on Poverty was sound and fury, overhyped and underfinanced from the start. But what peeves them most is that the bulk of the so-called liberal spending took place under Nixon, whose urban policies dwarfed even Johnson's, and who went along with large Congressional outlays for social welfare programs from Social Security to Aid to Families With Dependent Children. Nixon then reversed himself at election time, criticizing liberals as big spenders while paying liberals "the flattery of stealing their programs."

But the liberal collapse went deeper than a mere failure to match Nixon's sloganeering. By 1972, the Democrats were unable to muster a rhetoric that could explain the party to the electorate -- or bind together the warring factions that were tearing the Democrats to pieces. While the liberals cast about in disarray, the Republicans developed an effective antiliberal rhetoric and stuck with it to great effect, eventually landing Ronald Reagan in the White House. The tactic of demonizing liberalism succeeded because liberals lacked a clear vision of who they were or what their movement hoped to accomplish. Unable to defend themselves rhetorically, they were marginalized and defamed -- even as the changes they set in motion transformed the culture.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Victor Moscoso)

**Load-Date:** January 16, 2000

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[***Socialists Retain Power in Sweden***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-41D0-0014-5383-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 19, 1988, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1152 words

**Byline:** By CRAIG R. WHITNEY, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** STOCKHOLM, Sept. 18

**Body**

Sweden's governing Social Democratic Party retained its dominant position in national elections today, enabling Prime Minister Ingvar Carlsson to claim a mandate to go on governing the country for the next three years.

But the voters sent a new group to Parliament - the Greens Environment Party, which won more than 5 percent of the total on broad promises to bring Sweden back into a simpler, agrarian age by making energy use and pollution more expensive.

They will also bring more unpredictability into Swedish politics than it has known for years, since they will have about 20 seats when the final results are posted officially on Wednesday. This prompted a voter interviewed on television tonight to say that the seals who died in the North Sea last summer had been the biggest winners.

The biggest losers were the three opposition conservative parties, which together lost 21 seats. Swedish political commentators said the conservatives obtained a smaller number of votes than in their worst previous showing, in 1940.

Greens Are Jubilant

The Greens, the first new party to enter Parliament in 70 years, were jubilant tonight, going en masse to the Parliament building on an island in the Old City tonight to have themselves photographed in the legislative chamber.

The group has no national chairman and has said it will refuse to enter into a coalition agreement with any other party if it got into Parliament. Eva Goes, one of their spokeswomen, said tonight: ''People keep saying which Prime Minister will we support. We'll support the Green bloc, nothing else.''

Mr. Carlsson's Social Democrats got a little less than 44 percent of the vote, down nearly a percentage point from the last elections in 1985, doing particularly badly in Stockholm. With the Left Party-Communist, which gained 2 seats for a total of 21, Mr. Carlsson will continue to have a comfortable majority of 179 seats in the 349-seat Parliament, according to projections by Swedish Television tonight with nearly all of the 734 precincts counted.

The Social Democrats, with or without a majority, have governed Sweden for 50 of the last 56 years.

'Pleased, Happy, Grateful'

The 53-year-old Prime Minister claimed victory tonight and said, ''I think Sweden can continue to be firmly and efficiently governed.'' He described himself as ''pleased, happy and grateful.''

''I welcome the Greens into Parliament,'' he said. ''I think it's good for them they won't have a power broker role.''

Bo Torreson, the Social Democrats' party secretary, credited their family protection policies and pledges to improve worker safety for what he called a vote of confidence.

Only 85.8 percent of the 6.4 million people over 18 who were eligible to vote actually cast ballots, the lowest turnout in decades. Brilliant fall sunshine may have kept the number low today, but nearly two million people sent in their votes by mail starting Aug. 25.

The new Parliament will convene Oct. 2.

Pledges on Environment

The 53-year-old Prime Minister, who succeeded Olof Palme after his assassination on a downtown Stockholm street on Feb. 28, 1986, focused his campaign on the usual Swedish domestic issues. He asked the voters to give him a continuing mandate to maintain and improve the welfare system and to let him try to reduce taxes somewhat from their present high rates, which make government tax revenues the equivalent of 56 percent of the gross national product.

The three opposition conservative groups - the Center Party, Moderate Party and the Liberal Party - contended that economic growth, now about 2 percent a year, would be higher if they were in government, but they were unable to agree on a joint platform for reducing taxes. They also pledged to make improvements to the welfare system and expand child care.

Spurred by the strength of the Greens Environment Party and public opinion polls that showed concern about the environment outweighed these issues, all the parties made promises to take action to make Sweden's forests, seas and skies cleaner. Bengt Westerberg, the Liberal Party chairman, said that ''economics and ecology must merge'' and Mr. Carlsson pledged to make the Social Democrats ''a better environmental party than we've ever been.''

Mr. Carlsson faced a series of political scandals during the summer. The Justice Minister, Anna-Greta Leijon, had to resign after it became known that she had commissioned a publisher to pursue a private inquiry into the mystery of who killed Mr. Palme. The official police investigation has made no headway in more than two and a half years of inquiry.

Other disclosures about Swedish arms sales abroad and a trade union leader who used his influence with the party to get his daughter ahead of a long waiting list for Stockholm apartments were also thought to have diminished the enthusiasm of the Social Democratic faithful about going to the polls.

A Growing Concern

Mr. Carlsson's election eve rallies in Goteborg on Saturday, complete with red banners and the singing of the Internationale, attracted a high proportion of older voters. He attributed this fact to his party organization's failure to reach out to the younger, more affluent Swedes who are moving into formerly solid ***working class*** neighborhoods in the inner cities.

The Greens presented 32 candidates for Parliament. One, Borje Engholm, withdrew before the election when the newspaper Expressen disclosed he had filed no tax returns for six years. He was the party's tax expert.

Concern about the environment has been growing throughout Europe this year, partly out of pity for thousands of seals who died around the North Sea this summer from a mysterious virus, which many assume must be related somehow to pollution.

Green parties are represented in seven other national parliaments in Europe, including West Germany and Italy, but not Britain.

Sweden's Greens, who are represented in about half the country's municipal governments, promised ''to launch an all-out attack on the ongoing devastation of the environment'' if they were elected to Parliament.

They pledged to reduce taxes for low-income wage earners and impose new charges on energy use and emission of pollutants by factories and motor vehicles. They wished to ban incineration of refuse, tax pesticides and chemical fertilizers, bar all exports of Swedish weaponry, and end all new road and highway construction, saying the country should spend the money instead on electrified railroads.

But they also said they would improve state-provided care for the elderly and extend it for children, things Mr. Carlsson also pledged to try to do in the next three-year legislative period.

He said Saturday that if the vote enabled him to stay in office, he hoped that would signal a chance for a turn to the left in international politics.

''And I hope there may be in the United States a chance for a Democratic administration, if I may interfere in the U.S. election,'' he said.

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[***NOTICED;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y67-J8B0-00RP-K54Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Sensible Shoe Becomes Hip, From Runways to Rap Videos***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y67-J8B0-00RP-K54Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1267 words

**Byline:** By JULIA CHAPLIN

By JULIA CHAPLIN

**Body**

RAP videos often seem like Egyptian tombs, carefully packed with the musician's most prized possessions. So when Ghostface Killah, a member of the rap collective Wu Tang Clan, set out to make the video for his single "Apollo Kids," he included the things held closest to his heart: a silver Mercedes sedan, beautiful women in skimpy black bikinis, and his very own Clarks Wallabee shoe factory.

In the video, Ghostface, decked in furs and gold medallions, struts past conveyor belts where muscular men in head scarves are assembling the moccasin-style Wallabee with its gum sole. He breaks into rhyme: "U.G. rock the sweet daddy long fox mink/chicken and broccoli Wally's look stink."

"It means slick dressers wear brown-and-green-dyed Wallabees," Ghostface explained in an interview.

Sports cars, leggy babes and Gucci suits -- sure. They're to be expected in the world of rap. But a sensible shoe synonymous with middle age, sold by a 174-year-old English company? It sounds unlikely, but it's true: Wallabees are fly wear. Not to mention their close cousins, Clarks Desert Boots, which have been appearing on the feet of D.J.'s spinning at Joe's Pub and at Anna Sui runway shows.

"I have over 100 pairs of Wallabees," Ghostface gloated. And he's not alone. Other rappers, including Ol' Dirty Bastard, RZA, Wycleff Jean of the Fugees and Fat Joe also have Wallabees in their closets, according to representatives for the artists. Phat Farm, the hip-hop clothing company owned by Russell Simmons, recently came out with a line of Wallabee look-alikes. And Lugz, another imitator, is endorsed by Snoop Doggy Dogg.

Clarks have periodically been part of a uniform for rebellious youth since the mid-1960's, when British mods on their Vespa motor scooters paired straight-leg pants with Desert Boots, soft, ankle-high boots with two sets of eyelets inspired by the the styles bought by British troops in Cairo during World War II. The look was revived in England by the Who's 1979 rock opera, "Quadrophenia," and again in the mid-90's by British pop bands like Oasis, Pulp and Blur. But in the United States, brightly colored, high-tech sneakers pushed Clarks into the background, and they were the domain mostly of the computer programming set.

But more recently, disparate American style tribes have resurrected Clarks as a symbol of cool. The rap contingent likes Wallabees because of their retro appeal, which can be traced to a wave of Jamaican immigrants who came to New York in the 70's and paired Clarks with suits. "African-Americans saw it as an alternative to sneakers and jeans and incorporated it into their look," said Slick Rick, a rapper, whose parents were born in Jamaica and later moved to the Bronx. "It's a way to be casual but not look like a scrub. The ladies like that."

Then there's the geek-chic crowd, whose style is based on a humorous reworking of American kitsch culled from 70's television shows like "Welcome Back, Kotter" and "Vegas."

"It's gone full circle," said Evan Bernard, a Wallabee fan who has directed videos for the Beastie Boys and Green Day. "Wallabees used to be considered something only geeky loser kids wore, but now cool kids want to look like geeks. It's hip to look square."

Meanwhile, the electronic-music crowd in New York now wears Desert Boots in homage to all things British and mod. Desert Boots were first adopted by mods in 60's London after the fashion of Jamaican ***working-class*** immigrants, particularly those known as rude boys, who were fans of ska music. "If you were white and wanted to be a rebel back then, adopting 'rude boy' culture was the way to do it," said Don Letts, a filmmaker who made "Westway to the World," a documentary about the Clash.

Sean Mortensen, a photographer who was spinning records recently at Joe's Pub, said, "The mods were all about dressing for subversion." He was wearing Clarks Desert Treks, a shoe style inspired by the Desert Boot, and Helmut Lang straight-cut jeans. "Clarks are great because you can wear them to a business meeting with a blazer and jeans," he said, "and it's a much edgier statement than, say, the 'David Geffen 1980's alternative businessman' look of white sneakers and a baseball hat."

Of course, as time goes by, the record of who wore what when tends to get a bit foggy. "Most consumers are either unaware or only vaguely aware of the Clarks image being a mod 60's boot or from Jamaican rude boys," said Valerie Steele, the chief curator at the Fashion Institute of Technology. "People have their own associations and probably buy Clarks primarily because they like the way they look."

This fall, Barneys New York, that paragon of urban chic, began selling Clarks for the first time, alongside Miu Miu. "Clarks are part of a backlash to label awareness," said Judith Gilliard, the women's shoe buyer for the Co-op at Barneys. "If you see someone with a Fendi bag or a Miu Miu shoe, you can make deductions about their wealth and taste. Clarks are more anti-establishment, because it's not as easy to attach an identity to them."

The rediscovery of Clarks by high fashion is part of a broader embrace of humble, even homely footwear by designers in recent years. Birkenstocks, Earth Shoes and Teva sandals -- staples of 70's communes -- have all inspired imitations by Prada, Comme des Garcons and Paul Smith. Anna Sui, known for her retro rock-star style, showed the Desert Boot on the runway with her fall 1999 collection.

To capitalize on the interest, Clarks last year began marketing 16 of its older models as Clarks Originals, including the Desert Boot and the Wallabee. Sales of the classic models, which account for 15 percent of Clarks' total business in the United States and Canada, have more than doubled since 1996.

"Even though the majority of Clarks' business is with our contemporary comfort line marketed to the over-35 set, a group of younger customers have recently emerged who have made it clear that they're only interested in the classics," said Bob Instantino, the president of Clarks in North America. "It would be silly to ignore them."

The company also created several new styles this fall dubbed New Originals, which are classic designs pulled from the archives and updated with more aggressive-looking, exaggerated shapes. One of the most popular is the Redland, basically a Wallabee boot that has been given a contemporary silhouette by stretching the crepe sole over the toe in front and over the heel in back.

"Younger, fashion-savvy consumers have become more interested in seeing the design and craft process in the construction of the shoe," said Susan Dooley, the director of marketing for Clarks. Ms. Steele of F.I.T. said the popularity of Clarks stems from "almost a kind of primitiveness that strikes people as seeming authentic."

"Clarks are not trying to be more than they are, and because of that, they seem cooler," she added.

At Nylon Squid, a boutique on Lafayette Street that sells British imports and caters to the post-rave crowd, there are several shelves of the latest Clarks imitations, by companies like Tsubo and Duffer. The store doesn't carry Clarks, said its owner, who goes by the single name Harry, because they are available in too many stores on lower Broadway. But the classic and practical shape, he said, fits the ready-for-anything look of youthful fashions that include Velcro closures, detachable hoods and messenger bags as accessories.

"People today want to trek around the earth, from nightclubs to various cities," Harry said, "and if they try to do it in a platform boot, they're likely to get blisters. You need comfortable shoes."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: In the video for his single "Apollo Kids," Ghostface Killah has his very own Clarks Wallabee shoe factory. (Epic Records/Razor Sharp); The Clarks Desert Boot, which traces its origins to World War II.; Sincerest form of flattery: Clarks' imitators could fill a couple of shelves. From top, styles by Lugz, Phat Farm, Tsubo, Duffer and Paul Smith. (Tony Cenicola for The New York Times)

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[***For Better or for Worse***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-73W0-0005-G349-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Laura Shapiro is a senior writer at Newsweek.

By Laura Shapiro;    Laura Shapiro is a senior writer at Newsweek.

**Body**

RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

Four Couples and

American Marriage Today.

By Lis Harris.

256 pp. New York:

Simon & Schuster. $23.

DIVORCE

An Oral Portrait.

By George Feifer.

322 pp. New York: The New Press. $25.

IT'S hard to say which of these perfectly good books will leave readers more depressed: Lis Harris's portraits of four long-lasting marriages or George Feifer's interviews with two dozen ex-spouses. Maybe Mr. Feifer's tales of the formerly married are easier to take in the end, if only because there are so many of them that after a while the mind simply goes numb. Now, who is it whose wife has cancer and kicks him out of the apartment and he can't even get back in to get his bar mitzvah pictures? Oh yes, Harry Strauss.

If "Rules of Engagement" doesn't exactly inspire a pell-mell rush to the altar, the fault doesn't lie with Ms. Harris (the author of "Holy Days: The World of a Hasidic Family"); the four profiles here are thoroughly astute and written with care and grace. But deliver us, Lord, from some of these happy marriages. Sarah and Eaton McLane's, for instance. (Ms. Harris, like Mr. Feifer, has changed names and identifying details.) The McLanes live in eight "sun-filled" rooms on Central Park West, surrounded by antiques and silver. They enjoy concerts, country weekends and spending time with their four grown children. But Eaton was an uninterested father when the children were small; he insists on making financial and home-decorating decisions unilaterally, to Sarah's instant and intractable rage; and it never occurs to him to fix in memory the name of the place where she's been working for the past 10 years. Their rip-roaring fights are legendary -- and probably help keep the couple glued together. These two seem to take more pleasure and comfort in the life they've built around themselves than they do in each other.

Then come Mike and Claire Robbins, a ***working-class*** couple in Matawan, N.J. Ms. Harris writes sensitively here, but it would take a Tennessee Williams to do them justice. Mike is a recovering alcoholic whose parents hated each other; Claire has two children from a previous marriage, one of whom is a teen-age girl who can't read and now has two babies of her own. By putting in constant overtime at a chemical company, Mike can make around $45,000 in a good year, while Claire makes $12,000 as a hospital worker. They rarely converse -- he's usually exhausted and she's usually depressed. They don't socialize as a couple with friends or family, they don't read, they don't go to the movies, they never eat together. Years ago they had a baby, who died. For a while, Claire went to live with a guy named Matt. One day Mike remarks to Ms. Harris that he and Claire never bothered to get married. "But 22 years sure feels like a marriage," he tells her. "Most of the longtime couples we know are like us."

The chapter on Carlita and Samuel Jackson does much to restore the spirits. Black and middle-class, the Jacksons are both employed by a Harlem church with numerous social-action programs; both do volunteer work as well, and Samuel works nights as a security guard. They have two young children. Money is short and their days are frantic, but the Jacksons face life as allies. They share as much domestic work as schedules permit, and they both believe in raising children with discipline (including spanking). At first, Ms. Harris writes, "the Jacksons' old-fashioned child-raising views bothered me. Their strictness seemed so out of sync with the times." She also found this couple more reserved than the others, less willing to talk about the inevitable struggles in their relationship. Later she came to view their reticence, and their emphasis on teaching decent behavior, as a means of "shoring things up" against a threatening world. Maybe it's just because we're not privy to any agonized self-scrutiny with this couple, but their marriage appears to be grounded in unusually healthy soil: generosity, common sense and powerful values.

Many baby boomers will have a soft spot for Neal and Vera Clark, well-educated products of the 1960's who make less money than any of the other couples but don't fuss about it. Domestic equality seems to have come fairly easily to them: Neal is an artist and did most of the child care while Vera finished school. Now she's a teacher and he counsels high school dropouts. Incredibly, the Clarks survived a long period of open marriage, during which Neal -- who had pushed for sexual freedom over Vera's reluctance -- had one affair and she had five. Apparently they emerged with enough strength to survive an even more trying experience, at least for New Yorkers: the loss of their rent-controlled apartment. In 1990, they celebrated their 25th anniversary with champagne for breakfast and an abiding gratitude for their good fortune. Neal and Vera "consider themselves signally blessed in having each other," Ms. Harris says, in what amounts to a pretty good prescription for wedded bliss, or at least wedded stick-to-it-iveness.

IT is tempting to wonder how even the happiest of Ms. Harris's couples would have sounded had they ended up in Mr. Feifer's book instead. Most of his wretched interviewees started out in marriage just the way her relatively contented ones did: hopeful, uncertain and only dimly acquainted with that person standing next to them behind the wedding cake. Mr. Feifer, the author of many books, including "Tennozan: The Battle of Okinawa and the Atomic Bomb," lets all his subjects speak for themselves, and they include judges, lawyers, therapists and the grown children of divorced parents, as well as divorced men and women. The result is grimly fascinating, a kind of oral history documenting human nature at its most unappealing.

True, we're hearing only one side in each couple's story -- for instance, Betsy Loomis's description of the day her husband handed her a note requesting a divorce while she was in bed nursing their seventh child. ("He said it was because I'd cut my hair in the hospital, which I wouldn't have done if I cared about him.") But it is hard to work up more than a dutiful curiosity about what "really" happened when the version offered by the presumably wronged partner is so irredeemably dreary. ("We agreed to sell the house and split the proceeds 50-50. . . . But when we went to the lawyers to sign, my wife said she wanted a brand-new car. . . . Well, I want to tell you, I started screaming.") Just about everyone hates the lawyers, and some of the lawyers who are interviewed don't improve matters. One explains that he never tries to mediate and doesn't believe mediation is possible. After all, people have rights. "Whatever one party gets, the other gets that much less," he points out. "No, not a single thing can be mutually beneficial." Most appalling throughout is the number of parents who put their children's welfare last, even while claiming overwhelming love for them.

To get the most out of these books, try reading them one after the other -- the order won't matter. Better yet, booksellers might consider packaging them in a two-volume set and tying on a few fake lilies of the valley, for an excellent cautionary wedding present.

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***The Night Ali-Liston Came to Lewiston***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5G1H-FWK1-JBG3-60DS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By HARVEY ARATON

**Body**

LEWISTON, Me. -- A couple of times each month, with the rate accelerating during summer, a car will pull into the parking lot of a small, quaint multipurpose arena on Birch Street in this once-thriving mill city along the banks of the Androscoggin River.

Mike Cain, who manages the building for his father's company, will notice the visitors from his office as they look up uncertainly at the property's most modern feature, a two-tone gray brick facade built a decade ago, with their cameras or smartphones poised.

If he is not too busy, Cain will go outside, say hello.

''From all over the world, people come,'' he said. ''They say, 'Is this where the fight really happened?' ''

Yes, he will tell them, this is where Muhammad Ali knocked out Sonny Liston in the first round of their championship rematch with his so-called phantom punch in 1965. And until the city of Lewiston gave the distressed building a face-lift and paved its dirt parking lot before selling it to private owners about seven years ago, time had virtually stood still.

Hollywood once called with a request for an old photo of the arena while planning for a 2001 biopic on Ali, starring Will Smith. The film people were told that nothing much had changed from 1965.

The old place -- back then alternately called St. Dominic's Arena or the Central Maine Youth Center -- still looked like a cross between an airplane hangar and an oversize barn. Behind the facade, it still does.

Inside what is now called the Androscoggin Bank Colisée, the original salmon-color seats have been repainted blue, but a timeless atmospheric quality remains. Walk through its shadowed center, where a boxing ring was once hastily installed in the middle of a hockey rink, and it could be 50 years ago May 25, when a heavyweight championship circus descended on unsuspecting Lewiston, when a brash 23-year-old champion -- introduced for the first time as Muhammad Ali, rather than Cassius Clay -- stood over a fallen Liston, shouting, ''Get up and fight, sucker!''

In this no-frills arena, set in a modest residential neighborhood and originally built by a parish in 1958 for high school hockey games, the golden anniversary of what many would consider the most controversial, and craziest, title fight in history will be celebrated Monday night with a premiere showing of a 27-minute documentary, ''Raising Ali.''

Charlie Hewitt, an artist who splits his time between New York and Portland, Me., but spent his early life in Lewiston, is the film's executive producer. He undertook the project not so much to commemorate the fight as to cast it as a metaphor for the city's continuing plight.

''It's a sentimental portrait of a struggling old factory town that was visited by greatness,'' Hewitt, 68, said. ''And what Ali told Liston as he was standing over him resonates today. Lewiston is still trying to get up and fight.''

Lewiston and its smaller sister city across the river, Auburn, are about 130 miles north of Boston in south-central Maine. In the 19th century, they became a magnet for factory workers migrating by rail from Quebec. Textiles were produced on the Lewiston side of the river, shoes on the Auburn side.

Over time, the area surged in population, to a combined 60,000, becoming a stronghold of blue-collar Franco-Americans. Lewiston's downtown bustled with activity and commerce.

By the late 20th century, the jobs had gone elsewhere, leaving a gritty business district dotted with bars and pawnshops along the main drag, Lisbon Street. The prestigious Bates College -- named for Benjamin E. Bates, whose riverfront mill on Canal Street in Lewiston was once Maine's largest employer -- provided an antithesis: a leafy oasis of privilege.

''In the 1960s, it was really difficult for most Bates students to integrate in the community because most of the people spoke French and lived a hard life,'' said Peter Heyel, who graduated from Bates in 1965. ''Looking back from our 2015 perspective, when I think about why we wouldn't integrate, it was us who didn't belong.''

Long before Lewiston adopted an orphaned Ali-Liston rematch less than three weeks before it was to take place, the city snugly fit the fight-game demographic. As far back as the 1930s, boxers from around New England slugged it out in a ring at City Hall, where on Sept. 24, 1946, Aurele Couture, one of Lewiston's own, knocked out Ralph Walton in 10.5 seconds.

Fred Hall, a local businessman in his late 70s, recalled Jersey Joe Walcott and Sugar Ray Robinson fighting in exhibition matches at the red-brick armory on Central Avenue, where the 39th annual Twin City Gun Show was held in March.

''Lewiston was always a good fight town,'' said Hall, who attended the Ali-Liston fight.

Nowhere has the city's pugilistic history been celebrated and continued more than in the armory basement, where fight night posters from across the decades adorn the walls. Here, Joe Gamache Sr. has for 37 years operated a club that produced the state's only native world champion -- his son, Joey -- in the World Boxing Association's superfeatherweight and lightweight divisions in the early 1990s.

But nothing, Gamache said, compared to the night when the greatest names in boxing -- from James J. Braddock to Joe Louis to Ali himself -- streamed into town, trailed by Frank Sinatra and Elizabeth Taylor, among the rich and famous.

''I mean, we're going to have a heavyweight title fight in Lewiston?'' Gamache said. ''Everybody was amazed, couldn't believe it. Sam Michael negotiated that, and people around here made him out to be a legend.''

'Call Cleveland'

Michael was a local fight promoter, a pawnshop owner and the city's economic development commissioner. On May 6, 1965, he was speaking to the Chamber of Commerce in Norway, Me., about 20 miles away, when he was handed a message: ''Call Cleveland.''

He was soon on the phone with Intercontinental Promotions, which was based in Cleveland and had the rights to the Ali-Liston rematch of their 1964 bout in Miami, along with a $3.5 million closed-circuit television deal.

The Cleveland people told Michael that the plug had been pulled on the fight's original site, Boston Garden, because Massachusetts law enforcement feared a setup to force a rubber match. There also were rumors of threats against Ali -- who, after winning the title in 1964, had joined the Nation of Islam and changed his name to Cassius X, and then Ali -- in retaliation for the February 1965 assassination of Malcolm X.

Liston's troubles with the law did not help. He had recently been charged with speeding, careless and reckless driving and carrying a concealed weapon.

John Michael, Sam's son, said the Cleveland promoters would have held the fight in a cornfield, so desperate were they not to lose the closed-circuit money, the sport's newest revenue producer.

''My father told them, 'Put it in Lewiston,' '' said John Michael, who still lives in Maine.

Sam Michael knew that Portland, the state's biggest city, only about 35 miles south of Lewiston, would have made more sense. John Michael said his father simply preferred the convenience of home.

John H. Reed, Maine's governor at the time, loved the idea that a heavyweight championship fight would be held for the first time anywhere in his sparsely populated state, as did George Russo, the head of the Maine Boxing Commission, which was based in Portland. That left final approval of Lewiston to Larry Raymond Jr., a young county district attorney.

Still practicing law in Lewiston, Raymond recalled telling Michael, ''If Liston hasn't broken any law in Androscoggin County, I have no problem with him.''

Reed announced the fight on May 7. It was officially on its way. John Michael, then 14, went to school that morning with a scoop on his hands. He bragged to classmates of his father's coup, telling them to check out that afternoon's edition of The Lewiston Evening Journal.

No one believed him. He took bets.

''Kids put up $5 with 5-1 odds,'' he said. ''I made good money.''

Sam Michael, his Cleveland benefactors and Lewiston had 19 days to prepare for the match and the invasion of the fight crowd, including a news media armada numbering in the hundreds. Lewiston and Auburn had a total of two two-story hotels. But only a dozen miles away was the Poland Spring House, once a grand resort.

Saul Feldman, who owned a hotel in northern Massachusetts, had purchased the fading resort in 1962, and three generations of Feldmans moved north. That first week of May 1965, 8-year-old Michael Feldman sat on his grandfather's lap as Saul huddled in his office with the promoters, who were pushing to have Ali or Liston train there to promote the fight locally.

Michael Feldman, now a real estate broker in Brunswick, Me., recalled his grandfather telling them: ''You're giving me quite a choice. One guy's with the black Muslims and the other may be owned by the mob.''

Nodding toward young Michael, one of the promoters suggested he take Liston. ''Sonny loves kids,'' he said.

The Bear's in Town

Soon enough, the Feldman family welcomed Liston, the so-called Big Bear, who arrived with two smaller ones in cages, along with a couple of food tasters in his entourage.

While Ali camped in Chicopee, Mass., until checking into the Holiday Inn in Auburn two days before the fight, Liston stayed in another building on the resort property, the Mansion House, training in the ballroom. Scores of gawkers from Lewiston and Auburn drove over to see him. Many in Lewiston still recall Liston looking slow, older than his listed age of 31. One of his sparring partners, Amos Lincoln, who was known as Big Train, was bragging that he could hit Liston at will.

The legitimacy of Lincoln's claim and, by extension, Ali's victory was complicated further by the second-round knockout Liston scored over the same Lincoln in 1968, two years before Liston's death.

Whatever shape Liston was in, he did turn out to be child-friendly, fulfilling Michael Feldman's wish for him to visit his school. ''I was the first Jewish student in the school, and for show-and-tell, I brought a black former heavyweight champion,'' he said.

Minorities in the Lewiston area were as rare as Jews, said Bob Pacios, a retired Internal Revenue Service agent.

''My recollection was that there were only one or two black families,'' he said. ''Suddenly for the fight, we were inundated with black folks. It meant nothing to me -- I'd lived in Boston -- but a lot of the others here looked around in awe.''

In Ali's case, it was more scorn. The local residents took their cue from the news media, which for the most part refused to call the champion by the name he would wear on the back of his white robe. On the pages of two Lewiston newspapers, and even on the fight night tickets, he remained Clay.

''Our opinion of him early was that he was good but he's not going to go far because he has a big mouth and somebody's going to shut it for him,'' Gamache said. ''And did he seem to us a little antiwhite? At that time, yes.''

Given the security risks, real and rumored, the detail of the state and the local police was larger than 200. But for all the precautions, time was not on Sam Michael's side for marketing and preparing for an event of that magnitude.

Posters were placed in the windows of Lewiston's stores, as if promoting one of his local shows. The arena had no marquee. And while the fight could be seen on closed-circuit television in Portland and Augusta for $5, many people in Lewiston could not afford the tickets, priced at $100, $50 and $25.

While Michael hoped 3,000 people would buy tickets to help cover the fighters' purses, said to be between $550,000 and $600,000, those in Lewiston who said they attended the fight had a connection to Sam Michael, George Russo or a local politician. Their tickets were free.

The fight's official paid attendance would be 2,434 -- the lowest for a heavyweight title fight in modern history -- but the crowd was believed to have swelled to over 4,000, which included spectators with free tickets, reporters and those who took advantage of the arena's leaky security.

''It was Lewiston, Me. -- anybody who said anything authoritatively, acted like they belonged, they just opened the door,'' Heyel, the Bates graduate, said.

Allen Harvie was one of eight Bates students -- all members of the college's track team -- to be offered a night's salary of $20 to run film from ringside for United Press International. ''I was making $17 a month working in the school cafeteria,'' Harvie, a star hurdler, said. ''I thought: And I get to see the fight?''

His classmates had to be more creative. Heyel, a budding entrepreneur, put on a jacket and tie and talked two freshmen, Bryan Carlson and Tom McKittrick, into carrying a typewriter case, a clipboard and identification from a collegiate press organization. They arrived well after the preliminary bouts began at 8:30 p.m. and spotted several classmates who had the same idea of crashing the fight, thinly disguised.

''One guy picks up a bundle of newspapers, throws them over his shoulder and starts yelling, 'Newspaper, get your paper,' and just walks in,'' Heyel said. ''Another student we knew was dressed in white, and he went right past the ticket takers with another guy, carrying a stretcher.''

Dick Rozene, also a student, wrote in an email that he had marched past security carrying bags of popcorn made in his dorm room. In planning for a 50th reunion of his Bates class, Heyel said he had identified 26 students at the arena and 17 who made it inside.

He, Carlson and McKittrick banged on doors until someone let them in through a network television entrance. At ringside, they flashed their college press passes. A state police officer told them to wait a minute and returned to set up a folding table with chairs. They settled in a few feet from Ali's corner, next to his wife at the time, Sonji, and parents, Odessa and Cassius Clay Sr.

Carlson took the opportunity to interview them, reasoning that staying in character might help him avoid being thrown out.

''His father tells me, 'Write this down,' and I did,'' Carlson said. ''He said, 'If Cassius says a mosquito can pull a plow, just hook him up and don't ask how.' All these years, I don't know if he was imitating his son with the poetry or his son was imitating him.''

Over Quickly

It was the beginning of a long, strange night that would end with them chatting up Howard Cosell at a postfight reception at the Holiday Inn in Auburn, where Ali was staying. But first there was the matter of the fight, memorably preceded by a botched rendition of the national anthem by Robert Goulet, whose mother was born in Lewiston.

His hearing supposedly obstructed by crowd noise, Goulet was out of sync with the organist and sang ''night'' instead of ''light'' in the phrase ''dawn's early light.''

The fight began a little after 10:40 p.m. Near the 1-minute-40-second mark, Liston threw a lazy left jab. Ali, appearing to back up, countered with a short, chopping right. Liston went down. The scene devolved into a chaotic series of communication failures between the referee, Walcott, a former heavyweight champion, and the knockdown timekeeper, a retired printer named Francis McDonough. It did not help that Ali initially refused to go to a neutral corner.

Often forgotten in accounts of the fight is that after Liston was back on his feet, re-engaged with Ali, Walcott made the bizarre decision to leave them to consult with McDonough and Nat Fleischer, the editor of Ring Magazine. Seated behind McDonough, Fleischer was waving his arms and frantically shouting that the count had reached 12. The fight should be over.

Walcott returned to Ali and Liston to wave them off. The official time was initially announced as one minute but a tape showed Liston falling at 1:44, rising at 1:56 and Walcott officially stopping the fight at 2:12.

Fifty years later, the Lewiston folks and Bates students who attended finally had something in common: Most of them are not quite sure what they saw.

Carlson was busy writing in his notepad, still pretending to be a working scribe. ''Looked up, Liston was down, never saw a thing,'' he said.

Raymond, the district attorney, took a moment to adjust his wife's mink stole on the back of her chair. ''When I turned around, Liston was on the floor,'' he said.

John Michael was with his family in the hockey penalty box, several rows from ringside, with a view of Liston's back when the Ali punch came.

''You couldn't really tell much of anything,'' he said.

Bob Russo was 9 when his family scored tickets, courtesy of his uncle George, of the Maine Boxing Commission.

''We were in the fifth row,'' said Russo, now a Portland boxing promoter. ''It happened so fast, you couldn't really see it. I'd say having seen the replay over the years that it was enough of a punch to knock him down, maybe not out.''

Paul Gosselin, a 64-year-old Lewiston lawyer, had dragged his father, an executive at the Bates Manufacturing Company, to the concession stand for a soda just before the fighters entered the ring. As they were returning, Liston was teetering.

''My father always said we didn't miss anything because nobody else saw it either,'' Gosselin said.

At least one Lewiston attendee did walk away that night convinced that Ali had delivered a knockout punch. Pacios, the I.R.S. agent, had received a free ticket from a friend, James B. Longley, who would become Maine's governor a decade later. It was a $25 seat in the far reaches of the arena.

''But it was elevated,'' Pacios said. ''I had a view directly down into the ring and in a beautiful position to see the punch.''

In his apartment at a senior living center, he sketched his location on a napkin, placing himself on an angle with a clear line of vision between the fighters.

''Clay was dancing, the Big Bear was chasing,'' Pacios said. ''Finally, as Liston moved forward, out came that right hand that caught him on the side of the face. I think it was not only the punch but the force of Liston lunging that did it, lifted his foot right off the floor. I had never been to a heavyweight championship fight. I made sure I didn't miss a thing.''

Some apparently missed everything. ''I knew people in town who paid for a ticket and never got in,'' said Harvie, the Bates hurdler, who settled in the area, teaching high school in Auburn.

Leo Bernard knew why. He grew up across the street from the arena and was allowed by his parents stay up late on a school night for the occasion.

''Traffic got way backed up on Birch Street,'' said Bernard, an accountant in Casco, about 25 miles from Lewiston. ''People were still walking up as the fight was about to start.''

One of them was Joe Gamache Sr., who lived nearby. A passionate boxing fan, he could not afford a ticket but had gone to the weigh-in that afternoon and came away with an autograph (Ali, not Clay) from the champ.

That night, his wife and sister-in-law went to the arena early to look for celebrities, leaving him to care for his young daughter, while promising to return so he could try to talk his way in.

''I rushed over, and the doors were wide open,'' he said. ''I thought, I don't even have to sneak in, they're letting us in for free. But people were coming out. I said to a guy, what happened? He said: 'Fight's over. Clay won, first-round knockout.' We all thought, if anything, Liston would knock Clay out. I couldn't believe it.''

Not many could. The result was so suspicious that the Maine Boxing Commission seized the gloves of both fighters for an investigation that did not amount to much. The gloves wound up in the hands of the Russo family. Bob Russo eventually sold them to a California collector for an undisclosed price. In February, they were resold at a New York auction to an anonymous bidder for $956,000.

Immediately, Russo's phone in Portland began ringing. He was not eager to talk about it. ''There are some personal issues,'' he said.

More modest souvenirs were saved, and savored. In his real estate office, Michael Feldman has a photo of him and a nervous-looking Liston in his third-grade classroom. Bob Pacios attached his ticket to a blowup of the famous Neil Leifer photo of Ali hovering over Liston and donated it to a local sports museum. Allen Harvie held on to the pass he was given for his one round of running U.P.I. film.

Bryan Carlson had a most personally gratifying footnote to the story of his one-night career as a pretend sports reporter: Three decades later, he presented Ali with an honorary doctorate as president of Mount Ida College in Newton, Mass. He helped begin a program in Ali's name to support first-generation college students, subsequently traveling with Ali to Washington, D.C., and visiting him several times at his Michigan home.

When Carlson told Ali how he had come to attend the Lewiston fight, Ali pretended to remember him from ringside. ''You were thinner then,'' he said, in a voice already diminished by Parkinson's. Carlson responded, ''So were you.''

A Complex Legacy

Beyond the mementos and memories, the storytelling and the inevitable tall tales, what was the essence of Lewiston's legacy event, its single round of fame, or infamy? Was it something greater than what Russo described: ''Kind of a black eye, but one that put us on the map''?

Along with panning the fight, many of the visiting reporters, accustomed to more attractive locations, had little good to say about Lewiston. Charlie Hewitt, the filmmaker, argued that the more important consequence was Lewiston's perception of the world, described in his film as visiting the city ''briefly, tumultuously and unforgettably.''

Perhaps its lasting impact can be divined from the fight's 30th anniversary in 1995, when Ali revisited Lewiston, signed the gloves that Russo still possessed, took one startled look at then-Mayor John Jenkins and cracked, ''How the hell did you get here?''

Jenkins, who graduated from Bates in 1974, became Lewiston's first African-American mayor in 1993.

A native of Newark, N.J., Jenkins stayed in Lewiston after graduation and opened a martial arts school while becoming a world champion in karate and jujitsu. On the way to being elected, he studied his Maine history enough to know that Lewiston's past had included struggles far more combative than the Ali-Liston fight. Its early French Canadian immigrants, among other non-Protestant groups, were targets of the state's branch of the Ku Klux Klan.

Jenkins came to believe that the second Ali-Liston fight could be viewed symbolically as a moment when Lewiston, homogeneous and insular, had opened itself to the gathering forces of American social change, embodied by Ali.

''Here came Ali, at the dawn of the civil rights era, a different kind of black man, who wouldn't let others define him and who was threatening to a whole lot of white folks,'' Jenkins said. ''And it was Lewiston that gave him a chance to defend his title and go from there to become the most famous person in the world.''

The city had not quite embraced Ali and, in fact, had booed him (while cheering Liston) upon entering the ring. But he received a hero's welcome when returning in 1995, and if some of the old-timers still called him Clay, it was an unbreakable habit, a fond reference to a historical time, place and moment.

As Jenkins noted, change is time-consuming and painstaking. Resisting it, he said, often is worse.

He recalled the vacant storefronts on Lisbon Street when he became mayor, the quandary of what to do with fading landmarks like the massive Bates Mill on Canal Street, which the city took possession of in 1992 after years of unpaid taxes.

The loss of jobs and hope caused Lewiston's population to decline to about 36,000 from more than 41,000 in its manufacturing prime. Over the past decade, the bleeding has been stanched by an infusion of Somalis from the Bantu minority group, many coming from Georgia, where they were originally resettled by the United States government. They now make up around 10 percent of the city's population.

Jenkins and others said assimilation of those who looked, dressed and sounded so different had been slow, relations at times strained. Succeeding mayors complained of a burden on the city's social services. At the same time, the Somali community has taken root, its family-run shops have helped re-energize Lisbon Street, and the city's economy has steadily improved.

''It's being reborn with the help of the newest hands, new ideas, new languages,'' Jenkins said, noting that even Bates College was far more engaged in the community in Lewiston than when he was in school.

According to Lincoln Jeffers, Lewiston's director of economic and community development: ''The city absolutely has a ways to go, but we have a much more diverse and healthy economy now. I'd say we are about 20 years behind Portland, which has had all kinds of growth.''

A redeveloped Bates Mill, Jeffers said, ''was one of the watershed moments,'' housing apartments and several businesses, including a TD Bank center that employs around 1,000 people.

Back on Birch Street, near the old arena, ***working-class*** families still occupy the triple-decker houses once filled with families of French Canadian descent, except now, many of the newer residents are minorities. On a blustery afternoon in early spring, several Somali boys played basketball outside the Tree Street Youth Community Center. The neighborhood was otherwise quiet, although hours later it would bustle with traffic for a mixed martial arts event.

Boxing nights are rare at the Colisée, reflecting the sport's overall decline. Mike Cain, the arena manager, said mixed martial arts ''keeps the building open,'' along with minor league hockey, trade shows and concerts.

In fact, a high school hockey game still holds the attendance record, not the Ali-Liston fight. But Cain said for the 50th anniversary, he anticipated that folks would snap up the $10 or $12 tickets for a viewing of Hewitt's documentary, directed by Gary Robinov of Portland, to support the contention that it was indeed Lewiston that gave rise to the global legend named Ali.

In addition to his film, Hewitt has created metal sculptures to brighten the city's gritty landscape and has lobbied for a statue of Ali to be erected outside the arena, to provide another reason for drivers not to speed past Lewiston on the Maine Turnpike.

But Ali is only a part of the story, Hewitt said, and actually the less significant part.

Years ago, he hung the Leifer photo in his work studio, and it is still there, in his opinion an inspirational work of art and, better yet, a guiding principle.

''Get up and fight -- that's been with me my entire life,'' he said.

As has the old mill city of his youth, and that, Hewitt said, is why he subtitled his film ''A Lewiston Story.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/05/20/sports/the-night-the-ali-liston-fight-came-to-lewiston.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/05/20/sports/the-night-the-ali-liston-fight-came-to-lewiston.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: The heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali stood over Sonny Liston in the first round of their title fight in Lewiston, Me., on May 25, 1965, and was heard to say, ''Get up and fight, sucker!'' (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN ROONEY/ASSOCIATED PRESS)

The brothers Robert, far left, and Danny Morrison of Lewiston posed in 1965 outside the Central Maine Youth Center, where Ali knocked out Liston. Near left above, it is now called the Androscoggin Bank Colisée. Downtown, Lisbon Street is recently re-energized. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY BETTMANN/CORBIS

TRISTAN SPINSKI FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (B11)

Ali at his motel the day after the fight. The local newspapers, for the most part, called him Cassius Clay. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ASSOCIATED PRESS)

Larry Raymond Jr., still practicing law at 83, was a young county district attorney when he gave approval for Lewiston to host the fight. He missed the knockout, he said, as he adjusted a stole on his wife's chair. (B14)

Joe Gamache Sr., top, at his Lewiston boxing club. Above, Johorey Abdirahman, left, and Zahara Abdi during a high school track practice in the city, which has seen an infusion of Somali immigrants. The city seized Bates Mill, left, in 1992. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TRISTAN SPINSKI FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (B14-B15)

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**End of Document**



[***An Identity Change, Just to Win a Film Role***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2JF0-0005-G3MY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 12, 1995, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1188 words

**Byline:** Georgina Cates

By ALAN RIDING

By ALAN RIDING

**Dateline:** LONDON, Aug. 10

**Body**

"Clare? Georgina?" Clare Woodgate -- or was it Georgina Cates? -- giggled nervously. "Georgina, I think," the 20-year-old English actress replied. "My parents still call me Clare. My boyfriend still calls me Clare." But, she added, she has changed her name legally: "I guess I'm Georgina now."

Well, why not? As a child in a staid middle-class home in Essex, she often became someone else. "I'd pretend to be American and have millionaire parents or pretend to be French and be very exotic or pretend to be deaf," she recalled. "I couldn't see the point of spending every day just being me."

Years later, these fantasy games proved useful. As an emerging stage and television actress, Miss Woodgate was thought to be too experienced to play the female lead in Mike Newell's new film, "An Awfully Big Adventure." So she simply reinvented herself as a ***working-class*** teen-ager from Liverpool, just like Stella Bradshaw, the character she so desperately wanted to play.

She wrote to the casting director and mischievously signed the letter with Stella Bradshaw's name. She was then called for an audition and appeared in her new role of Georgina Cates, a wide-eyed girl of 17 with red hair, pin curls, knee-high socks and a strong Merseyside accent. For Mr. Newell, she was Stella. And she got the part.

"I thought she was a great original," said Mr. Newell, whose own career was transformed during the shooting of "An Awfully Big Adventure" when his previous film, "Four Weddings and a Funeral," with Hugh Grant, became a runaway hit. "She was very bushy-tailed, eager, romantic, soulful, tough, very much like the character," Mr. Newell added. "She even looked a bit like the character."

The gamble paid off. Starring opposite Mr. Grant and Alan Rickman in the adaptation of Beryl Bainbridge's novel about a down-at-heels theater company in postwar Liverpool, she made her mark as an ingenue stage assistant discovering the world. "The film really belongs to Miss Cates," Janet Maslin wrote in her review in The New York Times. "She shows an edge of savvy calculation that's an integral part of the sweet young thing she plays."

In Britain, the movie was given generally good reviews, although it was not a major box-office hit. But again several critics singled out Miss Cates. The London Evening Standard hailed her as "a spectacular acting discovery," while The Daily Mail spoke of her "devastating movie screen debut."

In truth, "An Awfully Big Adventure," which cost just $3.2 million to make and which Mr. Newell cheerfully describes as "a peculiar little film with a tart taste," is probably too "small" a movie to tranform Miss Cates's career in the way that, say, "Pretty Woman" made Julia Roberts an instant star.

But Miss Cates is not one to let a chance go by. And after being offered roles in four British films that were never made, she recently moved to Los Angeles to try her luck with Hollywood. "I have no ambition to go to L.A. and be one of hundreds of different women who are a lot more gorgeous than I am, just sitting there," she said. "But I want to work."

Sitting cross-legged on the grass in Soho Square during a recent visit to London, looking anything but "the ugly duckling" that she calls herself, the slim, dark-haired young woman conceded she was taking another gamble. She has rented an apartment in Los Angeles and, while discussing movie projects, she is trying to adjust to a city that "seems to be about people who go to the gym and sit by pools and are in their cars on their car phones."

"I think it's a very, very lonely place," she said. "No one really talks to anybody. It's all about people talking at each other. You remember Stella's line in the film, 'Everyone talks to each other looking at someone else'? And it's true in L.A. They don't really have conversations with each other. They say things at one another."

Still, in getting the part of Stella Bradshaw, she demonstrated that she is, as she puts it, "a true Aries, a ram, determined and impulsive." Indeed, by becoming Georgina Cates, she was willing to risk destroying the promising career of Clare Woodgate. "Several friends said I shouldn't do it," she recalled. "They said it was completely unprofessional. But I really wanted the part."

Already during her audition and interviews, she had to create an entire life for Georgina. Yes, she would travel every weekend to London for acting classes. No, Mr. Newell couldn't talk to her parents because her father had left home and her mother's phone had been cut off. But, yes, he could talk to her aunt -- in truth, Miss Woodgate's mother, Sheila -- with whom she was staying in Essex.

Talking in a Liverpool accent proved to be less of a challenge. "That was one of my old tricks," she explained. "When I was 7, I met two girls from Liverpool on holiday and I loved their accent so much that I mimicked it for three months. It was still in my head along with all the other accents -- American, French, whatever -- that I used to do."

Once shooting began on location in Dublin, though, she had to give a double performance every day: Clare playing Georgina playing Stella. "At first, I just blended Georgina and Stella, but as the shoot went on I felt Georgina didn't have to be quite so immature and unknowing," she said. "I think some of the actors thought I didn't know how lucky I was: little girl from nowhere gets lead role. I used to think, you don't know the half of it."

But after filming ended in spring 1994, things became more complicated. Miss Woodgate was appearing occasionally on television and she had a part in a student film, but Miss Cates was now being offered other parts. "I didn't know how to put it to Mike," she recalled. "Finally I called him and left a message on his answering machine and said I was sorry and sent him a bunch of flowers."

Mr. Newell was stunned. "I consulted myself," he said. "My instant reaction was, I've been conned, and I was angry. Then I thought, if I'm going to be angry in public, there's a good chance I'll be seen as a pompous old fool. I felt most people would be amused by her creative cheekiness, and anyway, it was good for show business."

He said some of the actors were a bit miffed, not least Alan Rickman who, as the aging actor P. L. O'Hara, puts an end to Stella's virginity. "He treated Georgina very tactfully, presuming that she was sexually inexperienced and could get upset by the scene," the director said with a laugh. "Well, who knows, maybe she was."

Still, she got away with her scam and now, as Miss Cates, she is eager to turn her back on the roles of "very emotional distraught young girls" that Miss Woodgate was often offered. "When you're young, they cast you as you," she said. "They don't really trust you to act. Now I'm getting offers that I feel right for now."

So, she was asked, what is her dream? "I don't have aspirations to be famous," she said. "I know no one believes that. If you're on the screen, you must want everyone to know. That's not why I am doing it. To be honest, and it's a very unintellectual answer, I don't know why I am doing it. I just know it's the only thing that makes me happy."

**Graphic**

Photo: Georgina Cates (or is it Clare Woodgate?) in the Soho area of London. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***THE SCHOOL THEY ASKED FOR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3W40-0014-53K7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 43, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1226 words

**Byline:** By CHARLES LAWRENCE 3D; Charles R. Lawrence 3d is a professor at Stanford University Law School, where he teaches constitutional law, civil rights and education law.

**Body**

THE WORLD WE CREATED AT HAMILTON HIGH

By Gerald Grant.

285 pp. Cambridge, Mass.:

Harvard University Press. $24.95.

Each generation must confront the necessity of entrusting to its children the world it has created. We have charged our schools with the task of educating our children toward the dual ends of preserving the world as we know it and creating a better world, and we are invariably disappointed at their failure to perform this impossible task.

''The World We Created at Hamilton High'' began as a study aimed at answering the question, What makes a good school? Gerald Grant, a professor of sociology at Syracuse University, selected Hamilton High (a fictional name for a real school that opened in 1953 with 1,200 students in a Northeast city of 200,000) because he saw in it ''America in microcosm.''

The historical portrait presented in the first four chapters is immediate, evocative and dramatic. Readers will be captured by the nostalgia of an ''elite public school'' during the Eisenhower era and shocked by the disruption and disorder of the early 1970's, when ''knife and razor fights were not uncommon'' and ''riots were a way of life.'' But there is something missing. The students are all but invisible. They have no faces, no names. They are introduced as ''a white middle class student,'' ''poor blacks,'' ''***working class*** whites,'' or ''a few middle class black students.'' Readers need a contextual fabric in order to truly know these adolescents and their teachers, to understand the family histories and cultural traditions they bring to this school. It's difficult not to contrast this book with ''Common Ground,'' J. Anthony Lukas's compelling multigenerational history of the struggle to integrate the Boston public schools, which makes clear that the complexity of social policy is directly related to the complexity of human beings.

Perhaps the chief source of disappointment with the narrative in these early chapters is that there was so much promise in the design of the research from which it was drawn. In 1984 and 1985 Mr. Grant trained his students at Hamilton High School to be anthropologists. He taught them how to observe, to take notes, to interview, to analyze data and then set them about studying ''their own tribe.'' But these student voices never reach the printed page. Even in the epilogue, where the subjects of Mr. Grant's study evaluate his history, only the voices of the teachers are heard.

The book is at its best in Chapters 5 and 7, when Mr. Grant makes explicit his thesis that schools are shaped by the climate or ethos within them, and that good schools are characterized by a strong, positive ethic in which the educational community is ''bound by some transcendent ideals and common commitments to an articulated sense of the public good . . . '' Mr. Grant believes the decline of our public schools has been caused by the decline of such communities and of the authority relationships that create and sustain them. The culprits in his view are: 1) the general decline of adult-child authority relationships within our society, 2) the burdening of public schools with the responsibility for large-scale societal reforms, such as racial integration, and, most important, 3) the imposition on teachers and principals of highly centralized and bureaucratized administrative structures. The civil rights and students' rights revolutions of the late 60's and early 70's have, in Mr. Grant's view, robbed teachers of their ability to exercise moral authority and reduced the moral order of the contemporary public school to ''a set of procedures for guaranteeing individual rights and setting forth what is legally proscribed.''

Mr. Grant argues that in order to save our schools from their present decline we must generate models for them with a strong positive ethos. But what are these ''proper'' moral virtues? One cannot answer this question without making political choices, and the chief defect in Mr. Grant's analysis lies in his failure to confront the inevitable lack of neutrality in defining a school's ethos. The social historian Richard Sennett, in his book ''Authority,'' notes that one of the meanings of the Latin root of the word ''authority'' is that ''the authority can give guarantees to others about the lasting value of what he does.'' The decline of authority in American public high schools is not primarily the product of bureaucratic excess. Teachers and schools lose their authority when students and parents perceive that they can no longer ''guarantee value.''

There is a subplot that dominates this book's story about the centrality of authority to schooling. It is a story about American racism. It is perhaps inevitable that any truly American story, particularly one examining the experience of authority, will have at its center issues of race. W. E. B. Du Bois, one of America's first and foremost sociological historians, predicted at the turn of the century that the problem of the 20th century would be ''the problem of the color line.'' Mr. Grant's description and analysis of the evolving culture of Hamilton High bears out that prophecy. His introduction contains the following summary of the school's history: ''It is a dramatic story, filled with anguish and hope. Things got very bad before they got better, but they did get better. The school went from white power to black power to genuine racial equality.'' Why must ''black power'' be paired with ''very bad'' and contrasted with ''genuine racial equality''? The following paragraph is not atypical: ''The next year [1970] brought several new outbreaks of violence. After a memorial service for Martin Luther King, black students rampaged through the school, breaking equipment in a physics laboratory and tearing into the library. . . . This time there was no suggestion that it was an outside invasion. School had to be closed ten times that year because of clashes of various kinds.''

In truth, racism was rampant at Hamilton. The chief evidence is found not in the occasional faculty member who used the word ''niggers'' or in the disproportionate placement of blacks in the basic track for slow students, but in the pervasive fear of black students among the faculty. It is this fear of young people - who were looked at without being seen - that was the chief occasion for the school's retreat, first to a laissez-faire regime of no rules and then to a rule-oriented bureaucracy. In the 1950's the faculty thought of Hamilton High as ''their school.'' But the old ethos was unable to embrace the school's new black constituency; the faculty's fear of these children prevented them from creating a culture of caring, concern and identification, an ethos that would legitimize the faculty's authority in the eyes of the newcomers.

Gerald Grant commends the teachers of Hamilton High for having the courage to ''begin to think about how to reclaim their world.'' One hopes that they will come to understand that this reclamation project must involve more than a restoration of an old familiar order. Mr. Grant is surely right that teachers must be leaders in articulating and enforcing explicit ideals and values. But they can only exercise authority if that ethos provides their students with what they need. The ''we'' in this book's title must include all of us if the world we create is to be worthwhile.

**End of Document**



[***Women in the Theater and in Music Pause to Assess Their Status;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3V40-0014-510J-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Playwrights See Little Progress***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3V40-0014-510J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MERVYN ROTHSTEIN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** AMHERST, N.Y., Oct. 20

**Body**

Susan Croft, the director of the New Playwrights Trust in London, was recalling a survey made in 1982 and 1983 on the status of women in the British theater. ''Out of about 600 plays put on by all the national and regional theaters surveyed,'' she said, ''42 were by women. And 22 of those were by Agatha Christie.''

Ms. Croft was taking part in the First International Women Playwrights Conference this week at the State University at Buffalo's suburban campus here and in the downtown Buffalo theater district. The conference is being attended by more than 200 women who are playwrights, directors and heads of theater companies from 34 countries.

The conference, which ends Sunday, features six days of workshops, readings and panel discussions on topics like ''Censorship and Self-Censorship,'' ''Developing Plays by Women,'' ''Issues of Race and Class'' and ''Lesbian Plays and Playwrights.'' There are also performances in downtown Buffalo theaters.

Improvement Is Slight

Ms. Croft, speaking at a panel discussion on developing women's plays, noted that the survey, made by the Conference of Women Theater Directors and Administrators, found that of the remaining 20 plays, most were done in studio theaters. ''There were six main-stage productions,'' she said, ''and most of those were revivals of things like Caryl Churchill's 'Top Girls.' ''

A new survey last year, she said, ''showed that the figures had changed a little but not substantially.'' Her New Playwrights Trust is an organization of writers, directors and companies that develops works ''from groups currently underrepresented or misrepresented in the theater -women, blacks, gays, lesbians, ***working-class*** writers and Asians.''

''There are lots of women playwrights coming through now,'' she said. ''And what we have to do is get those voices heard.''

If there is one overriding theme of the conference, it is getting those voices heard. Much is being discussed here, including political matters like censorship and oppression in South Africa and other countries, the special problems of black and other minority playwrights, censorship of gay and lesbian writers in Britain and the difficulties that American Indian and aboriginal Australian authors encounter. But the goal of it all is clearly getting women to write more plays, and getting those plays performed in meaningful arenas.

''It is difficult for anybody to have a play produced,'' said Anna Kay France, the director of the conference and an associate professor of English at SUNY Buffalo. ''But it is particularly difficult for women. And one thing we've found out this week is that we have a lot in common. Zulu Sofola, for instance, is a Nigerian playwright, and the first woman playwright in Nigeria to establish herself. She did it because she was able to direct and stage her own plays. And she came here thinking that Nigeria was a very backward country because of this. But she said that she found it was the same all over. The Dramatists Guild Quarterly found, for instance, that few if any women's plays are done at Broadway or regional theaters. As you go down the line, to Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway and staged readings, you find more women's works.''

''We're interested in helping to create a network, a sense of community, among women playwrights,'' she said, ''so they can talk to each other and share their concerns. This is a historic moment, a chance for change. There's a sense of excitement here, of dynamism, as if some vital force that has been dammed up is finally overflowing its boundaries.''

Kathleen Betsko, a member of the conference planning committee, a visiting professor at SUNY Buffalo this semester and co-author, with Rachel Koenig, of ''Interviews With Contemporary Women Playwrights,'' commented on the issue of self-censorship, a topic of one of the panels:

''There's a great deal of pressure on us to be nice girls, to present women characters the way men see women and to present male characters the way men see themselves. If we're constrained to write from a perspective that allows men to feel comfortable, then I'm afraid women playwrights are forced to lie, because we have our own perspective and vision of the world.''

Problems of Minorities

The black playwright and novelist Alice Childress, author of ''A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich,'' ''Trouble in Mind'' and ''The Wedding Band,'' praised the conference as ''a very enriching experience'' involving women ''from many different ethnic groups,'' but said she did not think it was dealing with the problems of minority playwrights as much as it should. ''When you have something like this, especially for the first time, it's kind of difficult to summon up the understanding to do everything right,'' she said. ''Still, there's a hesitancy about how to handle racial things. It's an unpleasant topic, true, but that's no reason not to go through the discomfort.''

Professor France responded: ''What we had attempted to do was find subjects that were universal and cross-cultural in terms of importance and to get women to address those issues from their individual points of view. We've taken this approach rather than trying to address the problem of any special group, such as women of color.''

At a general session Thursday afternoon, Maria Lambadaridou-Pothou of Athens said: ''I hear about the problems of each speaker, problems of their country or of their personal life, or social or sexual or color problems, and I understand that the problem describes the difficulty of being a playwright. I don't hear about women's dramatic creativity as an existential necessity. I don't hear about the stuff of her plays, the stuff of her dreams, of her internal need to be a playwright in this troubled world.''

Ms. Betsko took the microphone and responded. ''We are an oppressed nation - we are many oppressed nations - within America,'' she said. ''There is the feminization of poverty, with millions of our sisters on welfare. There is the burgeoning problem of homelessness. I appreciate what our Greek sister said, but there is a hierarchy of needs. If you are hungry, if you are homeless, how can you possibly think of existentialism and mysticism?''

There was also, amid the politics and the problems, a touch of humor. One panel was even entitled ''What's So Funny: The Use of Humor, Comedy, Satire.''

''We all know serious problems exist that face women today,'' said Natasa Tanska, a playwright from Prague. Yet, she said, few women write tragedy.

''One of the reasons we resort to comedy is the instinct of self-preservation,'' she said. ''Women's situation is so serious we cannot admit its seriousness.''

''Whether the appreciation of humor would markedly differ according to gender is open to dispute,'' she continued. ''But on one thing men and women agree: to her and him alike, the other appears ridiculous.''

**Graphic**

Photos of the playwrights Zulu Sofola of Nigeria and Alice Childress, at conference in Amherst, N.Y. (NYT/Joe Traver)

**End of Document**



[***Mephisto Tennessee Waltz***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XXT-4HG0-00RP-K12X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Tony Earley's novel "Jim the Boy" will be published next year.

By Tony Earley;  Tony Earley's novel "Jim the Boy" will be published next year.

**Body**

THE LONG HOME

By William Gay.

257 pp. Denver:

MacMurray & Beck. $24.95.

The fact is, most Southern writers live on one side or the other of a railroad track in the same small town. On one side of the track, half the population gathers after church in Miss Welty's yard and listens to the other half cursing and breaking bottles in the neighborhood Cormac McCarthy lived in before he moved west. While the segregation between the two sides might seem absolute to an outsider, the isolation of the community forces writers from both camps into uneasy commerce -- not to mention the occasional intermarriage -- with their counterparts across town. Most of the old verities, for instance, are most easily found in the small, dusty shops of Miss Welty's neighborhood, while everyone knows the best place to load up on hot weather and violence and sex is at the Wal-Mart down the road from Larry Brown's. Accordingly, everybody pretty much knows everybody else's business, and when a new writer moves in, on either side of the tracks, word travels fast.

Much of the gossip lately has been about William Gay, a former carpenter from rural Tennessee, whose novel "The Long Home" promises to be one of the most discussed Southern debuts since Brown's "Facing the Music" in 1988. Like Brown, Gay rode into town as something of a mysterious stranger, a writer formed in hardscrabble, nonliterary climes, far outside the orbit of M.F.A. programs and writing workshops. One of the more modern verities is that Southern writers are easier to sell to the world if they have done a lot of heavy physical labor before taking up the pen. Gay's ***working-class*** background has already served to make him -- like Brown 11 years ago -- something of a publisher's dream, as well as the subject of much breathless talk.

The good news is that Gay's first book is eminently worth talking about. In "The Long Home," the villainous, patriarchal Dallas Hardin moves with an almost otherworldly malice onto the violent, doomed block first settled by William Faulkner's Thomas Sutpen; Gay's young hero, Nathan Winer, bears a strong resemblance to any number of hard, just young men forced in McCarthy's novels to come of age in countries harder than themselves. Gay's subject is nothing less than the eternal struggle between good and evil, staged, in this instance, in backwoods Tennessee in the 1940's. He embraces the Faulknerian theorem -- as immutable in these parts as the second law of thermodynamics -- that evil can be banished only if good confronts it with a violence greater than that which evil at first brought to bear. Dallas Hardin and Nathan Winer move through the book with almost magnetic inevitability toward a final, fatal confrontation, despite the initial belief on the part of both men that such a confrontation could be avoided.

"The Long Home" opens as the earth suddenly splits open into a deep pit near the house of one Thomas Hovington. Within paragraphs, Hardin materializes and moves in on Hovington's bootlegging business, as well as Hovington's home and wife; Hovington is powerless to resist because he has been felled by an illness so virulent and debilitating that "his spine was bent like some metal God Almighty had heated to pliable temperature and laid hands on and bent to his liking." Winer is hired as a carpenter by Hardin to build a stately pleasure dome of a honky-tonk on Hovington's place. While Winer is initially interested only in an honest wage for an honest day's work -- and therefore thinks he can remain above Hardin's swirling malevolence -- he falls, somewhat inevitably, in love with Hovington's daughter, the ethereally beautiful Amber Rose. Hardin, however, has plans to sell Amber Rose to the highest bidder and forbids her to see Winer. The primary witness to Hardin's growing malignancy -- and Winer's deepening trouble -- is William Tell Oliver, an old man torn between his desire to remain outside the painful stew of human relations and his friendship with young Winer. He is finally, along with a handful of vivid minor characters, sucked into the conflict between Winer and Hardin.

Although the central plot of "The Long Home" revolves around a kind of love triangle -- albeit a particularly unsettling one -- to summarize it as such diminishes the scope and ambition of the book. In the high tradition of the Southern novel, Gay is unafraid to tackle the biggest of the big themes, nor does he shy away from the grand gesture that makes those themes manifest. The earth around Hovington's pit is "vulval"; it opens to a "stygian world." When the startled Hovington first peers into the pit he smells nothing less than "brimstone." Later, when Oliver and Winer watch from a distance as Hardin supervises a lackey digging the honky-tonk's foundation, Gay makes sure we understand that the Devil, while on his way down to Georgia, at least passed through Tennessee. Oliver says:

"There's Old Nick in the flesh."

"Hardin?"

"Whatever he's goin by now."

Such overt symbolizing works, however, because the worries of the characters surrounded by it are human, and not symbolic, concerns. From the Mephistophelean Hardin to the most minor walk-on, Gay's people only dabble in metaphor; they are, almost without exception, sharply observed, three-dimensional human beings. The bewitching Amber Rose is the only character on whom one can detect the slightly guilty odor of the typecast; we believe Winer loves her, and would die for her, only because we believe in Winer.

While no writer should be held accountable for the words of his publicist, Gay is referred to, in the marketing material accompanying the review copy of this book, as "a truly original talent -- already being compared to Cormac McCarthy." While the contradictions contained in that description at first seem irreconcilable (how can one be truly original and simultaneously call to mind another writer?), they do, in fact, reduce the considerable strengths and occasional jarring weaknesses of "The Long Home" into a single, tart mouthful.

Gay is a writer of remarkable talent and promise, but at the same time his veneration of McCarthy occasionally lapses into near imitation -- a malady understandable in any first novel but regrettable in one so ambitious and potentially striking on its own. The symptoms of his Cormac McCarthyism run the gamut from the mild (combining two words into single new adjectives: "ominouslooking;" "halfobscene") to the life-threatening: "In the molten fire where he lay he could watch the slow machinations of eternity, the cosmic miracle of each second being born, eggshaped, silverplated, phallic, time thrusting itself gleaming through the worn and worthless husk of the microsecond previous, halting, beginning to show the slow and infinitesimal accretions of decay in the clocking away of life in a mechanism encoded at the moment of conception, withering, shunted aside by time's next orgasmic thrust, and all to the beating of some galactic heart, to voices, a madman's mutterings from a snare in the web of the world."

The sheer volume of blood spilled in "The Long Home," coupled with Gay's considerable penchant for rendering violence in the bright yet almost loving hyperclarity of nightmare, also makes comparisons with McCarthy inescapable. In Gay's Tennessee, characters reach for the guns and knives first and ask questions later; when they can't get hold of a gun, they beat each other with fists, clubs, pool cues and brass knuckles. And even when they aren't angry, and no one else is angry at them, graphic, indiscriminate violence tends to seek them out: "A tie cocked sideways and jammed the chute and a huge black man reached an expert hand to free it just as the next tie slammed into it with a loud thock. He stared for a moment in amazement at his hand from which the four fingers were severed at the second joint. Blood welled then and ran down his arm into his sleeve and he sat down heavily in the water sloshing in the hull of the barge."

At his best, Gay writes with the wisdom and patience of a man who has witnessed hard times and learned that panic or hedging won't make better times come any sooner; he looks upon beauty and violence with equal measure and makes an accurate accounting of how much of each the human heart contains. In those passages he sounds only like William Gay. Everybody in town hopes he realizes that's enough.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Thomas Fuchs)

**Load-Date:** November 21, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Buyout Cost Adding Burden To Troubled Chicago Paper - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-40B0-0014-50NF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section D; Page 1, Column 3; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1075 words

**Byline:** By ERIC N. BERG, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Sept. 25

**Body**

The Chicago Sun-Times, the nation's 12th-largest daily newspaper, has suffered a number of recent setbacks that are raising new questions about what its future will be like. Some think that the paper, which has changed owners twice in the last four years, may be sold again; others say it will be sharply squeezed in an attempt to regain a solid financial footing.

For much of the 1980's, the morning tabloid has been losing advertising and circulation to The Chicago Tribune. Now, current and former employees on the editorial and business sides say, the cost of the leveraged buyout of the paper two years ago is soaking up the earnings of what had been and could still be a profitable enterprise. And some employees say that pay cuts and other concessions being sought are a way of making the paper's workers pay for the buyout.

Difficult Payments

The Sun-Times will not disclose financial information, but as best as can be determined, the paper is using all of its profits to make interest payments. It is also quite possible, the insiders said, that the paper is losing money and is behind on interest payments.

Another problem is that The Tribune decided in April to take over its distribution system, replacing outside distributors who also had been delivering The Sun-Times. The decision has wreaked havoc at The Sun-Times, which has struggled to build its own distribution system.

In August, The Sun-Times announced the resignation of Robert E. Page as publisher and president, setting the stage for appointing the third publisher in five years.

Then, earlier this month, the newspaper's management informed the Chicago Newspaper Guild, the union representing Sun-Times newsroom employees, that it would seek pay cuts and other concessions. And two weeks ago, The Sun-Times announced that it had bought back all the Sun-Times stock held by Mr. Page; his wife, Nancy, and his brother-in-law, Paul K. Kelly.

The attempts to cut costs and the buyback of shares from a dissident have touched off speculation that The Sun-Times may soon go on the auction block. ''My first thought, when Page left, is that they may be getting ready to sell,'' said Bruce Thorp, a media analyst at the Provident National Bank of Philadelphia.

But among people close to The Sun-Times the more commonly held belief is that the paper is indeed in deep financial trouble but is not for sale.

Established in 1948 as a politically liberal alternative to The Tribune, The Sun-Times was sold by the Field family to the publisher Rupert Murdoch in January 1984 for about $100 million. (The paper has since lost much of its liberal bent.) Sale to Adler & Shaykin Despite the defection of important newsroom employees and a drop in circulation, Mr. Murdoch was able to sell the paper in June 1986 to an investor group led by Adler & Shaykin, a New York investment firm, for $145 million. The money came almost entirely from borrowings from the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.

It is this debt burden that the insiders say is threatening The Sun-Times. Although an Equitable spokeswoman declined to discuss the situation, and Leonard P. Shaykin, Adler & Shaykin's managing partner, also declined to comment, a former top advertising official at The Sun-Times said the paper has struggled to make its interest payments.

The newspaper recently appointed Charles T. Price, a former labor lawyer who had been the paper's senior vice president and general manager, as acting publisher, and Sun-Times insiders say Mr. Shaykin is now engaging in damage control.

The insiders say that at the time of the leveraged buyout Mr. Page made optimistic profit projections to Mr. Shaykin, who was then able to persuade Equitable to make the loans. Mr. Page became a casualty, insiders say, when The Sun-Times failed to meet his projections.

Mr. Shaykin is also said to have become irritated that Mr. Page had tried to encourage a friend, Douglas J. Creighton, chief executive of The Toronto Sun, to buy The Sun-Times. Mr. Creighton confirmed that he received financial information on The Sun-Times from Mr. Page. Attempts to reach Mr. Page were unsuccessful.

While The Sun-Times does not publish or discuss its financial information, simple arithmetic suggests that its interest burden is heavy.

Of the $145 million purchase price, roughly $130 million came from debt. At the time of the deal, interest rates on leveraged buyout financing were roughly 11.5 percent. That means The Sun-Times's interest costs are about $15 million a year. According to former top insiders, about $6 million was available at The Sun-Times in 1984 in the form of pretax operating profits to make such interest payments. That The Sun-Times could have more than doubled its profits to cover $15 million in interest payments seems highly unlikely, the insiders said.

The Sun-Times has been overshadowed by The Tribune for some time. The Tribune has consistently led in circulation, printing 774,000 papers daily today, compared with The Sun-Times's 625,000. The lead is pronounced in wealthy suburbs. The Sun-Times has historically been the newspaper of choice in ***working-class*** and Jewish communities.

The Sun-Times is heavily unionized and has relatively high labor costs; The Tribune recently succeeded in ousting many of its unions. Mike Royko, the columnist whose following here approaches that of leading evangelists, bolted from The Sun-Times to The Tribune after Mr. Murdoch took over. And The Sun-Times still relies on an outdated printing technique known as letterpress; The Tribune spent nearly $200 million to build a modern offset-printing plant.

What to Do Next

The question thus becomes what Adler & Shaykin will do next. Mr. Price, The Sun-Times's acting publisher, said in an interview last week that The Sun-Times's distribution problems had been solved and that the paper continued to enjoy lender support. ''The Sun-Times is not for sale,'' he said.

In any case, merger specialists say that few, if any, newspaper chains would be willing to buy The Sun-Times in light of problems purchasers have had in trying to turn around the No. 2 paper in Dallas, The Times Herald, and in Denver, The Post.

Adler & Shaykin's only choice may be to try to squeeze more profit out of The Sun-Times. Mr. Price said the proposed pay cuts are aimed at bringing Sun-Times salaries into line with economic realities. But the Guild says Adler & Shaykin simply took on far more debt than The Sun-Times could support.

**Correction**

Editors' Note

An article in Business Day on Monday about The Chicago Sun-Times reported concerns about the future of the newspaper and described several of its setbacks. Through an editing lapse, the article omitted reference to some positive developments at the newspaper since it was taken over by an investor group.

The Sun-Times has acquired Star

Newspapers, a successful newspaper chain in the Chicago suburbs; bought the Advanced Business Corporation, a prospering direct-mail operation, and begun publishing a revamped Sunday issue.  
**Correction-Date:** September 28, 1988, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

photo of Charles T. Price (NYT/Steve Kagan); graph compairingcirculation of Chicago Sun-Times and Chicago Tribune (Source: Audit Bureau of Circulations)

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[***Builder Casts His Swine Before Town***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3WV0-0014-508Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 11, 1988, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 5; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1064 words

**Byline:** By ERIC SCHMITT, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** TRUMANSBURG, N.Y., Oct. 5

**Body**

The day after local officials snubbed Bill Auble's proposal last April to build apartments and a shopping center on farmland that borders this tiny upstate village, something curious happened. A hog farm suddenly appeared on Mr. Auble's land, just off the main north-south route into the village.

Mr. Auble, a 52-year-old contractor who grew up in this Finger Lakes region and now lives most of the time in Florida, said he had planned for months to build the hog pen and follow in the tradition of his father and grandfather, who were hog farmers in the area.

Mr. Auble's critics contend, however, that the fenced pen, with its four junked vans and half-buried school bus, is an eyesore that Mr. Auble is using as leverage to force the village to annex his land and, eventually, to let him build his development.

''It's pigmail!'' said Jules D. Burgevin, a sociology professor at Ithaca College who has lived in Trumansburg for 20 years. ''The question now is whether the town governments will knuckle under to this kind of pressure.''

Vote on Annexation Planned

Board members in the village and in the Town of Ulysses, which includes Trumansburg, will vote on the annexation Nov. 21. As a gesture of good will pending the votes, Mr. Auble removed all four dozen hogs two months ago.

But for the 3,000 residents of this village, the empty hog farm is still a vivid symbol of the pressures to develop this largely rural area.

Under Mr. Auble's proposal, the village would annex 38.5 acres of his land so that his entire 52-acre parcel would be within village boundaries and thus would be eligible for village water and sewer hookups. His land is now within town boundaries but needs to be within the village to receive the hookups.

If the village annexes his land, Mr. Auble would then have to get village approval to build a mixed-use development, including single-family houses, apartments, retail stores and operations for light industry.

A Village Is Divided

''So many things are needed here -stores, apartments, doctors' offices,'' said Mr. Auble, who said the businesses would ease villagers' tax bills. ''We're way behind.''

Mr. Auble's proposal, and his tactics, have divided this village, whose residents range from artists and university professors to farmers and ***working-class*** people.

To many longtime residents, Mr. Auble is an outspoken, homegrown hero whose hog farm is a Bronx cheer at town and village officials who are blocking his plan for badly needed housing and a new retail mall.

''You can't even buy a pair of shoes in this town,'' said Gerald Perkins, 47, a 25-year village resident who owns Per-Mac Welding and Steel Fabrication and, like most village residents, does most of his clothes and large-appliance shopping 10 miles away in Ithaca.

Move Seen as Unneighborly

To the increasing number of newcomers (anyone here less than 10 years) who were attracted to Trumansburg precisely because it did not have a lot of malls, Mr. Auble is an arrogant developer whose project would siphon business away from Main Street merchants and leave their quaint village a commercial ghost town.

''I expect people to operate with a sense of fair play and be a good neighbor,'' said Janice M. Abraham, a member of the village zoning board, who moved to Trumansburg from Brooklyn three years ago. ''I don't see this as being a good neighbor.''

Alan Tubbs, owner of Holton's Pharmacy on Main Street, said, ''If another pharmacy goes up, this store will die and I'll lose my life savings.''

Villagers had an inkling Mr. Auble might be up to something last February when a sign reading, ''Future Home of the Tri-County Hog Farm'' suddenly sprouted on the snow-covered field.

Postcards Signed 'Porky Pig'

Two retail developments, one at the southern end of the village and another just north of the Ulysses town line, in Seneca County, had just been approved.

''He got his feathers ruffled,'' said Carol Hendrix, who lives a quarter-mile from Mr. Auble's proposed site, just inside the village limits.

Mr. Auble was still smarting from the town's rejection in 1982 of his plan to build a supermarket on his land.

Then, other strange things started to happen.

''There were rumors about Auble putting in a pig farm,'' Richard H. Owlett, the Mayor of Trumansburg, said. ''I kept getting postcards with pigs on them saying, 'Hi, I'm coming to Trumansburg. Porky Pig.' ''

In April, Mr. Auble's lawyers appeared before the village and town boards to explain Mr. Auble's choices for his land: a hog farm or the development. The development received mixed reviews, and many board members voiced resentment over Mr. Auble's strategy. The next morning, the first batch of hogs was unloaded into the pen.

Fears for Home Values

''It was real funny at first and a big tourist attraction,'' said Mr. Owlett. ''Then a lot people got scared skinny that their homes would be worth nothing because of the hog manure runoff into their backyards.''

Mr. Auble removed the hogs in late August, but that still left some of his most vocal critics nonplussed.

''Had he come to us in a more gentlemanly fashion with a sound proposal, it would have been better all around,'' said Martin A. Luster, the Ulysses Town Supervisor, who opposed Mr. Auble six years ago as a private citizen.

Town and village officials said they have uncovered a whole realm of pig-farm case law, including similar disputes in Colorado, New Hampshire and Vermont.

'Just a Poor Old Country Boy'

For his part, Mr. Auble says he is a victim of a bunch of mean-spirited local officials who can't recognize that growth is inevitable.

''I'm just using the land the way they want me to - agricultural,'' said Mr. Auble, who owns a trailer-home park in town and hasn't been a full-time hog farmer in 20 years. ''I'm just a poor old country boy trying to make a buck.''

The villagers who admire Mr. Auble's pluck still want to see results.

''His plan is excellent, provided that it turns out the way it's planned,'' said Joe Farrell, an insurance agent on Main Street whose own proposal to build 52 apartments in the village was rejected two years ago when neighbors objected.

If the village and town turn him down, Mr. Auble said, he has other projects to keep him busy, including raising hogs. He hasn't ruled out a return of the swine to Trumansburg.

''If I did it again, I'd open a concession stand there,'' Mr. Auble said. ''It'd have T-shirts, film, the whole bit.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Bill Auble with some of the junked vehicles on his hog farm near Trumansburg, N.Y. (NYT/Bob Mahoney); Mayor Richard H. Owlett, who received anonymous postcards ''with pigs on them'' (NYT); map of New York showing location of Trumansburg (pg. B4)

**End of Document**



[***The Living and the Dead***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5P33-3TY1-JBG3-61G2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 23, 2017 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 36

**Length:** 11852 words

**Byline:** By JAMES VERINI; Opening video sequence by Gabriel Chaim.

James Verini is a frequent contributor to The Times Magazine. He last wrote about the Kurdish pesh merga's role in the fight to recapture Mosul from the Islamic State.

**Body**

I. Eastern Mosul

In a film, on the news, you watch a war. While in a war, you mostly hear it. Weapons are fired day and night, but only sometimes do you see them fired. As much as images, then, each battle takes on its own sounds.

The battle of Mosul began officially on Oct. 17, 2016. Sonically, it didn't come into its own until some weeks later. In the opening skirmishes, as Iraqi troops encountered Islamic State fighters on farmland and in villages outside the city, rounds whistled unobstructed through the air and thudded in the sod, a vague overture. When the troops breached the easternmost districts of the city proper -- in early November -- then you could begin to really listen to the conflict.

On an evening later that month, I was embedded with a company of Iraqi Special Operations Forces in a neighborhood near Mosul's eastern edge from which they had expelled the jihadists. The troops had set up a temporary command post and barracks in a group of commandeered homes surrounding a plaza that included a mosque and a park, or what had been a park -- now it was a mud patch where Humvees, armored bulldozers and a fuel tanker were parked. Most of the modest rowhouses in this neighborhood -- Zahra, a middle-­class enclave of shopkeepers and pharmacists and taxi drivers -- had made it out of the fighting intact; others were crumpled but salvageable; others were mere rubble. The sunset was threaded through with black smoke from the car fires ISIS had lit to try to obscure its positions from aerial surveillance. The futility of this tactic could be heard and felt every few minutes, as a jet dove in to drop a bomb, or a heavy artillery shell found its target, with an atmosphere-­consuming shriek and a thunderous, belly-­seizing impact. And yet ISIS set the cars ablaze every day.

After dark, a polyphony of firefights broke out around our position. The reliable chatter of rifles, the more insistent clangor of machine guns, the congested peals of rocket-­propelled grenades went back and forth. The airstrikes and artillery continued. At midnight, I climbed to a roof, ducked below the parapet -- ISIS snipers had night-­vision equipment, it was believed, though they were good enough not to need it -- and peered over. Mosul is situated in a riverine basin, so that a high enough spot can give you a view over the city's ancient marble walls, the domes and minarets of its medieval mosques, the balconies of its cinder block apartment houses. The car fires had created around the city a necklace of Boschian throbbing orange-­red.

A sinister chorale crept into the gunfire -- ISIS fighters baying from mosque loudspeakers. ''Allahu akbar! Allahu akbar!'' Others shouted the phrase in the streets. From more loudspeakers came an ISIS anthem. I asked a soldier how the same song could come from different places in unison. He pulled from his fatigues a pocket radio and tuned it to 92.5 FM.

''ISIS's radio station,'' he said.

At the time, Zahra and a few areas around it represented a minute but expanding peninsula of military occupation jutting into the city, whose 251 neighborhoods were otherwise entirely controlled by ISIS. The plan was to push the jihadists west toward the Tigris River, which bisects Mosul, then encircle them on the west side. No one knew how many fighters were waiting. Some soldiers estimated a thousand, some five times that. Some believed that the battle would take two months, others a year. However many fighters there were, ISIS knew they were not enough to face off in the streets with the Iraqi forces pouring into Mosul: roughly 10,000 troops, with an additional 90,000 militiamen, police officers and Kurdish soldiers massed on the city's perimeter. Flying above Mosul were the jets, bombers, helicopters and unmanned aerial vehicles of an American-­led international coalition, and around it was a constellation of heavy artillery firebases.

So ISIS, in its efforts to hold Mosul -- or, really, to kill as many people and destroy as much of the city as it could while losing it, as the jihadists knew they inevitably must -- relied on tactics known in Western military parlance as ''harassing fire.'' It was a phrase that amused Iraqi soldiers whose English was sufficient to understand its insufficiency and who had to actually endure this harassment. ISIS's harassers included world-class snipers, crack mortar teams, the suicidal drivers of vehicle-­borne improvised explosive devices, or V.B.I.E.D.s -- mobile car bombs -- and, to direct these efforts, something new to warfare, a fleet of commercial-­market drones. ISIS managed to smuggle untold numbers of the small, cheap machines, the kind of thing you can buy on Amazon, into Mosul.

On his phone, a sergeant major showed me a video taken by one of the enemy drones, which the jihadists used to target strikes as well as record them. When a strike was successful, they would quickly edit the video and put it online, part of the steady diet of near-real-time footage that each side supplied the internet. The troops watched ISIS's videos as avidly as everyone else -- another of this battle's weird techno-­wrinkles. This particular clip, uploaded a few days earlier, showed a car bomber speeding up a street not far from where we were now, toward a group of parked Humvees. ''Those are ours,'' said the sergeant major, Karim. The car bomber slammed into a Humvee. A ghostly gray expanded in the middle of the screen. ''I was injured,'' Karim said, lifting up his shirt to reveal a scar. ''No, wait. This is from something else.''

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It was hard to keep track. The Iraqi special forces had been fighting ISIS for more than two years. They had fought them near Baghdad, in Ramadi, then Falluja, Tikrit and Baiji, pushing the jihadists north nearly 250 miles to Mosul, the caliphate's greatest urban stronghold. Many of Karim's comrades had fought Al Qaeda and ISIS's other precursors before that. The tip of the spear into Mosul, the special forces had been going without a break for weeks now, taking heavy casualties. Karim had been wounded five times since Ramadi. In Falluja, a rocket skivered a Humvee in which he was the gunner. It was the scar from that attack that he wanted to show me, a discolored sunken patch below his rib cage. Looking down at it, he said, ''It was a big hole before.''

I began traveling to northern Iraq last summer as the battle of Mosul loomed, to meet the people making it out of the city and those preparing to go in. When the combat began, I started spending time on the front lines, continuing to do so for six months, mostly in the company of the special forces.

ISIS captured Mosul in June 2014, when the organization was at the height of its power, its territory in Iraq and Syria encompassing thousands of square miles. With roughly 1.3 million residents, Mosul was the second or third ­most ­populous city in Iraq -- many times the size of the caliphate's capital, Raqqa, Syria -- and the most diverse and historically rich. By last fall, however, ISIS's territory had shrunk considerably. The recapture of Mosul from the Islamic State would not mean the organization's end, but it would be the most unmistakable death knell yet for the caliphate as a place.

The firefights that began that night in Zahra persisted into the dawn, mingling with the bird song. The men prepared to assault an adjoining neighborhood. The commanding officer, a major, found a house whose roof afforded a good vantage of the route in. On the floor of its still-dark main room were what at first appeared to be long bolts of fabric. Only when the major stepped around them did I see that this was the family who lived here, huddled under layers of blankets. They slept together in the center of the house in the event a wall was blown out during the night.

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On the street, a tank and an armored bulldozer waited ahead of two columns of Humvees. Locals emerged from their houses, tentatively, then enthusiastically. Parents sent their children to make tea for the soldiers. They brought them bread, sweets, whatever they could spare. The soldiers shared cigarettes, still a precious commodity in Mosul's newly retaken parts.

A special-­forces general gave the order to move. The columns reduced to a single line to cross a boulevard strewn with wrecked cars, downed shop awnings, the trunks of light poles, and then filed into a labyrinth of increasingly narrow streets. The fighting was close. A boy stepped from a doorway, and a soldier yelled at him from a Humvee window, ''Go back inside!''

We came to a stop before a soccer field. On its far side was a mosque, its minaret about seven stories high -- an obvious sniper perch. The general stepped from his Humvee and glanced up indifferently. Encouraged by the sounds of the soldiers, a father opened the front gate of his house. His wife and daughter peeked out. The general walked to them, wearing neither flak jacket nor helmet, carrying not even a sidearm. He shook the father's hand, patted the girl's head, accepted a kiss from the wife.

As if on cue, a shard of pavement popped up near the general's feet, followed by a faint snap. Then something ricocheted off his Humvee with another snap. The family disappeared behind the gate. Soldiers leapt from the street. The general looked at the minaret with scarcely more interest than before, then walked with his back to the mosque, unhurried, and finally sidestepped behind a Humvee with a contemplative grin.

The sniper kept firing. He put a round into the turret of the Humvee in which I was sitting, above my head, then one into the windscreen of the Humvee behind mine, a third into the side mirror of the one next to mine. The minaret was about 400 yards away, and this marksman apparently intended to showcase his expertise, picking apart the vehicles while he waited for one of us to stumble into his sights. A special-­forces gunner peppered the minaret with .50-­caliber rounds, another with grenades from an automatic launcher. The facade crumbled and smoked. It was a Friday, the day of prayer and rest in Islam, the most inconsiderate day to be shooting up a mosque, and ISIS, maybe taking this engagement as sacrilege, loosed a wave of mortar fire.

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I took cover in a house, where I found the major on the roof, smoking and drinking a Red Bull beneath a clothesline. A car bomb detonated, shaking the block. ''They are good fighters,'' the major said of the enemy. Like most Iraqi soldiers, he was willing to give credit to the jihadists. Whatever else they might be -- lunatics, half-wits, junkies, fake Muslims, pawns of foreign powers, there were as many theories as soldiers -- they were not cowards. ''They want to die,'' it was said every day, and this was neither an insult nor a cliché. ''I respect them,'' the major confided. ''People need to die. They have the loyalty for that. I know their loyalty is in the wrong place, but most of their fighters, we've found, they have that loyalty. It's difficult, in an army, to find a fighter who's ready to blow himself up, to fight until he's dead.''

As he spoke, an ISIS propagandist got onto a nearby loudspeaker.

''Fight the infidels!'' he bellowed. ''Fight them because they are American agents! They are Israeli agents!''

During the battles for Ramadi and Falluja, the biggest campaigns before Mosul, most residents fled or were evacuated before the fighting. Many Moslawis stayed, making for a more complicated operation. Some did so because ISIS was killing people who tried to escape, some because they refused to forfeit homes or leave family, some because they worked for ISIS in some capacity -- but many because the government asked them to. It dropped handbills from helicopters requesting that residents not flee. It did this in part because Iraq, which has had 3.4 million people displaced by the war, could not absorb another wholesale exodus. But the generals were also betting they could use the civilians to their advantage. If the security forces treated Moslawis well, the people could be a source of assistance, intelligence, good publicity.

And initially, the wager paid off. The soldiers gave civilians food and medical care, helped them salvage their homes and bury their dead, brought them bottled water and shared their mobile generators (water and electricity service had been cut off). Many soldiers I knew genuinely felt for Moslawis. As one put it to me: ''I know you have ISIS in America. But in America, they do a bombing. Here they're killing my people every day.'' The Moslawis in turn opened their homes to the soldiers, cooked for them, identified collaborators and booby-­traps. The interactions were often very touching to watch, especially because most of the soldiers were from elsewhere and were Shiites, while most Moslawis were Sunnis. Mosul's was an oddly civil battle, in the best sense of the term. This despite the soldiers' knowledge that many of the locals had abided ISIS, and very possibly had done more. You could call it a suspension of disbelief, but the deeper impulse may have been a certain national preference for forgiveness. ''You can't take vengeance for everything bad someone's ever done to you in Iraq,'' one scholar told me. ''If you did, everyone would be dead.''

The generals' strategy also meant that in order to protect civilians, the operation had to move slowly. The troops methodically inched their way westward, causing as little damage as possible. Tanks and mortars were rare. Every airstrike was cleared through the high command and coalition.

In November, in the Tahrir neighborhood, north of Zahra, I spent a night with a special-­forces assault team in a commandeered house behind an avenue that was then the front line. The house was small, and the soldiers slept side by side, head to foot. The closest ISIS position was maybe a hundred feet away, but the night was quiet, and the men awoke in good spirits. They gathered around a gas burner on the floor to warm themselves and fry a pan of eggs, which they scooped up with pieces torn from circular loaves of flatbread. One man lovingly prepared a hookah, while another put on a trilby hat and scarf. I asked if he had found them in the house.

''I wouldn't take another person's clothing,'' he said, sounding almost insulted. He carried the accessories in his rucksack. This was his morning leisure wear.

''I screwed your sister last night,'' the hookah preparer said.

''No, excuse me, I screwed your sister last night.''

With a firefight raging on the avenue, the team moved from house to house, looking for positions. In Ramadi or Falluja, it would have laid siege to the block. Not here. Most of the homes were still occupied by owners or families taking refuge. Some cowered in back rooms; others sat unperturbed in dens and kitchens. In one home, the team found a retired English teacher and his wife. ''Tell them about the mosque,'' she said to her husband. ''Tell them everything.''

''In the mosque around the corner, ISIS stored weapons,'' he said.

They gave the team a stepladder to get them over the back wall and into an empty house facing the avenue. The soldiers quietly ascended to the roof. Ducking below the parapet, they put a hole in its base with a sledgehammer and chisel. A sniper laid on his stomach and checked his scope.

Next they came to a house where five families had been holed up for days. The children -- there must have been two dozen of them -- sat in tidy rows in a hallway. In the next house was a family and its neighbors. A man recounted being questioned by ISIS's feared religious patrolmen. ''They said, 'Why have you shaved?' I told them I hadn't shaved; I just can't grow a beard. They didn't believe me. They said: 'Are you playing with us? Who gave you permission to shave?' I told them, 'I swear I haven't shaved.' '' Another man said: ''I couldn't even buy underwear for my wife. ISIS didn't like the pictures advertising the underwear. They said these pictures came from the devil. You couldn't buy anything -- even perfume. They didn't like the perfume pictures either.''

The soldiers came to the last home on the block. If they could set up in the structure behind it, on an intersection, they would have good firing lines in three directions. The front door had a deadbolt and back plate. For 15 minutes, they took turns pounding at the bolt with a sledgehammer. Hearing the ruckus, more men came in to take turns, until the entranceway was full with panting soldiers. A burly young man stepped in and, with a tremendous whack, sent the bolt flying. ''Is there anything else I can do for you?'' he said, taking his exit.

Inside, they found the remnants of a hasty exit. The television had been removed from its wall mount and a display case with the family silverware turned to the wall. The refrigerator was empty save for four ramekins of pudding, as though the family had eaten a final meal but decamped before dessert.

It took a half-­hour for the soldiers to break through another gate and climb into the house they wanted to get to, only to find no windows onto the avenue. It was useless. As we went downstairs, an explosion rocked the earth, sending plaster to the floor and a squall of debris up the street. It had come from the special forces' part of Tahrir and was too big to have been a mortar. Outside, the distinctive billow of a car bomb rose into the sky, with its long stem and squat plume, eerily like a nuclear mushroom cloud. The blast killed a popular gunner. Another man had been felled by a sniper in front of me. There were numerous other casualties. The total ground taken by the company at the end of the day amounted to a few square blocks.

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At the main position, soldiers had set up a small infirmary -- a pile of drugs and a stretcher -- where locals came for help. Some intrepid residents had reopened a market nearby. ISIS was shelling it insistently. Adults and children perforated with shrapnel and fragment were rushed in. Others came with dormant prescriptions and headaches. A girl arrived having swallowed her chewing gum, the look of terror in her eyes worse than what I'd seen in children who had been shot.

An old man with a flowing white beard hobbled in carrying a death certificate, his wife's. She and their four children were killed in a shelling. Soldiers had helped him bury the bodies. He heard the government was compensating survivors. A sergeant major took the man inside to a portable printer. As he made copies of the certificate, he explained they would have to be sent to a ministry in Baghdad for approval. The man didn't understand. ''Will the government compensate me?'' he asked.

''Yes, but father, believe me, the stamp you need is in Baghdad,'' the sergeant major said.

''Please, I need it stamped.''

''Father, do you think we're ISIS?'' another soldier said. ''That we're going to kill you? We must send the certificate to Baghdad.''

''Please, I need your help. I'm very tired. I'm an old man.''

''I swear, there's nothing more I can do for you,'' the sergeant major said.

All special-­forces soldiers, indeed all Iraqi forces, from the most experienced to the greenest, wore flak jackets and helmets only when ordered to by commanders, commanders only when ordered to by generals and generals never. When I asked why, I was told some variation of ''it can't protect you.'' This was not an indictment of the gear, it took a while to realize, but an expression of a rich fatalism, an alloy of courage and resignation and faith. It was another way of saying, ''If God wants me to die today, so be it,'' a sentiment you heard in so many words all the time from the soldiers and everyone else.

The attitude extended to suicide. A soldier told me about an ambush he was caught in: 35 casualties, a dozen vehicles totaled. They were pinned down overnight. He wasn't scared of dying, he said, but ''was scared of them taking me alive. So I spared a bullet. I call it -- we call it, all of us -- the mercy bullet. When you are surrounded, you kill yourself.''

By January, the troops had pushed ISIS to the Tigris. The jihadists were confined to a few last redoubts in the east. I rode to one, a neighborhood called Arabi, with a general who had the shape and tenor of an active fire hydrant. His convoy drove down a highway at the foot of a hillside. On the hilltop was a church whose large cupola had been knocked off its foundation and onto its side, somehow remaining in one piece, its vault exposed to the sky. Crowds of families walked up the highway in the opposite direction, away from Arabi. This exasperated the general. Didn't they know he was emancipating them? He waved down a family.

''Why are you leaving?'' he demanded.

''Everyone else left,'' the father said.

''Everyone! Where are you all going?''

''Hadba.''

''Well, just stay there, I suppose.''

The convoy entered Arabi, an upper-­class district of recently built, free-­standing homes. On a sidewalk, in three piles, was what had once been an ISIS fighter, possibly a suicide bomber. The most recognizable section included his head, shoulders and arms. His right hand was still clenched, as though around a detonator.

The general arrived at an intersection where his soldiers had gathered to celebrate. Arabi had just been officially taken, or so they had been told, though no one had told the general this, and gunfire still rang out nearby. Civilians emerged from their homes. As the general walked up the street, they embraced him and took pictures with him. A woman, her cheeks wet with tears, kissed him.

''God bless you, God protect you,'' she told him. ''We're so tired. But now we can eat comfortably.''

''We will raise the Iraqi flag now,'' her son said.

''When I first saw the soldiers, I started kissing them,'' his mother went on, more excited with every word. ''Kissed all of them! I can't contain my happiness.''

''She did!'' her son said. ''She even kissed their feet. I can't blame her.''

The convoy pulled out of Arabi and back onto the highway, a group of officers on foot alongside it, none of them wearing protective equipment. They hadn't been moving long when a shell came in with that familiar, quick thrum. There was a blast, a hail of fragment and debris, a gust of smoke, then silence. Momentarily the air cleared. Cut down on the ground before me, quicker than seemed possible, were four perfectly dead officers.

Immediately it was obvious what had happened: an ISIS informant in Arabi had seen the general, tracked him and alerted a mortar team. Perhaps the general had unknowingly spoken with the artillerist. Perhaps they'd hugged.

The general and his staff jumped from their vehicles and ran to the injured survivors. Another shell crashed nearby. Two ambulances sped in and loaded on three corpses. The last was laid on the hood of the general's Humvee. We followed the ambulances back up the highway, past Arabi, to a command post. The corpses were already in body bags in the courtyard. Soldiers bent over them, weeping and yelling. The general stood alone on the far side of the yard.

''Bring a flag!'' wailed a kneeling man.

''Put it around the edges,'' the general instructed from across the yard when the Iraqi flag was finally brought. The folding displeased him. He marched over and neatly tucked the corners between the body bag and the stretcher.

''Screw these Mosul people!'' a soldier said.

II. Khazir Camp

Despite the efforts to get them to stay, every day civilians fled the front-line neighborhoods of eastern Mosul, which was declared liberated in late January. They fled in families, groups of families, whole city blocks' worth of families. They dragged bursting suitcases and waved broomsticks and lengths of plastic piping tied with white cloths to signal to the soldiers their docility. The old and the sick were in wheelchairs, wheelbarrows, slung on backs. The dead were wrapped in blankets and pushed along in handcarts and wagons. The families congregated at a holding facility on Mosul's eastern edge, a half-built home whose gate had been shelled away. In front idled a row of open-top freight trucks. Once their trailers were full with human cargo, they would drive to one of the 68 camps for displaced people that have been erected in Iraq since June 2014.

Entering the home's courtyard one day, I met a stout, disheveled man wearing a fraying sweater. His face was unevenly shaved, and his penetrating eyes were laughing and frantic behind dirty glasses. They seemed to ask, Can you imagine this hell?

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He went by Abu Omar. He was with his two daughters and was eager for information. Where would they be taken? When could they return? Journalists got these questions all the time: When Moslawis saw a foreign face, they assumed it belonged to an authority, and when they learned you were American, their expectations made you feel grandly useless. Americans could and did do anything, you were assured. Among other assumptions, they took it for granted that the United States was controlling this war, from both sides. ''This was all planned 20 years ago,'' Abu Omar told me of the battle. ''America planned it.''

I found Abu Omar, 48, and his daughters again in a camp known as Khazir, an hour's drive east of Mosul, and took to visiting them there regularly. It was in an improbably bucolic setting, on a hillside next to a river in Iraqi Kurdistan. Inside the camp, however, the atmosphere was humid with suspicion. Kurdish soldiers and agents, many of whom had fought ISIS, presided over Khazir. ''They tell us, 'You're all ISIS,' '' Abu Omar told me on one visit.

His tent was situated between a storm fence and the toilet that serviced his block -- four holes in the floor for dozens of families. For washing and cooking there was a water tank with a few unenthusiastic spigots. The winter rains had begun, and there was mud everywhere. Rats roamed at night. ''We thought the government would take care of us after we lived under ISIS for so long,'' Abu Omar said. ''But it's the same crap here. It's like a jail.''

There hadn't been regular water service in Mosul before he left, he said, and he hadn't prayed in months. ''To pray, you must be clean. Islam is clean.'' But the real problem was that ISIS had soured him on the whole idea. ''God forgive me for saying it, but now I don't even like to hear the call to prayer. I hate it because of them. God forgive me. On Fridays, their preaching was all instigating people to kill, to deceive one another, to pillage. This is not our religion.'' Suddenly his eyes brightened with that frantic laugh, and he exclaimed: ''Will you take me to America? Why don't you take us to America? Take me out of Iraq.''

Abu Omar came from a ***working***-­***class*** Mosul family. After being conscripted into Saddam Hussein's army in the mid-1980s, he was sent to fight in Iran. Mosul wasn't bombed in that war to the extent that Baghdad and Basra were, but it suffered in its own way: A majority of the officers' corps came from the city, many of them from Mosul's oldest families. Long before Hussein took power, the city had a formidable martial reputation.

It began as a settlement around 900 B.C. on the Tigris's west bank, across from the more famous Nineveh, whose ruins Mosul now encompasses. In the ninth and eighth centuries B.C., Nineveh was one of the most populous cities in the world, archaeologists believe, in the largest empire of its day -- the Assyrian -- maintained by an army so fierce that God made it his ''rod of anger'' to punish the wayward Israelites, according to Isaiah. To the Hebrew prophets, Nineveh was a cruel paradox of a place, the flower of iniquity and the instrument of righteousness. The Assyrians commemorated their massacres in carved reliefs whose antic violence is still unsettling to consider, not least because it prefigures ISIS's agitprop by 3,000 years. God would eventually lay waste the Assyrians too, of course. ''Even today,'' the historian John Robertson writes, the biblical picture ''shapes our views of Iraq as a place cursed by history.''

After the Assyrians passed from power, Mosul found itself wedged between the Roman and Parthian Empires, then Byzantium and Persia, then Turkey and Iran. Home to all the Abrahamic religions, Mosul was also sanctuary to their precursors and persecuted offshoots: Zoroastrians, Yazidis, Christian schismatics, Jews, Sufi Muslims and various mystics and heretics unwelcome elsewhere. Governed at different times by Sunni and Shiite caliphs, Mosul was on the fault line of Islam, though even religiously conservative Moslawis are proud of their city's history of diversity. Abu Omar told me, ''I am a Muslim, but my neighbors were Christian, and I never saw any harm from them.''

They're also proud of Mosul's history of resistance to the Ottoman Empire and to Baghdad. The British diplomat Gertrude Bell wrote in 1911, ''Mosul has always been against the government, whatever form it should happen to assume.'' Mosul was one major Iraqi city never to erect a statue of Hussein, according to longtime residents. Bell's colleague Mark Sykes, an author of the Sykes-­Picot Agreement, which carved up the Levant to the specifications of the British and French Empires, was less charitable. He found Moslawis ''ready to riot and slay for the sake of fanaticism as long as there is no danger.''

After Iran, Abu Omar was sent to Kuwait. He didn't agree with that war but didn't dare disobey. He was terrified of Hussein, it went without saying, but that was nothing compared with the terror to follow. When the Americans deposed the Iraqi president, he said, ''we felt happy. But if we had known things would turn this way, of course we would have wished to stay under him.''

In 2005, Abu Omar's wife was kidnapped. Her body was found in a street in another neighborhood. He believes she was killed by militants, though accidentally. Before finding a job as a security guard at a cellular tower, he did not have regular work, and unable to feed his children, he put them in an orphanage.

''They've only known war and destruction,'' he said. His daughter Amina, now 12, was anemic, and, he added -- lowering his voice, though not so low that anyone could miss what he said -- ''Aya has a mental disorder.'' Aya, a sweet-­natured girl who at 13 looked both older and younger than her age, did not seem to outward appearances to suffer from anything worse than painful shyness; she looked down at her folded knees as her father said this. As for the 18-year-old Omar, his father went on, while he might look big -- he was a mass of undeveloped bulk -- he had ''the brain of a child.'' Omar, who had been in the corner of the tent praying, smiled mildly. This obviously was not the first time Abu Omar had insulted his son in front of a stranger.

Omar arrived in the camp two weeks after the rest of his family. He was detained by the special forces after they retook Zahra, Abu Omar told me -- pro forma for young Sunni men. ''The ones who had some connection with ISIS, they beat them very badly and took them away,'' Abu Omar explained. ''Those who had nothing to do with them were kept for a few days, then brought here.''

''They blindfolded all of the guys with me, but they didn't blindfold me,'' Omar said boastfully. It was unclear whether he wanted to impress his father or me or both of us. ''I was the supervisor of all the other prisoners.''

''Because he was not involved with ISIS,'' his father repeated.

Still, Abu Omar and Omar both readily admitted that they had at first welcomed ISIS. To understand this, they said, I had to understand the city's recent history. In the early years of American occupation, Mosul was safe, one of the few major cities spared looting and the early sectarian violence that tore apart Baghdad. But inevitably a militant underground coalesced. It began with former soldiers and officials -- men not unlike Abu Omar -- who had lost their jobs and pensions when the United States disbanded the military and tried to purge members of Hussein's Baath Party from office. They were joined by coreligionists and criminal rings, the lot of them colluding and competing over smuggling routes and extortion rackets. Ideology and criminality commingled.

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In 2006, Abu Musab al-­Zarqawi, Al Qaeda in Iraq's founder, who envisioned a modern-day caliphate in the country, was killed in an American airstrike. His followers were squeezed northward by the Sunni Awakening and the ''surge'' of American forces. Regrouping in Mosul, with a consortium of other jihadists they began referring to themselves as the Islamic State of Iraq. The city was its base and main revenue center. It co-­opted and assassinated officials at all levels of the local government, courts and police force. But for all its depredations, the insurgency wasn't as despised as the national government. By 2010, most of the Iraqi soldiers patrolling the city were Shiite and not from Mosul, and they treated Sunni men as though they were all militants, jailing them and beating them. When Abu Omar crossed the city, he had to wait at checkpoints for hours. Soldiers insulted Omar routinely. They ''turned Mosul into a hell,'' Abu Omar told me.

By the time ISIS activated its operatives in Mosul, in the first days of June 2014, and dispatched columns from Syria toward the city, it was theirs for the taking. Whether through anguish or pragmatism, or both, many Moslawis had come to see ISIS, barbarous as it was, as the only alternative to the government in Baghdad. ''Religious ideology might have been the last point of identification for many Moslawis who joined ISIS,'' Rasha al Aqeedi, a researcher from Mosul, told me.

When ISIS arrived, ''they came in as revolutionaries,'' Abu Omar said. ''Once they took control, there were no more checkpoints, no traffic jams, no arrests of young people, no beatings,'' Omar added. ''There was freedom.'' The jihadists cleaned up the city, lowered rents, collected donations for the poor. They promulgated a new city constitution, whose 16 clauses encouraged Moslawis to live peaceably, forbade the ownership of weapons and promised justice for all.

Abu Omar's house was opposite the mosque from which the sniper shot at the special-­forces soldiers in November. He and Omar had gone to that mosque, al-Nuaimi, every Friday for years. In all of Mosul's mosques, ISIS installed loyalist imams -- some of them foreigners, some Moslawis who sided with the group. At al-Nuaimi, the imam who took over, one of the locals, called himself Abu Bakr, like ISIS's caliph, Abu Bakr al-­Baghdadi. Preaching with a rifle slung on his shoulder, he exhorted the young men who flocked to him to attack their parents if they objected to jihad. As the Iraqi troops approached Mosul, he hollered from the minbar: ''Kill the Iraqi Army! Kill whoever wears the uniform!'' Omar went every week. ''I didn't miss a sermon,'' he told me.

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The imam often had a videographer in tow. Like ­Baghdadi, he believed he was instrumental in history -- more to the point, in the end of history. ISIS erected billboards at checkpoints outside Mosul, like states' welcome signs, reading, ''The Islamic State: A Caliphate in Accordance With the Prophetic Method.'' The climax of the prophecy was Armageddon. ISIS was here to usher it in.

''Do you know what they do?'' Abu Omar said. ''They tell you: 'Son, you are doing jihad for God. You will be martyred and go to heaven. There are mermaids in heaven. You will eat lunch with the Prophet.' ''

Omar frowned. To him and his friends, there had been nothing jocular about the imam. Abu Bakr was powerful, brash, unafraid to question authority. He was everything their parents -- beaten down by years of hardship, humiliated, afraid of everything, it seemed -- were not. The imam told Omar he was a warrior in waiting who would deliver this world from unbelief. ''I believed him,'' Omar told me. ''It made sense to me.''

While Omar talked, his father kept interrupting to temper his son's confessions. Finally, Abu Omar confessed, ''If it wasn't for me, Omar might have joined them.''

I asked Omar if this was true. ''Yes, if it wasn't for my father, I would have been in ISIS for sure. They could have brainwashed me.''

Over his adult life, Abu Omar had fallen out with all of his siblings save one, a brother who goes by Abu Fahad. Abu Fahad, 50, fled Mosul shortly after Abu Omar, and when he and his family arrived at the Khazir camp, they moved into his brother's tent. Abu Omar told him it was too crowded, and Abu Fahad left in a huff. They hadn't spoken since. Though they were living in the same camp, they were too proud to effect a reunion.

''He knows where to find me,'' Abu Omar grumbled. But there was something else pushing them apart: According to Abu Omar, Abu Fahad's older son had joined ISIS.

Abu Fahad had the same high forehead and penetrating eyes as his brother, but his didn't laugh. Exile was a more stinging indignity to him. Trimmer and better groomed than Abu Omar, he was also cleverer, having been an army medic and then the chief nurse at a Mosul hospital. His younger son, Hamudi, was two years younger than Omar but much more mature. While Aya could barely bring herself to speak in my presence, Abu Fahad's daughter Maha wanted to discuss history and politics, religion and movies. And yet here they were, reduced to exactly the same circumstances as Abu Omar and his family.

The same year that Abu Omar's wife was killed, Abu Fahad's wife was shot while they were driving in Mosul, he believes by Kurdish and American soldiers. His children were in the car. As Maha and Hamudi listened, Abu Fahad recounted to me the crash of the bullets coming through the windshield, his harried pressing on the brake pedal. He was dragged from the vehicle and beaten unconscious by the soldiers. Coming to, he found his wife's body beneath a blanket. His eldest daughter, who had watched her mother's head explode, he found in the back seat, trying to eat shards of window glass.

''She went insane,'' Abu Fahad said. She never entirely recovered.

By this point in the story, Maha was crying, while Hamudi stared fixedly at the ground.

''Let's change the subject, please,'' Abu Fahad said.

When ISIS arrived in Mosul, ''we were one of the families who welcomed them,'' he told me. ''They claimed they'd save us from the infidels and that they would return us to real Islam.'' Like most Iraqis I've come to know who supported ISIS initially, Abu Fahad was not a zealot. He wasn't even particularly devout. He had, however, watched his country invaded and plunged into horror; his city degraded from a ''heaven,'' as he described the Mosul of his youth, to a battleground; his wife killed; himself humiliated by soldiers of the army he once nursed to health; his children denied a future. To a man in such circumstances, talk of a religious utopia, of any utopia, of any improvement of life beyond the malediction it had become, however fantastical the promises, however deranged, held a desperate appeal. ''They said they would not stop until they reached Rome,'' he told me with a rueful grin. ''I thought, let's start with Baghdad, then we can talk about Rome.''

Sounding like a resident of Washington recollecting a smooth presidential transition, he said: ''They took over the city so capably. By the next morning at 10, they were driving around Mosul as though they'd always been there.'' For a time, life went on normally. Abu Fahad stayed on at the hospital -- ISIS made a point of keeping the hospitals open, along with providing other vital public services. Many public employees kept their jobs under ISIS. Others took jobs with the group -- as traffic officers, court clerks, garbage collectors and so forth. To an outsider, this is unimaginable, but to Moslawis, ISIS was now the government, whether they liked it or not. They had to survive.

I asked Abu Fahad about his older son, Loy. He did not know that Abu Omar had told me Loy was in ISIS. Abu Fahad conceded, ''He was very religious.'' He'd been driven to extreme devotion by his mother's death. ''And to tell you the truth, he did support their ideology.'' But Abu Fahad emphasized, ''He didn't support their actions.''

When I visited Abu Omar at the camp, he was always eager for news from the front, though he usually knew more than I did. Local Mosul radio and TV stations were already back to work, and he kept a radio on all day. The camp was very cold at night, but he sold a space heater to buy a TV. He had not watched one in months. At first, he explained, ISIS had allowed Moslawis to keep their satellite dishes and modems. But soon enough, those were confiscated. That had been the general trend. They might have come as revolutionaries, Abu Omar said, but they were leaving as murderous tyrants, to say nothing of thieves.

There were the public sadisms of which the world learned. Then there were the lesser-­known outrages. ISIS pilfered nearly $425 million from Mosul's Central Bank, according to a United Nations Habitat report, even as it imposed a mandatory tax for ''charity'' on Moslawis and extorted private businesses. Construction and public-­works projects came to a standstill; factories closed, and as they did, ISIS dismantled them and shipped off their equipment for sale abroad. By 2016, the report found, as much as three-­quarters of the city's industrial enterprises and a comparable share of its government infrastructure were destroyed. And that was before the coalition's bombing campaign began in earnest.

When ISIS shut down the mobile-­phone networks, Abu Omar lost his job. When the government in Baghdad ceased paying employees in Mosul, Abu Fahad went broke. ISIS took over grain silos, flour factories, bakeries, farms. They smuggled out millions of barrels of oil and gas, driving up prices, and seized properties of Moslawis, renting or looting them. ''It's all a lie,'' a provincial government official I spoke with remembers thinking. ''We thought the Americans were their target. But they weren't. We were their target. Our money was their target.''

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When the roads into Mosul were blocked by security forces, the shops went empty. Power and water service were reduced to a few hours a day. ISIS razed historical structures, including mosques, and demolished and burned artifacts and irreplaceable books. It took over the schools, imposing its own bellicose curriculum. At Mosul University, it shut down every department except medicine and engineering. When a student I know who had been a history major asked why, he was told: ''We have a new history. We have the right history.''

When we discussed ISIS, Abu Omar, like just about every Moslawi, dismissed as naïve the notion that the organization might have arisen from the caldron of Iraqi history alone or that it functioned independently. It was a global conspiracy, he was certain: The government in Baghdad was of course involved, despite being Shiite-­dominated and ISIS's being by definition Sunni; so, too, was Saudi Arabia (the money), Turkey (the border), Iran (sheer Persian perfidy) and Israel (Jews control everything). But the conversation invariably came back to the United States.

One day when we were discussing the imam Abu Bakr, I asked Omar what he liked so much about his sermons. Omar smiled sheepishly.

''I don't want to say,'' he replied. ''You are our guest here, and I should respect you.''

I told him I wouldn't be offended.

''All Americans are pigs. Filthier than pigs,'' Omar said. ''Americans -- no, he wasn't calling them Americans, he was calling them Jews -- he said the Jews want to destroy Islam.''

Abu Omar said that, much as he disliked the imam, he had to concede the accuracy of this point. ''The real founders of ISIS are America and Israel,'' he said.

''How's that?'' I asked.

''Do you really think America, with all its technology and strategy, with all its strength, that it couldn't defeat ISIS in a day if it wished?''

I told him that I thought ISIS was a very effective insurgency and that any military would struggle against it.

''Not the American military,'' he said. ''How was it ISIS was even able to enter Iraq? How was it they were able to expand as they did? An American satellite can reveal what's inside your stomach. They couldn't see this? When the Americans withdrew from Iraq, they said, 'As soon as we leave, the country will return to chaos.' ''

His secret history of ISIS stretched back to the 2003 invasion, then to the Persian Gulf war, then to the collapse of the Ottoman Empire and arrived at the Sykes-­Picot Agreement, signed in 1916. The centennial had not escaped his notice.

''So you think ISIS was conceived a century ago?'' I asked.

''No, I am saying this has all been planned. I cannot explain to you how, exactly, because it's a very deep scheme. Bigger than me, bigger than you, bigger than all of us. Very deep politics. But it was all planned.'' Sighing, he concluded, ''I don't know, but I know the main reason for Iraq's destruction is America.''

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These ideas are ubiquitous among everyday Iraqis, whose various and conflicting notions about the Islamic State's underwriters oddly mirror ISIS's own claims (''Fight them because they are American agents! They are Israeli agents!''). They are particularly baroque among the troops. I was informed by many soldiers that the Obama administration was not just not doing enough to fight ISIS but was actively backing it. ''Obama doesn't help us,'' a special-­forces sergeant major told me. (The Iraqi Special Operations Forces had been trained and funded by the United States, including the Obama administration, to hunt terrorists. It used American equipment and in the battle of Mosul enjoyed on-­demand American air and artillery support.) ''He doesn't like us.'' A comrade agreed, ''Obama supports ISIS.'' Other soldiers informed me that they had seen American aircraft dropping supplies to ISIS. And almost every soldier I spoke with after the American presidential election claimed to eagerly await Donald Trump. Some hoped he would attack ISIS, others Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Iran, all of them.

''Obama smashed Iraq,'' Abu Omar said. ''And Trump? Trump will not leave any humans alive in the universe.'' He held the two men in almost equal disdain. ''I only like Trump because he might screw Iran.''

Iraqis looked forward to an American president who fit their idea of one, which as far as I could make out meant a belligerent, imperious white man. Trump's statements about Muslims didn't bother them. They were going to be mistreated by any American leader, they figured. At least Trump was open about it.

III. Western Mosul

The combat on the west side of Mosul commenced in early March with a bad omen -- a flock of them. ISIS engineers had figured out how to rig grenades and mortar rounds to the undersides of their drones with a catching mechanism that connected to the drone's headlamps. When the pilot turned on the lights, the munition armed and released. As troops made their way into the outskirts, enemy quadcopters swarmed over them, dropping the small bombs. The coalition devised a way to sabotage the drones electronically, and by the middle of the month, the troops had breached the southernmost neighborhoods.

It had taken them three months to capture the east side, which was damaged, of course, but not overwhelmingly. Within a few weeks of operations in the west, it was clear that the damage here would be vastly worse. Already whole neighborhoods were leveled. ISIS had always been less popular in the east, Mosul's more diverse half. The west was where Sunni discontent had run the highest, where Al Qaeda had been the strongest and where ISIS, it knew all along, would make its last stand. ''Any creature, when you corner it, gets more aggressive,'' a special-­forces major told me. ''They know they're going to die.''

The destruction was all the more upsetting because the west was not just home to a majority of Moslawis but to the city's past. Aside from the ruins of Nineveh, the east had been built up mostly since the Baathist era. The west, however, contained mosques, shrines, churches and monasteries dating back to at least the eighth century A.D., museums and libraries and the Old City, with the historical centerpiece of Al Nuri Grand Mosque. The mosque was supposedly the work of Nur al-Din, who repelled the Christians of the Second Crusade. It was Nur al-Din who reportedly inspired Abu Musab al-­Zarqawi to conceive of the Islamic State, and it was at the Grand Mosque that his successor, Abu Bakr al-­Baghdadi, proclaimed himself its caliph. The mosque's famous leaning minaret could be seen from around the west side, overlooking every skirmish, pulling jihadist and the soldier alike toward it like true north on a compass. Not until the minaret fell -- and the combatants knew it would have to fall, by one hand or the other -- would the battle be done.

To meet ISIS's redoubled aggression, pressure from the air was increased. American ­Apaches and Iraqi Hind helicopters now menaced the jihadists constantly, the roar of their guns and cannons, which poured down thousands of rounds a minute, seeming to tear the sky asunder. ISIS in turn stepped up its attacks on civilians.

One morning, soldiers were overseeing food distribution in the newly retaken Mosul Jidideh, a pleasant area of narrow tree-­lined streets, plazas and old homes in the center of the west side. A crowd of a few hundred gathered. On a side street opposite the food trucks, a mother who fled the fighting with her children had moved into an abandoned house. Outside it, she and her two sons had set up a small grocery.

Predictably, ISIS learned of the distribution almost as soon as it started. A shell came in, hitting the grocery. The crowd bolted. Out of the smoke-­filled street, civilians carried a soldier, a hole in his leg gushing blood. He was lifted into a Humvee and rushed off. A man, conscious but the color of death, his chest a confusion of entry wounds, was laid on the curb. Beside him was set down a boy whose injury was unapparent but whose face suggested something dreadful.

A flatbed truck raced up. The less-­wounded climbed in. As the boy was handed up, his insides spilled from a gash in his abdomen. By the time the man was lifted, he was dead.

He was the eldest son of the family in the abandoned house. Solitary tomatoes and torn bags of chips surrounded the shell crater. His mother stood in the doorway of the house, screaming, her daughters in the kitchen behind her sobbing. The doorstep had pooled with her son's blood. Her younger son stumbled in, ranting and pulling at his hair. He cursed the army. First his father, a bystander, was killed, now his brother. His mother begged him to lower his voice.

''Let them hear it!'' he said. ''Let them hear it!''

He crumpled on the doorstep, hyperventilating, his feet in the blood.

It was a terrible cycle. The more Moslawis were killed, the more they blamed not ISIS but the soldiers for bringing this war upon them. And the more soldiers were killed, the more they came to suspect ordinary Moslawis were colluding with ISIS in the fight (''Screw these Mosul people!''). The inevitable breakdown of the strategy of encouraging civilians to stay, it came to a head in mid-­March, when a coalition airstrike resulted in the deaths of more than 100 civilians in Mosul Jidideh. A Pentagon investigation found that the strike hit an ISIS explosives cache, but by the time the report was released, the damage had been done.

There was no doubt that some soldiers, maybe many, did not heed the orders to protect civilians. In early March, as the troops surrounded the Old City, I spent an afternoon with a unit of infantrymen who had just taken a stately old rail station, in the process shooting it to bits. Now they were trying to dislodge a nearby contingent of enemy fighters. Not as well funded as the special forces, they had to improvise much of their equipment. They had fortified their personnel carrier with sandbags, fastening them to the vehicle's sides with chicken wire. Their prize possession was a multilaunch system consisting of a trio of immense handmade tubes welded onto the back of a Humvee.

The men parked the Humvee with its hood facing vaguely toward ISIS. A tail fuse was lit. From a tube launched a rusty projectile the length of a man and the width of an elm trunk. It hurtled in a high arc, spinning like a poorly thrown football, and landed a few blocks away with a dismal rumble. Four of these bombs were launched, each time an officer yelling, ''Blasting in the name of the Prophet!'' It was unclear whether he was serious or glib, but it was clear that if there were civilians near the detonations, there was little chance they were alive. I asked the officer how the aiming was done.

''I don't want to talk to you,'' he said. ''I don't want you shouting about this and saying bad things.''

Several days after the incident in Mosul Jidideh, I was with soldiers sitting in their Humvee, listening to a local call-in radio show. ''What I'm hearing about what's happening there makes me very sad,'' a caller said to the host. ''May God be with you and protect you. I hope ISIS all dies and burns in hell. But it doesn't make sense to destroy an entire neighborhood because of one ISIS dog. It doesn't make sense. It's not acceptable. Ten thousand people are dying because of this. They're making a second Aleppo in Mosul.''

''You're right, it has become another Aleppo,'' the host said. ''Houses are destroyed. The city is destroyed. This is very bad politics. It's a very bad plan if they want to restore Mosul.''

The favor of protection was not extended to those believed to be ISIS members. If you spent enough time in Mosul, you eventually saw suspected jihadists beaten, tortured, even murdered. Often, though, the interactions between troops and captives were not so violent as they were absurd. I was sharing a hookah with a special-­forces sergeant outside his position in Mosul Jidideh one morning in April when a middle-­aged man approached. A teenager dragged his feet alongside him. The man wanted to turn over the boy, his son, because he had taken a job as a street cleaner with ISIS. The job had lasted 10 days, a year earlier.

The sergeant, whose name was Salam, wasn't overly interested. Nor was the son, Idris, whose expression suggested that this was only the latest in a yearslong litany of paternal complaint. ''Yesterday the minister announced that those who worked for ISIS but did not bloody their hands will be forgiven,'' the father told Salam. ''I swear, he has not done anything bad. If he had, I wouldn't have turned him in. I would have helped him escape.''

Salam asked Idris if what his father said was true. Idris said it was. He had been a student but dropped out when ISIS took over his school and went to work at his uncle's tea shop. The religious patrolmen shut it down because of the hookahs.

''Did you take the job because you needed the money?'' Salam asked.

''Yes,'' Idris said. ''To buy a motorcycle.''

I was the only person who laughed at this. ''He's a young man,'' the father said. Salam nodded. A young man, a motorcycle, obviously. But, his father went on, he didn't want Idris riding a motorcycle, and while he liked that his son was motivated to work, he certainly didn't want him working for ISIS. Salam nodded again. And if that weren't enough, Idris had informed his boss in ISIS of his father's contempt for the group.

''He told them I didn't like them,'' the father said. ''That's why they jailed me and beat me.''

An audience of locals had gathered, and it murmured disapprovingly at this. But when Idris and his father agreed that whatever else their faults, ISIS had taken sanitation very seriously, the audience murmured in agreement.

''Don't lie to me,'' Salam said to Idris. ''Did you join ISIS because you fought with your father?''

Idris shrugged. ''Yeah.''

''This is what happened in Mosul -- every kid who fought with his dad joined ISIS,'' Salam said. ''Well, if he didn't do anything bad, he can just go.''

Another soldier named Ibrahim intervened. ''So you were only a garbage man?'' he said to Idris. ''You could have at least been a fighter.'' He stepped behind Idris and belligerently caressed his neck with one hand. With the other he dangled over Idris's shoulder an adjustable wrench. It was small but he turned it in his palm and retracted and clamped the jaw in such a way to suggest it held torturous possibilities. The boy's eyes went wide.

''Ibrahim, have you become an investigator?'' Salam said.

''How do we know if his file is clean?'' Ibrahim said. ''What if later we find there's more to it?''

''If we take in everyone who's worked with ISIS at some point,'' Salam said, ''we'll have to take in all Mosul.''

Regretting his decision, Idris's father repeated that he was certain his son had done nothing wrong. It was too late. Idris was taken inside and patted down. In a bedroom in the back of the house, his ankles and wrists were tied, and he was pressed to the floor.

An intelligence officer arrived with Idris's father, who looked dejected and yet still annoyed with Idris. ''So you're saying your son hasn't done anything and that you're turning him in just for being a garbage man? This makes no sense.'' And to Idris: ''Let me give you some advice. Just be honest with us. Tell us everything. If you don't tell us the whole story now, and we find other sources who tell us more, you know what will happen? You'll just be killed and tossed in the street with the rest of ISIS.''

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Over the course of the afternoon, locals filed in to size up the captive. Idris looked up at them blankly and they down at him unimpressed. Ibrahim and a younger, gentler soldier walked in and out, addressing Idris with threats and placations. It turned into a vaudevillian good-cop-bad-cop routine. The gentle soldier brought Idris a Styrofoam container of rice and tomato sauce and untied his wrists. Idris refused to eat.

''Animal! If he tells you eat, you eat! Drink, you drink!'' Ibrahim yelled. ''If one of us tells you to throw yourself into a fire, you do it.''

''Listen, we're not telling you to jump in a fire,'' the gentle soldier said. ''We're just telling you to eat.''

''This animal here, we tell him to eat, and he won't. Son of a donkey! Animal! Son of a sheep!''

Another soldier came in and said: ''Imagine if you get married one day and have kids, and your son goes and does something like you've done. How would you feel?''

Idris ate. After lunch, Ibrahim took a nap on the bed across from him. When he awoke, Idris said he wanted to pray. ''Of course, now you want to pray! If I were you and had decided to join ISIS, I would have at least worked in a supermarket, something that would have fed me. Not a garbage man. They're garbage, and you were their garbage man. Garbage and garbage. How did you come up with that? What's the matter, your head isn't clear? Let me clear it for you.''

Ibrahim slapped Idris.

''Is it clear now?''

''I swear I've done nothing,'' Idris whimpered.

''Don't worry,'' the gentle soldier said, ''it will be all right.''

After 12 hours, he was untied and taken into the sitting room. The soldiers had tired of baiting him. Everyone ate dinner and watched the Formula One film ''Rush.''

Idris was lucky. Sometimes captives were held for trial, but many commanders subscribed to a policy of summary execution. A major I met had trained as an attorney; when the war was over, he wanted to practice human rights law. He killed men he believed to be ISIS members on sight. When I asked how he squared the two, he explained that ISIS had forfeited their human rights.

''It's true we have human rights here and that sometimes terrorists get trials, but ISIS doesn't deserve anything like that,'' he said. ''They kill innocents at every opportunity.''

I offered no rejoinder to the major, who was later killed.

''For me, I love helping people -- I have a good heart,'' another major, whom I came to know well and like a lot, told me. ''But I feel no mercy for a jihadi. I hate their existence.''

The previous day, a local family who was fleeing had taken a man to him. The man had tried to hide among them as they left, they explained. He was an ISIS fighter from the neighborhood. They knew him, but they weren't going to protect him.

''So what did you do?'' I asked.

''We took him off and shot him,'' the major said.

In fact, the corpse was in a yard across the street from where we talked. He took me there. Lying on his back, his legs bent high like a frog's, was a very short man with a sleek beard in a white shirt and black combat fatigues. His face was blackened with necrosis, and flies gathered in the hole where the occipital bone of his skull once was.

''I was looking right at him, and he was not scared,'' the major said. ''Everyone has this thing inside of them, a threshold of fear. I could not find his.''

By May, most of the west had been retaken and the Old City surrounded. The soldiers were ready for this battle, for this war, to be over. You could see it in their postures, in their faces, in the way they held their weapons. By the end, the battle of Mosul would claim the lives of nearly 1,000 members of the special forces and thousands of civilians, according to unofficial estimates.

I asked a soldier what he would do after the battle. ''Go to Hawija, I guess, or Tal Afar,'' he said, referring to ISIS's last strongholds in Iraq. ''When you sign the contract, you sign up to die.'' There was a weariness in his voice that stretched beyond those places, however, beyond the inevitable official victory over ISIS. Like everyone else, he knew the insurgency wouldn't disappear. It would go underground, as Al Qaeda had done, and wait for another political or sectarian crisis. The wait probably wouldn't be long. Just as the palimpsest of past wars could be seen below this one, so the signs of wars to come could be read around Iraq now. Shiite militias were trying to take control of what had been Sunni lands, including around Mosul. Sunni tribal militias were expanding in response. The Kurdish pesh merga were preparing to defend the territory they occupied while fighting ISIS.

The conversation came around to President Trump, who was trying to ban Iraqis from entering the United States. ''Before he came into office, I knew he didn't like Muslims,'' another man said. ''But I thought he'd take care of the nasty Muslims. Instead, he came for us.''

At dawn, I stood in a group of about 40 soldiers on a sloped street that looked down onto the Old City, over a vista of collapsed buildings and punctured domes, across the Tigris and beyond to the mountains of Iraqi Kurdistan. It was a clear, warm day -- summer was at hand -- and the leaning minaret of the Grand Mosque was directly ahead, set against the peaks. Black smoke rose from ISIS's car fires, and the gunfire was already steady.

The streets were barren: The combat had been so bitter, the bombing so extensive, that more than 750,000 people would eventually flee the western part of the city, according to the Iraqi government. Every day you could see miles-­long columns of families heading south.

Leading the soldiers was a major I saw carried into a medical station months earlier with a bullet in his thigh. He had recuperated and returned to service. He marched his men onto a long commercial avenue, a picture of ruin. The shops and office buildings looked as though they had simply given up, spilling themselves onto the street. Not a soul was in sight. The pavement in every direction was deeply cratered. The soldiers climbed over rubble piles. It felt as though we were moving through the remains of some bygone civilization. They came to a small clearing with a chicken coop. Somehow, the animals were still alive.

''Jihadist chickens,'' a soldier said.

A rooster followed the men as they moved on, hopping with them through a crater and cuckooing inquiringly. They moved toward an intersection. A sniper started shooting. Across the avenue, a group of civilians had emerged from the rubble and were trying to flee. In this lifeless landscape, they looked as out of place as the birds. They climbed down into an immense crater. The last in the group was an old man. He stopped in the crater's nadir and gazed up helplessly. The group moved on until a young man looked behind him. He rushed to the crater, climbed down, folded the old man over his shoulder and carried him out. The major watched with relief.

His men took up a position in a house. The sniper shot steadily. He had a direct line on the house. As we stood inside, he put rounds into the facade. A request for air support was radioed in.

''Screw that sniper, screw Baghdadi, screw ISIS,'' a soldier said.

''I'm fine with liberating Iraq,'' another said. ''But I'm worried they'll send us to Syria with the Americans.''

A helicopter flew overhead, and the reassuring din of its guns filled the sky. The men relaxed.

We had been back on the sloped street for a short time when the air trembled and the distinctive mushroom cloud of a car bomb rose high above the roofs. What sounded like a firefight ensued. Rushing to the scene, we found that the bomb had ignited a command post with an ammunition cache. The cook-off lasted for almost 20 minutes, sending thousands of rounds flying into the nearby houses.

When we could finally approach, we saw, on top of a wall, the car's chassis. The houses' fronts were pitted and splattered in motor oil. On the pavement were pieces of the suicide driver.

Several Humvees were in flames. A man lay near them, dead, decomposing in the heat. Two young men came around a corner and walked apprehensively toward the scene. At the same time, two military medics, still in their scrubs, approached from the other direction. One carried a pistol in a shoulder holster.

''Get back!'' a medic yelled at the men.

The two civilians kept coming. The unarmed medic reached over to his friend's holster, wrenched the pistol from it, racked the chamber and aimed.

''Get back!'' he yelled again, and the young men retreated.

When the medics had gone, they re-­emerged. One walked toward the flames. He was crying. Even from a distance, through the smoke, he could tell that the man lying by the fire was their father.

''I can't,'' he moaned, turning back toward his brother. His brother took him by the arm, and slowly they walked to the body. They laid a blanket on the ground and attempted to lift their father onto it. Trying to take an arm, a brother came away instead with a long strip of skin.

They finally wrapped up their father. A soldier joined them and took up a corner of the grim package. Together, they carried it home.

With the displaced pouring out of western Mosul, the Kurdish authorities at the Khazir camp began allowing Moslawis from the east side to go home. Among the returnees were Abu Omar and Abu Fahad and their families, or what was left of them.

On a morning a few weeks before they left the camp, Abu Omar asked Omar to fetch some water. Omar flew into a rage. Taking hold of a rock, he smashed his father in the head. As Amina screamed, and men rushed over to hold Omar back, Aya ran to the office where Kurdish agents worked. There she blurted out everything the family had tried to keep from their neighbors in the camp, and from me: Omar had, in fact, been in ISIS.

When I arrived, Abu Omar's head was wrapped in a bandage. The gash had required stitches. Omar had been taken away. Abu Omar somberly apologized for hiding the truth from me. He was just trying to protect his son, he explained.

Aya was not somber. For once she wanted to talk. For years Omar had been violent, she said. It began at the orphanage. When the children returned home, Abu Omar took to beating his son and treating him like a half-wit. Abu Omar tried to silence her, but Aya kept talking. In the years before ISIS arrived, Omar had grown bigger and stronger, his anger uncontrollable. He began beating his father and sisters. When ISIS took Mosul, Omar grew enthralled with the group, thanks to the imam Abu Bakr and their cousin Loy, Abu Fahad's son. One day Omar came home in a uniform, carrying a rifle. He disappeared for weeks at a time. He traveled to Syria, Aya believed. He threatened his father and sisters with death. ''I'll behead you right here in our home,'' he would tell them. Aya and her father argued about how long Omar had been in ISIS. He claimed it was only two months. Aya insisted it was seven. ''Why are you revealing your brother like this?'' he said to her in a lowered voice, thinking I would not catch it.

''Do you know what you should do with a son like Omar?'' Aya went on. ''Kill him. Just kill him.''

When I went to see Abu Fahad in the camp afterward, I found him alone. Hamudi, Abu Fahad told me, had likewise been taken away by Kurdish intelligence agents. He had also joined the jihadists. Abu Fahad didn't know how long Hamudi was with them or what exactly he'd done, but it was obvious who had helped Hamudi, a more thoughtful and cautious young man than Omar, overcome his doubts about the group: his older brother, Loy. Abu Fahad apologized, too. I told him I understood.

Loy had been with the Islamic State since long before it took Mosul. He had probably been with Al Qaeda before that. Loy was now fighting in western Mosul, against the Iraqi troops, Abu Fahad knew. They talked often by phone. Loy was certain he would die there.

''When we spoke last, he said, 'Dad, you have to forget about me,' '' Abu Fahad told me. ''Maybe if the American troops capture him, he'll have a chance. But not if the Iraqi troops do.''

On July 9, the Iraqi government declared victory in Mosul. The west side of the city lay in ruins. The comparisons to Aleppo, which had once seemed exaggerated, were now obvious. A Pentagon spokesman called Mosul ''the most significant urban combat since World War II.'' In late June, ISIS had blown up Al Nuri Grand Mosque. The centuries-­old minaret tumbled to the ground.

A few days after it came down, Abu Fahad was sent a video of Loy. He had been captured by the Iraqi federal police. In the video, Loy is shirtless, bloodied, filthy, his head shaved and beard chopped. His hands are tied behind his back, and he is sitting in the dirt, being questioned. Abu Fahad learned from a neighbor that shortly after the video was taken, his son was executed.

When I last saw Abu Fahad, he showed me a photo Loy had sent him by text message. It was of Abu Fahad's 3-year-old granddaughter, Loy's daughter, Zainab. She had spent most of her short life in the Islamic State. There was a good chance she would die in it. If she didn't, she would grow up without her father, probably without her mother, probably in the midst of another war. She was so beautiful I couldn't bear to look at her. I handed the phone back to him.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: A line for aid in western Mosul in April. (MM36-MM37)

A scorched classroom at Mosul University. (MM39)

A girl who lost a leg in a rocket attack undergoing treatment at a hospital in western Mosul. (MM40)

Abu Omar and his daughters, Amina (foreground) and Aya. (MM42)

The skeletal remains of a feared ISIS fighter, whom locals called the Emir, east of Mosul. (MM43)

The Khazir camp for displaced civilians who have fled Mosul and other areas. (MM44)

Abu Omar's brother Abu Fahad. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER VAN AGTMAEL/MAGNUM, FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM45)

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**Body**

IS there life after two-for-one sushi specials?

The owners of Henry's, a new restaurant at Broadway and 105th Street, think so, especially if the area proves prosperous enough to support the relatively upscale 140-seat restaurant they opened two months ago.

It is the latest culinary incarnation in a large corner site that has had two others since the early 1980's, and where a bargain Japanese restaurant, Tofu, closed about eight months ago.

The five small shops that had long been there were converted to the jazz club Birdland in 1983. In 1995, Birdland's owners moved the club to Midtown. Then the owners of a chain of Chinese restaurants on Long Island opened Tofu, which offered inexpensive sushi. It drew few customers, and closed in less than two years.

So why open Henry's, where entrees start at around $15, in a neighborhood where the idea of eating out has often been a good $3.50 falafel or some tasty arroz con pollo for $6.75 at one of the inexpensive ethnic restaurants that line Broadway?

Well, the owners have a quick answer: to get an early foothold in what some see as a neighborhood on the cusp of gentrification.

The dozen blocks of Broadway north of 96th street, historically known as Bloomingdale, have long been lined with small groceries and shops. Nearby residents range from ***working-class*** Hispanic families, most of whom live east of Broadway, in a neighborhood known as Manhattan Valley, to wealthier residents in the large apartments along Broadway, West End Avenue and Riverside Drive, on the northern fringe of the Upper West Side. The stretch lies between the increasingly prosperous Columbia University area to the north and the Upper West Side to the south.

It is being called SoCo, or South of Columbia, by local real estate brokers, who say the two adjacent neighborhoods are expanding, and predict that the blocks in between will follow a familiar pattern of gentrification seen in neighborhoods like TriBeCa and the East Village.

Marguerite Pearson, an executive vice president for Douglas Elliman, the large real estate broker in Manhattan, called the area one of the city's fastest growing.

"You've got the absolutely gorgeous prewar apartments, and the service businesses are already there," she said. "Families are moving there, because it is just so 'neighborhood.' "

Henry's five owners have focused on that trend. Luigi and Mauro Lusardi and Elio Guaitolini, who own six restaurants on the Upper East Side, joined with Henry Rinehart and Robert Devine, who ran the Lusardis' restaurant, Luke's, at 79th Street and Third Avenue. Mr. Rinehart said the group just had to cultivate a local following. What Henry's provides, he said, is the large gathering place that the "Upper Upper West Side" sorely needed.

"To me this is a no-brainer," he said. "We did our homework. It's ours to fumble."

And there's no confidence like cash. The partners signed a 10-year lease, with a monthly rent of close to $20,000, and have invested more than $1 million in interior work. They have created a warm, old-time feel, from the checkerboard tablecloths to the Frank Lloyd Wright-style wood interior made of Honduran mahogany to the stained glass lamps that hang from the high ceilings. The expansive interior is larger than any other restaurant down to Carmine's on Broadway near 91st Street.

Henry's classic American fare leans toward comfort food. It has a list of 38 wines and serves 14 kinds of beer. Mauro Lusardi maintains that the price range is commensurate with the budgets of local residents, especially newcomers.

"It's a neighborhood that's really being transformed," he said. "It's up and coming. We considered six other areas in Manhattan before choosing this site. We felt we had to get in now, because waiting a year or two, the rent would be much higher."

Faith Hope Consolo, a senior managing director of Garrick-Aug, a large commercial real estate company, said many large retailers saw Henry's as a test of the spending power of a neighborhood she called "the next big growth area."

"In the past, it was a strip of bodegas," she said. "It had no image and was kind of lost in limbo. Now, you're getting very well-heeled singles and couples moving in."

"You have strong anchors on both sides," she added, "and what was once no man's land is becoming viable for -- and I wish I could give it a new word -- gentrification."

Andrew Albert, executive director of the West Side Chamber of Commerce, compared the area to the stretch of Amsterdam Avenue north of 79th Street, which, by being between two thriving streets, Broadway and Columbus Avenue, became dense with bars and restaurants during the last several years.

"There's always pressure on an area between two prospering neighborhoods," he said, "and people up there are really hungry for a greater choice for places to eat and shop. We hear all the time, 'Why can't this stretch be like the rest of Broadway?' "

It is starting to. Other sophisticated spots have opened nearby. Several doors north of Henry's, in the space that was long Augie's, a jazz bar with cheap beer and a late-night student crowd, a new owner opened Smoke in March. It is a more upscale jazz lounge with red velvet sofas and a cover charge.

A coffee bar that opened last year on 107th Street just west of Broadway recently expanded this year to become the Underground Lounge and Cafe, a campy grotto-style restaurant. Alouette, a French restaurant, opened last year on Broadway between 97th and 98th Streets.

Gothic Cabinet Craft, a furniture maker, opened a large showroom on Broadway near 100th Street in July, and Gristede's supermarket on Broadway near 100th Street recently expanded. Gourmet Garage opened its 4,000-square-foot fine foods store on Broadway north of 96th Street in 1997, after a marketing study showed that the population density, income level and percentage of college graduates were increasing near Broadway above 96th Street.

Along Amsterdam Avenue between 96th and 110th Streets, meanwhile, a spate of new bars and restaurants have opened recently, including Pampa, an Argentinian steak restaurant, near 97th Street.

But John Valenti, who owns Birdland, remains skeptical. He never got the business he hoped for uptown, he said, and he said Henry's might not, either.

"When I first opened, it was tough to walk around there at night," he said. "I thought the gentrification would go above 96th Street the way it did from 86th to 96th, but the traffic was never there like it was down in the 70's and 80's. Also, people up there don't spend big money. If they do, it's to eat downtown." Other disadvantages, he said, include few lunch customers, scant parking, and perceptions. "When people hear 105th Street, they think they're going into no man's land," he said.

Alan Rubin, who has owned RCI Discount Appliances, at Broadway and 98th Street, for 25 years, called business the best it had ever been.

"From 96th Street up has always been way behind, but we're starting to catch up," Mr. Rubin said. "The developments we saw in the West 70's 10 years ago are creeping up here, but there are people who still tend to look at above 96th Street as getting into Harlem. We have more and more young people, or nannies coming in with children. They weren't here 10 years ago. The level of spending and disposable income in this neighborhood is going up all time." But Mr. Rubin said he feared that the influx of chain stores would drive out smaller businesses.

"Commercial rents are doubling and tripling," he said. "Any merchant around here that doesn't have a really strong business and long, low-rent lease is going to be driven out of this area."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The restaurant Henry's has an early foothold in what some see as a gentrifying area.; Henry's occupies a site where a Japanese restaurant, Tofu, closed about eight months ago. (Photographs by Barbara Alper for The New York Times)

Map/Chart: "Moving Upscale"

In the last couple of years, as the area once known as Bloomingdale has attracted new residents, several new businesses have opened.

Underground Lounge and Cafe -- 955 West End Avenue

Smoke -- 2751 Broadway

Henry's -- 2741 Broadway

City's Market Cafe -- 2636 Broadway

Aloutte Restaurant -- 2588 Broadway

Gourmet Garage -- 2567 Broadway

**Load-Date:** December 19, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Two Rock Storytellers Hit Their Stride***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-41K0-0014-53P3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1173 words

**Byline:** By JON PARELES

**Body**

ROCK LOVES OVERNIGHT SENSATIONS - the singer who swoops out of nowhere and draws a dedicated national following, and preferably a hit single, to reinforce the great American myth of the untutored genius. Second best is a smooth ascent from cult band to theater headliner to arena band; everybody loves a winner.

With the record business's hit-or-quit mentality and commercial radio stations determined to play sure things or nothing, there aren't many rewards for performers who need a little time, and maybe an album or three, to find themselves. Some slog on anyway, and those who haven't become desperately commercial, or just plain desperate, suggest that rockers can be late bloomers, too. Two rock songwriters who made breakthrough albums last year, John Hiatt and Paul Kelly, have just released albums that prove that their apprenticeships are over.

''I've done all the dumb things,'' Mr. Kelly admits in the opening song on his ''Under the Sun'' (A&M SP-5207, LP, cassette and CD); ''That's how you learn - you just get burned,'' Mr. Hiatt observes to open his new album, ''Slow Turning'' (A&M SP-5206, all three formats).

Mr. Hiatt, who is 36 years old, has been making albums nearly as long as Bruce Springsteen has. Born in Indiana, he became a songwriter for a Nashville publishing company at 16, and made an album with a band called White Duck. His first solo album, ''Hangin' Around the Observatory,'' was released by Epic in 1974, followed by ''Overcoats'' in 1975. He already showed a gift for odd scenarios and smart wordplay that drew comparisons to Randy Newman, but he hadn't found a musical style that put them across. He re-emerged in 1979, living in Los Angeles and singing fast, brittle, cynical rock songs on ''Slug Line'' and ''Two Bit Monsters'' on MCA; he sounded like an American Elvis Costello, a follower rather than an original.

On his third label, Geffen, he tried more elaborate production - ''All of a Sudden'' in 1982, ''Riding With the King'' in 1983 and ''Warming Up to the Ice Age'' in 1985. With ''Warming Up,'' an attempt to mix hard rock and Southern soul, Mr. Hiatt began to unleash his extraordinary voice, a baritone that can snarl or moan, bend a blue note or rise to a falsetto. His songwriting mixed jaundiced realism and slyly absurd wordplay with ever more assurance (especially on ''Riding With the King''), but his streak of misanthropy was growing; many of Mr. Hiatt's songs in the early 1980's were as mean-spirited as they were clever. He had moved back to Nashville, and word about his songwriting was beginning to get out, especially in new-country circles that appreciated his terse way with domestic dramas. Mr. Hiatt also toured as the singer with Ry Cooder's band, digging into Mr. Cooder's selection of skewed Americana from the stranger recesses of country, rhythm-and-blues and rock.

It took another label change and a series of personal crises - his wife's suicide, overcoming alcoholism - for Mr. Hiatt to reach his own style. ''Bring the Family'' was recorded live in the studio in four days, with a four-piece band featuring Mr. Cooder on anything with strings. Instead of trying to to second-guess what radio stations would play, It forged a raw-boned, bluesy, twangy, soulful rock that finally made Mr. Hiatt sound at home. His songs, too, had changed, linking his storytelling and wild similes to a new graciousness. He was more forgiving, less snide, and willing to admit his own failings.

''Slow Turning'' has more humor and less self-lacerating emotion than ''Bring the Family,'' but Mr. Hiatt is still on a roll. A few songs on the album allude to a troubled past, but Mr. Hiatt sounds relieved and guardedly optimistic, not maudlin. He made ''Slow Turning'' with his road band, the Goners, and they meld rock, rockabilly, country and soul while Mr. Hiatt yowls and grins. The swaggering Georgia Rae'' may be the happiest new-father song ever recorded; ''Lucky for you child, you look like your mama,'' Mr. Hiatt notes during the fade-out. A few songs - ''Paper Thin,'' ''It'll Come to You'' and the seemingly autobiographical ''Slow Turning'' itself.

To tell stories, Mr. Hiatt takes the country songwriting technique of building a lyric around a flexible image to wonderful, out-on-a-limb extremes, as his voice matches - and trumps - his leaps of logic. He belts ''Tennessee Plates,'' a tale of stealing a Cadillac from Elvis Presley's garage, to a stomp that updates the Bobby Fuller Four's ''I Fought the Law,'' pausing to summon a perfect George Jones country quaver when he notes that he's in a Tennessee jail. (Of course, he's hammering out Tennessee plates.) ''Icy Blue Heart'' starts out like a country weeper, but its opening line is typically unconventional: ''She came on to him like a slow-moving cold front.'' Yet even as Mr. Hiatt piles on weather and water similes, he makes the characters earn listeners' sympathy. It's a tricky balance - brains, heart, punch - but Mr. Hiatt has found it.

Paul Kelly, 33, had his growing pains out of earshot of American listeners - in Australia, where he emerged in the late 1970's with a band called the Dots, which released two albums in the early 1980's, followed by Mr. Kelly's first solo album in 1984. By the time he released ''Gossip'' in 1987, Mr. Kelly had a new band, the Messengers, that delivered straightforward 1960's-style rock with stripped-down urgency, as if Bob Dylan's Highway 61 ran directly through Melbourne. When he came to the Bottom Line last year, Mr. Kelly sang one smart, catchy three-minute song after another - dozens of them - as the band played with no-frills directness. ''Under the Sun'' adds another 14 instantly memorable tunes to the catalogue.

Most of ''Under the Sun'' deals with romance in ***working-class*** settings. ''Hard times are never over/ Trouble always comes/ Still I'm looking forward to tomorrow when it comes,'' he shrugs in ''Little Decisions.'' In his songs, lovers are scarred, skittish, distrustful and often broke; Mr. Kelly tells their stories with telegraphic economy.

In the understated ''To Her Door,'' a wife tells her laid-off, hard-drinking husband, ''I'm not standing by to watch you slowly die''; they separate, and a year later they try a cautious reunion that sends him back to his new job with ''every muscle aching.'' ''Don't Stand So Close to the Window,'' a countryish waltz, is about an affair that just happens after a few drinks; the galloping ''Crosstown,'' with its Beach Boys-style bridge, celebrates an illicit romance between a rich girl and a factory boy. Mr. Kelly's perspective is invariably the male one, and he occasionally reduces female characters to cardboard temptresses. But he wraps jaunty tunes around his most spiteful messages, dipping into Dylan, British Invasion pop, country-rock and anything else that will carry a well-told tale with a minimum of fuss. Like early Graham Parker, Mr. Kelly knows how to use older styles to tell his own stories. And with any luck, he won't have to wait another decade for an American audience.

**Graphic**

Photos of John Hiatt and Paul Kelly (Gary Gershoff/Retna; Stuart Spence)

**End of Document**



[***WEEKENDER GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4360-0014-51YX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1220 words

**Byline:** By G. S. Bourdain

**Body**

FRIDAY

ARTS UPON THE WATERS

Making waves usually means to stir up trouble, but for three weekends this month ''Making Waves'' will mean free live entertainment aboard the Staten Island Ferry. The performing arts series will present music and dance to ferry riders on Friday evenings and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, tonight through Sept. 25. The boats with entertainment depart from Manhattan at 5:45 and 6:45 P.M. Fridays and at 2 and 3 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays; from Staten Island at 6:15 and 7:30 P.M. Fridays and at 2:30 and 3:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays. In addition to the city's best view of itself, the rides will offer Beethoven and blues and flamenco and other ethnic dances, all for the 25-cent fare. Information: (718) 447-4485 or (212) 809-4444.

(NEARLY) STILL LIFE

Unless there's someone with a new camera in the house, most of us never get the chance to see ourselves sleeping. But anyone who is curious about the rhythms of sleep can look in on an exhibition called ''Peaceable Kingdom,'' opening today at the Arthur A. Houghton Gallery at the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art. Through time-lapse photography and videotapes, the photographer and film maker Ted Spagna observed the behavior and rhythms of dozens of people and animals as they slept, and results of his years of work are on display. Mr. Spagna's material has been used by physiologists and zoologists in their research on the cycles of sleep. The exhibition, at Seventh Street and Third Avenue, runs through Sept. 28; gallery hours are Monday through Friday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. and Saturday from noon to 5 P.M. Admission is free. Information: 353-4155.

WHEN DISASTER STRIKES

Dummies, dolls, puppets and slides are the tools that Paul Zaloom uses in ''The House of Horror,'' a satiric recounting of such contemporary disas-ters as nuclear accidents, chemical pollution and home products that kill. The sardonic entertainment takes place at the Bessie Schonberg Theater of Dance Theater Workshop, 219 West 19th Street, at 8 P.M. today and tomorrow and 3 P.M. on Sunday. Admission is $12; $9 for the elderly and $6 for children under 12. Theater Development Fund vouchers are accepted with a $4 surcharge. Information: 924-0077.

MAKING MAGIC

The Ballroom, 253 West 28th Street, is known primarily as the scene of entertainment for the ear, with singers and musicians the usual after-dinner entertainment. The cabaret's current one-man show, however, is all visual: magic and illusion by Jeff McBride, who incorporates prestidigitation, quick-change artistry, masques, makeup, mime, martial arts and Kabuki into his act. As he puts it: ''I question a person's view of reality by shattering all preconceptions.'' Mr. McBride can be seen at 11 P.M. today, tomorrow and Wednesdays through Saturdays through Sept. 24. There is a $15 cover charge and a two-drink minimum. Reservations: 244-3005.

SATURDAY

REALITY VIA FICTION

The Museum of Modern Art continues its long study of British film traditions with an examination of realism, the first part of which, a six-and-a-half-week series on fiction, opens Saturday. A contradiction in terms, perhaps, but realism in screen fiction means shooting on location, setting stories in real-life (often ***working-class***) milieus, and stirring patriotism in time of war. The 49 features in the series - each to be shown twice - date from Anthony Asquith's ''Underground'' of 1928 to Alan Clarke's ''Rita, Sue and Bob Too'' of 1986, and include ''The Angry Silence,'' ''The Leather Boys,'' ''The Pumpkin Eater,'' ''Room at the Top,'' ''Saturday Night and Sunday Morning'' and ''We Dive at Dawn.'' The museum, at 11 West 53d Street, will show two films on weekdays and three on Saturdays and Sundays, through Oct. 27. Information: 708-9400.

LIFE'S COMIC POSSIBILITIES

Jerry Seinfeld, a Brooklyn-born comedian who bases his humor on the caprices of everyday life, lampooning everything from fast-food restaurants to airport security, will perform his solo show in New York for the first time on Saturday night at 8 o'clock at Town Hall, 123 West 43d Street, presented by the improvisational nightclub Catch a Rising Star. Tickets, at $20 and $18, are available at the box office (840-2824) or at Catch a Rising Star, 1487 First Avenue, at 77th Street (794-1906). Reservations may be made through Teletron, 947-5850, or Ticketron, 399-4444.

A TASTE OF THE WORLD

A chance to sample entertainment and food and arts and handicrafts from many nations will be available from noon to 9 P.M. on Saturday and noon to 6 P.M. on Sunday at a One World Festival, to be held at St. Vartan Cathedral and Park, Second Avenue at 35th Street. The event is sponsored by the Diocese of the Armenian Church of America and the Mayor's Office of Special Projects, in honor of two anniversaries: the 90th anniversary of the establishment of the Armenian Church in the United States and the incorporation of the five boroughs into New York City. The festival will end with an ecumenical religious service in the cathedral at 6:30 P.M. Sunday. Information: 686-0710.

SUNDAY

RUNNING TO HELP CHILDREN

Several million people in more than 100 countries are expected to take part in a simultaneous five-kilometer run starting at 11 A.M. Sunday to raise money and public support for the world's starving and sick children. The $10 registration fees from the runners are to be distributed to CARE, the Red Cross and other organizations that help children. Runners may register up to race time; in Manhattan, the starting point is the United Nations, 45th Street and First Avenue. Information: 860-4455.

IN LOVE IN HOLLYWOOD

The Biograph Cinema, offering a respite from the frequent depiction of urban horrors, is devoting the next six and a half weeks to that wonderful staple of Hollywood in the 30's, 40's and 50's: the romantic comedy. Forty-two features from that time of cinematic innocence will be presented, with such stars as Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Charles Boyer, Melvyn Douglas, Irene Dunne, Loretta Young and Marilyn Monroe. The series, which includes work by Frank Capra, Ernst Lubitsch and Preston Sturges, gets under way on Sunday with a Hepburn-Grant double bill: Howard Hawks's ''Bringing Up Baby'' and George Cukor's ''Holiday.'' Single tickets are $6, or $3 for the elderly, Mondays through Fridays until 5 P.M.; five-admission tickets are $25. The theater is at 225 West 57th Street; information and screening times: 582-4582.

A FAIR FOR SHOPPERS

Even the least compulsive of shoppers may think they've gone to heaven if they stroll along Third Avenue from 14th to 34th Street on Sunday, when the Third Avenue Merchants Association puts on its annual fair. Furniture, sculpture, paintings, jewelry, antiques, silk flowers, baseball cards, gumball machines, sportswear, kimonos, shoes, garden equipment, all kinds of food and wines -even dental checkups and spinal examinations - will be available along the avenue. Proceeds from the 12 previous fairs have financed trees and grates for the area, food programs for the elderly, local theaters, a community garden, library renovation, a public forum on AIDS and other projects that promote the idea of neighborhood. The fair hours are 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. There will be special offerings for children, as well. Information: 684-4077.

**End of Document**



[***Step Right Up! Brooklyn Mall Is Oasis and Anomaly***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RDR-9JV0-TW8F-G1BN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1815 words

**Byline:** By ANDY NEWMAN

**Body**

Ten, 9, 8, 7, 6 nights before Christmas and Santa is in full effect outside the Nextel store on the Fulton Street Mall. He cranks up the skipping soca rhythm on the backing tape and kicks it to the crowds pouring off the buses and trudging with bulging shopping bags down Brooklyn's bustlingest outdoor retail strip.

''Siii-lent night, hooo-ly night,'' croons Santa, real name Maurice Sylla. ''Come get your pho-o-one. Nextel got your pho-o-one.''

A smiling young woman shoots him a look and asks ''What's up with your belly?'' Under his loose-fitting red suit, Mr. Sylla has none to speak of. ''Ah, black Santa bring sexy back,'' Mr. Sylla fires off between lines of a pitch. ''Tra la la la la, we got free phones,'' he sings.

Up and down the street, beneath the phony Grand Opening banners and the 70% Off signs, before the grand portals of the original Abraham & Straus store (now Macy's), the midway atmosphere is thick in the postwork chill of evening.

Barkers, known on the mall as flier guys, shout on top of one another. ''Cellphone-service-no-credit-check-no-Social-no-contract!'' ''Every day ladies, up to 50 percent off every day!'' Even the dental clinics have flier guys. Bootleggers selling DVDs and cigarettes from the inner pockets of their coats send up a riverine murmur, ''Checkitoutcheckitoutcheckitout.''

This is the old Fulton Street Mall in twilight, a chaotic throwback to the era before the sanitization and, yes, mallification of New York City's retail districts.

For every Nextel or Children's Place or Foot Locker on the mall there is an immigrant-run mom-and-pop store offering off-brand electronics or no-brand suits or a trifecta of cellphones, gold teeth and sneakers.

Not all are thriving -- many, in fact, claim to be doing terribly -- but they are somehow managing to pay some of the highest rents in the city, thanks to the 100,000 shoppers who flock to the mall's 200 stores each day.

The usual Christmas trappings, other than Mr. Sylla, are, in truth, in fairly short supply on the mall (though there is an official Santa-and-carols event for two hours on Saturdays). Window displays are less likely to include mechanized elves than signs like the hand-scrawled one in the window of ABC Superstores, ''No shopping cart / no baby stroller / no baby stroller / no shopping cart.'' And the mall is, without a doubt, headed for change, with the walls of gentrification literally closing in as high-end condo complexes march into place on all sides.

But for now, the Fulton Mall, just west of Flatbush Avenue in Downtown Brooklyn, remains an oasis and an anomaly, a half-mile haven in the midst of some of Brooklyn's most affluent neighborhoods that caters largely, though certainly not exclusively, to the tastes and budgets of ***working-class*** people of color. Which suits shoppers like Michelle Abel, a tutor at the Brooklyn Public Library, who stood on the sidewalk on Wednesday checking off items on a long shopping list, just fine.

''Everything I need is right here,'' Ms. Abel said. ''Clothes for my sister, Nintendo DS for my baby sister, a doll set for my little cousin, cologne for my father, a toy for my baby nephew.''

Early Wednesday morning, the wigs in the window of M & M Beauty Supply were already rotating on their pedestals, lacquered tresses catching and throwing back the weak sunlight. Outside Universal Credit Furniture, the tattered red-white-and-blue bunting twitched in the breeze.

At Goldmine Jewelers, Jah and his friend Mech from Bushwick were beating the crowds. They studied the necklaces and nameplates and diamond-encrusted gold skull pendants in the window, debating the fake and the real.

''That chain will get you, you've got to look real, real close,'' said Mech, pointing to a thin string of yellow and white dots that bore a resemblance to gold and diamonds. ''Those who don't know about gold get beat,'' said Jah.

''Get beat in the head,'' Mech agreed.

Jah and Mech were the first customers in the store. After a round of negotiations, a salesman handed Jah a tiny box across the counter. ''Checkitoutcheckitout,'' he said under his breath.

Back on the sidewalk, Jah opened the box to reveal a ring for his wife, a small cluster of diamonds set in a thick band of gold. ''Got him down to $300,'' he reported proudly and headed off.

Inside the store, the assistant manager, Lenny, who like Jah, Mech and many other denizens of the Fulton Street Mall, flatly refused to give a last name, gave a slightly different account of the transaction. Diamonds? ''Not for what he paid for it,'' said Lenny. ''If it was a diamond ring and my salesman sold it for $50, he'd get fired.''

All along the mall, flier guys took up their posts, warming up their pitches. Outside Electronic Outlet, where the manager, Mohammed Wasim, boasted, ''Every year we have a grand opening,'' the store's longtime flier guy, Antonio Ayala, alternated between a booming yet nearly incomprehensible shout and a quieter but more unsettling impression of a man who has had a tracheotomy.

''I got two idiomas,'' Mr. Ayala explained, using the Spanish word for languages, then burst out, ''T-mobile Cingular Nextel Sprint no credit check everybody approved!''

Other flier guys sounded vaguely threatening. ''Get a free cellphone, this is serious, yo,'' implored a man outside Cellular Island. A competitor up the street urged: ''Goldmine's having a sale, right now.'' An impressive number of them have a teardrop or two tattooed in the corner of one eye, a symbol with several possible meanings on the street, none of them good.

''You got flier guys here, they may or may not have made a bad mistake, and this is the only job they can get,'' said Leon Smith, a mall veteran who works outside a Verizon store.

Mr. Smith, 31, his smiling face full of piercings, considers himself one of the upwardly mobile flier guys. Verizon paid his tuition while he earned an associate's degree and is paying for him to earn another in information technology. He wants to get into design.

Behind the counter in the store, Mr. Smith keeps a book of his drawings, including a phoenix-and-ankh jacket logo and an intensely worked paisley nightmare he calls ''The Catastrophe of New York.''

For now, though, handing out glossy 4-by-6 advertising cards is his living, and he prides himself on doing it well.

''Verizon Wireless, bless you sister, happy holidays,'' he greeted one woman Monday morning, pressing a flier into her hand. ''Oye, mamita,'' he greeted the next. ''I got oxtail next week, sister,'' he called, perplexingly, after a third.

Down the street at the Fulton Hot Dog King, Mary Blue set a hot dog down on the counter by the window, her shopping bags on the floor and herself on a stool. It was her first trip to the Fulton Mall in years.

''It changed for the better here,'' she said. ''Better quality, better selection.''

Ms. Blue, a retired home health aide, said she had tried for a few years to get her shopping done near her home in East New York. But the jeans and shirts and other clothes she wanted to buy for her 10 grandchildren weren't up to par.

''This year, I said, 'I'm going shopping Downtown.'''

In front of Quick Strike, where Monique Samms and Crisei Tait stopped to ogle pink Air Jordan sneakers, Crisei said she shopped at the Fulton Mall because the smaller stores there -- she called them side stores -- would cut deals that the chain stores would not.

''You can talk them down in price,'' said Crisei, 15.

Fulton Street's first heyday was in an era before enclosed shopping centers, when department-store titans like Namm's and Loeser's shared the street with A & S. The modern Fulton Mall dates to the 1970s, when merchants persuaded the city to revitalize the fading strip by widening the sidewalks, narrowing the street and limiting traffic to buses.

Like the rest of the borough, the mall, once known for outbursts of gunplay, has grown considerably safer over the years.

But even as it prospered, the mall's persistent scruffiness, because of, among other factors, the paradox that small stores are willing to pay more per square foot than major national chains, began to stand out in the spiffed-up Brooklyn.

''With all the housing stock that we have now and the demographics in the communities that surround Downtown Brooklyn,'' said Joseph Chan, president of the Downtown Brooklyn Partnership, an economic development group, ''the fact that there's not a Bed Bath & Beyond, a Pottery Barn, a Pier 1 in the downtown of a city of 2.5 million people is odd.''

And so the mall's transformation, predicted for years, seems about to finally begin. The old Albee Square Mall, an enclosed shopping center within this stretch of Fulton Street, closed this year to make way for City Point, a high-rise tower that will house people, businesses and, on the ground floor, major retail tenants along the lines of Target.

Albert Laboz, one of the street's biggest property owners and chairman of the Fulton Mall Improvement Association, said that deals were in the works with several leading retailers. ''I think you're going to see a nice transition in the next few years,'' he said.

A nice transition, of course, is not nice for everyone. But Mr. Chan said that the Fulton Street Mall would never become Madison Avenue. ''Having greater retail diversity means having more choices,'' he said. ''It doesn't mean eliminating what's there today. The reality is it's never going to be all or nothing.''

So perhaps there is a future there for a man like Charles Hallback, the self-proclaimed Grand Hustler of Fulton Street. Mr. Hallback, 47, better known as Chief, has been a flier guy in the neighborhood for years; he had one stint hawking colonics for a health food store around the corner on Livingston Street.

On Thursday morning, he was standing on the corner of Fulton and Bond Streets singing the praises of the neighborhood's newest business. ''IHOP is open down the block, y'all, at Bond and Livingston,'' he announced. ''IHOP is open since yesterday, it ain't all about pancakes.''

Across the street, in front of the Nextel store, Mr. Sylla, 43, a former fashion designer who has been on disability since a car accident, set down his takeout container of chicken soup and prepared to do battle. ''All that good stuff keeps Santa warm,'' he said. ''Let me take the mike real quick.''

As the street began to thin out Thursday evening, Mr. Hallback was still at it. ''IHOP is down the block,'' he called. ''I'm the announcer, the black Paul Revere is here!''

So was Mr. Smith. ''I got chitlins next week,'' he called after a woman. In front of the Nextel store, Mr. Sylla found himself surrounded by a cluster of a dozen shoppers dancing to his beats. He kicked into high gear. ''Jump, jump, jump!'' he called out, rapping rapid-fire. For a few minutes, the cellphones went unmentioned.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Every day, 100,000 people go to the mall, where they can buy off-brand electronics, no-brand suits, cellphones and sneakers.

Yang-Hee Byun's wig shop is among 200 stores at the Fulton Street Mall, where merchants pay some of the city's highest rents.

Maurice Sylla, a Santa Claus on behalf of Nextel, lacks a beard and a belly, but he has a song: ''Tra la la la la, we got free phones.'' ''Every year we have a grand opening,'' said Mohammed Wasim, manager of the Electronic Outlet store in the crowded shopping strip on Fulton Street in Downtown Brooklyn. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD PERRY/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

**Load-Date:** December 23, 2007

**End of Document**



[***YANKEE FEMINISTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-45V0-0014-53B8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 21, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 24, Column 2; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1208 words

**Byline:** By ELIZABETH FOX-GENOVESE; Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, director of the Institute for Women's Studies at Emory University, is the author of ''Within the Plantation Household: Black and White Women of the Old South,'' to be published this fall.

**Body**

THE LIMITS OF SISTERHOOD

The Beecher Sisters on Women's Rights and

Woman's Sphere.

By Jeanne Boydston, Mary Kelley, and Anne Margolis.

Illustrated. 369 pp. Chapel Hill:

University of North Carolina Press.

Cloth, $32. Paper, $12.95.

The American women's movement has, from its beginnings, primarily embodied the values and aspirations of the white, middle-class women of the Northeast, notably New England. Among the galaxy of early female reformers who devoted their energies to increasing women's power, prestige, and independent influence in the home and beyond, three daughters of the Rev. Lyman Beecher represented divergent, if affiliated, tendencies within the emergence and consolidation of the movement.

The lives of Catharine Esther Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Isabella Beecher Hooker, from Catharine's birth in 1800 to Isabella's death in 1907, spanned that 19th century that witnessed women's gradual entry into social reform and resulted in women's achievement of the vote. Among them, the sisters propounded most of the arguments that have become the mainstay of women's claims to power. In concert they insisted upon women's special mission as mothers, women's unique ability to delineate and impose moral values, women's obligation to act on their own behalf for the benefit of society as a whole. Yet each drew different conclusions from that common commitment.

Catharine, the eldest, who devoted her life to securing for women a respected position as teachers and mothers, remained a steadfast opponent of woman suffrage and even of abolition, distrusting any cause that might threaten the predominance of a white, middle-class elite. Harriet, the passionate opponent of slavery as destructive of family relations, especially motherhood, espoused the cause of woman suffrage in the same spirit. Isabella, the youngest, born 22 years after Catharine, in 1822, stretched her sisters' vision to its limits, extending the defense of women's rights to black and ***working-class*** women and unambiguously asserting woman's right to think and speak for herself.

In ''The Limits of Sisterhood'' Jeanne Boydston, a historian at Rutgers University; Mary Kelley, a historian at Dartmouth College, and Anne Margolis, who has taught English and American studies at Williams College, each assume primary responsibility for one of the sisters - Ms. Boydston for Catharine, Ms. Kelley for Harriet and Ms. Margolis for Isabella. They divide the book into an introduction and four parts: ''Shaping Experience,'' ''The Power of Womanhood,'' ''The Politics of Sisterhood'' and ''Conversations Among Ourselves.'' The first three parts each contain an introductory section on a sister and a selection from her writings. The final part presents extracts from the letters the sisters wrote to each other throughout their lives. In effect, the book consists of an extended conversation among the Beecher sisters and imaginatively brings to life the intersection of personal experience and public views in the lives of three representative, if indisputably special, middle-class white women.

The Beecher sisters came of age in a society in which the division between men's public and women's private sphere was increasingly taken to constitute the fundamental social divide. Such areas of interest cut across, and indeed superseded, divisions among classes in a society that grounded its own legitimacy in the universalistic and rationalistic ideology of individual rights.

The power of the ideology of separate spheres led many women, as they began tentatively to assert their own rights and responsibilities, to draw upon woman's difference from man in their defense of women's special excellence. But even the most conservative exponents of woman's excellence were indirect heirs to the language of individualism. The nascent American woman's movement drew on both ideological currents: women's special rights as women, women's natural rights as individuals. Adherents to the movement divided primarily according to the importance that they attributed to each current. But all in some measure drew upon both and thus bequeathed to American feminism a series of conflicting messages and agendas.

The authors briefly address these issues in their introduction and carry them through the succeeding sections. They especially emphasize the importance of domestic ideology to the Beecher sisters' views of themselves and their responsibilities. Catharine, who never married, justified the role of the independent, wage-earning teacher with the rhetoric of motherhood, the responsibility for shaping the young. Harriet, who harbored conflicting feelings about her marriage and her domestic responsibilities, deplored slavery primarily for its cruel propensity to snatch children from their mothers. Isabella, who apparently enjoyed a warm and successful marriage, defied even her husband in her insistence upon a woman's right to speak her mind publicly - even about her own brother's possible adultery. But even Isabella assumed that women's largely domestic concerns as women were the basis of their concerted action - their sisterhood. None of them squarely faced the contradictions within their own thought. None of them ever admitted that women's greatest strength and greatest claims to influence (suffrage for example) might not derive from their domestic identity and maternal role. None of them ever unambiguously viewed women as individuals first and females second.

The Beecher sisters rank among the most familiar characters in American women's history, but this volume makes their most representative works newly accessible to students and the general public. More, it pulls their lives together in a discernible pattern and thus illustrates both the importance and the parochialism of the feminist ideology that derived from the experience of Northeastern, middle-class white women. That ideology, like the ideologies of nativism, mobility and classlessness from which it grew, swept across much of the country and continues to inform current thought.

At its most restrictive (Catharine), it engendered the view that white middle-class women should subordinate their personal goals to the exigencies of their class. At its most generous (Isabella), it assumed that women of different classes and races could join forces as members of a sex, without regard to divisions of class. And at its most mainstream (Harriet), it assumed that white, middle-class women embodied values that imposed some restrictions on their behavior as individuals but authorized them to tell the rest of the country how to live. In all its guises, this early feminism implicitly assumed that the personal experience of white middle-class women offered the best guide to the goals of all women. The authors thus, it seems to me, expose the specific autobiographical origins of American feminism.

The Beecher sisters, as evoked in ''The Limits of Sisterhood,'' represent the complex positions of the female half of what was long our most hegemonic tradition: the middle-class ethos of greater New England. As a people, we are beginning to recognize the need to come to terms with our other traditions. The moral of this book is surely that, if feminism is to prevail, it must do the same.

**End of Document**



[***Weekender Saugerties, N.Y.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4F6D-5JN0-TW8F-G204-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 7, 2005 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 7; HAVENS

**Length:** 1710 words

**Byline:** By DAVID WALLIS

**Body**

OF all the mountain Mayberrys calling out to New Yorkers from the bucolic North along the Hudson River, Saugerties, with its bluestone slab sidewalks and prewar storefronts holding vintage neon signs, may be the most convincing.

It's easy to imagine Floyd the barber from the ''Andy Griffith Show'' at one of the hunter-green leather and chrome chairs at Joe's Barber Shop on Main Street, where customers can still get a haircut for $8.50. On a recent afternoon, a village police officer ushered Ulster County Opies across Partition Street, despite a working traffic light. During the holidays, red plastic bags printed with ''Season's Greetings'' covered the parking meters, a gift from the village to shoppers who usually must shell out all of 10 cents for an hour -- or risk a $5 fine.

The chance to step back in time and enjoy the village bonhomie proved to be a powerful lure for Erica Freudenberger, who stayed in the area on weekends until she left her home in Manhattan two years ago and bought an 1850's farmhouse that needed renovation as her full-time home. ''I fell in love with the cast of characters,'' said Ms. Freudenberger, who is editor of the weekly Saugerties Times. ''Saugerties still retains the blue-collar sensibility that I really enjoy and grew up with.''

Ms. Freudenberger, originally from Baltimore, extols her new life of Little League games, baked ham nights and penny socials. But she revealed that she had lately struggled to persuade friends to visit her two-bedroom, one-and-a-half-bathroom home, which cost less than $100,000 and still needs work. ''People have stopped coming to dinner,'' she said, ''because they know it's a thinly veiled ruse to pull up a carpet.''

The Scene

Though some residents descend from original settlers, plenty of others have ***working-class***, immigrant roots and revel in them. Saugerties, at the spot where the Esopus Creek meets the Hudson, was once a bustling port and home to an ironworks, a paper mill, commercial fishermen, ice houses and a canned-mushroom company. It remains a tattoos-on-the-biceps, 9-to-5 kind of place. Bowling is big.

That said, the village embraces arts and letters. In fact, the original Woodstock Festival grew out of informal performances in Saugerties, which was also the site of the Woodstock '94 concert. Several art galleries and four independent bookstores thrive, including the Hope Farm Press & Bookstore, a repository of publications about New York State, and Inquiring Minds, which holds readings by prominent authors.

Longtime residents and recent arrivals also meet, and compete, at two auction houses: the established Donny Malone Auction Gallery at 236 Main Street and the upstart North River Auction Gallery at 114 Partition Street. North River's debut auction last month included eclectic lots that reflect the mix of residents: a mod red and white bar shared space with a Tiffany apple-blossom lamp and works on paper by Marianne Greenwood, a Woodstock artist.

A slew of shops, restaurants and bed-and-breakfasts have opened in Saugerties in the last five years, bringing a noticeable buzz. Some long-term residents decry the changes. Ms. Freudenberger describes the state of relations between the old guard and the newcomers as a ''clash of cultures.''

Signs greeting visitors to the village, which is part of a township with the same name, read ''Welcome to friendly, historic Saugerties,'' but Dick Duncan, a conservationist and president of the Saugerties Lighthouse Conservancy, suggests a new slogan: ''Saugerties: Mushrooming again.''

Mr. Duncan, speaking from the parlor of a stately red brick house where he lives with Karlyn Knaust-Elia, Ulster County's historian, complained about increasing noise in the village. ''It's difficult finding peace and tranquillity in Saugerties,'' he said. ''If I came here expecting to hear the peepers in the evening, I'd go somewhere else.''

A new contributor to the burgeoning economy and a bete noire of the antigentrification forces is Horse Shows in the Sun, which produces events that can draw thousands of equestrian fans. This past summer, it staged its first show in Saugerties after moving from nearby Ellenville.

In a recent letter to the editor of the weekly Saugerties Post Star, a reader suggested changing the slogan ''Welcome to friendly Saugerties'' to ''Have you hugged your horse today?''

''Think about it,'' the letter said. ''Who is it friendly to? People who own horses and come here for a few weeks in the summer.''

But David Meade, a Saugerties native who runs a coffeehouse and cigar shop in the village, dismissed the criticism. The business during horse shows has prompted him to convert part of his shop into an Internet cafe, the first one in the area. ''Six years ago, I'd have my choice of storefronts,'' he said. ''Today, you would be hard pressed to find a store.'' Still, he acknowledged that ''the small-town feel has dissipated.''

Pros

Edward Herscher cited the many good restaurants now in the village as an important reason why he and his wife, Brigitte Weeks, bought there this year, purchasing a four-bedroom, two-and-a-half-bathroom Victorian house in excellent condition for $330,000. He mentioned Cafe Tamayo, known for its duck confit with red-onion marmalade and wild rice; Miss Lucy's Kitchen, which advertises free-range chickens, all-natural meats and wild fish; and the Chowhound Cafe, which expanded to 30 tables from 5 in recent years. ''And there are two good bakeries, which is very rare,'' he said. The Hudson Valley Dessert Company is at 87 Partition Street; Lachmann's Pastry Shop, founded in 1939, particularly merits a visit. It's at 264 Main Street -- just follow the scent of fresh-baked butter buns.

The Hudson Valley Garlic Festival in September is the highlight of the local gourmand's calendar. It draws tens of thousands of visitors for concerts and lectures on topics like the folk uses of garlic and herbs in the Ozarks, and it offers the chance to taste garlic caramels, garlic ice cream, garlic gum and garlic popcorn and garlic pickles -- but one hopes not on the same plate.

Weekenders can catch their own meals on the Hudson River during the striped bass migration, which begins in mid-April and ends in late May, though the striped bass fishing season is longer.

For some exercise, a half-mile nature trail leads to the Saugerties Lighthouse. The fortress-like 1869 brick building with Italianate and Federal architectural details once warned sailors about nearby shallows. After replacing it with an automated light in 1954, the Coast Guard scheduled the building for demolition, but the Saugerties Lighthouse Conservancy bought it for $1 in 1986 and restored it over the next four years. Visitors can now hike to the lighthouse from dawn to dusk, except for a few days a month when high water submerges part of the trail; tide tables are on the conservancy's Web site, [*www.saugertieslighthouse.com*](http://www.saugertieslighthouse.com).

Cons

Weekend traffic, especially when horse shows are going on, can resemble rush hour in Manhattan.

Taxes are high compared with those in other Ulster County municipalities. General and school taxes on a house assessed at $200,000 would be $8,716 a year; taxes on a house with the same value on Main Street in Woodstock, hardly known as a tax haven, would run $7,336.

Houses can be close together, and not many properties have sizable yards or garages. Friendliness can even morph into meddling. Ms. Freudenberger recently wrote, with good cheer rather than annoyance, about a fastidious neighbor who took it upon himself to mow her slightly scraggly lawn.

Your guest bedroom will be busy; Saugerties lacks first-rate hotels.

The Real Estate Market

In 1677, the British governor of New York, Edmund Andros, bought the land that's now Saugerties from the Esopus Indians. According to the town's Web site, the property cost him ''a blanket, a piece of cloth, a shirt, a loaf of bread and some coarse fiber.''

Real estate has been going up ever since.

Tom Lynch of Win Morrison Realty's Saugerties office estimates that house prices in the village have risen 150 percent in the last five years, an increase, he notes, that has not deterred buyers from New York City from snapping up properties. In fact, Mr. Lynch frets about a scant supply of houses on the market, though he expects more listings as longtime residents gravitate to new houses in developments that have recently sprouted up in the area. He is currently listing an 1880 two-story house with four bedrooms and two bathrooms for $219,900.

Thomasine Helsmoortel of Helsmoortel Realty agrees that demand for village homes often outstrips supply. ''There was nothing left in the village until about a month ago, then we got four new listings,'' said Ms. Helsmoortel, who estimates that village houses tend to sell within two months of being listed. This week, her agency was offering a three-bedroom, two-bathroom 1950 Cape Cod for $225,000.

LAY OF THE LAND

Going Upriver for a Slice of Down-Home

POPULATION -- 4,955.

SIZE -- 2.1 square miles.

MEDIAN HOUSE PRICE -- $172,000.

RECENT SALES -- A three-bedroom, two-bath house on Esopus Creek sold for $405,000, reduced from $420,000, after more than three months on the market. A three-bedroom, two-and-a-half-bath Arts and Crafts bungalow on Washington Avenue sold for $258,600, down from $259,000, after nearly four months. An 1870's carriage house on Market Street with four bedrooms and three bathrooms sold for $330,000 after nearly four months, down from its $370,000 asking price.

DISTANCE FROM NEW YORK: 110 miles.

TRAVEL TIME -- Two hours.

GETTING THERE -- Take the New York State Thruway to Exit 20. Turn right off the exit ramp onto Routes 212-32. Drive a mile and turn right on Market Street.

WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING -- The Saugerties Lighthouse (168 Lighthouse Drive, 845-247-0656) has two rooms that rent out from Thursday through Sunday until April for $135 to $160 a night, breakfast included. Availability expands after April. Total Tennis (1811 Old Kings Highway, 845-247-9177), a school for aspiring Andy Roddicks, offers two-night packages, including lodging, meals and lessons, for $275 to $420 a person. The Bluestone Country Manor (4170 Route 9W, West Camp, 845-246-3060) has five rooms and a suite at $89 to $125.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: MAYBERRY ON THE HUDSON -- When you're on Main Street, Saugerties, N.Y. 12477, it's not hard to imagine you're in Anytown R.F.D. (Photo by Susan Stava for The New York Times)Map of New York State highlighting Saugerties.

**Load-Date:** January 7, 2005

**End of Document**



[***The Pop Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-43D0-0014-52KS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 7, 1988, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1143 words

**Byline:** By Peter Watrous

**Body**

Yoakam the Purist

The country singer Dwight Yoakam's new record, ''Buenas Noches From a Lonely Room,'' (Reprise), his third, could have been made 20 years ago. Spare, tough and streamlined, it represents a rebirth of what was called the Bakersfield sound - part country, part early rockabilly - in opposition to the more formulaic, sweetened country music emanating from Nashville.

Buck Owens, one of the architects of the Bakersfield sound, has recently been touring with Mr. Yoakam -they'll be playing together Saturday night at the Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 74th Street - and his influence shows in Mr. Yoakam's performances and records. Mr. Yoakam uses the same band for both recording and performing; what's heard on a record is heard in concert. ''Working with Buck has reaffirmed that band sound,'' said Mr. Yoakam. ''The music is the Bakersfield sound; it's quintessential. The raw power, the emotional power that comes from it, is giving us accessibility to a rock audience.''

Mr. Yoakam has been labeled one of the new-traditionalist country musicians, and in a sense he fits into a general cultural reinvestigation of things American, including jazz and grassroots rock-and-roll. The implication is that this is conservative music. It's also popular music: last week, the ''Buenas Noches'' album, out for three weeks, was No. 77 on the Billboard Pop charts, an unusually high position for a country record.

''I'm part of a larger return to country music, obviously,'' said Mr. Yoakam. ''Every few years there has to be an artist that addresses the basic, austere, raw elements of the form. But I don't see the music as conservative. I've been considered more of a rebel than a conformist. I think that if you go back to the 30's, country singers like Jimmie Rodgers were considered almost left-wing, certainly outsiders, as was the entire culture of American rural ***working class***. They were singing songs about coal-mine strikes, rebellion and hobos, and those aren't the most pleasant subjects for the capitalist aristocracy that ran the railroads to hear about.''

Mr. Yoakam, 31 years old, was born in rural Kentucky, and grew up in Columbus, Ohio. He spent some time at Ohio State University, then went to Los Angeles looking for a record contract, instead finding work for six or so years driving a truck and playing bars in the San Fernando Valley.

His outspoken support for a less commercial country music has led him into hot water, and for a time Mr. Yoakam and the Nashville powers in the country-music industry were at odds. Mr. Yoakam is in many ways a purist, who sees country music as less a commercial vehicle than a genuine form of expression, emotional and political: ''Buenas Noches From a Lonely Room'' isn't always family entertainment.

''It's up to me,'' he said, ''to maintain control over my creative process - how I record, with whom I record and what I record. Believe me, the record company didn't exactly love getting a record full of death and murder. I'm not handing them stuff that country radio loves to play.

''Any time you have a noncolloquial group - in country music's case, the powers in New York, Los Angeles, Nashville - take control of a local, colloquial art form, they take over the power of those musical forms,'' said Mr. Yoakam. ''And because they had no understanding of the cultural influences that shaped the music, they didn't know how to perpetuate the emotional aspects of the music. They could only emulate the broad, cliched images. The industry doesn't particularly like songs about death and coal mining.''

Breaking a Form Apart

Kip Hanrahan's ''Days and Nights of Blue Luck Inverted,'' (Pangaea), his fourth full-length album, is his most romantic, about his relationship with his wife. It's also full of odd structural effects: the jazz singer Carmen Lundy sings an intensely intimate tune a capella; in ''First and Last to Love Me (2, December),'' form seems to disintegrate; in ''Unobtainable Days: Unobtainable Nights,'' Fernando Saunders, the song's singer and bassist, goes through different interpretations of a line, over and over.

''I was less concerned with intentionally breaking apart song forms,'' said Mr. Hanrahan. ''I was interested in finding the sound of passion. If it emerged in breaking apart forms, then that's what we did. I care about the form. If this obsession I have -this passion that exists - is so vibrant, it can't be held to form, so song forms have to disintegrate as it did.''

Mr. Hanrahan has always been obsessed with passion, romance and ethnic music - Latin music bubbles through all of his records. Over the last nine years, he's produced a body of works that is instantly identifiable and important. Without really playing or singing - he dictates to his musicians the way a director directs a film - he's made a body of works which will probably define a large portion of the cross-cultural experientation that New York fostered in the 80's. And not only that, he's made immensely romantic, adult music as well.

''Days and Nights of Blue Luck Inverted'' is even more romantic than most of his work; it's an attempt by Mr. Hanrahan to reproduce the feelings of a relationship. ''In 'Days and Nights' there was a desire to hear back through the music the passions of this woman, the parallel secrets we keep, to hear the sex and obsession and anger that I feel between the two of us. I didn't want to hear back the evidence of something, not a representation of it, but the real thing. I want to hear the passion come back lucidly and transparently. I listen to the record and I say 'That's how the passion sounded.' ''

Boy George Comes Back

Boy George, who vanished as quickly as a snake in tall grass, is back with a new album, titled ''Tense, Nervous, Headache'' (Virgin), which is due out in a month. The album won't feature the single ''No Clause 28,'' a song protesting a law meant to stop the promotion of homosexuality in schools. The single, well-received critically, features a Margaret Thatcher imitator, a tough dance beat and Mr. George's blue-eyed soul voice.

''I did the record because it became clear that the law against teaching homosexuality in school, bad enough, could also be used to enforce censorship against art and literature,'' said Mr. George in a telephone interview from London. ''Certain plays, Oscar Wilde and William Burroughs, and cult movies might vanish. The song's about protecting that sort of intellectual freedom.''

Mr. George said the song would not be on the album because of an inhouse political decision at his label. ''There's a lull at this stage in my career so I don't have much power and my work is compromised,'' he said. ''That's the compromise, dropping the song. I'm just trying to protect my art. Music, I've come to realize in my old age, is all I can do, so I work harder at it, and take more pride in it.''

**Graphic**

photo of Dwight Yoakam (Retna/Robert Matheu)

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[***No More Guarantees of a Son's Birth***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4BN0-0014-50WF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By STEVEN R. WEISMAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOMBAY, India, July 17

**Body**

Anyone inclined to sit in judgment of a facet of Dr. Sharad Gogate's Bombay obstetric practice - one he has since discontinued - is told about the patient who burst into tears after learning that she was pregnant with her fifth daughter.

''This woman cried and cried because her husband was going to throw her out of the house if she failed to produce a son,'' Dr. Gogate recalled. ''She faced an absolutely horrible future. It's an extreme example, but I can assure you such instances are not rare.''

Technology, and Old Beliefs

Responding to the widespread preference in India for sons rather than daughters, Dr. Gogate and hundreds of other obstetricians have made a practice of performing amniocentesis to enable pregnant women to get abortions if the fetus was female.

Tens of thousands of such abortions have been performed in recent years throughout India among the affluent and the poor alike -classic examples of the collision between modern technology and a society still influenced by old customs and beliefs.

Today, however, Dr. Gogate and other Bombay obstetricians say they have discontinued this. A new law passed two months ago in the western Indian state of Maharashtra, of which Bombay is the capital, bans prenatal tests to determine a child's sex.

The law applies only to Maharashtra, a relatively affluent state with a population of 70 million, less than 10 percent of the nation's. But experts say it could serve as a model for the rest of India and perhaps for other Asian countries.

The medical procedure itself is well-established. Amniocentesis involves the insertion of a needle into the uterus to extract amniotic fluid from the sac surrounding the fetus, and then analyzing the fetal cells that the fluid contains.

Amniocentesis, which involves the analysis of chromosomes, invariably discloses the sex of the fetus. In some countries, when the test is peformed to discern genetic anomalies, parents may ask not to be told the sex of the child before it is born.

Under the new law in Maharashtra state, the procedure is permitted only to determine the possibilities of genetic defects, the purpose for which it was first developed. To undergo amniocentesis in Maharashtra, a woman must be at least 35 years old, or have a medical or family history suggesting the likelihood of such problems.

The law also prescribes prison sentences and fines for doctors, patients and their families, but only if the violation has been found by a panel of health professionals or other ''appropriate authority.''

Doctors Falling Into Line

''Laws don't necessarily change society, but why can't law also occasionally lead the way?'' said D. T. Joseph, state health secretary in Maharashtra. ''I would say that 85 percent of the doctors who have helped their patients determine the sex of their unborn child, and then have abortions, have now stopped the practice.''

Mr. Joseph and many other experts acknowledge that they expect sex-determination procedures followed by abortions to continue underground here. In addition, thousands of women driven by economic and family pressures are considered certain to go to other Indian states where the practice continues to be legal.

Chief among these pressures is the growing size of dowries demanded by the family of a husband, even among families of modest means. Nowadays, dowries as high as $10,000 are common among families who earn that kind of money in a year's work.

Although dowries are illegal in India, feminists and police officials say the practice is growing along with the emergence of a larger middle class, where arranged marriages are still the norm.

In some cases among ***working-class*** families: where the husband or his family, as described in police accounts, kill the wife if a promised dowry is believed not to be forthcoming.

A more common problem related to dowries is the fear of bankruptcy among families with daughters and no sons. Thus, hospitals and clinics often advertise amniocentesis procedures simply as sex-determination tests, with such slogans as ''better to spend 500 rupees now than 50,000 rupees later.''

As this practice became widespread in Maharashtra, feminist groups and others in Bombay lodged increasingly effective protests. In 1986, they picketed Dr. Gogate's clinic at Harkisondas Hospital, which used to help 25 to 30 women a week determine the sex of their unborn children so they could have abortions if they were female.

Responding to Maharashtra's initiative, several of Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi's Cabinet ministers recommended earlier this year that the nation's Parliament also ban ''prenatal sex-determination tests.''

Government officials in New Delhi say that legislation could be proposed this winter. But the idea has also stirred debate among politicians, feminists, health officials and others on the proper way to go about it.

Some people, for example, are worried that any such legislation could infringe on a woman's right to have an abortion, which has been established by Indian law since 1971. Abortions are permitted only under certain circumstances, but doctors agree that in practice, abortion has become a common means of birth control in a country where rapid population growth is a major problem.

Feminists Are Divided

Feminist organizations say that the Maharashtra law must be revised and toughened before it is passed nationwide. They want to delete any penalties for pregnant women seeking the tests, and also to make it easier to bring cases against doctors and health professionals.

''Our earlier fear was that this law would simply drive obstetricians and gynecologists into doing these procedures underground,'' said Vibhuti Patel, a leader of the Bombay Women's Center. ''Now I think there are so many loopholes in the law, they won't need to go underground.''

Nevertheless, it was difficult this week to find anyone in Bombay willing to say that they knew of anyone engaging in the practice since it was outlawed.

Mrs. Patel recalled how the early effort to ban sex-determination tests encountered mixed arguments. Some feminists opposed the new law because of the pressing importance of population control; others said it reduced freedom of choice among women, and still others argued that women in India are treated so badly that it would be more humane to curb the number of female births.

Enforcement Difficult

But Mrs. Patel said most feminists eventually joined the drive to ban the practice. ''The main problem is that even in Maharashtra, we have no means to enforce the new law,'' she added. ''People are congratulating us for our victory, but we can't be complacent because now the task is even more complex.''

Dr. Gogate, the obstetrician, said he expected that the practice of amniocentesis for sex determination would continue as long as people wanted it. He recalled that he was on the defensive at a recent medical conference in Bonn, where fellow obstetricians reacted with shock to the practice in India.

''I told them you cannot pass judgment on what is happening in our country - taking your norms and applying them to us,'' he said. ''Others may regard it as a barbaric practice from a purist point of view. But nobody can have a 100 percent purist view in this world. The law has been changed, but what have we done to change social attitudes?''

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[***Graphic Arts Magic in Havana; Sharing Hardships and Ideas, Cuban Printmakers Win Praise - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:476S-J2M0-01CN-H04R-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:**  By DAVID GONZALEZ

**Dateline:** HAVANA

**Body**

The future of Cuban graphic arts is found among thick stones and ancient presses down a dead-end street just off the Cathedral Plaza. Past the ever-present curbside trio singing old Cuban songs in the faux-festive tourist atmosphere, the real party is inside the Experimental Graphics Studio, where printmakers, poets and musicians share ideas and inspiration.

For 40 years, the Old Havana studio, with its gallery, has been home to the island's leading graphic artists, who have gone on to win honors at biennials in Europe, Japan and Latin America. Yet an easygoing camaraderie prevails inside the high-ceilinged room, which smells of paint and strong cigarettes, where established artists and newcomers work side by side. It is part salon, where singers or writers may drop in for a visit, and part classroom without walls, where there are no secrets of technique or opinion.

"It is not a school in the formal sense, but it is the best school because you are not obliged to stick to one lesson," said Raimundo Respall, who runs the studio's gallery. "Artists learn from each other. You need someone to look at what you are doing. All that flows inside this studio, and that is our great value. Anything else is just a printmaking factory."

The studio was started in 1962 to revive printmaking techniques that had once been used to make labels and cigar rings. A handful of lithographers had been to Mexico, Mr. Respall said, to learn from masters there. But the art did not thrive until a chance encounter with the poet Pablo Neruda.

The old presses had been abandoned in a warehouse and the thick stones used for lithographs had been tossed aside in the street, Mr. Respall said. The studio's founders asked Neruda to persuade his friend Che Guevara, then Cuba's minister of industry, to give them the presses and a place to work.

"The studio made sure that the graphic arts in Cuba did not die," said Eduardo Roca Salazar, one of the island's most distinguished printmakers, who started at the studio in 1975 and is known as Choco. "It is one of the most impressive places in the world, not just Cuba, for all the magic that has gone on here."

Some might say that the real magic has been how the studio has thrived despite the high cost of paper and ink -- all imported -- as well as prohibitions against selling its work in the United States. The gallery helps offset costs, selling prints for anywhere from $40 to more than $500.

"I was really impressed by how much they do with how little they have," said Marjorie Devon, the director of the Tamarind Institute in New Mexico, which trains master printmakers. "The work was strong and it had passion."

Resourcefulness is itself an art perfected by Cubans, who pepper their conversations with references to "resolving the situation" by improvising. The fall of the Soviet Union in the early 1990's set off serious hardship on the island, artists said, which tested their creativity in unexpected ways: inks were improvised from black powder and soap, and beer cans were split open to make engraving plates, for example.

"We learned to do things on our own," said Jose Omar Torres, the studio's artistic director. "It was an era of misery, no doubt. What you had to save was the spirit. Misery passes, but if you kill the spirit, you kill the man."

Yet that same era ushered in opportunities for the artists to begin showing their work to a wider audience, as the island turned to tourism for its economic salvation. Collectors from Spain and Japan eagerly snapped up prints and invited artists to cultural exchanges. And even though there are formal prohibitions against Americans' doing business with Cuba, it is said that there are more than a few art dealers in Manhattan and Miami who quietly offer Cuban prints.

The work itself is varied, which Mr. Respall said is by design. Unlike artists in the Soviet Union, where socialist realism dominated, the Cuban printmakers rejected such hokey heroism, he said, preferring to root themselves in their Caribbean culture. To this day, he said, there is no pressure to parrot themes or slogans.

Choco's deep-hued and textured prints, with their evocative Afro-Cuban religious themes, can hang alongside Eduardo Abela's wry woodcuts that turn the harbor's famous lighthouse into a bottle-shaped ad for "Absolut Kuba."

There are sly political takes, too. Mr. Abela has one woodcut of a taxi-turned-rowboat filled with migrants. Another artist drew a stark and angular seaside street, where a solitary figure peered into the vast and empty sea. In "Collective Vigilance" an artist shows a daisy chain of figures spying on each other with telescopes.

While many artists are able to travel abroad for shows, they face more obstacles to visiting the United States. As Cuban musicians, dancers and writers have found, American authorities have been reluctant to grant many visas to artists, despite past policies that promoted cultural exchanges.

The biggest debates at the studio in recent years have not been about politics but art. Newcomers in the 1990's began to dismiss the work of older artists as sentimental or too literal, Mr. Respall said, and embraced extravagantly intellectual approaches that required too many explanations to make sense.

"They called it conceptual art, but that is debatable because to me it had no concept," Mr. Respall said. "They were artists who cared more about words. And they spoke about past artists as if they had done nothing new in the present."

Choco, one of the targets of the new critics, had made prints of rural life in the 1970's, but it was only a reflection of the country's priorities at the time, when thousands of people were obliged to take up machetes and help cut sugar cane.

His current work is intense with color, with traditional elements done in a modern style that would be at home in Chelsea or SoHo.

Choco now has his own studio inside a former warehouse, where he makes prints and paintings to the sound of Miles Davis on the boombox. It is a big, comfortable space, removed from yet intimately connected to the old studio, which he still visits.

"The studio was the start," he said. "Without them, all this would have been impossible. How could I have done art without them? I had no machines or material."

One of the current rising stars, Julio Cesar Pena, can relate to that view. He came from a rough-and-tumble neighborhood in Havana, and his family had no idea that a man could make a living at art. Mr. Pena started drawing as a hobby, teaching himself, and became so hooked that he tried, without much luck, to get into art school. The studio accepted him in 1997.

"This is what fed me," he said. "I learned from those great masters there. This has been my school. I do not know if it is luck or grace, but that is how I learned. Here."

Today his prints of skeletons engaged in everyday street scenes are among the workshop's most popular images. His print "Rumberos del Momento," featuring a skeletons' street party, was featured on the cover of the 2001 catalog for the Kanagawa International Print Triennial in Japan, where it won first prize.

"Life brings with it the guarantee of death," Mr. Pena said. "Death is always with us, so I want to touch life. You have a skeleton inside you already."

Mr. Pena himself looks like a skeleton, with a buzz cut and body that is all bones and angles, and he moves and speaks at a machine-gun pace. True to his roots and the moment and wearing a T-shirt that declared "***Working Class*** Hero," he walked into an Old Havana bar, embracing everyone from the waitress to the house band.

"You have to dance!" the singer shouted to him. "You have to."

Mr. Pena, who was sketching on a scrap of paper, did a quick step with a smile. The streets, it seemed, were as much a school as the studio.

"It's important to know the life of an artist," he said. "I do my work, and I enjoy the moment, drinking, dancing. That is my work, too."

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

**Correction**

An article on Nov. 13 about the graphic arts in Cuba referred imprecisely to Cuban artworks sold in the United States. They are not banned under the American embargo on Cuban goods; like publications and other informational materials, they are exempt, and Americans who go to Cuba on authorized travel can buy them.

**Correction-Date:** December 9, 2002

**Graphic**

Photos: Above, the Experimental Graphics Studio, with its gallery, in Havana. Right, Eduardo Roca Salazar, known as Choco. (Photographs by Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. E1); Above left, artists working in the Experimental Graphics Studio, where Cuban printmakers have developed a camaraderie over the last 40 years, sharing the ideas that have helped them win honors around the world. Top right, the view from the studio into the streets of Old Havana. Above right, Raimundo Respall, who runs the studio's gallery. (Photographs by Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. E3)

**Load-Date:** November 13, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Stealing Fire From Olympus;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y0W-RWY0-00RP-K54P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Staging the Greeks, With High-Voltage and Modern Energy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y0W-RWY0-00RP-K54P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 1, 1999, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1422 words

**Byline:** By CHRIS HEDGES

By CHRIS HEDGES

**Body**

Professional theater companies that focus almost exclusively on classical Greek drama are rare, and there are few among them that can mount productions with the iconoclastic and high-voltage energy of the Aquila Theater Company and still win praise from critics and scholars alike.

Aquila, now company in residence at the Center for Ancient Studies at New York University, not only specializes in Greek drama, often in new translations by its producing artistic director, Peter Meineck, but also performs the works for the most part in traditional Greek masks. At the same time its productions have a sardonic, irreverent edge that pushes its interpretations to the precipice.

In Aristophanes' "Birds" last spring, the score dipped into snippets of "There's No Business Like Show Business" and "Maria" from "West Side Story." When Aquila did Sophocles' "Philoctetes," it was set on a Scottish island and used live Gaelic music. The company played rock anthems from the 70's during Aristophanes' "Wasps." And its current Lincoln Center production of "The Iliad: Book I" (which opened last Wednesday) is set in a bunker during the Normandy invasion in World War II. Though this production does not use traditional masks, it does have a scene played in gas masks.

"They are extremely good, especially at Aristophanes," said Dr. Helene Foley, a professor of Greek and Latin at Barnard College. "The productions are clever and serious. They fill an incredibly valuable niche."

Taking classical drama on the road is also part of Aquila's mission. The company tours relentlessly eight months a year, traveling to regional theaters from Maine to Florida to Nebraska. Last year it played to 300,000 people, a number it expects to equal or excel in the coming season. The Aquila Theater for Young Audiences, a new project with the Lincoln Center Institute, will bring one-hour versions of classics to 40 high schools in the New York City region starting next September.

The hallmark of the company is its ingenious use of masks, meticulously crafted and adorned with human hair. Copied from Greek vases of the fifth century B.C., the masks are slightly larger than life size, and through the actors' controlled body movement express a flexibility that belie the frozen contours. The masked characters seem to fill up the stage as they portray the legendary grotesques of Greek drama.

The cast of actors (there are now nine in the troupe, the first mixed British-American company approved by Actors Equity) are also adept at milking the texts for the ribald asides and often bawdy slapstick. Greek drama, as Mr. Meineck's six translations remind the audience, is often filled with crude and sexually explicit language.

"As you start to translate the texts, which we did early on, you realize that these texts are written for mask theater," said Mr. Meineck, whose translations of Aristophanes and Aeschylus are published by Hackett.

"The play was prepared for a 17,000-seat open-air theater with very long entrances," he added. "Characters had to be invested as soon as they walked on, especially because there were only two or three actors playing all the roles. The psychology behind the mask is very different. You are not in naturalistic, kitchen-sink theater at all. You are in the land of mythos, mythology and legend."

The force of the masks onstage, for many scholars, has been something of a revelation. "The company saw this problem of the characterization of people on the Greek stage," said Professor Zeph Stewart, chairman emeritus of the classics department at Harvard University. "The Greeks had people playing parts very different from themselves."

"Old men played young men, and men played women," he said. "The solution to this problem came with the masks. I had never seen a production of Greek drama done in masks. It was extraordinary. The masks had a remarkable transforming quality. It was a novel idea, but one that I and most people at Harvard found convincing."

Mr. Meineck's route to Greek drama was refreshingly unconventional. He is the son of a builder and grew up in a ***working-class*** section of London. When he was 15, he was expelled from school for fighting and a year later enlisted in the Royal Marines. Despite his lack of a formal education, he rose to become an officer. He went back to school, entering the University of London and finding himself "overwhelmed by the passionate energy of Greek drama."

"What I love about the Greek playwrights is that they were so well rounded," he said. "They were soldiers, politicians and playwrights. There was a time in my life where I was not the traditional person who would go into the theater. I immediately found a connection with these people.

"Aeschylus was at the battle of Marathon. He was regarded as one of the greatest playwrights the Greeks ever had, and yet when he was buried in Sicily, all it said on his grave was, 'Here lies Aeschylus who fought at the battle of Marathon.' And that is what his tomb should have said: In that battle the Greeks were freed from the tyranny of the Persians and went on to create the great democracy that was Athens."

The company, which is presenting "King Lear" and "The Iliad" at the Clark Studio Theater at Lincoln Center through Sunday and from Jan. 4 through Jan. 8, will return to masked theater next year with a touring production of "Oedipus the King," in a new translation by Mr. Meineck and Paul Woodruff. The play will be performed in New York in June.

Some company signatures are apparent in the current productions, including the carefully stylized ensemble choreography, a part of mask theater, that often gives the works a dreamy, dancelike quality. "The Iliad," with the actors dressed as World War II soldiers, is also aided immensely by the stark and colloquial translation by Stanley Lombardo.

In a review in The New York Times, D. J. R. Bruckner wrote that even though Mr. Lombardo's language was "off the streets and out of barracks, the company's choreographed movement, the chants, occasional dances and the rhythms of the speeches convey much of the feeling of the Greek verse: its rumbles and melodies and silences, the beat of its pulse."

Mr. Meineck said: "In the fifth century the Greeks portrayed Homeric warriors in contemporary battle dress. What they wore as Hoplites at the battle of Marathon was what Achilles wore. These people were soldiers, the Greeks wanted to say, just like you."

Robert Richmond, the company's associate artistic director, frequently uses electronic music composed by one of the principal actors, Anthony Cochrane, a Scot who spent several seasons with the Royal Shakespeare Company. While the sets are sparse, the lighting, sound effects, staging and costumes are innovative.

In "The Iliad," which uses four trunks as stage props, the presence of the gods is heralded by the sound of bombers. In recent productions of "Philoctetes," "Julius Caesar" and "The Birds," a large blue silk sheet mutated into the sea, a tent, a cave, various landscapes and the interior of Julius Caesar's mind.

The company's work is tightly choreographed, a quality that lends itself to smaller, narrowly focused dramas. Because of its size, Aquila is forced to cut or double up on many parts as in the production of "Lear." The more compact "Comedy of Errors," performed last spring, however, fit with the company's whirlwind style, with the actors dressed as cartoon figures from Tintin.

The heart of Aquila, however, lies in Greek drama. "Ancient Greek dramas," said Mr. Meineck, who teaches at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts, "are as much about ritual as theater."

Many great tragedies, including Aeschylus' "Oresteia," were taken from Greek myth. Theater, often part of elaborate religious ceremonies, played a central role in challenging and questioning the civic and cultural life of Athens. Athenian artists and philosophers waged a constant war, often onstage, against the threat of tyranny and monarchy.

"The audience can watch Agamemnon and enjoy the basic myth, but can also compare the myth to life and contemporary politics," Mr. Meineck said. "This is why you see Greek drama set in Bosnia, although this is not necessarily what I would do.

"People turn to Greek tragedy when they are trying to express great stress, guilt or emotion. Sometimes it is how you feel about your wife, your kids, your brother, or your fears about survival. The 'Oresteia,' after all, is about your son overthrowing you and your wife knowing your darkest secrets. Greek tragedy is a great leveler."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Peter Meineck, artistic director of the Aquila Theater Company. (Richard Termine for The New York Times)(pg. E5); Members of the Aquila Theater Company, above, in the masks to be worn in a forthcoming traveling production of "Oedipus," and Jens Martin Krummel, below, as Zeus in a scene from "The Iliad: Book I," at Lincoln Center. (Photographs by Richard Termine for The New York Times)(pg. E1)

**Load-Date:** December 1, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Mighty Hoboken at the Bat (in Moscow)***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4CM0-0014-53C5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 4; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1140 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT HANLEY

**Dateline:** HOBOKEN, N.J.

**Body**

For Mike Purvis, Joe Shearn, Marc Taglieri and young friends, life in the last two years has meant little but baseball. They have played for championships in Pennsylvania, Puerto Rico and, some of them, in France.

Now, on the eve of their 15th and 16th birthdays, they await their grandest trip - a journey to the Soviet Union in mid-August for two weeks of baseball in three cities.

This has led to some odd interludes in their preoccupation with fielding and hitting. One recent evening Bob Lewinter, baseball umpire, teacher of Russian history and language and a veteran of seven trips to the Soviet Union, went to the Elks club to offer a cram course on Russian history, culture and language. It was the first of six weekly lectures.

There were slides about Lenin, Engels and Marx; about the pre-revolutionary czars and their fetish for gold crowns, and about Moscow's graffiti-free subways.

Mr. Lewinter also handed out a sheet containing the Russian alphabet and urged the boys to start studying. ''Russia?'' muttered Chipper Benway, the team's second baseman and wiseguy. ''I can't pass English.''

Thus these sons of single-parent homes and the ***working class*** started preparing to go to a land they know nothing about to represent their gritty old waterfront city and, in a far broader sense, teen-age baseball in the United States. In this era of glasnost and regular Washington-Moscow summits, the Hoboken team will be the first group of American high school baseball players to play in the Soviet Union. Only a team from Johns Hopkins University has preceded them.

The boys - tough, streetwise and aggressive - are approaching their journey with a sense of mission, both athletically and diplomatically; a mix of humility and swagger, and the realism of 15-year-olds.

''I'll miss my pizza and cookies and candy,'' said Mike Purvis, one of the team's five pitchers. ''But I think it'll be a great experience to learn about another culture. And we might even get to see a movie.''

Dominick Dellafave, an outfielder, had a different concern.

''I just hope we don't have a world crisis while we're there,'' he said.

'Sort of Ambassadors'

For their games in Moscow, Kiev and Tbilisi, a Russian vacation spot near the Black Sea, the boys have renamed themselves the ''Ambassadors.''

''Well, we're sort of ambassadors,'' said Joe Shearn, an outfielder and pitcher. ''Maybe we could make a difference in peace. People tend to believe Communist countries are terrible. Now we'll be able to judge firsthand for ourselves.''

Athletic prowess and a little New Jersey braggadocio produced this trip. Last summer the boys swept aside all local opposition and then won both the New Jersey and the North Atlantic Championship in the Sandy Koufax League, a division of the American Amateur Baseball Congress.

In the national championship series in Puerto Rico, they lost to the eventual winner, California, 5-4. And only, the players insist, because Mike Purvis's shot to deep center hit the top of the fence and bounced back onto the field instead of going over for a home run.

The Toast of the Town

But never mind. They were the toast of the town. Senator Frank Lautenberg, Democrat of New Jersey, and Mort Goldfein, a vice president of Hartz Mountain Industries, a major developer in Hudson County, talked up the team during a trip to a trade show in Moscow last August.

Before going, they had read a news article about the Russians insisting they had invented baseball. Naturally they offered the Hoboken boys as a challenge.

Since then, scores of letters and messages have passed between the two cities, ironing out lodging, travel, meals and other logistical details. Just what Russian teams the boys will play is still unknown. But informally officials have been told the players will probably be in their late teens and early 20's and only a year or two into learning the game.

Eyes on the Olympics

''I think they're trying to learn from us for the 1992 Olympic Games; we want to catch them now,'' said Joe Reinhard, a Hoboken police detective and one of the team's coaches. The others are a fellow detective, Walter Lehbrink, and Bill Culhane, an equities broker and son of a policeman.

Outwardly the boys don't seem fretful about being overmatched by older Russian teams.

''The Russians could be a little stronger, but they can't hit,'' said Blair DeGaeta, an infielder. ''And they probably don't even know what a curve ball is.''

''When we play, we'll play hard, but not to show, like, we hate them or anything,'' Dominick Dellafave said.

To old-timers here, the boys' devotion to the game is a reminder of the glorious baseball past of pre-gentrification Hoboken, when the streets were tough, the waterfront tougher and boys played baseball all day long, even on the piers.

A Past to Emulate

After all, Hoboken insists, baseball's first ''match game'' was played here on June 19, 1846, Abner Doubleday in Cooperstown, N.Y., notwithstanding.

Although only about a mile square, Hoboken over the decades has produced four major league players: Tom Carey of the old St. Louis Browns; Bill Kunkel, who pitched for the Yankees and later was an umpire in the majors; Leo Kiely, a Red Sox pitcher, and John Romano, a catcher for Cleveland.

All were coached by Tony Calland, now 85 years old and full of memories. From 1918 to 1935, he played for 12 semi-pro teams and even got into two exhibition games with Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig in 1930. After his playing days, Mr. Calland coached for 37 years until 1972.

''These boys are good,'' he said the other day.

How has Hoboken produced so many good players over the generations?

'You Don't Make Ballplayers'

''It's a miracle,'' Mr. Calland said. ''You know, you don't make ballplayers. Either they have it or they don't. These kids have it. Plus they got better bats and gloves than we had.''

Weeks of fund-raising and appeals to corporate sponsors have just about produced the trip's expected cost of $75,000, according to the main organizer, Laurrie Fabiano, an aide to Hoboken's late Mayor, Tom Vezzetti.

Parents have been soliciting ads for a journal. The boys have been selling souvenir T-shirts and logos. They raised $1,600 one night playing a benefit softball game against a team from radio station WNEW.

Elaine DePinto, an assistant clerk in the city's Violation Bureau, solicited $2,000 from merchants. A decade ago the team's coaches coached her two sons.

''It's my thank-you for their being there for my boys,'' she said.

Mr. Lewinter's recent lecture included a list of do's and don'ts for the trip as mothers scratched notes furiously. Among his admonitions:

''Russian kids love to trade for chewing gum and science fiction books, especially by Isaac Asimov, because it's a Russian name. Bring them.''

''Don't expect to get what mom cooks. It's not a gourmet's delight. But you'll eat better than any Russians eat.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Marc Taglieri (NYT/F.N. Kinney)

**End of Document**



[***A Woodsy 'Hamptons' In Corner of Connecticut***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4KH0-0014-5516-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By NICK RAVO, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** KENT, Conn., June 2

**Body**

In the last few years, Connecticut's rural Northwest Corner has attracted so many weekenders that they now own, as second homes, half the houses in some towns and nearly a third in the region.

With the weekenders has come a new bloom of prosperity. But in a process familiar in Vermont, Long Island's East End and other resort areas, they have also driven up housing prices, forcing local young people out and creating a labor shortage. And they have put deep cracks in the region's crusty New England identity.

'Another Town''

''It's another town on weekends,'' said Gail Leo, a lifelong resident of the area and manager of the Villager restaurant in Kent on Route 7, a two-lane highway that follows the Housatonic River north through the Northwest Corner.

''There is an influx of new people who have more money than the local yokels do,'' she said. ''Locals don't even want to come into town on weekends because of traffic and the people.''

Said Lucy Tremont, a snow-haired Kent native who works in a real-estate office: ''At one time, in the 50's and 60's, I knew practically everyone in town. Now I know almost no one.''

Real Estate Boom

In towns like Kent and Salisbury, officials estimate that second-home owners account for 50 percent of the households. Overall, in the towns that compose the Northwestern Connecticut Regional Council of Governments - Kent, Salisbury, Sharon, Cornwall, Falls Village, Canaan, Warren, Washington and Roxbury - the amount has risen from 16 percent in 1980 to about 30 percent today.

''All my clientele are New Yorkers,'' said Ellen Corsell, who owns the Heron American Craft Gallery on Route 7 in Kent, which caters to weekenders by selling curios like ceramic cows and butter dishes shaped like Depression-era diners.

Not every town in these foothills of the Berkshires has been invaded by out-of-towners. In ***working-class*** Canaan, a town of 3,320 that was once the commercial center for the region's farmers, second-home owners make up only 5 percent of the households.

But elsewhere, weekenders are slowly creating an expensive resort community, a sort of Hamptons in the woods. For them, their country retreats are worth the rising prices and the two-and-a-half hour drive from Manhattan.

Changing Culture

''We're slaves,'' said Giovanna Villani, a 30-year-old designer-artist from Manhattan, who spends her weekends in Falls Village, population 1,030, in a cottage on the Housatonic River.

''Happy slaves,'' added her husband, Elliot Schwartz, 38, an artist-photographer.

The changing culture can be seen in supermarkets that suddenly stock new varieties of produce and in specialty shops like the Stroble Baking Company in Kent, where Patsy Stroble sells New York delicacies like rugelach alongside dishes familiar to New England like cold cherry soup.

''It's a struggle to keep the character of the town,'' she said.

It is even harder when the area has become a Mecca for the famous as well as the merely rich. Tom Brokaw has a home in Cornwall, population 1,370. Dustin Hoffman lives in Roxbury, population 1,680. Oscar de la Renta lives in Kent, population 2,700. They do not belong to the local volunteer fire departments.

Change in Character

''I would not say they have damaged the area's character - that's too value-laden a word,'' said Linda Cardini, director of the Northwestern Connecticut Council of Governments and a resident of Warren, population 1,110. ''They have changed the character.''

''Not everything about second-home owners creates problems,'' she added. ''They probably produce more tax revenue for the towns than it costs the towns in municipal services. They also generate less solid waste and less traffic than if they were here all year.

''And if they weren't here at all,'' Ms. Cardini continued, ''we'd have less employment. Everyone is working either in the service industry, the hotels and restaurants, or they're involved in housing. Much of the new construction going on are second homes being built.''

Even so, the growth has put pressure on communities that once were known more for their preparatory schools, like Hotchkiss in Salisbury and the Kent School in Kent, than for their expensive real estate.

Some Are Driven Out

Real-estate prices have climbed so high that many younger people cannot afford to stay in town. The median cost for a single-family house in the area was $67,300 in 1980; in 1986, it was $146,000. Many houses go for double and triple that amount.

For those who can't afford to buy, there are virtually no apartment buildings. Rents run from $750 to $1,000 a month for small - and scarce - accessory apartments. Many tenants have roommates. Others live with their parents. ''There's no stigma to it,'' said Charles Phipps, 41, the owner of the Kent Station restaurant and a former art gallery manager in Manhattan. ''My head waitress lives at home with her parents. She's 28. She can't afford a place on her own.''

Said Ms. Cardini: ''These second homes are not your quaint little cottages that aren't winterized and are cheap. They have 2,500 square feet and a couple of acres and go for $200,000, $300,000 and up. The second-home owners are willing to pay prices locals can't afford to pay.''

Leaving a Labor Shortage

The exodus of many young people has also contributed to a labor shortage, which has prompted many merchants to hire help from across the border in New York's Harlem Valley.

''You'd have to pay people $10 an hour for them to be able to pay rents here,'' Mrs. Leo said.

In response to the shortage of affordable homes, virtually every town is developing a plan to build its own housing for residents with low to moderate incomes.

In Salisbury, population 4,040, a 16-unit apartment complex is expected to open July 1.

''It's a good start,'' said Charlotte Reid, the town's First Selectwoman. ''We already have 10 units. This will make 26, and we are working on plans for more.''

To the south, in Sharon, population 2,750, officials have begun a 20-unit rental complex. ''It will make a dent,'' said Eugene Lattimer, a resident and chairman of the Northwestern Connecticut Regional Housing Council, a group made up of local government housing officials.

A Gulf Between Them

Conflicts between weekenders and local residents are generally limited to zoning disputes and demands for more municipal services. One controversy that has lingered is in Salisbury. The town has restricted swimming at Town Grove, the town beach on Lake Wononskopomuc, to residents and their guests. Summer renters must rent property for at least 30 days to get in.

''Some native-natives are unfriendly toward New Yorkers,'' said the lake manager, John Pogue.

Issues like housing and the changing character of the area have sparked little overt friction between the longtime residents and the newcomers.

Many local people see the problems as the price of prosperity, and a small price at that. They also rarely see the solitude-seeking second-home owners socially.

''The only local people we have contact with are the tradesmen - the carpenter, the mason, the plumber,'' said Ms. Villani in Falls Village. ''They accept us. We have a working relationship with them. They work for us, and we pay them.''

**Graphic**

photo of cars with New York license plates in Kent, Conn. (NYT/Stephen Castagneto); map of Conn. highlighting Kent (pg. B6)

**End of Document**



[***MacArthur Foundation Names 31 Recipients of 1988 Awards***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4BV0-0014-51DY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section A; Page 23, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1233 words

**Byline:** By KATHLEEN TELTSCH

**Body**

The MacArthur Foundation of Chicago, widening the scope of its awards to exceptionally gifted people, named a puppeteer, a jazz drummer and a farm policy specialist among its 31 winners for 1988.

All will receive awards ranging from $150,000 to $375,000 over five years. The recipients can spend the money as they wish without reporting on how they spend their time or money. The age of the recipient determines the amount of the award; younger winners receive less.

The John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation created the ''no-strings'' MacArthur Fellowships with the aim of freeing exceptionally talented people from economic constraints to develop their potential. Recipients are recommended by 100 anonymous nominators around the country.

When the fellowships program began eight years ago it was quickly dubbed the ''genius'' awards and was regarded skeptically by more conventional philanthropies, but the program has since won praise and imitators.

'Power of the Individual'

''Perhaps this is an expression of our national faith in the power of the individual,'' said John Corbally, president of the foundation.

As in the past, many of the new awards went to scientists. But there has been a deliberate effort to look into new areas, according to Kenneth Hope, the program's director. This year's list included six women and six members of minority groups, ''but that is still not enough,'' he said.

One of this year's awards went to Andre Dubus, a 51-year-old fiction writer who in Haverhill, Mass., who lost a leg and is confined to a wheelchair as a result of an accident two years ago. Mr. Dubus, the author of several critically acclaimed novellas, including ''Adultery,'' and more recent works, ''Rose'' and ''Molly,'' said the award would help pay for the home care he now needs.

Lepidopterist Is a Winner

Mr. Hope said he tried without success since Thursday to reach a lepidopterist who was among this year's winners. He is Philip James DeVries, whose work on butterflies in Costa Rica has stimulated conservation efforts for all tropical invertebrates in the Western Hemisphere. The 36-year-old scientist, who lives in Austin, Tex., was believed to be on a trip in the Ecuadorian jungles.

The puppeteer who won an award is Bruce D. Schwartz, 32, who has adapted European and Japanese traditions. His most recent work is ''Marie Antoinette Tonight,'' using puppets, film and slides.

The jazz percussionist who won is Max Roach, 64, who helped pioneer the be-bop style of jazz in the 1940's. Mr. Roach, who lives in Nerw York, is an adjunct professor at the University of Massachusetts.

The farm policy specialist chosen for an award is I. Garth Youngberg, 48, founder of the Institute for Alternative Agriculture, which promotes nontraditional agricultural methods.

These other winners were also named by the foundation: Charles Archambeau, 54, a geophysicist and adjunct professor at the University of Colorado whose research in seimic source theory has had important implications for nuclear arms testing and detection. Michael David Kighley Baxandall, 54, an art historian and critic who is a professor at the University of California at Berkeley and at the Warburg Institute at the University of London. He specializes in European art from the Renaissance to the 19th century. Ruth Behar, an anthropologist and assistant professor at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, who studies colonial Mexican and Spanish folk religion and sorcery. At 31, she is the youngest of this year's winners. Ran Blake, 53, a composer and improvisational pianist in Boston, who is chairman of the department of third stream studies at the New England Conservatory of Music. Charles Burnett, 44, an independent film maker, writer and director in Los Angeles who is known for his portrayals of black ***working-class*** family life. Helen T. Edwards, 52, a physicist in Batavia, Ill., who heads the Accelerator Division of Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory. Jon H. Else, 44, a documentary film maker and producer in California whose work includes ''The Day After Trinity: J. Robert Oppenheimer and the Atomic Bomb.'' John G. Fleagle, 40, a paleontologist and professor of anatomy in the School of Medicine at the State University of New York in Stony Brook. Cornell Fleischer, 37, an associate professor of history at Washington University in St. Louis whose speciality is the study of Ottoman Turkish society. Getatchew Haile, 57, a philologist and linguist who specializes in ancient Ehiopian languages and literature. He is a cataloguer of the Hill Monastic Manuscript Library at St. John's University in Collegeville, Minn. Raymond Jeanloz, 35, a geoscientist and professor of geology and geophysics at the University of California at Berkeley. Marvin Philip Kahl, 53, an ornithologist in Sedona, Ariz., who is a leading authority on storks, spoonbills and flamingos. Naomi E. Pierce, 33, a Princeton biologist who is an expert in plant-insect evolution. She also is a research lecturer in zoology at Oxford's Christ College. Thomas Pynchon, 51, a writer noted for his mastery of history, science, politics and art.

Mr. Pynchon, who lives in Boston, is the author of three novels: ''V,'' ''The Crying of Lot 49'' and ''Gravity's Rainbow.'' Stephen J. Pyne, 39, an environmental historian and professional firefighter who lives in Phoenix and is the author of the 1987 bestseller, ''The Ice: A Journey to Antarctica.'' Hipolito Roldan, 44, a developer of low-income housing who heads the Hispanic Housing Development Corporation in Chicago. Anna Curtenius Roosevelt, 42, an archeologist and great-granddaughter of President Theodore Roosevelt. Ms. Roosevelt, who has studied ancient cultures in the Amazon region in South America, a a research associate at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. David Alan Rosenberg, 39, a historian of American nuclear policy who is an associate professor of strategy and policy at the Naval War College in Newport, R.I. Susan Irene Rotroff, 41, an archeologist who classified ancient Greek pottery. She is an associate professor of classical and Oriental studies at Hunter College in New York. Robert S. Shaw, 41, a physicist who is a Fellow of the Center for Systems Research at the University of Ilinois in Urbana. Jonathan Dermot Spence, 51, an author of books on China who is the Georhge Burton Adams professor of history at Yale University. Noel M. Swerdlow, 46, a historian who has written about the development of astronomy who holds dual appointments as a professor in the department of astronomy and astropysics and in the department of history at the University of Chicago. Gary Alfred Tomlinson, 36, musicologist noted for his critical assessment of Monteverdi's works and for establishing a relationship between the madrigal and the opera. He is chairman of the music department at the University of Pennsylvania. Alan Walker, 46, a specialist in the Pleistocene epoch of human evolution who is a research scientist for the National Museum of Kenya and a professor of anatomy at Johns Hopkins University. Eddie N. Williams, 56, a policy analyst who heads the Joint Center for Political Studies in Washington, where he studied voting patterns of black citizens. Rita Wright, 52, an archeologist who has specialized in the prehistoric Near East and is an assistant professor of anthropology at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Va.

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[***Political Memo;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XNH-53T0-00RP-K2PW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Minority Voters Dot Bush's Campaign Calendar***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XNH-53T0-00RP-K2PW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By FRANK BRUNI

By FRANK BRUNI

**Dateline:** SEATTLE, Oct. 17

**Body**

When Gov. George W. Bush of Texas swept into Washington on Friday, his first stop was not an affluent suburb or a ritzy business district, nor were his first encounters with stalwart Republican voters.

Instead he visited an elementary school catering primarily to poor Hispanic students in a farming area, then headed straight to another elementary school in a dowdy Seattle neighborhood to mingle with Asian, Hispanic and African-American children. Only a smattering of the boys and girls were white.

It was reminiscent of the week before, when Mr. Bush was on the opposite side of the country. On a three-day swing through New York, Mr. Bush devoted a chunk of Monday morning to black parishioners at a Baptist church in Buffalo, a portion of Tuesday morning to black pupils at a charter school in Harlem and a slice of Wednesday morning to Hispanic and African-American adults who were trying to move from welfare to work with the help of a jobs center in Queens.

Although this kind of itinerary might be the exception for many Republican candidates, it has become the rule for Mr. Bush, one of the most interesting features of his campaign for the Presidency, and one of the most strategic.

Neither Republican nor Democratic political analysts could recall other leading Republican Presidential candidates in recent years who had spent as much time as Mr. Bush has venturing onto turf that is not typically Republican and surrounding himself with minority members.

Nelson Warfield, who was Bob Dole's press secretary in his 1996 Presidential campaign, said: "I cannot think, in the last several Republican Presidential cycles, of someone who has routinely, on a weekly basis, made these sorts of appearances a staple of the campaign. It's quite striking."

And these analysts noted that what might at first glance seem like an excessively optimistic bid to chip off some of the Democratic Party's most dependable voting blocs is also a vehicle to another goal, perhaps more attainable and arguably more pivotal in determining who becomes the next President.

Mr. Bush's overtures to minorities -- the physical and visual complement to his oratorical slogan of compassionate conservatism -- is his most powerful signal to swing voters that he occupies enough territory near the center of the political spectrum to warrant their allegiance.

"I hope people will say, 'Well, you know, it's interesting, I turn on my TV, I see Governor Bush campaigning in places that most Republicans don't go,' " Mr. Bush said in an interview last week. "Maybe that will get people to listen to what I'm trying to say."

His chief campaign strategist, Karl Rove, said, "This shows you that he's a Republican who independents or Democrats can vote for, because he doesn't have all the rough edges you may have come to expect of some Republicans."

It is a sustained demonstration, with a payoff in the kind of footage of Mr. Bush that makes its way onto television screens and the kind of photographs of Mr. Bush that make their way into newspapers.

Look back at pictures of a Sunday afternoon in early March when he introduced the exploratory committee for his Presidential campaign. Except for his wife, Laura, the two people standing closest to him are both black: Representative J. C. Watts, Republican of Oklahoma, and Condoleezza Rice, the former provost of Stanford University.

Recall the dignitaries flanking him on the stage of the Manhattan hotel ballroom where he recently delivered an education policy address, a speech that digressed to talk about shedding what he characterized as the grouchy image of the Republican Party. About half of the group was black.

Advisers to the campaign of Vice President Al Gore, the front-runner for the Democratic Presidential nomination, privately fume about the prevalence of this imagery, which they say obscures the reality that Mr. Bush would do less to actually help black and Hispanic voters than someone like Mr. Gore.

Their complaint underscores a potential risk of Mr. Bush's approach: that it will be seen as an empty, showy series of gestures simply intended to grease the wheels of his progress toward the White House.

That was how several white parents who happened to be at the Kimball Elementary School in Seattle on Friday said that they interpreted Mr. Bush's appearance.

"He walks into a school that's multi-ethnic, puts his hands around the kids," said Mary Austin, who has children in the first and third grades at Kimball. "It's an obvious ploy."

Although Mr. Bush was not dashing to or from a fund-raiser on this day, his campaign trips often adhere to a familiar rhythm: visits to settings inhabited by poor or ***working-class*** minorities interspersed with forays into banquet halls filled with upper-middle-class or affluent donors, the vast majority of them white.

Most of the former stops try to showcase or promote Mr. Bush's proposals that faith-based organizations be encouraged to do more social work and that parents in poor areas be able to benefit from charter schools and more school choice. Mr. Bush has said that such measures will help all struggling Americans, including minorities.

But political strategists said some of the overlapping groups of voters who may be most impressed by Mr. Bush's emphasis on such points were women, Roman Catholics and suburban residents. These are the very voters who could well decide the Presidential contest of 2000.

President Clinton depended on an overwhelming advantage among female voters to solidify his victories in 1992 and 1996. Celinda Lake, a Democratic pollster, said that if Mr. Bush got the Republican nomination and wanted to collapse that gender gap in 2000, an aggressive appeal to minorities was as clever a method as any.

"It's a way of saying he's going to try to bring America together," Ms. Lake said, "and women care a lot about that. Bill Clinton said to women, 'I'm going to have an America that's inclusive,' and George Bush is saying, 'I get it, too.' "

Ms. Lake said she could not think of another recent Republican Presidential candidate who got it to the same degree as Mr. Bush. "He's really, really smart," she said. "He knows people, and he knows politics."

Other strategists noted that Catholic voters also wanted to see in a Presidential candidate a measure of sensitivity and a stated concern for less-privileged Americans and that Mr. Bush's attention to minorities was a clear effort to meet those criteria.

Mr. Rove said it was an important gesture for suburban voters as well.

"The growing diversity of America causes a lot of thoughtful people in the suburbs to say that our country would be better off with someone who could relate to that diversity," he said.

Several advisers to Mr. Bush said they thought he also stood a good chance of doing better with minority voters than Republican Presidential candidates have traditionally done.

In Texas, as a candidate for governor in 1994 and 1998 and as Governor for almost five years, Mr. Bush has been aggressive in his courtship of Hispanic voters, apparently to significant avail.

In 1998, for example, an exit poll by the Voter News Service showed that Mr. Bush had captured 49 percent of the state's Hispanic vote. Although subsequent surveys quibbled with that number, lowering it by about 10 points, it was still much better than the 21 percent of the Hispanic vote that Bob Dole, the Republican nominee, netted in the 1996 Presidential election.

The Voter News Service also showed Mr. Bush with 27 percent of the black vote in Texas in 1998; two years earlier, Mr. Dole had received just 12 percent of the black vote nationally.

But whether Mr. Bush can even come close to replicating his statewide numbers in a national contest is uncertain; in Texas, he was an incumbent running against a Democratic opponent who never got any traction.

His advisers believe that his best chance is with Hispanic voters, and that could be the key to putting California, which has the richest trove of electoral votes, into play. During his repeated campaign visits there, Mr. Bush flexes his ability to speak some Spanish.

His advisers say that when Mr. Bush unveils television advertisements in the weeks ahead, those commercials will be filled with Hispanic and black faces, much as the commercials for his 1998 governor's race were, and much as many of Mr. Bush's Presidential campaign appearances are.

Mr. Bush drew attention to this in his remarks at the Mount Olive Baptist Church in Buffalo, which he visited with Gov. George E. Pataki.

"This must be quite a shock," Mr. Bush said, "not only to have two Governors, but two Republican Governors."

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**Graphic**

Photo: Gov. George W. Bush of Texas playing marbles on Friday with schoolchildren in Yakima, Wash. (Associated Press)

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[***The 18-Year Itch***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XPT-CB00-00RP-K06S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Francine Prose's new novel, "Blue Angel," will be published in the spring.

By Francine Prose;  Francine Prose's new novel, "Blue Angel," will be published in the spring.

**Body**

Waiting

By Ha Jin.

308 pp. New York:

Pantheon Books. $24.

MORE than a decade has passed since a friend called me to rave about the work of one of her graduate students, a recent immigrant from China who wrote in English and who was, my friend said, the Isaac Babel of the Chinese Army. It was hard to imagine. Babel, after all, was an utterly singular genius whose stories about the civil war that convulsed post-revolutionary Russia manage to compress the complexities of officially sanctioned and gratuitous violence into masterpieces of clarity. But years later, when I read Ha Jin's story collection "Under the Red Flag," I understood what my friend meant. Like Babel, Ha Jin observes everything about army and civilian life, yet he tells the reader only -- and precisely -- as much as is needed to make his deceptively simple fiction resonate on many levels: the personal, the historical, the political.

Ha Jin's first book, "Ocean of Words," won the Pen/Hemingway Award in 1997, and since then he has attracted a steadily growing audience, especially among other writers. But the publication of his new novel should acquaint a wider public with what has been for too long a professional semi-secret.

"Waiting" has the sort of first sentence ("Every summer Lin Kong returned to Goose Village to divorce his wife, Shuyu") that commands us to read the second, which makes us read the third, and so on until we're too caught up in the novel to marvel that its plot -- the story of a couple waiting chastely and more or less patiently for 18 years until they can get married -- should seem so suspenseful. Ha Jin's book could hardly be less theatrical, yet we're immediately engaged by its narrative structure, by its wry humor and by the subtle, startling shifts it produces in our understanding of the characters and their situation. "Waiting" also generously provides a dual education: a crash course in Chinese society during and since the Cultural Revolution, and a more leisurely but nonetheless compelling exploration of the less exotic terrain that is the human heart.

As the novel begins, Lin Kong, a conscientious doctor at the Muji City army hospital, has made his annual journey to his native village to ask his wife for a divorce. At first, she agrees. But, as always, Lin's petition is rejected when Shuyu changes her mind in court. Without the judicial decree, Lin cannot marry his co-worker, Manna Wu, a nurse with whom he has been in love for many years. There are strict regulations prohibiting Lin and Manna from pursuing their attraction (indeed, even leaving the hospital compound together is forbidden), and Lin has assured the vice director of the political department that they will not jeopardize their futures by committing adultery. (" 'Promise me then that you and Manna Wu will have no abnormal relationship unless you have divorced your wife and married her.' By 'abnormal' he meant 'sexual.' ")

The narrative then skips back to the early 1960's to construct a chronology of the initially tentative and increasingly ardent romance, and to acquaint us with the obstacles the couple must overcome as they endure the full 18 years of marital separation that are required before Lin can divorce without his spouse's consent. But in the book's final section, we discover -- after a series of turns that seem at once inventive and inevitable -- that the conventional wisdom about the consequences of answered prayers is dishearteningly valid in any language.

Supported by this framework of plot is an entire world painstakingly constructed with revelatory details, with gestures and exchanges that illuminate the inner lives of the characters and the way their hopes and anxieties, passions and longings are molded -- and blasted -- by the heat with which the state breathes down their necks. Throughout the book, tender private dramas are enacted against the coarse backdrop of party ideology.

The love affair at the novel's center begins in the winter of 1966, when a third of the hospital's staff is made to trek 400 miles through the countryside to practice treating the casualties of a hypothetical battle. "The orders said, 'We must carry on the spirit of the Long March and restore the tradition of horses and mules.' "In fact, the only casualties are the exhausted doctors and nurses. "Manna's feet were severely blistered from bearing a stretcher for six hours. The 'wounded soldier' had been a side of pork weighing 120 pounds."

Manna is attracted to Lin by the kindness with which he tends her injuries. On what passes for their first date, they attend an opera entitled "The Navy Battle of 1894": "When the curtain fell, all the lights came on and people continued shouting 'Down with Japanese imperialism!' Lin gazed into Manna's eyes, which were gleaming intensely, her pupils radiant like a bird's."

What gives the book its tension is not so much the question of when -- or if -- Manna and Lin will marry, but the force with which they are constantly pulled in several directions. Even as Lin tries to balance party loyalty against his love for Manna, each trip from Muji City back to Goose Village confronts him with the chasm that divides the new, industrial China from its ancient agricultural settlements. (When it comes to their gossipy small-mindedness and suffocating lack of privacy, however, the two societies turn out to be more alike than they initially appear.)

Meanwhile, Western literary culture is exerting its steady pull on these thoughtful men and women. In one of the book's funniest and most ironic sections, Lin labors to write an essay on "Leaves of Grass" in order to help Manna impress a commissar (and Walt Whitman fan) whom the hospital community wants her to marry. After puzzling over the poem for days, Lin "decided to avoid dealing with the subjects of sexuality and self-celebration, and instead focus on the symbol of grass and on those poems praising the ***working class***, particularly the one called 'A Song for Occupations.' "

The following exchange -- between Lin and a party thug named Geng Yang, who by the book's end has parlayed his political connections into a personal fortune -- beautifully illustrates the book's humor, as well as the multiple levels on which every gesture and conversation works. Here Geng Yang advises Lin about his affair with Manna:

" 'Your problem originates in your own character, and you must first change yourself. Who said "Character is fate"?'

" 'Beethoven?'

" 'Yes. You know so much, but you can't act decisively.' He closed his eyes and recited another quotation. ' "Materialist dialectics holds that external causes are merely the condition of change whereas internal causes are the basis of change." Who said that?'

" 'Chairman Mao in "On Contradiction." '

" 'See, you know everything, but nothing can make you steel yourself. If you really have the will to change, you can create the condition for change.' "

The humor derives not only from the misattributed quotation but from the use of Mao's aphorism to suggest that Lin break party rules. Yet the joke underneath the joke is that the rapacious Geng Yang, with his primitive grasp of human deficiency, diagnoses Lin's problems with an accuracy largely unavailable to Lin's more high-minded friends.

CHARACTER is fate, or at least some part of fate, and Ha Jin's achievement is to reveal the ways in which character and society conspire. What happens to Lin and Manna has as much to do with who they are as with the times they live in, and "Waiting" is as much and as little about 20th-century Communist China as Chekhov's story "The Lady With the Dog" is about 19th-century Yalta.

Among the luminous themes woven through "Waiting" is one concerning books and reading. Lin has a passion for literature; he despises his wife for having let his books get mildewed. Early in their courtship, he asks Manna to help him make paper dust jackets to hide the titles of forbidden foreign novels -- those "that contained bourgeois ideology and sentiments" -- from the hospital's vigilant political department. Manna is only a casual reader. "Why," she asks herself, "should he run the risk of keeping them? He could be publicly denounced for doing that."

"Waiting" can be read as a long and eloquent answer to Manna's question, an all too rare reminder of the reasons someone might feel so strongly about a book.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Boris Kulikov)

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[***Teach Your Children Well***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KRS-40W0-TW8F-G1PX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Judith Shulevitz

Judith Shulevitz is a critic and essayist.

**Body**

WHEN SEX GOES TO SCHOOL

Warring Views on Sex --

and Sex Education -- Since the Sixties.

By Kristin Luker.

368 pp. W.W. Norton & Company. $25.95.

Only toward the end of a 300-odd page book about sex education in America does Kristin Luker permit herself a bottom line: it doesn't matter what teachers say because it won't change what students do. Only that's not how she puts it. Luker, a sociologist, avoids bold assertion. She prefers to excavate her points with a fine brush. Does sex ed lead teenagers to have more sex or have it sooner, as critics insist? There's no evidence that it does. Does sex ed increase contraceptive use, as defenders reply? Also hard to prove. American teenage girls start having sex later than they did 10 years ago and favor birth control more and get pregnant less than they did 20 years ago, but if sex education can claim credit for their caution, it can't claim much. AIDS and virginity pledges are equally proximate causes.

So why do school boards panic when forced to vote on human sexuality curriculums? Why has the Republican Party deemed support for abstinence education worthy of inclusion on its national platform? Luker, a professor at the University of California, Berkeley, and author of the landmark book ''Abortion and the Politics of Motherhood'' (1984), has been talking to activists for and against sex education for a somewhat astounding 20 years, and at this point probably knows what they're thinking better than they do. In ''When Sex Goes to School'' (a cheesy title, but never mind), she argues that the fight over sex education is no mere bread-and-circuses distraction from the so-called real issues. Nor are our differences of opinion minor fractures in the social body. We can't agree about sex education because we can't agree about sex, and the way in which we disagree about sex has everything to do with how we're breaking apart as a nation.

Luker identifies Americans' competing visions of sexuality as ''liberal'' and ''conservative,'' but even she acknowledges that those terms are too flabby to nail down our real differences. More muscular terms, it seems to me, would be ''naturalist'' and ''sacralist.'' Naturalists, whom Luker calls sexual liberals, hold that sex is natural and unmysterious, a healthy, pleasurable, quasi-recreational activity. Sacralists, whom Luker calls sexual conservatives, consider sex sacred but dangerous, transformative when contained by marriage but destructive outside it. Sex education, to the naturalist, involves nothing more than helping young people manage the risks of having sex by giving them the facts. It's information, not values. To the sacralist, conventional sex education is chock-full of values, but all the wrong ones. It's an indoctrination in secularism, teaching kids to be irresponsible and draining sex of its mystery and power. ''Sexuality isn't peanuts and popcorn, although there are those who made it be that,'' says one minister Luker talked to. ''Thinking of sex that way, it's such a diminution of what is actual and real.''

Luker traces the debate about sex education back to its invention by the ''social hygienists'' of the Progressive era, but she locates the source of present-day hostilities in the sexual revolution of the 1960's, which she calls as ''disorienting and historically important'' as the French, American and Russian Revolutions. ''Like them,'' she writes, ''it will continue to reshape human life in profound ways for many, many years to come.'' She illustrates her thesis with stories from four small towns across America where sex-ed disputes became bitter enough to attract media attention. (Luker picked her locales with the help of a clipping service, which may explain her book's biggest handicap. She interviewed mainly active members of the Protestant religious right and their opponents -- most of them parents -- who showed up en masse at school board hearings. It would have been nice to hear from observant Jews, Muslims and Catholics, and also from teenagers, even if they don't testify before school boards in newsworthy numbers.)

Many of Luker's most telling stories come from what you might call the sexual neoconservatives, liberals who were mugged, to borrow a phrase, by some painful encounter with extramarital sexuality. Sandy Ames, for example, started out as a supporter of the National Organization for Women: ''I was moving up, I was in middle management, and I had my own company car. All that kind of stuff, at 25. Married and got pregnant and he left me, and it just kind of opened my eyes.'' That's when she moved back in with her parents, had her daughter, started going to church and wound up opposing sex education. Then there's Mrs. Boland, as Luker calls her, who probably started out as a conservative but became a radical when her husband raped their daughter. It's not, she told Luker, that her husband had ever taken a sex-ed class; it's that the ''morally neutral, 'values-clarification''' approach had frayed the social restraints that she feels ought to have kept men like her husband in line. ''The way sex is taught nowadays,'' said Mrs. Boland, in Luker's paraphrase, ''takes the 'thou shalt nots' out of it and validates personal preference over right and wrong.''

Luker, however, makes it hard to accept generalizations about the way sex is taught nowadays. The battle lines are clear. There's ''comprehensive'' sex education, so called because it's meant to start early and keep going through 12th grade, and also because it teaches safe sex along with biology. And there's abstinence education, in which teachers tell students not to have sex till marriage. ''Comprehensive'' sex ed describes; abstinence education proscribes. But such distinctions tend to blur in the classroom. Opponents of sex education are forced to tailor their message to the Internet generation by presenting self-restraint not as a moral necessity but as a choice, as well as a form of birth control -- the safest form -- and from that, any smart student could deduce that sex involves making choices and that contraception is good. Meanwhile, ''comprehensive'' sex educators have stopped sneering at abstinence, if they ever actually did. A surprisingly large number of teachers in ''comprehensive'' programs (few of which are particularly comprehensive) told researchers in one study that the message they want their students to take home is not to have sex.

If the two sides are moving closer together and sex education doesn't work anyway, what exactly are we fighting about? The drama of this book comes from watching the exceptionally thoughtful Luker try to figure that out. ''The sexual conservatives and sexual liberals I interviewed live in the same towns, practice the same professions, have similar educational and social backgrounds ... and often belong to the same church,'' she writes. And yet, she concludes, ''the two sides have very little in common.'' They disagree on ''basic questions about human nature,'' and therefore on the kind of society they want to live in. Conservatives are ''modern-day Calvinists'' who believe ''humans are fundamentally capable of the worst'' and that society must protect itself through hierarchies, boundaries and unquestionable moral codes. Liberals worry about society encroaching on the individual, and have doubts about all of the above.

One way to get these conflicting worldviews out in the open is to fight about marriage, which Luker thinks is the true subject of the sex-ed wars. Irene Thomas married at 28 and wouldn't want her daughter getting married much earlier than that, because the girl needs time to establish a career and also because Irene considers early marriage -- ''usually done on a hormonal basis'' -- a mistake. Judy Samson, happy to have married at 30, wouldn't want her daughter to have to wait till then to make love: She would ''feel a sense of loss if my daughter had no sexuality until she was 29 or 30.'' These women consider marriage one choice among others -- the right one, probably, but only when people are ready -- and want their children to be acquainted with their other options in the meantime. But to Jenny Letterman, marriage is the only option, and she doesn't want her son encountering mixed messages that might lead him astray, so that he comes to marriage as '''damaged goods,' hardened and jaded and closed off from the miracle of true emotional and physical intimacy that a happy marriage can bring,'' Luker writes. She ''can't just live and let live because marriage, one of the most cherished institutions in her life, is being devalued in the classroom.''

In a nice twist ending, Luker, who starts out a textbook liberal, comes to see what Jenny means. The advent of contraception and abortion may have allowed some women to pursue their dreams, but ''by loosening men's ties to marriage and family'' it made those more interested in marriage than careers more likely to wind up as poor, single mothers. Luker also thinks that marriage is under stress, although, being a sociologist, she ascribes that stress to socioeconomic forces -- the impoverishment of the ***working class***, which makes the poor less able to afford marriage; the rise of a wealthy elite free not to worry about the vicissitudes of single parenthood -- rather than to declining American morals. Luker even sees merit in abstinence education. While researching her book, she was stunned to learn how much pressure teenagers now put on one another to have sex. By making it a virtue to refrain, she says, ''abstinence programs may in fact provide valuable social support for the idea that young people (young women in particular) don't have to be sexually active if they don't want to be.'' They could create a ''zone of sexual autonomy.''

But if the notoriously inconclusive data on sex education show anything, it's that teaching abstinence makes it more likely that young people will have unsafe sex once they start having it. So what to do? Unsatisfyingly but perhaps unsurprisingly, Luker gives two answers, one typically liberal, the other somewhat more conservative. The liberal answer: more choices and more information. Teach both the naturalist and sacralist perspectives as part of an important lesson in civic life, which is that fellow citizens may legitimately disagree about how sexuality contributes to ''social and personal flourishing.'' Her conservative answer: take the long view. ''If what is at stake is both a real and metaphorical attempt to manage one of the largest and most pervasive cultural, social, political and economic shifts of our times within the intimate realm of the family,'' she writes, ''you can imagine that it might be difficult to get opposing sides to sit down and come up with a working plan.'' It might indeed.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Drawing by Viktor Koen)

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**End of Document**



[***Illegal Migrants' Road West Crosses Old East Bloc - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7W30-0005-G2MR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

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**Byline:** By RAYMOND BONNER

By RAYMOND BONNER

**Dateline:** ZAKOPANE, Poland

**Body**

On a recent Saturday morning, some three score residents of this picturesque mountain community assembled at the ski jump for a trip to the United States, first by bus to Germany, then on Lufthansa across the Atlantic.

They included a grandmother and her 3-year-old grandchild, a mother and her three children, several unemployed women in their 20's, and a few men in their 70's. Each had paid at least $6,000.

They had paid the money as sponsors of a local sports club and were accompanying the national weight-lifting team to a competition in Chicago -- or so their documents said.

But the only thing these people were sponsoring was their own entry into the United States. No sports team was going to Chicago or anywhere else.

It was all organized by the chairman of the club, who had been successful in the past in getting Poles without valid visas into the United States, said two people who signed up for the most recent attempt. This time, though, an alert immigration officer at the airport in Frankfurt, Germany, suspected that the American visas were forgeries, which they turned out to be, Polish and American law enforcement officials said. The immigrants were sent home.

This is not an isolated case by any means. It is, rather, part of a growing phenomenon -- trafficking in illegal immigrants from and through Eastern and Central Europe.

Immigrants from Sri Lanka, Bangladesh and Afghanistan and from Africa and the Middle East are being smuggled to the West, moved along routes that have developed since Communism fell and with it, the rigid border controls. They are being moved in many ways, among them freight-hauling trucks, the ceilings of trains and ship containers.

What worries law enforcement officials most is that international criminal syndicates are increasingly getting involved in illegal immigration. "There are tangible indicators that the smugglers of stolen automobiles and illicit narcotics have decided to diversify their portfolio to include alien smuggling," Thomas Tass, a Canadian immigration official, wrote in a paper he delivered recently to a conference in Budapest.

"These organizations should not be underestimated in their ability to move thousands of people illegally from one country to another while earning huge profits with minimum risk," said Mr. Tass, who is based in Warsaw and is considered the leading regional authority on this issue.

Smuggling people fits well into an organized crime conglomerate. A desperate alien who cannot afford the fee may be allowed to go in exchange for carrying drugs, and the immigrant will be expected to work for the gang in the United States or Europe as a prostitute or a drug dealer to pay back the money, law enforcement officials said.

As for profits, the organizer of the weight lifters' tour, 35-year-old Stefan Koziol, took in nearly $400,000, said two women in the group, who spoke on condition of anonymity. Mr. Koziol is now in jail on charges of fraud. He has not been charged with smuggling people, which is not a crime in Poland and only a minor offense in most European countries. Polish authorities declined to allow him to be interviewed, but he has told Polish newspapers that he is innocent. The club "sponsors" have not been charged.

The International Center for Migration Policy Development, a nonprofit intergovernmental organization in Vienna, has calculated that illegal immigration syndicates in Europe raked in between $100 million and $1.1 billion in 1993.

The wide range in the estimate is a reflection of how little is known about the problem, the gravity of which is only beginning to register. Interpol, the international police organization, has no coordinated campaigns in this area, immigration officials and diplomats said. The funds the European Union has made available for economic restructuring in Eastern and Central Europe can be used to combat drug trafficking, but not trafficking in illegal immigrants, said Tamas Kiss, who works for the Migration Policy Center.

Not surprisingly, the traffickers have been successful in staying ahead of the ill-trained local police, who are inexperienced in dealing with this problem.

"It is like drugs -- there are routes," said Col. Attila Krisan, spokesman for Hungary's Border Guards, which seized nearly 15,000 illegal immigrants last year, from scores of countries, who were trying to move through Hungary.

Common European entry points for refugees from Asia, from the Middle East and from Africa are Romania and Bulgaria, which have more lenient visa requirements and weaker law enforcement than other countries in the region.

Earlier this year, somewhere in Romania, 60 Bangladeshis were loaded into the back of a long canvas-covered truck, which was hauling tomato paste to Germany. The truck successfully crossed into Hungary and in several hours reached Slovakia. There, customs officials lifted the cover and were shocked to find people. The men were heading for the West to find jobs and had paid between $2,500 and $4,000 apiece to a trafficker.

Bulgaria has become a popular entry point because Balkan Airlines has extensive routes to the third world and relatively low fares, said a report last year by the International Organization for Migration, an independent research organization based in Geneva.

In Bulgaria, trafficking gangs charge up to $4,000 per person to move the immigrants westward, often along routes used by drug traffickers. "Operating these organized channels is a profitable occupation and is often part of a larger 'Mafia-style' operation," the report says.

For illegal Asian immigrants, the Chinese restaurants that have sprung up in Eastern European capitals provide a cover. They provide the immigrants with work permits, which get them into the country. After working for a while, they move on, to Germany, and in many cases to the United States, law enforcement officials said.

"The raison d'etre for these businesses goes beyond providing alternative menus" for local residents, Mr. Tass, the Canadian immigration official, noted wryly at the conference in Budapest.

He told of one Chinese restaurant in Prague that employed more than 800 people. "Even more remarkable was the fact that the restaurant had only eight tables," Mr. Tass said. He told of another "very elegant and modern Chinese five-star restaurant smack in the middle of an industrial blue-collar ***working-class*** area," and without any parking.

Another growing gateway to the West is through the Baltic republics of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. Immigrants who move through these countries, including large numbers from the impoverished former Soviet republics of Central Asia, then travel by sea to Scandinavia.

Many of the immigrants reach the Baltic countries via Moscow.

Last year, 64 Kurds and Pakistanis, including 26 children, were discovered in a sealed container on a car ferry from Tallinn, Estonia, to Stockholm.

Last December, a Latvian ship with more than 100 Iraqis, Afghans and Palestinians, who had paid $5,000 a piece, ran aground off the coast of Estonia.

In late May, the Polish police detained 49 Asians, including 10 children, who had made it to the Baltic lands, then crossed from Lithuania into Poland, where their luck ran out.

Moscow has become a major transit center for migrants from Asia, Africa, the Middle East and former Soviet Republics in Central Asia. By train, bus or plane, they move west to Poland and the Czech Republic, and then on to the West.

**Correction**

A picture caption yesterday with an article about the smuggling of illegal immigrants through Europe referred incorrectly in some editions to a Hungarian town where Afghan families were staying. It is Kistarcsa, not Kirtarsca.

**Correction-Date:** June 15, 1995, Thursday

**Graphic**

Photo: Two Afghan families without the proper residence permits stayed next to each other in temporary quarters in Kistarcsa, Hungary. (Laszlo Beliczay for The New York Times)

Map: "GETTING THERE: For Immigrants, New Routes to the West"

Increasing numbers of illegal immigrants from many countries are being smuggled into the West through the former Communist states of Central and Eastern Europe, and international criminal syndicates are increasingly getting involved in the process. Map shows some of the common routes.

**Load-Date:** June 14, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Movies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4R9B-2Y20-TW8F-G0XT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 7, 2007 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Body**

MOVIES

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

'AAJA NACHLE' (No rating, 2:45, in Hindi) Madhuri Dixit, Bollywood's biggest female star of the '90s, returns to the screen after a five-year hiatus in this modest film. She looks great and dances wonderfully, but the movie doesn't quite know what to do with her. Which raises this question: What kind of heroine can a middle-aged woman be in Hindi cinema? (Rachel Saltz)

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

(Manohla Dargis)

'AUGUST RUSH' (PG, 1:52) To describe this film as a piece of shameless hokum doesn't quite do justice to the potentially shock-inducing sugar content of this fatuous contemporary fairy tale about a homeless, musically gifted miracle child.

(Stephen Holden)

'AWAKE' (R, 1:28) In this loopy medical thriller, Hayden Christensen plays a young man who suffers a condition known as anesthesia awareness during a heart transplant. Likely to alarm only those responsible for paying malpractice premiums, the movie is a risible blend of unlikely surgical behavior and a horizontal star screaming voice-over variations on ''Oh no, I can feel that!''

(Jeannette Catsoulis)

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

'BEFORE THE DEVIL KNOWS YOU'RE DEAD' (R, 1:56) Philip Seymour Hoffman and Ethan Hawke play two desperate brothers whose scheme to rob their parents' jewelry store goes terribly wrong. The movie, directed with feverish authority by Sidney Lumet from a solid script by Kelly Masterson, gets just about everything right. (Scott) 'BEOWULF' (PG-13, 1:54) Robert Zemeckis throws a lot of technology at the screen in his performance-capture version of the Old English epic poem, including spears, swords, blood, mucus and a naked version of Angelina Jolie, all of which will hit you square in the eye if you catch it in 3-D. This isn't your high school teacher's ''Beowulf'' or Seamus Heaney's. (Dargis)

'THE DIVING BELL AND THE BUTTERFLY' (PG-13, 1:52, in French) Julian Schnabel's film, about Jean-Dominique Bauby, a French magazine editor paralyzed by a stroke, is a marvel of empathy and imagination. It is also a celebration of French sensualism and an examination of the nature of consciousness. (Scott)

'ENCHANTED' (PG, 1:47) This unexpectedly delightful revisionist fairy tale from, of all places, Walt Disney Pictures, doesn't radically rewrite every bummer cliche about girls of all ages and their dreams. But for a satisfying stretch, it works real magic both by sending up stereotypes and through the twinkling, unwinking performance of its superb star, Amy Adams. (Dargis)

'FRED CLAUS' (PG, 1:47) A tacky would-be comedy about family dysfunction that fronts some Scrooge attitude only to dissolve into slobbering sentimentality and canned uplift. Vince Vaughn plays naughty Fred opposite Paul Giamatti, who plays nice as Nicholas. (Dargis)

'HITMAN' (R, 1:40) Based on the video game franchise of the same title, this waste of time exploits every action-flick cliche imaginable and still manages to be dull. It's bang, boom, blah. (Dargis)

'I'M NOT THERE' (R, 2:15) Hurling a Molotov cocktail into the biopic factory, Todd Haynes uses six different actors and an astonishing range of looks and styles to meditate on the life, work and cultural impact of Bob Dylan. Inspired and inexhaustible. (Scott)

'JOE STRUMMER: THE FUTURE IS UNWRITTEN' (No rating, 2:04) The life of the Clash frontman, told through a montage of clips and reminiscences that add up to something far richer and more moving than the usual rock star documentary. (Scott)

'THE LIFE OF REILLY' (No rating, 87 minutes) This bare-bones documentary by Frank Anderson and Barry Poltermann is built around a video recording of ''Save It for the Stage,'' a one-man show by Charles Nelson Reilly, an actor, showbiz gadfly and Tony Award-winning theater director. Throughout, Mr. Reilly's exuberant deployment of his reedy voice and expressive hands proves the acting teacher's cliche that the body is the only prop a performer needs. (Matt Zoller Seitz)

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

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

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

'THE MIST' (R, 2:07) Until the director Frank Darabont decides that he's saying something important instead of making a nifty horror movie about a creepy mist and some even creepier townsfolk, this shivery story works your nerves nicely, in large part because it understands that nothing scares moviegoers better than our own overactive, reactive imaginations. (Dargis)

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

'PROTAGONIST' (No rating, 1:30) The four articulate men who relate their life stories in ''Protagonist,'' Jessica Yu's enthralling documentary exploration of the obsession with control and self-mastery, are disillusioned true believers who when they were younger were certain they had found the Answer. Connecting these parallel narratives are scenes from Euripides portrayed by wooden rod puppets. (Holden)

'THE SAVAGES' (R, 1:53) Tamara Jenkins's beautifully nuanced tragicomedy involves two floundering souls -- a middle-aged brother and sister played with force and feeling by Philip Seymour Hoffman and Laura Linney -- who are suddenly left to care for their infirm father (Philip Bosco). There isn't a single moment of emotional guff or sentimentality in ''The Savages,'' a film that periodically caused me to wince, but also left me with a sense of acute pleasure, even joy. (Dargis)

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

(Dargis)

'STARTING OUT IN THE EVENING' (PG-13, 1:51 ) Frank Langella plays an aging, half-forgotten novelist in Andrew Wagner's intelligent adaptation of an almost-perfect novel by Brian Morton. Lily Taylor as the writer's daughter, Adrian Lester as her boyfriend and Lauren Ambrose as an ambitious graduate student are all wonderful, but it is Mr. Langella's melancholy stoicism that lingers longest in the mind. (Scott)

'THIS CHRISTMAS' (PG-13, 2:00) Members of a large family and their various significant others gather for a Christmas crammed with more melodrama than all the holiday-homecoming flicks combined. Boisterous, bittersweet and mostly formulaic. (Laura Kern)

'TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING' (No rating, 1:46) Notable only for the astonishing longevity of its source material, this dated sendup of low-class comportment celebrates the merger of two equally dysfunctional Italian-American families. Filmed primarily from the point of view of a lisping videographer, the movie flaunts tasteless behavior, extravagant overacting and a decibel level to rival the unveiling of Oprah's Favorite Things.

(Catsoulis)

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

Film Series

COLLABORATIONS IN THE COLLECTION (Today through Thursday) The premise of this continuing series at the Museum of Modern Art -- matching directors with their favorite collaborators, be they actors, writers or cinematographers -- offers a fine excuse to open MoMA's vaults and root around for some rare titles. This week's attractions include tonight's double feature of ''Fallen Angels'' (1995) and ''Happy Together'' (1997), films directed by Wong Kar-wai and photographed by Christopher Doyle; a trio of films tomorrow directed by Werner Herzog and starring Klaus Kinski (''Aguirre, the Wrath of God,'' 1972; ''Woyzeck,'' 1979; ''Fitzcarraldo,'' 1982); and a Sunday devoted to Josef von Sternberg and his collaborations with the screenwriter Jules Furthman (''Morocco,'' 1930; ''The Docks of New York,'' 1928; ''Jet Pilot,'' 1957) and the actress Marlene Dietrich (''The Scarlet Empress,'' 1934). There's a real rarity on Monday: Ernst Lubitsch's quietly impassioned antiwar drama ''Broken Lullaby'' (1932), with its screenplay by two of Lubitsch's favorite writers, Samson Raphaelson and Ernest Vajda. Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Dave Kehr)

'DEEP END' (Today through Wednesday) The great Polish filmmaker Jerzy Skolimowski makes his living these days by impersonating slightly cracked Eastern Europeans in mainstream movies -- as he can be seen doing in David Cronenberg's current ''Eastern Promises'' -- but in the 1960s and '70s he was a creative dynamo. The furious, New Wave-influenced invention of films like ''Identification Marks: None'' (1964) and ''Walkover'' (1965) eventually forced him westward in search of financial support. ''Deep End,'' released in 1971, was the second film he made in England, and although its style is more naturalistic than that of his Polish features, it could be his most lasting accomplishment. John Moulder-Brown stars as a shy, ***working-class*** teenager who takes a job as an attendant in a public bathhouse. His free-roving sexuality comes to focus on a female co-worker, played by Jane Asher, whose worldliness and experience attract him as much as the body she displays while swimming laps and working as a stripper after hours. Mr. Skolimowski draws on his own alienation from foreign surroundings (as he would do later in the 1981 ''Moonlighting'') to depict the young man's emotional disconnection, which leads to the expected disastrous results in a mixture of humor and horror. Screening in a new 35-millimeter print. Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Avenue, at Second Street, East Village, (212) 505-5181, anthologyfilmarchives.org; $8. (Kehr)

'TARTUFFE' (Thursday) A new restoration of F. W. Murnau's 1926 silent-film version of Moliere's comedy, starring Emil Jannings as the pious hypocrite of the title, will be presented under the sponsorship of the Goethe Institute and the Library of Congress to mark the publication of Peter Kobel's spectacular book ''Silent Movies: The Birth of Film and the Triumph of Movie Culture.'' Mr. Kobel will be present to sign copies; Donald Sosin provides live piano accompaniment. BAMcinematek, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 636-4100; bam.org; $11. (Kehr)

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

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**End of Document**



[***Weekenders Alter the Yankee Flavor Of a Woodsy Corner of Connecticut***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4KC0-0014-54M0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 9, 1988, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1191 words

**Byline:** By NICK RAVO, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** KENT, Conn., June 2

**Body**

In the last few years, Connecticut's rural Northwest Corner has attracted so many weekenders that they now own, as second homes, half the houses in some towns and nearly a third in the region.

With the weekenders has come a new bloom of prosperity. But in a process familiar in Vermont, Long Island's East End and other resort areas, they have also driven up housing prices, forcing local young people out and creating a labor shortage. And they have put deep cracks in the region's crusty New England identity.

''It's another town on weekends,'' said Gail Leo, a lifelong resident of the area and manager of the Villager restaurant in Kent on Route 7, a two-lane highway that follows the Housatonic River north through the Northwest Corner.

''There is an influx of new people who have more money than the local yokels do,'' she said. ''Locals don't even want to come into town on weekends because of traffic and the people.''

Lucy Tremont, a snow-haired Kent native who works in a real-estate office, said: ''At one time, in the 50's and 60's, I knew practically everyone in town. Now I know almost no one.''

Real-Estate Boom

In towns like Kent and Salisbury, officials estimate that second-home owners account for 50 percent of the households. Overall, in the towns that compose the Northwestern Connecticut Regional Council of Governments - Kent, Salisbury, Sharon, Cornwall, Falls Village, Canaan, Warren, Washington and Roxbury - the amount has risen from 16 percent in 1980 to about 30 percent today.

''All my clientele are New Yorkers,'' said Ellen Corsell, who owns the Heron American Craft Gallery on Route 7 in Kent, which caters to weekenders by selling curios like ceramic cows and butter dishes shaped like Depression-era diners.

Not every town in these foothills of the Berkshires has been invaded by out-of-towners. In ***working-class*** Canaan, a town of 3,320 that was once the commercial center for the region's farmers, second-home owners make up only 5 percent of the households.

But elsewhere, weekenders are slowly creating an expensive resort community, a sort of Hamptons in the woods. For them, their country retreats are worth the rising prices and the two-and-a-half hour drive from Manhattan.

Changing Culture

''We're slaves,'' said Giovanna Villani, a 30-year-old designer-artist from Manhattan, who spends her weekends in Falls Village, population 1,030, in a cottage on the Housatonic River.

''Happy slaves,'' added her husband, Elliot Schwartz, 38, an artist-photographer.

The changing culture can be seen in supermarkets that suddenly stock new varieties of produce and in specialty shops like the Stroble Baking Company in Kent, where Patsy Stroble sells New York delicacies like rugelach alongside dishes familiar to New England like cold cherry soup.

''It's a struggle to keep the character of the town,'' she said.

It is even harder when the area has become a Mecca for the famous as well as the merely rich. Tom Brokaw has a home in Cornwall, population 1,370. Dustin Hoffman lives in Roxbury, population 1,680. Oscar de la Renta lives in Kent, population 2,700. They do not belong to the local volunteer fire departments.

Change in Character

''I would not say they have damaged the area's character - that's too value-laden a word,'' said Linda Cardini, director of the Northwestern Connecticut Council of Governments and a resident of Warren, population 1,110. ''They have changed the character.''

''Not everything about second-home owners creates problems,'' she added. ''They probably produce more tax revenue for the towns than it costs the towns in municipal services. They also generate less solid waste and less traffic than if they were here all year.

''And if they weren't here at all,'' Ms. Cardini continued, ''we'd have less employment. Everyone is working either in the service industry, the hotels and restaurants, or they're involved in housing. Much of the new construction going on are second homes being built.''

Even so, the growth has put pressure on communities that once were known more for their preparatory schools, like Hotchkiss in Salisbury and the Kent School in Kent, than for their expensive real estate.

Some Are Driven Out

Real-estate prices have climbed so high that many younger people cannot afford to stay in town. The median cost for a single-family house in the area was $67,300 in 1980; in 1986, it was $146,000. Many houses go for double and triple that amount.

For those who can't afford to buy, there are virtually no apartment buildings. Rents run from $750 to $1,000 a month for small - and scarce - accessory apartments. Many tenants have roommates. Others live with their parents. ''There's no stigma to it,'' said Charles Phipps, 41, the owner of the Kent Station restaurant and a former art gallery manager in Manhattan. ''My head waitress lives at home with her parents. She's 28. She can't afford a place on her own.''

Ms. Cardini said: ''These second homes are not your quaint little cottages that aren't winterized and are cheap. They have 2,500 square feet and a couple of acres and go for $200,000, $300,000 and up. The second-home owners are willing to pay prices locals can't afford to pay.''

Leaving a Labor Shortage

The exodus of many young people has also contributed to a labor shortage, which has prompted many merchants to hire help from across the border in New York's Harlem Valley.

''You'd have to pay people $10 an hour for them to be able to pay rents here,'' Mrs. Leo said.

In response to the shortage of affordable homes, virtually every town is developing a plan to build its own housing for residents with low to moderate incomes.

In Salisbury, population 4,040, a 16-unit apartment complex is expected to open July 1.

''It's a good start,'' said Charlotte Reid, the town's First Selectwoman. ''We already have 10 units. This will make 26, and we are working on plans for more.''

To the south, in Sharon, population 2,750, officials have begun a 20-unit rental complex. ''It will make a dent,'' said Eugene Lattimer, a resident and chairman of the Northwestern Connecticut Regional Housing Council, a group made up of local government housing officials.

A Gulf Between Them

Conflicts between weekenders and local residents are generally limited to zoning disputes and demands for more municipal services. One controversy that has lingered is in Salisbury. The town has restricted swimming at Town Grove, the town beach on Lake Wononskopomuc, to residents and their guests. Summer renters must rent property for at least 30 days to get in.

''Some native-natives are unfriendly toward New Yorkers,'' said the lake manager, John Pogue.

Issues like housing and the changing character of the area have caused little overt friction between the longtime residents and the newcomers.

Many local people see the problems as the price of prosperity, and a small price at that. They also rarely see the solitude-seeking second-home owners socially.

''The only local people we have contact with are the tradesmen - the carpenter, the mason, the plumber,'' said Ms. Villani in Falls Village. ''They accept us. We have a working relationship with them. They work for us, and we pay them.''

**Graphic**

Map of Connecticut (NYT)

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[***The Heist at Harry's - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4V4V-X610-TW8F-G06J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 14, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section ST; Column 0; Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1863 words

**Byline:** By DOREEN CARVAJAL

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

THEIR timing was as impeccable as a Tourbillon, a luxury timepiece whose name means whirlwind.

As the second hand ticked, four men -- three disguised as women with long blond tresses, sunglasses and winter scarves -- stood in front of an intercom and demurely requested to enter the fabled Harry Winston jewelry store on Avenue Montaigne. It was just before closing time on a chilly evening along this golden triangle of boutiques that includes Dior, Chanel and Gucci, the ornate facades and trees resplendent with Christmas lights.

Buzzed in, the men rolled a small valise on wheels into the hushed inner refuge. Then they pulled out a hand grenade and a .357 Magnum. As Parisians strolled unawares past the store's wrought-iron gates, the robbers smashed display cases and barked out orders -- and the names of some of the Harry Winston employees. They spoke French with strong Slavic accents.

There was no time for the police from a nearby station in the luxury district to rush over. In less than 15 minutes the diamond thieves were gone, roaring away in a waiting car through the 5:30 p.m. twilight on Dec. 4 with sacks of emeralds, rubies and chunky diamonds the size of tiny bird eggs valued at more than 80 million euros, or $105 million.

The robbers may not have been as suave as celluloid jewels thieves with the charm of David Niven -- a k a the debonair phantom bandit, Sir Charles Litton -- but the meticulous planning, swift execution and creative style raised suspicion that the Harry Winston heist was the handiwork of a loose global network of battle-hardened, ex-soldiers and their relatives from the former Yugoslavia.

Investigators, marveling at the gang's ingenuity, have dubbed this unlikely network the Pink Panthers. The parallels between film and reality are perhaps best summed up in zee accent and words of the bumbling Inspector Clouseau, himself from the original 1963 ''The Pink Panther.''

''In a strange way,'' he said of his nemesis, the phantom bandit, ''I admire him for he has a unique flair for the dramatic.''

The Serbian Pink Panthers -- many whose grim Interpol wanted posters show they come from the town of Nis in southern Serbia -- have been roving the world's luxury capitals since at least 2003 on reconnaissance missions for hard diamonds that can be, in the parlance of luxury security specialists, ''soft targets.''

Defense lawyers for some thieves who have been arrested insist that the name Pink Panthers is an invention of drama-loving law enforcement authorities. But investigators say there are about 200 members in the group -- linked by village and blood -- and they blame the group for scooping up jewels worth more than $132 million in bold robberies in Dubai, Switzerland, Japan, France, Germany, Luxembourg, Spain and Monaco. They live all over Europe, with some working in mundane jobs as hospital cleaners, waiting to be summoned for the next discount flight to a foreign capital, they said.

In Paris, investigators are trying to determine if it was the Pink Panthers that struck again -- this time in flowing foulards and wigs -- at Harry Winston.

''Of course there is a hypothesis that it is the Pink Panthers, but we cannot at this stage say absolutely that it is them,'' said Isabelle Montagne, a spokeswoman for the Paris prosecutor's office. It was the second major robbery at the same store in the last year. ''We're open to all theories,'' she said.

The risk adjustors and insurance syndicates with Lloyds of London -- the Harry Winston insurer that also plays a supporting character in the original ''Pink Panther'' movie -- harbor the same suspicions. They have placed classified advertisements all over the world, including the former Yugoslavia, to publicize a $1 million reward for information that leads to the recovery of the Harry Winston sparklers.

But to underline their suspicions, they have also placed a classified notice in France -- not in one of the grand newspapers like Le Monde, but in a local daily, Le Parisien. The journal reaches the ***working class*** outskirts, the banlieue of Paris where the adjusters suspect that many of the professional thieves live.

France is already home -- or make that a cold jail cell -- for two former Pink Panther members from Serbia whom prosecutors blame for jewelry robberies that reaped over $9.8 million in glitter from swank boutiques along the French Riviera from St. Tropez and Cannes to the Atlantic Coast at Biarritz.

Just a day before the Harry Winston robbery the two men -- Boban Stojkovic and Goran Drazic -- were sentenced in Chambery, in the east of France, respectively, to six and 10-year sentences. The group's fugitive ringleader, Dragan Mikic, was sentenced in absentia to 15 years. He vanished from prison in 2005 after sliding down a ladder as his accomplices attacked the watchtower with machine-gun fire.

''Almost all of them are intelligent,'' said the prosecuting lawyer, Gilbert Lafaye, at their sentencing. ''But with this intelligence why do they follow the path to easy money?''

That cool cleverness, boldness and speed are the hallmarks of the ultra lux robberies, which lead investigators to speculate that the Pink Panthers are casting for ideas from the creme de la creme of movie thieves -- right down to hiding a signature $657,000 blue diamond in a jar of face cream, as one did for his girlfriend.

Looking at the details of other robberies blamed on the gang shows that the Harry Winston job, despite the violence -- some workers were struck in the head -- was almost subtle by comparison.

In Dubai, masked members of the gang were blamed last year for ramming two Audi automobiles into the window of a Graff jewelry boutique in a gleaming Wafi City shopping mall. They scooped up $3.4 million of diamonds and then bolted away in the same cars -- in a daylight heist that has become a YouTube classic with more than 200,000 hits. Later, they burned the cars to erase their traces.

It took well-dressed Pink Panthers less than three minutes to attack the Graff store in Tokyo's Ginza district in 2004 and stuff a sack with rare yellow diamonds worth over 3.5 billion yen, or almost $38 million, the brazen proceedings captured on videotape.

Included in the haul was a 125-carat necklace of 116 diamonds, the Comtesse de Vendome, that has not been recovered and is worth an estimated $31.5 million.

In London, thieves believed to be Pink Panthers last year stepped out of a chauffeur-driven Bentley and struck a jewelry store in Mayfair.

Sometimes they match their brutality with cleverness. In Biarritz, for example, they coated a bench with fresh paint to deter pedestrians from resting near a jewelry store that was a target.

''The modus was always the same,'' said Olivier Jude of the police department in Monaco. ''Very fast, very well-organized with a plurality of perpetrators, and violent too. The criminals used to break the shop windows most of the time with hammers.''

In the summer of 2007, jewelry thieves struck the Ciribelli shop in Monte Carlo, prompting the police to request an international conference of investigators that was held a month later in Lyon, France, at Interpol headquarters. Interpol now presides over what it calls ''Project Pink Panthers'' to share and coordinate information about the gang.

As part of that effort, Interpol started circulating the names and pictures of Pink Panthers on its ''red'' list of fugitive criminals. One of them was Dusko Poznan, 30, whose mug shows a mournful man with dark hair and circles underhis eyes, dressed in a sweater and tailored shirt.

Mr. Poznan, fluent in Russian and English and a native of Bihac, Bosnia and Herzegovina, was a suspect in the Dubai robbery and also one in Liechtenstein. In October, Mr. Poznan drove to Monaco with another man in a rented Audi A3 and headed for Casino Square, home of designer shops like Cartier, Hermes and Louis Vuitton, the authorities said. There he was crossing the road on foot when he was hit by another car.

He initially resisted medical treatment, according to police. But once at Princess Grace Hospital, an officer made the connection to the red list fugitive photo. He is now being held.

Both Mr. Poznan and his companion had forged passports, but insisted they were simply holiday tourists, Inspector Jude said, noting dryly that the camera surveillance later showed that ''they were exactly in the area of jewelry shops and they weren't doing their Christmas shopping.''

Yet for all their daring, there have been times when the thieves have been tripped up by little details.

In Dubai, investigators found DNA evidence in the fire-scorched Audi rental cars and found a mobile telephone number on the rental agreement.

That led them on the trail of a 27-year-old woman from Nis, Serbia, who is fluent in English and Russian. Her mobile phone led investigators to six men.

When caught, some of them denied everything -- including what appear to be their images in jewelry store robbery photographs -- while others, like Boban Stojkovic, have spoken in detail to investigators.

''I don't demand your pity,'' Mr. Stojkovic said as he was sentenced in Chambery the day before the Dec. 4 robbery. ''Because I know that I have to pay for these crimes. But just leave me an open door to remake my life.''

Mr. Stojkovic's lawyer, Emmanuel Auvergne-Rey, said in an interview that Mr. Stojkovic had been a soldier from the former Yugoslavia whose role was as an enforcer. But, he said, he had the manner of what can only be described as a gentleman bandit.

''He committed robberies with a minimum of violence,'' said Mr. Auvergne-Rey, who insisted that Mr. Stojkovic was not part of the Pink Panthers. ''I find him extremely sweet, extremely polite and nice.''

If he was so clever, then why did he become a bandit? ''Permit me to say something,'' Mr. Auvergne-Rey said, pausing. ''It's not necessary to be an idiot to act like a fool.''

Although he was arrested before the Paris job, Mr. Stojkovic described aspects of his gang's modus operandi that should help investigators. For example, he revealed that his group would observe a target for up to 10 days before striking.

Such painstaking surveillance may well have led to the decision to wear wigs at Harry Winston: women, even fake ones, glimpsed through a security camera might appear less threatening to weary workers. It could also reveal how the robbers knew some of the workers' names -- other members of the team may have visited enough to pick up identities, the authorities said.

Thomas O'Neill, the president of Harry Winston, who was in Paris Thursday, said ''we are working on reopening the salon as soon as possible, and we are appreciative of the work of authorities and our insurance carrier in this very unfortunate matter.''

At the shuttered store on Friday, in a window where jewels once glittered, a photograph of jewels sits in their place. Authorities investigating the Dec. 4 robbery will also be reviewing the robbery at the same store a year ago, a crime that now feels absurdly small -- just over $13 million worth of jewels.

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about a $105-million robbery at the Harry Winston jewelry store in Paris on Dec. 4 referred incorrectly to the four thieves, who are believed to be members of the Serbian Pink Panther gang. If that is indeed the case, their accents would be Slavic, not Slovak.

**Correction-Date:** December 21, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: WANTED: Real diamonds have not been in the window at Harry Winston since the jeweler was robbed on Dec. 4. Dusko Poznan, left inset, and Goran Drazic, right, were arrested before the Dec. 4 robbery but are believed to be members of the Pink Panthers.(PHOTOGRAPH BY ED ALCOCK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

LEFT INSET, INTERPOL

RIGHT INSET, JEAN-PIERRE CLATOT/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE -- GETTY IMAGES)

SCENE OF THE CRIME: The Harry Winston jewelry store on Avenue Montaigne in Paris.(PHOTOGRAPH BY ED ALCOCK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

LEFT INSET, INTERPOL

RIGHT INSET, JEAN-PIERRE CLATOT/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE -- GETTY IMAGES)(pg ST8)

IN THE ACT: Closed-circuit shots of purported Pink Panther robberies in Dubai, left, and in Tokyo.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERPOL)(pg. ST9)

**Load-Date:** December 14, 2008

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[***In Madrid's Mercados, a Barrio Flavor in an Urban Setting***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4RX0-0014-5051-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 11, 1988, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 3, Column 1; Living Desk

**Length:** 1147 words

**Byline:** By ISABEL SOTO, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MADRID, May 10

**Body**

Like any major conurbation in Spain, Madrid is a sort of small town reproduced many times over. It is a series of microcommunities or barrios whose residents are as familiar with each other's living patterns and deep-rooted life styles as they are with the lives of their own families. And just as the small towns have shops that serve up personal service along with freshly baked breads, produce, fish and meats, so every Madrid barrio has its mercado, or market.

Permanent, covered structures, many of these markets date from the last century or the turn of this century. The mercados house stalls, sometimes hundreds of them, which, like many local and more expensive stores, are generally operated as longstanding family businesses.

Madrid's consumer tastes far outstrip what one, or even several, local shops can provide, however. So the mercados coexist with supermarkets of varying sizes and several ''hipermercados'' (supermarkets writ large), inside and outside the city. In recent years, Madrilenos have become used to monthly expeditions to these huge shopping halls, where everything from curry powder to track suits is available, and buying is made easy through shopping trolleys, credit cards and parking.

Liberalization of trading hours (many hypermarkets close at 9 or 10 P.M. and stay open Sundays) has dealt a harsh blow to traditional establishments.

''They're having a hard time surviving,'' said a spokeswoman for the National Consumer Institute, a division of the Consumer and Health Ministry. ''We're not in favor of hypermarkets over traditional establishments, but we would like to see the longest possible trading hours, the cheapest possible prices and the greatest range of goods.''

Stall owners in the city markets say they can't compete with the supermarkets' long hours or huge selections of goods. (Last summer, the store owners of Los Molinos, a town 48 miles north of here, even led civic protests against the opening of a large shopping mall, with its greater range of goods, longer business hours and lower prices.) The markets, however, can offer the personal touch in shopping and a wider range of fresh produce, meats and fish.

''It's cheaper in the mercados than in the stores, but above all everything is much fresher,'' said Ana Schobel, an art restoration student. ''And if you buy at the same stall, you have more control over the quality of what you buy. They'll say to you, 'I have some great fish this week.' ''

Freshness is of prime concern to Isabel Maestre, a well-known Spanish ''catering impresario,'' as she likes to be called. Miss Maestre never shops at supermarkets, but appears at her regular market stalls as early as 8 A.M.

''Produce is much, much fresher,'' she said. ''I see it being unloaded right in front of me, first thing in the morning, whereas the earliest it gets to the supermarkets is noon.''

And there is that all-important relationship between consumer and food seller. ''We have a great relationship,'' Miss Maestre said. ''We're just like friends. In a supermarket you can't do that, because you don't see the same faces every day.''

A visit to a Madrid market can be an adventure in sensory overload. The uninitiated should be braced for seeing every single edible part of an animal on display, from bull's testicles, or criadillas, to glassy-eyed lamb's heads, both delicacies here. Rows of whole animals - suckling pigs, rabbits, hares - are exhibited, as well as the more familiar chickens, pheasants and partridges.

Rivaling the meat stalls are the stalls of fresh fish and seafood, and the stands of produce beautifully arranged on ice and bay leaves.

There are other delights: cheese stalls with bewildering selections, from mature, sharp manchego to the creamier and milder Galician tetilla; curtidos stalls offering all manner of pickled produce; occasionally, as in the Mercado de San Miguel, a pottery stall selling Talavera or Manises ceramics, and pastas stalls, selling mouthwatering Spanish cookies.

Most stall-holders also give on-the-spot recipes for preparing their products. No exact measures; just guidelines and a few tricks discovered after much experimentation. Chopped fresh garlic and olive oil seem to be requisites in every recipe, followed closely by wine and parsley. Parsley, incidentally, is the long-stemmed Mediterranean variety and is usually given to customers free at vegetable and fish stalls.

The settings for such earthy sights and the accompanying babel are often of incongruously lofty proportions; the markets' dual tiers and vaulted ceilings recall not so much places of commerce as temples of worship.

This impression is reinforced by a strong, ritualized pattern, a combination of repeated actions and permanence. On joining the queue at a stall, a question-response liturgy is immediately established: ''Who's last?'' ''I am.'' The person's turn, or vez, is bestowed by the last person in line.

The queues are also places where people catch up on one another's lives and indulge in harmless, flirtatious bantering and gossip.

''You should see the way some of the ladies, not so young any more and normally quite puritanical, carry on and flirt, especially with the fishmongers,'' Miss Schobel said. ''The fishmongers love it, of course. It's a way of catching clients.''

Though every market has a character of its own, reflecting the barrio in which it is found, its clientele are as varied as its wares. The Mercado de San Miguel (just off the Plaza Mayor) attracts regulars and foreign visitors touring the old city center, drawn to the market's fine wrought-iron Art Deco structure.

By contrast, the Mercado de la Cebada (at the Plaza de la Cebada) and the Mercado de Anton Martin (at Pasaje de Dore), within reach of one another, are less prepossessing; yet they are larger and have more stalls and therefore more choices. The wares sold in these two markets are also less expensive. Both predate the Spanish Civil War.

The ***working-class*** district of Vallecas has a large, rambling Mercado Municipal, which is famed throughout Madrid for its fresh meat and fish, and has longer shopping hours than most: 8 A.M. to 2 P.M. and 5 P.M. to 8 P.M. Other markets generally open to the public at around 9 A.M. and close around 8 P.M.

But the bustling activity found in Madrid's markets tends to veil the simmering discontent of many stall-holders, which, in turn, echoes the resentment of the Los Molinos shop owners.

''We're the slaves of Spain,'' said Angel Solana, the popular fishmonger of stall 153 at Mercado Municipal. ''We work the most hours. It's not worth our while really, because we can't compete with the larger supermarkets.''

Yet for the moment, most shoppers would insist that supermarkets do not have the edge. Jaime Fernandez, a retired bank manager who is a regular customer at the Vallecas market, is typical. ''The human touch,'' he noted, ''is the most important thing.''

**Graphic**

Photos of different sections in The Mercado de Anton Martin, a market in Madrid (NYT/Jaime Saurez)

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[***Education;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-47J0-0014-52PR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Doubts Abound on Boston U. Plan to Run Schools***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-47J0-0014-52PR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section B; Page 6, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1290 words

**Byline:** By LEE A. DANIELS

**Body**

The decision by school officials in the Boston suburb of Chelsea, Mass., to allow Boston University to manage their troubled schools has left some education experts concerned that the move could erode public supervision of schools. At the same time, educators were intrigued by the idea of a university managing a school system but skeptical that it could be done.

The criticism and doubts have provoked a sharp response by Boston University.

''Some of the old guard in the educational establishment are desperately concerned that we'll succeed,'' said John Silber, president of Boston University. ''I think those representatives of the educational establishment who've sat on the sidelines and watched the destruction of the public schools ought to wait and see what we can do.''

The Chelsea School Committee's decision late last month to enter into a 10-year arrangement with the university awaits the approval of the Massachusetts Legislature, which is expected. It would be the first time that an American university had managed an entire public school system.

Roles to Be Worked Out

Important parts of the agreement remain to be worked out, including the precise roles of Chelsea school administrators, principals and teachers and whether changes will be needed in union contracts and tenure regulations.

Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers, whose local represents Chelsea teachers, expressed concern about ''the lack of specificity regarding teacher involvement'' in the proposed effort. But he added that he was not opposed to the agreement in principle.

Moreover, Boston University and Chelsea officials have yet to seek commitments from private and public sources for the additional $2 million a year they say the Chelsea schools need to improve the teaching staff and add programs to the curriculum.

'A Noble Aspiration'

These are among the reasons that several educational experts question the plan. They emphasized that their questions and criticism were not aimed solely at Boston University but applied to the management of a school district by a university.

''The idea is a noble aspiration but fraught with legal and operational complications,'' said Thurston A. Atkins, director of the Division of Education Institutions and Programs at Columbia Teachers College in New York. ''I admire their willingness to try, but I'm not very confident they can pull it off.''

Charles V. Willie, professor of education and social studies at Harvard University, asserted that the undertaking ''has serious implications for the concepts of self-determination and accountability which go to the heart of the development of public education in this country.''

''Boston University as a private institution with a self-perpuating board of trustees is simply not accountable to the citizens of Chelsea as a school board would be,'' Mr. Willie said.

Mr. Silber asked, ''What is so bizarre about a school of education taking on this challenge?''

He said his school's move was no different from medical schools' providing clinical services in hospitals or law schools' running neighborhood legal service programs, or schools of social work operating neighborhood outreach efforts.

Peter R. Greer, dean of Boston University's school of education, said the university's involvement with the Chelsea schools would not diminish the school district's public accountability. He said the university was committed to coming up with solutions that could be useful to other school systems.

Mr. Greer, a former superintendent of schools in Portland, Me., came to the university in July from his post as a Deputy Under Secretary of the Department of Education.

''It's one thing to talk about what universities may not be able to do,'' he said. ''But no one has been rushing to Chelsea's aid up to this point.''

Dropout Rate of 52%

In fact, Dr. Bruce G. Robinson, chairman of the seven-member Chelsea School Committee, said the committee approached Boston University two years ago seeking help for the 3,300-pupil system, which is beset by severe financial and educational problems. The largely ***working-class*** community of 26,000 people occupies a 1.8-square-mile area on the northern edge of Boston Harbor. The Chelsea schools had a dropout rate of 52 percent last year, the highest in the state.

''We need more money and new cutting-edge methods of attacking the educational problems we face,'' he said. ''We're still working on many of the details, but the whole community's excited about this.''

Dr. Robinson, a 1970 graduate of Chelsea High School, said the school committee and Boston University would work ''in partnership'' in running the schools. He said the school board would remain involved in setting policy and be accountable to the public.

Boston University is one of many colleges and universities in Boston and other cities that have long been involved with some public schools, usually those nearby. A few colleges, like Hunter in New York City, operate their own elementary or secondary schools open to the public.

Boston University and several other Boston area colleges have been working with specific city public schools for more than a decade, a consequence of the 1974 Federal court school desegregation ruling for the city.

A 'Very Mixed Record'

Gary Orfield, a political science professor at the University of Chicago, said the Boston area universities involvement with the public schools presented a ''very mixed record.''

''Sometimes the connection didn't work because of misunderstandings on both sides,'' he said. ''Or school officials were resistant to advice. Or it turns out the university faculty had little practical advice to give. They may be great theoreticians, but were unable to help teachers with the lesson plan for the next school week.''

The Chelsea agreement is Boston University's second attempt to gain authority to manage a public school system.

University officials approached the Boston School Committee twice this decade about managing the city's 56,000-pupil system.

Boston Rejected Offers

John Nucci, president of the Boston School Committee, said the committee rejected the offers.

Mr. Nucci, praised the university's aid to the Boston schools but added: ''John Silber doesn't understand some fundamental differences between public education and private education. He doesn't understand you can't pick students for public education.''

Mr. Nucci said he found it ''ironic that Mr. Silber, who has continually criticized the Boston schools for spending too much money, should now say that among the first thing the Chelsea schools need is more money.''

Thomas Shannon, executive director of the National Association of School Boards, said he was not very concerned that the governing and accountability of the Chelsea district would suffer in the agreement. ''The Chelsea School Committee isn't handing over the keys to the system and walking away,'' he said.

Mr. Shannon called Mr. Greer ''an outstanding administrator,'' adding, ''He had an excellent record in Portland and has lots of practical ideas.''

'Rub Is Getting Job Done'

Besides, Mr. Shannon added, the university's undertaking ''isn't a one-man show.''

''The rub is getting the job done, and getting the job done is clearly going to be very difficult,'' Mr. Shannon said. ''People are going to be sitting and watching and waiting to see if it works out and why.''

Mr. Silber agreed, saying, ''It is a moment of truth.''

''We're well aware that we might fail,'' he added, ''but we're not going to just sit on the sidelines and kibbitz.'' He also acknowledged the project's success would surely enhance the university's reputation, saying, ''If our School of Education can't contribute to the success of the Chelsea schools, it ought to shut its doors.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Peter R. Greer (NYT); Bruce G. Robinson (NYT/Christopher Brown)

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[***Hospitals Start Charging Poor Patients***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7S20-0005-G420-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1251 words

**Byline:** By ELISABETH ROSENTHAL

By ELISABETH ROSENTHAL

**Body**

Under cover of summer, in the politically tranquil neighborhoods of Queens, New York City's struggling public hospital system has quietly started charging poor, uninsured patients for services that it had always provided free.

Since May 1, as part of a pilot project, the two public hospitals in the borough, Elmhurst Hospital Center and Queens Hospital Center, have been charging patients $10 for each prescription they fill, with a cap of $20 per day.

In addition, the hospitals have raised the sliding-scale fees they charge uninsured patients and have become far more aggressive in demanding payment before treatment takes place.

Hospitals officials said the changes may well go into effect at all 11 public hospitals run by the Health and Hospitals Corporation.

Eventually, patients with minor medical problems who are considered capable of paying may be turned away until they come up with money for treatment.

"We are under such enormous budgetary pressure that we may have to triage and defer nonurgent visits if patients can't pay something," Howard Birnbaum, Elmhurst's chief financial officer, said.

On the surface, the new charges are small change -- $10 here and $20 there -- adding up to an extra $17,000 a week in revenues at Elmhurst on prescriptions alone. But in symbolic terms, the payments reflect the continuing transformation of a once generous public hospital system -- which has long boasted that it treats everyone without regard to ability to pay -- into one that is now forced to rethink its largess in the face of daunting budget cuts. Due to state and city cutbacks, the hospitals corporation faces a $400 million budget gap for the fiscal year starting July 1.

"Obviously, this is a cost-saving measure," said Sandra Mackey, a spokeswoman for the hospitals corporation. "We would hope that it would save money, and just by the initial trial period, it seems to be showing us that this is certainly one way to provide care in a more cost-effective manner."

In the past, pharmacies at public hospitals dispensed all medications without charge to uninsured patients -- from simple bottles of Tylenol to pills for high blood pressure costing $200 a month. At a time when the cost of a 10-day course of antibiotics often exceeds $100, the service is so valuable that even some private hospitals in New York routinely send uninsured patients, or patients whose insurance does not cover medicines, to a pharmacy at a public hospital for their drugs.

Although the public hospitals have always had a nominal sliding scale of fees for clinic visits based largely on a patient's income, it was applied liberally and rarely enforced, so a huge number of clinic visits were never paid for. At the two Queens hospitals, the minimum clinic fee for an adult has been increased to $20 from $10.

The hospitals corporation says that patients who insist they cannot pay will still get clinic treatment and medicine for free, but only if they pass heightened scrutiny by its financial counselors, who will ask to see documentation before they declare patients eligible.

"We are looking at far more aggressively trying to collect from patients who are using our facilities who we feel are able to pay," Ms. Mackey said.

The new charges are part of a pilot project at the Queens hospitals this summer. They will be evaluated after three months to see if they should be put into effect at the public hospitals in the other four boroughs.

Hospital corporation officials said that executives at the Queens hospitals volunteered for the pilot project and that was understandable since 45 percent of the outpatients at Elmhurst are not covered by insurance. Elmhurst is surrounded by neighborhoods filled with new immigrants, many of whom are illegal aliens not eligible for Medicaid.

But some health advocates viewed the location of the pilot program as the product of astute political thinking, noting that the changes, which might raise a political firestorm in other boroughs, would go down more quietly in Queens. The hospitals taking part in the program are also two of the three hospitals being considered for sale by the city.

The hospitals corporation had earlier considered closing pharmacies to save money, and officials at the Queens hospitals, as well some local residents, said that the $10 fee was a small price to pay for keeping the pharmacies open.

"We agreed upon the program to save the pharmacy," Anna Krill, a member of Elmhurst's Community Advisory Board, said. "There are many poor, ***working-class*** people who do not qualify for Medicaid who are willing to pay the fee because they know most drugs would be much more expensive if they had to go outside."

But others expressed reservations about the policy change, which they said was instituted without full discussion by the corporation's board. When called for comment, two board members said they had never heard of the program.

David R. Jones, a longtime board member, said he had not been informed that the Queens public hospitals had begun requiring payment for prescription drugs, adding that "the board should be involved in a policy redirection as important as this."

"For certain people on fixed incomes, that $10 or $20 could be a significant barrier to coming into H.H.C. facilities for care," he said. "Prescriptions are a major issue for poor people. If we're not careful, we'll recreate the problem that led to the creation of H.H.C. in the first place."

Mr. Jones, the president of the Community Service Society of New York, said he wanted to see studies of the impact of the Queens pilot project before the charges were instituted systemwide.

Health policy experts warned that an overly aggressive policy could backfire by discouraging the basic, primary-care visits that can prevent minor medical problems from turning into emergencies.

"We do put people through more analysis than ever before, and I have no problem with that, otherwise the whole system will collapse," Mr. Jones said. "The only question is when it deters people from seeking help and that's a balancing act that H.H.C more than anyone else has to pay attention to. We've seen where government can put so many obstacles in the way that it serves as deterrent."

Siddique Wai, president of the People's Alliance, a community organization in Brooklyn, said: "This raises the issue of how committed the current administration is to H.H.C.'s mission, which states very clearly that people who need care -- whether they have money or not -- cannot be denied."

One longtime hospitals corporation patient, who gets his care at Bellevue and who spoke on condition of anonymity, said that the hospitals corporation had already become far more determined to squeeze money out of patients.

Although he says he cannot afford to pay for his clinic visits -- and has not paid for them in the past -- a hospital financial counselor told him last month that he would now be expected to contribute toward his care, saying: "If you do not qualify for Medicaid then you can afford to pay."

But Doris Fogle, who works as a volunteer at Elmhurst and is stationed just across from the pharmacy, said the charges had evoked relatively few sustained protests from patients getting medication.

"At first, there were many objections from people who said they just couldn't pay," said Ms. Fogle, who is also on the hospital's Community Advisory Board. "Then they took the prescriptions to a pharmacy outside and found out it would cost them three times as much. So they came back here and paid their $10."

**Graphic**

Photo: At Elmhurst Hospital Center in Queens, a pharmacist gives a prescription to a patient. On May 1, the hospital began charging for drugs. (Rachel Cobb for The New York Times)(pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** June 26, 1995

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[***Request to Change a Boundary Stirs Emotions in the Bronx***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-80J0-0005-G1RK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By RAYMOND HERNANDEZ

By RAYMOND HERNANDEZ

**Body**

Westchester Square in the North Bronx still resembles one of New York City's old-style neighborhoods, a cluster of houses, delis and pastry shops, an Irish pub and a Navy recruitment office. Just a few miles to the south, the blocks become grittier, with stretches of crowded housing projects, garbage-strewn lots and knots of drug dealers on one stoop after another.

About the only thing linking these disparate neighborhoods is their local government, Community Board 9. But now, after years of complaining that attention to their needs has been affected by the admittedly more pressing needs of their neighbors to the south, the people of Westchester Square say they want out of the community board district.

As part of an obscure process that occurs every 10 years, the City Council is to consider redrawing the boundaries of the city's 59 community boards. The process has touched off emotionally charged disagreements over who belongs where.

It is a process that reflects the ongoing transformation of the city's neighborhoods, the important role boundaries play in defining social and economic status and the tensions that arise when poor and middle class live side by side.

"It makes no sense for us to remain in this community board," said Sandi Lusk, a civic leader from Westchester Square, who wants to break with her neighbors to the south. "The characters of the communities are so completely different."

Tomorrow, a City Council committee will begin hearings on changes that have been proposed in the boundaries of several community board districts. The realignments are aimed at keeping pace with the demographic and other changes of neighborhoods, like the periodic redistricting of Congressional districts.

In most cases, community board boundaries will remain intact. But in the neighborhoods where changes have been proposed -- including Community Boards 7 and 8 in Flushing and Jamaica, Queens, respectively -- the issue has sparked heated debates.

Nowhere have the passions run as deep as in Board 9 in the Bronx, where the debate over boundary changes has been charged with accusations of racism and elitism. Just last year, in a letter opposing the proposal to alter the board's borders, Bronx Councilman Lawrence A. Warden said, "It would promote apartheid in the northeast Bronx."

The controversy centers around a campaign by a group of merchants and homeowners in Westchester Square and the surrounding neighborhoods to sever ties with the largely poor and ***working-class*** Hispanic residents of Board 9's southern section. Their goal is to move the neighborhood's approximately 10,000 people into Community Board 10, a neighboring district made up largely of middle-class Italian, Irish and Jewish residents to the north.

Community boards are important because they can act as advocates of the neighborhoods they represent, just as civic associations do in the suburbs. Typically, board members devote themselves to a wide variety of tasks, from organizing neighborhood patrols and mediating disputes among neighbors to pressuring the city's Police and Sanitation departments for more services.

The people lobbying for the changes in Westchester Square say that they simply cannot pass up the chance to unite themselves with a community board that they believe will be more responsive and sympathetic to the needs of their neighborhood. Many say their concerns have been largely ignored by officials from Board 9, in part because the demands of the rest of the district are so much greater.

Mrs. Lusk, the civic leader from Westchester Square, recalled how she would attend meetings of Board 9 over the years, only to become frustrated each time the agenda became centered on the social ills afflicting the South Bronx.

She and her neighbors usually had concerns that were decidedly more suburban: graffiti on storefronts, run-down playgrounds and liquor stores selling to children.

"It was strange being at those meetings," recalled Mrs. Lusk, who was once a member of Board 9. "I'd sit there feeling like I wasn't a part of what was being discussed."

The frustrations were such that a group of people from Westchester Square once went to the offices of Community Board 10 to borrow rakes, shovels and paint to clean up their neighborhood.

"It's not that they intended to neglect us," Mrs. Lusk said of Board 9. "But it happened. It was basically benign neglect."

The charge of racism has done little to halt the efforts of those advocating changes in Board 9's boundaries, which were drawn in the late 1970's. In fact, many argue that the charge obscures an important fact: Westchester Square is divided evenly between white and nonwhite residents.

"We're a very well integrated area," said Dorothy Krynicki, the president of a block association in Westchester Square who has lived in the neighborhood all her life. "We've been labeled racists when all we've wanted was better service for our community."

Indeed, Bronx Councilman Michael DeMarco and others say that Westchester Square's business district, which is split among three community boards, would benefit through the efficiency of one board.

Still, the secession effort has left feelings of bitterness and resentment among those living in the rest of the Board 9 district. To them, it is particularly paradoxical that the campaign has gained momentum at a time when large parts of the South Bronx are getting better.

"This issue has nothing to do with services," said Elizabeth Rodriguez, the chairwoman of Board 9. "They just want to go to a board that's predominantly white."

To community planners in the district, the Westchester Square area is far too valuable an asset to lose. "We're losing a lot here," said Francisco Gonzalez, the district manager of Board 9. "We're losing a landmark church, we're losing a hospital and we're losing businesses. These are all pluses within the community board.

"When you lose a community like that," he said, "it's a major demographic change. It erodes the demographic base by which we're able to attract businesses and residents into the area."

Not everyone in Westchester Square supports the secession movement, and even some members of Board 10 have questioned taking on another neighborhood, given community boards' limited resources.

Alison Gran, the president of a merchants' association in Westchester Square, has drawn up petitions, handed out flyers and made hundreds of phone calls in the last few months to urge her neighbors to stay put. To her, the desire to change boundaries is akin to white flight.

"These people are basically turning their backs on their neighbors instead of trying to work with them," Mrs. Gran said. "They want out because they feel they have nothing in common with the people of Community Board 9."

Joe Fegan, 78, who lives in the same frame house his great-grandfather built in 1865, has no desire to see the area's borders change. "We've always worked well with all the surrounding communities," he said.

As far as Mr. Fegan is concerned, the motivations of the people leading the redistricting effort are easy enough to understand. "It's a social status thing," he said. "They think their social status will be enhanced by being in Board 10 instead of Board 9. That's the most delicate way to put it."

**Graphic**

Photo: Joe Fegan, 78, and his nephew, Gerard Marbach, in front of Mr. Fegan's frame house, built in 1865 by his great-grandfather, are opposed to the Westchester Square neighborhood switching community boards. "We've always worked well with all the surrounding communities," Mr. Fegan said. (George M. Guttierez for The New York Times) (pg. 26)

Graphs: "A CLOSER LOOK: Switching Districts" shows racial breakdowns and total population of Community Board 9 and Community Board 10. (Source: 1990 Census) (pg. 26)

Map of the Bronx showing locations of Community Board 9 and Community Board 10. (pg. 26)

**Load-Date:** May 29, 1995

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[***'Everyone Has a Game Plan Until You Punch them in the Mouth'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5BMW-D0J1-DXY4-X0T5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By ADAM NAGOURNEY

**Body**

On a hot Sacramento morning, Chris Lehane burst into a conference room filled with trial lawyers, lobbyists and one aggrieved mother, and laid out his battle plan: How to force California to raise its 40-year-old ceiling on medical-malpractice awards. Lehane, who is 46, spent six years working in the Clinton White House, battling the ethical scandals that seemed to confront the administration every day -- typically by discrediting the accuser or leaking a document to undercut an impending news story critical of the president or the first lady. Now Lehane uses similar strategies -- opposition research, attention-grabbing antics, the crafty manipulation of old and new media -- for groups like this one, the Consumer Attorneys of California. The campaign to raise the cap on damages for pain and suffering in medical malpractice suits, which was set at $250,000, might have been handled legislatively, but much high-impact law in California is made at the ballot box, in the form of well-publicized voter initiatives. Influencing voters with his own extreme brand of performance politics has become Lehane's specialty.

Lehane, wearing a gray Italian suit, a wire dangling from his ear, glanced around the room, his eyes settling on the mother, Alejandra Gonzalez. In 2010, Gonzalez's 6-week-old daughter, Mia, died from whooping cough. Doctors at a Los Angeles hospital failed to test her for it during a whooping-cough epidemic. Shyly, Gonzalez held up a photo of her daughter. ''Wow,'' Lehane said. ''She is beautiful.'' The child would be one of the faces of his campaign.

Lehane wanted Gonzalez to walk the two blocks to the State Capitol and meet with legislators, clasping that portrait of Mia at her side. ''Don't be afraid to tell your story,'' he said, leaning into her. ''It's very powerful. It's very difficult for someone to look you in the eye and not do anything.'' He wanted her shadowed by a videographer. ''That's going to create a little bit of buzz,'' Lehane said.

This was the opening of a campaign that would include a mass mailing printed on mortuary toe tags as well as a call for random drug-and-alcohol tests for doctors -- an explosive idea that came up, almost by chance, in a focus group of Pasadena women. ''Everyone in the room was flabbergasted that they weren't already tested,'' Lehane told me later. What better way to counter the expected barrage of doctor-financed ads aimed at defeating malpractice suits than to include mandatory doctor drug-testing in the same initiative? Lehane had already commissioned a series of music videos that he planned to put on YouTube, with actors portraying police officers, firefighters and football players hoisting cups filled with a yellow liquid as they challenged doctors to ''pee in a cup.''

Lehane glanced from his Blackberry to his watch, smiled in farewell at Gonzalez and took off. His earpiece back in place, he talked rapidly on his cellphone as he walked to his next meeting at the Sheraton, a few blocks away. He was trying to manage the uproar set off by an ad in Politico written as an open letter to President Obama, denouncing the Keystone XL Pipeline. It was drafted at Lehane's instigation by a client, the billionaire environmentalist Tom Steyer.

Lehane paused midconversation as he spotted Jim Brulte, head of the California Republican Party. ''Hey, Big Bird,'' Lehane shouted, before sinking back into his call. At the Sheraton, Lehane joined a lunchtime panel discussion recounting how Sacramento kept the N.B.A.'s Kings from leaving for Seattle, a campaign he helped run. From there, it was off to another meeting, to discuss yet another voter initiative.

Lehane makes a point of not spending the night in Sacramento, with its deceptively small-town feel and migrating colony of state legislators, lobbyists and reporters. So as darkness fell, he headed back to San Francisco, to his house in Presidio Heights, with its master bedroom overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge. He has proved that you don't have to live in the Beltway to play Beltway-style politics.

Lehane left Washington for California in the summer of 2001, eight months after the Supreme Court declared George W. Bush the winner of Florida's 25 electoral votes. On the morning the ruling came down, he was standing on the steps of the Capitol when a text message popped up from Al Gore. ''Don't trash the Supreme Court,'' it read. It was not an unreasonable request. Lehane, then Gore's press secretary, spent the month after Election Day urging the campaign to stage protests outside board of elections offices; to send Gore to Palm Beach County to pose for photographs with Holocaust victims who thought they had voted for him; and to demonize Katherine Harris, the Florida secretary of state, whom Lehane dubbed Commissar Harris. His suggestions were rejected, and Lehane, who had imagined himself standing behind the lectern at White House daily press briefings -- a senior counselor to the president at 33 -- had to accept defeat in a battle that he thought they could win. That summer, when he and his wife, Andrea Evans, a lawyer, headed West, he had no idea where he would work or even live.

The Clinton White House, with its litany of scandals -- Whitewater, Monica Lewinsky, the selling of the Lincoln Bedroom -- spawned a new class of political operatives, who came of age as politics took a particularly nasty turn. This was when deploying the branches of government to prosecute enemies took hold and newspapers and networks, once authoritative, gave way to a chorus of new voices that fed a round-the-clock news cycle. Many of those war-room veterans are now powerful members of the establishment, with offices overlooking the Potomac and K Street.

California, though, with its mix of personalities, Hollywood, Silicon Valley, citizen revolutions and, of course, money, proved fertile ground for Lehane's brand of politics. His West Coast war room -- Fabiani & Lehane, which he founded with Mark Fabiani, another former Clinton adviser -- takes the relentless molding of public opinion and scorching tactics of the Clinton White House to a new extreme. This ''warrior mode,'' as Lehane calls it, befits our viral, 500-million-Tweets-a-day era. Organized leaks to The New York Times and The Washington Post, which Lehane once doled out from the White House, don't cut it anymore. ''He understands that it's the combination of social media, quirky events, street theater and traditional public relations,'' says Mike McCurry, the former Clinton press secretary who was the mature counterweight to Lehane in the Clinton White House. ''It's not about going out to lunch at the Palm with the bureau chief anymore.''

One afternoon in San Francisco, Lehane explained his operating principle this way: ''Everyone has a game plan until you punch them in the mouth. So let's punch them in the mouth.'' A drug-test video that he created for the trial lawyer, for instance, was displayed on an electronic billboard on the side of a truck as it circled the Disneyland hotel where the California Medical Association met this past October. For his campaign against the Keystone pipeline, opponents showed up at a news conference with a vial of sludge from an oil spill and flooded the room with noxious fumes. Lehane had wanted to pass out gas masks to reporters but couldn't assemble them in time.

''He is a rarity in carving out the kind of business model he's created and pursuing it from California,'' Al Gore told me. Matt Bennett, co-founder of Third Way, a Washington think tank, says Lehane benefited from escaping ''the gravitational pull of the Beltway'' to a place where few people did precisely what he did.

Yet Lehane has never been able to escape that pull entirely, or put the memory of that message from Gore behind him. ''I saved that text message until my Blackberry blew up,'' he said, an edge of defiance in his voice. ''Gore was doing this as a matter of principle. To me, it was people trying to steal the presidency. You had to fight for it.''

At the White House, Lehane fought for those he saw as the good guys. These days, his roster of clients includes environmentalist billionaires and grieving mothers, but it also comprises people and businesses who are in trouble and a few whose interests are sometimes a little harder to defend. His first account, in 2001, was Gray Davis, then the governor of California, who faced an energy crisis that would lead to his recall from office. The next was Critical Paths, an early Silicon Valley email provider that was under investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission. He would later advise a champion cyclist who took performance-enhancing drugs (Lance Armstrong) and a large-scale medical-marijuana entrepreneur under indictment for drug trafficking (Matthew Davies).

When Lehane sent me a recent schedule, it was a mixture of public meetings on subjects like the Keystone project (''good for you,'' he had written next to the calendar entry) and cryptic notations about private meetings he wouldn't allow me to observe. ''You are only seeing 10 percent of what I do,'' Lehane said. The private clients have included Goldman Sachs, Michael Moore, the Weinstein Company and Boeing. One afternoon while leaving his home, I was about to use Uber to get a taxi when he stopped me. ''No, no. Use Lyft. I help those guys out.''

And there was the city of Vernon. A few miles southwest of downtown Los Angeles, it has more than 1,800 businesses crammed into its cheerless 5.2 square miles. As of two years ago, the city had a population of just under 100, and nearly every resident was on the Vernon payroll, living in city-owned homes. With its low tax rates and permissive zoning and environmental regulations, Vernon was made for the kinds of businesses that most communities prefer not to have as neighbors -- meat-rendering plants, toxic-chemical plants, battery-recycling factories. Vernon was also notorious for its municipal corruption; its city government operated like a club, effectively choosing its own electorate by controlling who lived there. Between 1984 and 2006, there were no contested elections in Vernon. One mayor served 35 years.

Vernon falls in the district of John A. Pérez, a Democrat and speaker of the California State Assembly, and one of the state's three most powerful elected officials. A few years ago, Pérez, upset by the abuses in his legislative backyard, set out to abolish this ''center of tremendous corruption,'' as he called it when I wrote about Vernon in 2011. He introduced a bill that would officially disincorporate the city and put an end to this little-known gravy train for lawyers, consultants and politicians. ''I've been frustrated with Vernon for a long time,'' Pérez told me as we drove around the city. ''How bad a neighbor it's been. How shady its practices have been.''

Some people in Lehane's line of work might have passed on Vernon as a client. But when the counsel for the city and the city administrator approached him, he jumped at the job, tackling the project like a full-blown political campaign.

''You take a calendar,'' Fabiani, Lehane's partner, explained. ''You say, 'The vote is going to be here; let's work back and figure out every week.' '' The first step was to neutralize the corruption issue by recruiting an outside civic leader to review Vernon's ethics problems. Lehane persuaded John Van de Kamp, a former Democratic state attorney general, to take the assignment. ''Mr. Moral Rectitude,'' Lehane later said, smiling. ''He was out of central casting, right?''

Next, Lehane forced the fight onto the only politically winnable terrain -- the threat of job losses. He collected warnings from business leaders saying that if they lost their only-in-Vernon benefits, they would flee the city, taking some 50,000 jobs with them. Finally, Lehane went after Pérez himself. As the former political director for the United Food and Commercial Workers Union, Pérez was a product of California's labor movement. So it must have been galling when he turned up to testify for his bill at Los Angeles City Hall and was confronted with a parade of 18-wheelers circling the building, horns blasting, with banners that read, ''John Pérez: Jobs Killer.'' Less than three months later, California newspapers reported that Pérez, who allowed himself to be presented as a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, had in fact dropped out. And when ''Battle: Los Angeles,'' a movie about extraterrestrials invading Southern California, opened in theaters in Pérez's district, previews included an ad produced by Lehane extolling the job-creating virtues of Vernon.

''I am laughing thinking about all of this,'' Lehane wrote in an email to me. When the bill died soon after, people in Sacramento took note. ''It was a monumental task,'' says Kevin de León, a Democratic senator who is in line to become the next leader of the California Senate, ''to defeat this bill, to defeat a speaker at the peak of his power.''

Political consultants have become celebrities in their own right, sometimes even eclipsing the men and women they work for. They get more credit and blame than they deserve -- elections are almost always about the candidates -- but they do influence the tone of political battles, often pushing fight-first, think-later evisceration, the destruction of an opponent or the willful distortion of an idea. And while they generally believe in the candidate for whom they are working, this anything-goes style is a big reason that politics has become increasingly trivial and alienating.

Lehane did not invent these tactics, but he was instrumental in creating the culture out of which they sprang. After graduating from Harvard Law School, he joined the White House in 1994 and almost immediately started gunning for Ken Starr, the Whitewater independent counsel. Lehane leaked stories that the prosecutor had given speeches at Republican fund-raisers, to show that he wasn't so independent after all. It didn't matter to him whether Clinton was lying or not. ''It was put your helmet on and get into the game,'' Lehane says. ''When you are in a crisis situation, you just go into your warrior mode.''

During the Gore campaign, Lehane was widely suspected of orchestrating the final-hour disclosure of a police record showing that George W. Bush had been arrested, decades earlier, on drunken-driving charges in Kennebunkport, Maine, which happened to be right next to Lehane's hometown, Kennebunk. Lehane has been coy about this for years, much the same way he will not say outright if he was behind the publicizing of Pérez's academic record. ''There are people to this day who believe I am responsible for the weather,'' he says. ''Once you've gotten into their head, it's over.''

Having the luxury to choose their own clients can be tricky for people in Lehane's business. (It's not always as simple as turning down a tobacco company.) But when I asked Lehane if he regretted any of the clients he defended over the years, he demurred. What about Lance Armstrong? Lehane began representing him well before he admitted to doping, but remained with him afterward. ''He used his fame to do something great,'' Lehane responded, referring to his advocacy for cancer patients. ''And he did something great.'' And what about Vernon? Hadn't Lehane shielded some bad actors? ''No question that the city needed to be reformed,'' he said. ''But there was a way to reform the city without killing 50,000-plus ***working-class*** jobs at a time when unemployment in the state was in double digits.

''In most situations,'' Lehane continued, ''there are people who either have dirty hands or their own agendas. Whenever somebody complains that this stuff has happened to them, I say, 'There's a long line of people behind you.' '' The comment reminded me of a scene from ''Knife Fight,'' a movie about a devious if ideologically grounded consultant -- played by Rob Lowe -- juggling a daily crush of client crises. The movie was based, not so loosely, on the life and times of Chris Lehane, who co-wrote the screenplay.

Lehane returns to Washington once every two or three weeks. At 6:30 on an unusually warm morning in December, his red-eye landed in plenty of time for Lehane, a man of many rituals, to go on his morning jog/conference call (he talks as he runs). His first meeting was at 8:30, a presentation to environmental leaders about the Tom Steyer-financed campaign in the Virginia governor's race, which contributed to the defeat of Ken Cuccinelli, a conservative Republican and one of the country's leading climate-change skeptics. It was meant to signal to candidates in other states that they, too, could get an infusion of Steyer's money -- he is willing to spend tens of millions this year, much of it on advertisements attacking lawmakers who oppose climate-change measures -- along with Lehane's political advice if they embraced environmental issues. Two Florida Democrats were waiting for Lehane in the lobby of the Ritz-Carlton in Washington's West End, to make the case that Steyer's organization should turn next to defeating Gov. Rick Scott, a Republican.

Seeing Lehane back in Washington, I couldn't help wondering if he would ever be drawn back into presidential politics -- perhaps with a return to the Clinton orbit, should Hillary Rodham Clinton run, or even for Andrew M. Cuomo, the New York governor for whom Lehane worked at the Department of Housing and Urban Development, in the less likely event that Cuomo runs. Michael Feldman, who worked with Lehane in the White House and now runs the Glover Park Group, a communications firm, said he did not think Lehane misses Washington. ''But that's different from missing being involved in politics or public service at the highest level,'' he added. ''I think that is something he probably does miss.''

During the 2004 election, Lehane joined John Kerry's campaign -- ''I felt there was some unsettled business there'' -- but lasted only four months. He jumped to the campaign of Wesley K. Clark, seeing in Clark's military résumé a candidate who could take on Bush. (''He definitely holds a grudge,'' says Matt Bennett, a colleague from Lehane's Gore days.) That proved another miscalculation -- candidates who begin their political careers running for the White House rarely succeed -- and Lehane was soon back on the West Coast.

As he zipped from meeting to meeting that December morning in Washington, rolling his suitcase behind him, twitchy and distracted, I was reminded of a conversation we had in his home late one afternoon. Lehane reflected on the lessons he drew from his failures in 2004: ''At the end of the day, you go work for a presidential campaign because you believe in every fiber of your body that the person you are working for is absolutely the best person to be the next president of the United States,'' he said. ''You shouldn't work for a presidential campaign just because you think he's going to win.''

For all its excesses, Lehane's style of advocacy might be what it takes to break through in an environment where being noticed is the biggest challenge of all. ''The question is, How are you going to get people's attention?'' Steyer says. ''A lot of people feel it's possible to change the status quo politely. That is probably not true.'' When I asked Gore if he considered Lehane overly aggressive, he burst out laughing. ''He's not afraid of bold moves,'' he said.

But they can cost him too. Lehane has certainly endured his share of missteps and losses. Matthew Davies, the medical-marijuana entrepreneur, was sentenced to five years in federal prison. In the Virginia gubernatorial contest, a spokesman for Terry McAuliffe, the Democrat who ran and won with Steyer's support, publicly expressed dismay after the organization, at Lehane's prompting, hired someone to act as an impersonator of Cuccinelli, portraying the Republican as a patsy of energy interests. But more often than not, his tactics lead his opponents to make a mistake, which, of course, is the point.

As the doctor-drug-testing initiative became public, Dr. Jeffrey Poage, writing a column for the website of the California Society of Anesthesiologists, dismissively addressed the question of whether physician impairment is really a problem. ''Doesn't matter,'' he wrote. ''Trial attorneys want voters to associate doctors with something bad and not think about lawyers trying to increase their portion of malpractice awards.'' Clapping his hands in delight over the doctor's unfortunate shorthand, Lehane said, ''Can you imagine what that will look like on TV, radio, online, mail?''

Last spring, Lehane showed up in Ristorante Milano in Russian Hill in San Francisco, excited about his latest project -- dissuading David and Charles Koch from buying the Tribune Company, which includes The Los Angeles Times. Lehane laid out a plan: urging subscribers to cancel their subscriptions if The Tribune sold to the ''ultra-right-wing Koch Brothers'' and organizing demonstrations outside Tribune newspaper offices from Chicago to Los Angeles. The Koch Brothers ultimately decided to step aside.

Over a glass of wine, the ever-animated Lehane relaxed a bit as he reminisced about his days with Clinton and Gore in the White House and talked about the coming presidential race. It would be hard to leave California. There is that house in the Presidio and his Mediterranean-style getaway in Calistoga, with a pool and a 4.5-acre vineyard. (Lehane produces his own limited-edition cabernet.) For Lehane, it might actually be better to stay away. ''In Washington, you throw out an idea, and the initial instinct is to come up with ideas why it won't work,'' he said. ''Out here you throw out an idea, and the initial instinct is: 'That's really cool. How can we make that work?' '' And if a Lehane idea flops, there's always another client willing to write him a check, another fight to fight, another story to spin or another culprit to pull out of the fire -- or better yet, to push in.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/03/02/magazine/chris-lehane.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/03/02/magazine/chris-lehane.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF MINTON) (MM21)

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[***Little Consortium of Big Banks Is Aiding Inwood***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4M80-0014-51CG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

In many New York City neighborhoods, the completion of a new condominium is routine. But in the Inwood section of Manhattan, the sale of apartments in two renovated buildings now known as the Academy Twins represents a milestone.

A decade ago, the buildings, like others on Academy Street east of Broadway, were vacant shells. Inwood and neighboring Washington Heights were threatened with the kind of large-scale abandonment that had virtually destroyed other low-income areas.

Unlike many of those neighborhoods, though, the two communities at the northern tip of Manhattan had a potent ally: the Community Preservation Corporation. A small nonprofit company formed 14 years ago by the city's largest banks, the preservation corporation has financed and supervised the renovation of nearly 20,000 occupied apartments in some of the city's poorest neighborhoods. The corporation, now a consortium of 31 banks, has also become the prime private lender in a multi-billion-dollar Koch administration program to rebuild abandoned city-owned apartment buildings.

Did 1 of 10 Apartments

In Inwood and Washington Heights, the company has financed the renovation of buildings containing a total of 7,200 apartments - about one of every 10 apartments in the areas. ''C.P.C., in combination with some good work by the city, basically saved my neighborhood,'' said Assemblyman John Brian Murtaugh, a Democrat of upper Manhattan.

When the corporation was established in 1974, the fear was that the neighborhood might not survive at all. Nearly 20,000 apartments citywide were being abandoned each year. The South Bronx and parts of Harlem and central Brooklyn had been decimated.

Many banks had large investments in declining neighborhoods and in wealthier areas on their borders, and had many employees who lived in such areas. The banks, which had been accused by critics of refusing to invest in the poorest communities, decided to create a nonprofit agency that would try to halt abandonment and to preserve both the neighborhoods and the banks' investments.

The new corporation acted as a conduit for low-interest loans to landlords of buildings in need of major repairs. Some of the money came, at market rates, from the participating banks and municipal pension funds, and some from the city at 1 percent interest.

By sharing the risk among many banks, the preservation corporation made it easier for qualified landlords to get loans. It also offered help in finding contractors and suppliers for the work, and in negotiating the city and state bureaucracies that approve the rent increases allowed when renovations are made.

The corporation picked Inwood and Washington Heights, and also the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn as its economic laboratories.

With Success, Condos

''The focus was: how do we prevent this from spreading to other, more stable neighborhoods,'' recalled Michael D. Lappin, the corporation's president.

As the neighborhoods it served improved, the corporation has expanded into other programs, and has been able to move from improving dilapidated housing to financing the restoration of abandoned buildings for rental units and condominiums. It now has made $301 million in loans.

The early renovations financed and overseen by the corporation were not generally the sort that attract public notice. Most involved complete systems, such as new boilers and heating systems, plumbing, electricity and roofing.

Except for new windows and exterior steam-cleaning, the work is seldom obvious - a fact that sometimes makes it difficult for residents to abide the accompanying rent increases.

Critics Say Landlords Benefit

Many tenant groups contend that the chief beneficiaries of the bank corporation's programs are landlords, whose rent rolls increase after the renovations are completed.

Critics say the corporation also does not talk enough with tenants about the work to be done in their buildings, and they say that landlords sometimes replace perfectly good older equipment, like bathtubs or sinks, with unneeded new equipment.

They also claim that the corporation represents the interest of building owners at the expense of tenants when it lobbies on such matters as extending tax-abatement programs and altering rent-increase regulations.

''C.P.C. is a bank, and from our point our view they really are not concerned about tenants and what tenants can afford,'' said Michael McKee, director of the New York State Tenant and Neighborhood Coalition.

Life of Buildings Extended

Mr. Murtaugh and other supporters of the corporation contend, however, that both tenants and owners profit when a decaying building is upgraded and its financial viability restored. Most tenants can afford the increases, they say, and government subsidies helped cushion the blow for others.

The supporters argue that the city, with its perennial housing shortage, also benefits, because the renovations will extend by perhaps 50 years the useful life of buildings constructed 60 to 80 years ago. Moreover, they say, the corporation began investing in borderline neighborhoods when conventional lenders were reluctant to do so.

''As an elected official, I took some heat,'' Mr. Murtaugh said. ''I had a number of people saying, 'What are you doing? You're working with people who are raising the rent.' ''

''But I think it was the right thing,'' he continued. ''We preserved the neighborhood at a price that people could afford. People who lived here are not being forced out because of gentrification.''

Upswing Bears Academy Twins

Inwood has rebounded so much that a private developer, financed by the corporation, completely rebuilt two abandoned shells at the corner of Academy Street and Post Avenue. Condominium apartments in the buildings, renamed the Academy Twins, are being offered at prices ranging from $87,450 to $159,000.

Many other social forces have aided the revitalization of northern Manhattan, including the tightening of the housing market in the rest of the borough, and an influx of middle-class Hispanic and Asian families.

But Inwood's residents are still predominately poor and ***working-class***, and many of the problems associated with the city's poor neighborhoods remain strikingly evident. In April, for example, a police officer was killed during a drug raid in an apartment on Sickles Street, just four blocks south of Academy Street.

The corporation's experience in Crown Heights was not as fruitful as in northern Manhattan. Buildings containing about 3,500 apartments were renovated in the Brooklyn neighborhood; corporation officials contend that they got less support for their programs from political and community leaders there.

Rents Up $20 a Room

Some community leaders in Brooklyn, like officials of citywide tenant groups, said some tenants have resisted the programs because they feared rent increases.

To help pay for the renovations, which have cost between $10,000 and $20,000 per apartment, rents can be increased under formulas now administered by the state.

Mr. Lappin said increases have been averaging about $20 per room. Rents for renovated units now average $300 a month for a three-room apartment with one bedroom, and $400 a month for a two-bedroom apartment, he said.

Until a few years ago, the corporation and city could provide Federal rent subsidies for the roughly 20 percent of tenants who could not afford higher rent. But corporation officials said the phasing out of those subsidies by the Reagan Administration has made it difficult to duplicate in other neighborhoods what was accomplished in northern Manhattan.

**Graphic**

Photo of new condominiums offered for sale on the northwest corner of Post Avenue and Academy Street in the Inwood section of Manhattan. (NYT/Jack Manning) (pg. 30)

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[***A Grand Explorer Whose Territory Is an Interior One***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2NS0-0005-G4HT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 22, 1995, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section C; ; Section C;  Page 11;  Column 5;  Cultural Desk ; Column 5; ; Biography

**Length:** 1238 words

**Byline:** Eileen Atkins

By MEL GUSSOW

By MEL GUSSOW

**Body**

With virtuosity, Eileen Atkins has played queens and commoners, heroines and women with a sinister streak. There is no such thing as a typical Eileen Atkins role, unless by now it is Virginia Woolf. Onstage and in person, she is not instantly recognizable. At lunch recently, as she entered Union Square Cafe, heads turned as if trying to place the face.

At present, she is co-starring in "Indiscretions," Jeremy Sams's adaptation of the Jean Cocteau play "Les Parents Terribles." For her performance, she received a Tony nomination, the capstone of a highly active year. This season she went directly from her Off Broadway success in "Vita and Virginia" (with Vanessa Redgrave) to "Indiscretions," while also finding time to tour with "A Room of One's Own," her one-woman show about Woolf.

Asked what drove her to this excessive amount of work, she said, "Penury," explaining that it derives from a need to compensate for debts incurred by the failure of television films she made with her husband, Bill Shepherd. The truth is that she is also motivated by a sense of theatrical adventure.

Take her two most recent characters: Virginia Woolf, a self-analytical novelist who is as passionate about art and ethics as she is about her relationships, and Leo in "Indiscretions," a sardonic manipulator of other people's lives. Though widely disparate, the two are unified by their piercing wit.

Whatever the role, Miss Atkins identifies with it. When she plays Virginia, she crawls inside the author's supersensitive skin. "Now I think I'm Leo," she said. "Of all my characters, I'm least like her, but we've all got absolutely everything in us, even a murderer. Oh, I've definitely got a murderer." She did not elaborate on her imagined victims.

Making a difficult process sound easy, she said, "All you've got to do is to find those things in you and let them come out." She searches for "the secret locks." Often she discovers the role in collaboration with her director. This was very much the case when she played Hannah Jelkes in "The Night of the Iguana" several seasons ago at the Royal National Theater.

Unwisely, before playing Hannah, she watched the movie version of the Tennessee Williams drama and then found herself shadowed by the image and the voice of Deborah Kerr. Richard Eyre, who was directing, coaxed her into her own deeply symbiotic interpretation: "He took a tiny string inside me and gradually pulled it up."

Her success of course increases her options, but she is realistic about the limits she now faces, at 60, especially in Shakespeare. She said that as actors become older, they grow into Prospero and Lear, while actresses run out of challenging roles. At one point she was asked to play Ian McKellen's mother. She vigorously objected: "I said, 'Your mother? I should be playing your wife.' Actually I've done that twice this year." She continued: "I see a lot of people accepting parts, and they seem foolhardy. I asked Ian what was the difference between foolhardy and courageous. He said, 'If you can pull it off, you're courageous, and if you don't, you're foolhardy.' "

Despite her current eminence, her career evolved slowly. At the age of 7 she earned money as a tap-dancer, then shifted into acting. As a young actress from a ***working-class*** London background, she had to learn the art of self-presentation. Repeatedly she was rejected at auditions, and she responded with "fury, fury, fury." Looking back, she thinks she had "a large chip on my shoulder."

With the help of her first husband, the actor Julian Glover, she joined the acting company at Stratford-Upon-Avon as a walk-on (along with Miss Redgrave). It was 10 years before she made a breakthrough in Shakespeare. In her rise, she simply skipped the ingenues and moved right into "the breeches parts": strong-willed women like Viola and Rosalind staking out their individuality in a man's world.

Years later, when both were in their late 30's, Alan Bates proposed that they catch up to "Romeo and Juliet," and that they should do it at the Ahmanson in Los Angeles, a theater so large that makeup might conceal their maturity. The answer from Miss Atkins was a firm no. Eventually, Mr. Bates played a middle-aged Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Miss Atkins freely admits she has not always been the best judge of which characters to play. In the mid- 1960's she accepted an offer largely because she was desperate for work. She told the director he needed an actress who was "a little fragile Dresden doll." He said, "We know, but we can't find one and we think we're going to have to make do with you." Despite a rocky tryout, the play, Frank Marcus's "Killing of Sister George," was an enormous hit in London and in New York. It transformed the lives of its stars, Beryl Reid and Miss Atkins. From then on, if Miss Atkins was out of work, it was by her own choice.

While working consistently on stage and occasionally on television and in films, she also achieved a reputation as a writer and adapter. As a team, she and Jean Marsh created "Upstairs Downstairs" and "The House of Eliott" (Miss Atkins was adamant about not playing a role in either series). Recently the two wrote a three-part television adaptation of Margaret Forster's novel "Lady's Maid," a downstairs view of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Initially, she was hesitant about performing "A Room of One's Own," but she quickly warmed to the character (in Patrick Garland's adaptation) and now quotes Peter Hall as calling it her "pension," to be revived in perpetuity. After researching the lives and letters of Woolf and Vita Sackville-West, she wrote "Vita and Virginia," for which she earns one-third of the royalties, with the other two-thirds going to the estates of the play's two characters. Other actresses and other countries have expressed interest in the script, including Liv Ullmann and Bibi Andersson in Sweden, but Miss Atkins and Miss Redgrave plan to reserve certain rights of performance.

"When Vanessa and I are in our 80's," she said, "we'll probably be doing farewell performances of 'Vita and Virginia' to pay for another week in the old actors home." There have been offers to film the play. Instead, Miss Atkins is planning to write a movie version of Woolf's "Mrs. Dalloway," to star Miss Redgrave. Next season she may do Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman" at the National Theater, taking the opportunity to play opposite Paul Scofield.

Similarly, she agreed to act in the BBC radio version of "King Lear" in order to work with Sir John Gielgud. When she and Judi Dench arrived for rehearsal, neither actress knew which of the "ugly sisters" she would play. The director left the choice up to them. "Neither of us could remember which was which," Miss Atkins said. "Finally Judi said, 'I don't want to play the one who puts the eyes out.' Even then we got it wrong." It is Regan, not Goneril, who blinds Gloucester.

Sir John had reservations about the production and his performance, but Miss Atkins thought he was "fabulous" and told him so in a letter. "I think that's probably why he's still working at 91," she said. "He's still trying to be better."

At the end of lunch, she ordered mint tea, and the waiter brought over a complimentary platter of cookies. Tasting one, Miss Atkins glanced down and realized that the pastry chef had inscribed the platter with icing: "Congratulations Tony Award Nominee." She smiled with pleasure. Someone had noticed.

**Graphic**

Photo: Eileen Atkins received a Tony nomination for "Indiscretions." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 22, 1995

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[***Democrats Friendly, Not Feuding, In New York***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4MM0-0014-52CB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 6; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1235 words

**Byline:** By FRANK LYNN

**Body**

As their party prepares for its biennial state convention in Albany tomorrow, New York State Democrats are in a stronger and more harmonious position than they have been for at least a half century.

In the past, split by ideological differences, Democrats have ended up throwing chairs at each other at their state conventions. This year they are more likely to be throwing bouquets.

Many attribute the harmony to a blurring of the left-right differences that have wracked the party and to the strong leadership of Governor Cuomo.

'Entrepreneurial Politics'

It is all the more remarkable because party ''bosses'' and discipline are relics of the past, and candidates and public officials often go their own way in what City Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin has called ''entrepreneurial politics.''

Moreover, many of the latest successes are concentrated in traditionally Republican areas upstate and come amid Democratic scandals in New York City and the fading of the once-vaunted Democratic clubhouse system in the city.

Laurence J. Kirwan, the Democratic state chairman and a longtime leader in upstate Democratic circles, gives Mr. Cuomo credit for bringing the party together. ''To have a healthy, viable state party that is financially secure and a high-quality staff would be very difficult without the support of the Governor.'' he said.

The statewide party is a Cuomo fiefdom much like the state Republican Party was once a fiefdom of Nelson A. Rockefeller. There is a certain irony in the Governor's tight control of the party. He was first elected over the opposition of many party leaders and probably never set foot in a political clubhouse until he started running for public office.

The Most Important Post

Among the successes the party can point to are these:

\* After three decades in the desert in the Dewey-Rockefeller era, the Democrats pressed ahead and now have a Governor and Lieutenant Governor, a United States Senator and a State Attorney General. The Governor's post, with its access to campaign funds and jobs and the power to control the political agenda, is by far the most important post for a political party, and by the end of Governor Cuomo's present term in 1990, Democrats will have controlled the office for 16 years.

\* Democrats have substantial majorities in the state's delegation to the United States House of Representatives - 20 of 34 - and the State Assembly - 93 of 150. Significantly, Democrats outside New York City, once having minimal influence and representation in party councils, constitute growing proportions of the Democratic majorities - 8 of the 20 Democratic members of the House and 35 of the 93 Democratic Assembly members. Two-thirds of Governor Cuomo's landslide victory in 1986 came from outside New York City.

\* Democrats control city halls in Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Jamestown, Elmira, Binghamton and Yonkers. More significantly, in a state where city populations are shrinking and suburban populations are growing, they hold the county executive positions in Suffolk, Rockland, Dutchess, Albany, Monroe and Erie Counties -most of the heavily populated counties outside New York City.

Democrats have been able to take advantage of a population shift from the cities to the suburbs that would normally have hurt a party so dependent on urban voters.

Centerpiece of Convention

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the politician-sociologist whose renomination will be the centerpiece of the state convention tomorrow and Friday, views the growing Democratic strength in the largely ***working-class*** upstate region as a return to its pre-Civil War roots, when the area was largely Democratic. It turned Republican over the slavery issue, he said.

The Senator said the Republican domination upstate began ''breaking up'' with Lyndon B. Johnson's landslide victory in the 1964 Presidential election that swept many Democratic Congressional and legislative candidates into office.

Joseph F. Crangle, who is stepping down as the Erie County Democratic leader after 23 years of service that made him the senior Democratic county chairman in the state, said John F. Kennedy's Presidential candidacy in 1960 paved the way for Democratic victories because of his appeal to many Roman Catholic voters upstate. ''They discovered that Democrats don't have horns,'' Mr. Crangle said.

Modest successes led to more substantial victories as Democrats began capturing such posts as county executive and district attorney in the larger upstate and suburban counties.

The Democratic trend reached its high-water mark in 1986, when Governor Cuomo won 56 of the state's 62 counties, and last year, when Democrats captured county executive posts in three of the state's most populated counties - Suffolk, Erie and Monroe -the latter two for the first time ever.

In Monroe, which includes Rochester, the county executive, district attorney, surrogate and county clerk are now Democrats. Once overwhelmingly Republican, Suffolk County now has three Democratic Congressmen, more than the Bronx or Manhattan.

In generally Republican territory, these posts, with their access to contributions and jobs and the ability to give future Democratic candidates visibility, are crucial to building the party's strength.

'Easier to Recruit'

Joseph Quinn, a public school principal who is the Smithtown, L.I., Democratic leader, said Patrick G. Halpin's victory in the Suffolk county executive race had enhanced his ability to raise money and made it ''easier to recruit'' party workers. ''More people are calling up asking to be committee people, including some who had left and want to come back,'' he said.

At the other end of the state, Mr. Crangle noted that there were more Democrats in suburban and rural Erie County than in Buffalo, which once dominated the county, and more Democrats than Republicans outside the city, too.

The growing Democratic strength in the suburbs and upstate is vital to Democratic statewide candidates as New York City's share of the statewide vote is shrinking to about 30 percent, half of what it once was.

In the city, the party, despite its continuing electoral successes, is a shadow of what it was, with party leaders more likely to be coordinators or mediators than bosses, clubhouses closing and many party workers dying or retiring. ''Monopoly corrupts,'' Senator Moynihan said.

'Destroying the Party'

Only about half the Democratic clubs in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Queens have their own clubhouses and are viable political organizations, Democrats in the three boroughs say.

''We are destroying the party,'' said Assemblyman Herman D. Farrell, the Manhattan Democratic chairman, in describing the effect of legal, administrative and party restrictions on party officials holding public offices. The restrictions do not apply to legislators.

Assemblyman Daniel L. Feldman of Brooklyn said he had to take over the Democratic leadership of the 45th Assembly District in the Sheepshead Bay-Brighton Beach area, which produces one of the largest votes in the city, because no one else wanted the job.

City Councilman Walter L. McCaffrey, an influential figure in the Queens Democratic organization, said the city party ''has to replenish itself with a new generation of voters and workers.''

The party, he said, does not have a message. ''People say they vote the man, not the party,'' he said. ''That's like a stab in the heart; that's like saying you're not doing your job.''

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[***AT HOME WITH: Debi Mazar;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2NC0-0005-G4BT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Tomb of One's Own***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2NC0-0005-G4BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1178 words

**Byline:** Debi Mazar

By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

**Body**

DEBI MAZAR is an oddly likable person, and not just because she collects Lady Schick shavers.

It is also because Ms. Mazar, the actress, lives in a studio apartment decorated like a charming tomb, because she says she would rather date a plumber than a Hollywood agent, and because when a reporter offered to take her to lunch, she said no and whipped up tuna-fish sandwiches instead.

The door of her Greenwich Village apartment requires a hard shove before it cracks open with a hideous squeak. Darkness envelops visitors.

The building, nicknamed "Twin Peaks," looks to be from another century with its cathedral ceiling, huge exposed beams and wood-paneled walls. Built in 1830, it was reconfigured in 1924 by Clifford Reed Daily, who envisioned it as a haven for artists. He called it an "island growing in the desert of mediocrity."

There is a fireplace where candles and incense burn in small niches, and teeny windows that let in just enough light to let us know that we are indeed above ground.

"This is, like, my glamorous hotel," said Ms. Mazar, 30, who has constructed an entire career out of telling people off in a heavy Queens accent.

She did so in her role as Denise Iannello, the secretary on the television show "Civil Wars" who later jumped to "L.A. Law"; as a Brooklyn homegirl in Spike Lee's "Jungle Fever," and as Ray Liotta's cocaine-abusing girlfriend in "Goodfellas."

Her latest roles include the part of Spice to Drew Barrymore's Sugar, the girlfriends of Two-Face, played by Tommy Lee Jones, in "Batman Forever," which opens next week, and a lead in the independent film "Things I Never Told You," playing a transsexual.

Ms. Mazar said she didn't need to do much research for her roles as tough New York gals. "I didn't have to study up for 'Jungle Fever' or 'Goodfellas,' " she said as she mixed tuna with balsamic vinegar and some virgin olive oil. "Because I knew the life."

"I am first generation," she continued. "My family came from Latvia and went straight to the Bronx." She was born in Queens, the daughter of ***working-class*** parents; grew up on the Lower East Side, and is coveted by directors for her accent, her eyebrows plucked from "I Love Lucy" and a certain vamp charm that has kept her firmly in the role of the wacky second fiddle.

"I have a humble life, and I enjoy it," said Ms. Mazar, sitting down to her sandwich, olives and bocconcini. "I like sitting on my fire escape with my coffee, watching the people." If the people were to look up this day, they would see a woman with the waist of Olive Oyl and the arms of Popeye clad in black -- silk pants and a bra clearly visible through her sheer blouse.

"I always had dreams," she said. "I knew I wanted to have money to buy things at the flea market. That's worked out well."

Her real home is in Los Angeles now, but she had her cleaning lady "bust out" her dusty little apartment a few months ago in preparation for a stay during which she shot Mr. Lee's next film, "Girl Six." In it, she operates a phone sex line with Theresa Randall.

"I've got nothing bad to say about L.A. except that I don't dig the earthquakes," she said. "But I like to walk down the street. I'm a neighborhood girl. I go to the baker, the shoemaker, just like a Mother Goose rhyme."

In the middle of her apartment is an elevated daybed surrounded by red walls filled with books: Oscar Wilde's "Salome," a Diane Arbus biography by Patricia Bosworth, Nora Ephron's "Crazy Salad." Hanging from the ceiling is a chandelier she pillaged from Luchow's restaurant on 14th Street, now a vacant lot.

Her loft, reached by a ladder that is not for the intoxicated to dare, houses a tiny platform bed with a diamond-shaped porthole. Its walls are padded like a coffin. "This was really like a funky attic," she said. "I had to convert it into a more feminine sleeping area."

"I grew up with the bathtub in the kitchen and all that," she said, reflecting on New York apartments. "I dig the life style, but it's got to have its touches now. This is not the kind of place that makes you want to bolt out and go to the gym. It's like a womb in here."

Indeed, it was warm. "My friends sometimes say, 'Can I take off my shirt?' and just sit here in their bras," she said.

The apartment also serves as her party space. "This apartment has been a complete disco," she said. "We pump up the volume, everyone comes over and we just have our salsa moment."

And it has been a bed and breakfast. "At Christmas, I had my mother; her husband; my 11-year-old brother; my best friend, Robert, and a 100-pound Doberman," she said. (The Doberman pinscher curled up in a corner somewhere. The spaces where four adults might have slept were not visible to the unaided eye.)

She also collects stuff. She makes the flea-market rounds in every town she visits and crawls New York regularly for dishes, Heywood-Wakefield furniture, porcelain poodles and Lady Schick electric shavers. "I love them," she said of the shavers. "They have these Polynesian dancers and stuff. They are so chic, so spacelike."

Among her other collections are the costly and the kitschy: photographs by Walker Evans, Gary Winograd and Ms. Arbus (her favorite); cookbooks of all decades, like "The Joy of Jello" and "The Blender Cookbook," and dice. A dice thermometer and a dice pillbox sit on her kitchen table.

It is clear that Ms. Mazar comes into things in odd ways. Like her poodle, Dolores.

"One morning, I started talking to my glass poodle collection," she said. "I said to myself, 'I'm turning into some kind of nutty girl,' so I decided to go out and get my own dog."

One day, she picked up a 15-year-old copy of a journal called The Poodle Review. She flipped through it, studying the grooming samples. "I mean, each haircut is sicker than the next," she said. She called the editor and talked to him for an hour. He referred her to the president of the Poodle Club of America. Then came Dolores, who goes everywhere with her now.

"She's not one of those shaky, freaked-out animals," she said. "I live alone, so I thought it would be important to have a companion. I'm looking for the perfect leopard bed for her."

Controlling the world from her little daybed is perhaps Debi Mazar's greatest fantasy. She became agitated when a photographer showed up, and began to act as an art director. "Can we just sit here and keep talking while the photographer shoots?" she was asked, somewhat meekly.

"No." No excuses were offered.

And she is equally assertive about her career, despite her claims that she is happy playing supporting roles. On the telephone with her agent about an upcoming project, she said, "I want it equal." Ms. Mazar listened to the reply, then snapped: "I don't care. My resume is better. I'm getting upset."

Hanging from the ledge of her loft, swaying to "Maria" from the "West Side Story" soundtrack on her CD player, she said, "Wouldn't you just love it if someone sang this to you?"

"I'm single," she said later. "I date on both coasts, but there's nothing special right now. I'm still looking, searching, hoping, praying. We'll see what happens. I'm out there."

**Graphic**

Photos: Debi Mazar, a native New Yorker who portrays tough New Yorkers. (pg. C1); Debi Mazar decided to buy a real dog after she found herself talking to her glass poodle collection. She chose Dolores. (Photographs by Chang W. Lee/The New York Times); Debi Mazar's loft has a diamond-shaped porthole and padded walls. (pg. C10)

**Load-Date:** June 8, 1995

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[***PAPERBACKS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4XD0-0014-50X7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***PEOPLE ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4XD0-0014-50X7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 25, Column 2; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1099 words

**Byline:** By Lisa Zeidner; Lisa Zeidner's latest novel, ''Alexandra Freed,'' is a comedy of manners.

**Body**

COMING FIRST

By Paul Bryers.

240 pp. New York:

Atlantic Monthly Press. Paper, $7.95.

COMIC heroes often have girl trouble. A time-honored formula: Cyrano or Woody or Dudley watches and weeps as the bruiser makes off with the blonde. The plot usually allows the hero at least a moment of romantic triumph, a hint of hope that nice guys don't always have to finish last.

In ''Coming First,'' his exuberant novel, Paul Bryers, a British television writer and director, updates this plot to account for feminism and equal opportunity. Mr. Bryers makes it delightfully clear whose side he takes in the war between the sexes. Despite female bosses and female bodyguards, not much has really changed for poor bewildered men: they're forced to be ''sensitive,'' only to be dismissed as wimps, trod upon by the sharp heels of eternally demanding women.

The novel's hero, Preston Moody, doesn't have much trouble getting girls. The 36-year-old television director just can't please any of them, though he tries valiantly to be a New Man, ''something between a cuddly left version of Dr. Spock and the latter-day John Lennon.'' This polite, perfectly presentable fellow demands very little in return from women: some affection, some respect, some (dare he ask?) sex. He gets none of the above - not even from his mistress.

Preston's wife, Polly, resents his affair with Carla, an ambitious, brassy young woman who also happens to be his boss at the BBC. Furthermore, Preston suspects his wife isn't thrilled about his role as surrogate father to her best friend's baby - although having him impregnate Miranda was Polly's idea. Actually, Preston happens to know that he couldn't be the father, but he has been too shy to say so.

He has also been too busy. Preston directs Carla in her feminist talk show, ''Shrews at Ten,'' which is controversial enough to be perpetually on the brink of cancellation. He helps to care for his twins, dutifully accompanies Miranda to childbirth classes and deals with a nasty, embarrassing health problem. In his spare time, he pursues a private obsession: the truth about the American feminist writer Eva Eichler, a former Vice-Presidential candidate who committed suicide by walking into the ocean at Surrey - unless it was murder.

AS he tumbles through disasters at home and at work, Preston encounters every stereotype of women in power. Carla, the ruthless supervisor, shares not only a personality but a profession with Faye Dunaway's hard-noser from ''Network.'' We meet nuns, schoolmarms and nurses, whining wives and cold female physicians - all of the big, bossy, hairy-legged knuckle-rappers of the world. ''Preston wondered why, sooner or later, almost every woman he met started to sound like his grandmother.''

In voicing these complaints, Preston is sweetly wry and self-deprecating. He's an endearing buffoon who radiates a quotient of boyish wonder. The boyishness is stragetic, for Preston as well as for the author: it allows Mr. Bryers to keep his hero sympathetic, which is essential to this kind of comedy.

That the New Man is an impossible hybrid -half teddy bear, half tiger - may not be news to readers. But Preston's gloss of feminism's class issues is more original. ''It seemed to him that an awful lot of middle-class feminists were after the same slice of the cake so recently carved up by honest aspiring ***working-class*** lads like himself. He didn't mind so much if they were prepared to fight fair. But they weren't. They used crutches, and if they didn't trip you up with them they put them between your legs and brought them up sharp.''

''Coming First'' offers a saucy, knowing view of ambition, and of the difficulty of balancing personal and professional lives. It isn't easy for anyone, male or female. Carla competes with other women in much the same way that Preston must prove himself against his male colleagues, all threateningly more dapper and more intelligent. As Preston's own career spirals downward, he must learn that ''the real battle was about winning control over your own life, not power over others.''

On this theme, Mr. Bryers turns a tad sanctimonious. And the plot runs away from him some. He never establishes a credible motive for Preston's fascination with Eva Eichler, so the denouement involving her falls somewhat flat. But with this kind of antic plot, pacing is always difficult. After a certain amount of slapstick, any device an author uses to achieve order at the end is bound to feel like a device. For the most part, Mr. Bryers balances the farce very nicely with his more earnest moralizing, making ''Coming First'' breezy and likable.

A LOSING GAME

Preston Moody, the hapless antihero of ''Coming First,'' sees his life as a losing game of Right Roads, Wrong Roads. ''There is such a board game, and I had it,'' said Preston's creator, Paul Bryers, talking on the phone from his home in London. ''It reflects the Victorian morality, which is coming back, of success or failure happening through your own efforts, and if you take a wrong turn, you wind up in the soup.''

He used the game as the novel's central metaphor, he said, because ''I saw this man as confused by this prevailing morality of getting ahead and by the sexual revolution, which he completely misunderstood. He reckoned there was a war between the species and that the way you won was by doing what was expected of you.''

Preston's confusion ''seems to reflect the condition of a lot of my friends,'' said the 38-year-old Mr. Bryers, a former newspaper reporter who is a freelance television writer, producer and director. In fact, the novel grew out of what he had been hearing at dinner parties and in conversations about love and work.

''It is my first book about 'real life,' as opposed to 'real events,' '' he said. A history major who graduated from Southampton University in England, he has written three journalistically inspired thrillers - ''Hollow Target,'' ''The Cat Trapper'' and ''Hire Me a Base Fellow.''

Mr. Bryers, who is married and the father of a 5-year-old son, is now producing a television film about Britain's 1938 capitulation to Adolf Hitler at Munich. But he is also writing ''The Adultery Department,'' another novel of contemporary morality. In such matters, he says, ''there is a 'ratchet effect' in England; men are always behind the women.'' Preston Moody, for example, finally learned ''that you have to act like a decent human being,'' Mr. Bryers said. ''But he is still playing things by rules. So am I, but fortunately, the women I know are too clever for me, so my worst excesses are controlled.''  -  DEBORAH STEAD

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***On Stage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4NC0-0014-5440-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Enid Nemy

**Body**

Brightman Berlin Bound Sarah Brightman, the co-star of ''The Phantom of the Opera,'' will be leaving the show June 4, the evening before the Tony Award ceremony. A spokesman for the musical said the British actress had a concert commitment with the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra at the end of June. She will be replaced by Patti Cohenour, who has been playing the role of Christine for two performances a week.

Miss Brightman's appearance on Broadway was the subject of weeks of controversy and negotiation, which at one time jeopardized the mounting of the production here. It pitted American Actor's Equity, which maintained that the part, created by Miss Brightman in London, should be played by an American, against Andrew Lloyd Webber, the musical's composer and Miss Brightman's husband. The actress had permission from Equity to remain to the end of July, but the spokesman said management agreed some time ago to her departure in early June.

Miss Brightman was not nominated for a Tony Award, although the musical received 10 nominations, including one for Michael Crawford who plays the Phantom and another for Judy Kaye, a featured actress.

Audiences on the Move

Could it possibly be that the new trend in theater is the peripatetic audience? ''Tamara,'' which has been playing for almost seven months at the Seventh Regiment Armory, has the entire audience following various cast members. ''Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,'' which re-opened June 1 at the Washington Square Church (135 West Fourth Street) after a three-month run earlier this year, has the audience going through a receiving line and moving on to a catering hall for the ''stand-up and mingle'' reception. Now the Lincoln Center Theater has a show coming up in which a third of the audience will ''promenade,'' which, translated, means they'll move with the actors from scene to scene.

This one is called ''Road,'' and it will be performed in association with La Mama E.T.C. at La Mama's Annex Theater (66 East Fourth Street), which is being converted to accommodate the ''environmental'' staging. The drama, a recent success at the Royal Court Theater in London, is about a small ***working-class*** town in the industrial north of England. It's scheduled to open July 12.

McGovern and Beckett

But even before that, on June 10 at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, there'll be ''I'll Go On,'' a one-man show with the Irish actor Barry McGovern. The 90-minute offering is based on three Samuel Beckett novels and was adapted by Mr. McGovern and Gerry Dukes for the Gate Theater of Dublin. Madonna's Second Show? Speculation that Madonna, who is co-starring with Ron Silver and Joe Mantegna in David Mamet's ''Speed-the-Plow,'' would attract some new people to the theater is now fact, both theatergoers and ushers report. Evidence of this, observed at an early performance, was an increased amount of jumping up and down for refreshments during the show. And then, according to one usher, there was the busload of Madonna fans who arrived late, missed the first act and remained in their seats when the performance was over, waiting for the show to start again.

Collecting a 'Butterfly' Role

When John Lithgow was sent the script for ''M. Butterfly,'' he was on a mountaintop in California making a movie. He had heard the premise of the play, thought it ''pretty unlikely,'' and let three weeks go by before he read it. But, he said, once he started, ''it came alive in my hands; I could barely stand to leave it when I was called to film.''

''I decided I had to do it,'' he recalled. ''I called the casting director and found that when they didn't hear from me, they thought I wasn't interested and they had offered it to another actor.''

''You've made a terrible mistake,'' Mr. Lithgow said over the long-distance wires and immediately decided that he would fight for the role, although, he added, ''I'm not normally that arrogant or sure of myself.'' He still doesn't know how he got the part, whether the other actor backed out or the producers did, but he's now up for a Tony Award for his portrayal of Rene Gallimard. He won a Tony in 1973 (''The Changing Room'') and was nominated in 1985 (''Requiem for a Heavyweight'').

Despite numerous honors and awards for a career in television and motion pictures, as well as on stage, Mr. Lithgow said one of his biggest thrills and biggest ovations had nothing to do with theater, although he added a theatrical touch. Several years ago, he was asked to make the commencement address at his son's prep school and he approached it as an entertainer, asking the dean for one amusing fact about each of the 40 students. He wrote a long poem.

''The poem went off like a depth charge,'' he recalled. ''I had some recent incident about all of them, including a girl who was still absent with chicken pox. It was a little lesson in theater.''

Black Leather Extras

Believe this, if you can. The Brooklyn Academy of Music is looking for 10 extras for the Ingmar Bergman directed ''Hamlet.'' They will play the final scene dressed in black leather, carry submachine guns, blast everyone in sight and pose with Hamlet's body for a ''photo opportunity.'' The Royal Dramatic Theater of Sweden production opens June 8, in Swedish. The academy is also looking for 10 men over the age of 70, 10 muscle men, two white sheep and various dogs for two dance-theater works - ''Viktor'' and ''Carnations'' -choreographed by Pina Bausch of West Germany. Fortunately, the Bausch company is bringing its own carnations, 10,000 of them. Performances begin June 27.

A Gala and a Benefit

Look at it this way - summer is around the corner and that means a period of estivation for benefits. In the meantime, there's the Women's Project 10th anniversary gala on June 6 at Tavern on the Green. Founded by Julia Miles to insure that women's talents are recognized in the theater, the organization annually honors women in various fields. This year the honors will go to Glenda Jackson, Dr. Mathilde Krim, Diane Sawyer, Betty Allen and Diane Coffey. Cccktails, awards and buffet supper are $200. Telephone 242-4168.

Then on June 12, Mary Martin will be celebrating the 50th anniversary of her Broadway debut in Cole Porter's ''Leave It to Me'' and Patricia Morison, an original cast member, will celebrate the 40th anniversary of Porter's ''Kiss Me Kate'' at a Town Hall benefit for the Mabel Mercer Foundation. Miss Martin is to sing ''My Heart Belongs to Daddy'' and Barbara Cook, Julie Wilson and Lee Roy Reams are are just a few of those scheduled to perform. Tickets are $50 to $350 (this includes a supper dance at the St. Regis). Information: 879-4890.

Amy Irving Leaving 'Road'

Kathy Bates is scheduled to take over from Amy Irving in ''The Road to Mecca'' as of July 5.

**Graphic**

drawing

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[***LONG ISLAND JOURNAL; A Catholic Education at a Price That's Right***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46XN-K980-01CN-H444-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By MARCELLE S. FISCHLER; E-mail: , [*lijournal@nytimes.com*](mailto:lijournal@nytimes.com)

**Body**

SURROUNDED by his 11 fifth-grade charges, Brother Richard Lalime sat at a child's desk in a large, sunny classroom in Freeport, reading a scary play.

Neatly dressed in matching light-blue polo shirts, gray slacks and sturdy black shoes, the children listened attentively, seeming to cling to Brother Lalime's every word. Then they sang a song about the Ten Commandments, pushed back their chairs and scrambled into an adjoining room for a snack.

Brother Lalime's students are the first class in a new, one-room Catholic academy, the De La Salle School. Bucking the trend, ignoring financial difficulties and slumping enrollments that have caused other Catholic schools to close or cut back, the new parochial boys' school opened in September. Nine of the 11 boys transferred from public schools.

"I look upon the classroom as holy ground," said Brother Lalime, 54, a portly, old-fashioned schoolmaster who has been teaching for 33 years and sees himself as a Pygmalion. "It's a place where miracles really can happen."

The middle school continues the tradition of the La Salle Center, a private Catholic boarding school in Oakdale that closed in 2001 after 118 years. Brother Thomas P. Casey, the executive director of the De La Salle School, was the principal there from 1988 to 1993. "We wanted to maintain our presence in the Diocese of Rockville Centre," Brother Casey said, though the school is private and run under separate auspices. "It's a continuity from what was happening there to here."

The school is a project of the De La Salle Christian Brothers, a religious order of laymen in the Roman Catholic Church founded in 17th-century France by St. John Baptist de La Salle. He founded a free school for the children of the ***working-class*** poor, who weren't getting an education in either the faith or the basic skills that they needed to function in society, to save them in the here and now as well as the hereafter.

"Here we are three centuries later in the United States instead of France, in Freeport instead of Reims and there is still the situation of young people who are at risk of danger, young people in need of salvation on both of those levels," Brother Casey said.

Sam Valcin, 9, of Freeport went to the Centennial Avenue School in Roosevelt last year. He said the rules were stricter at De La Salle and he missed having twice as many children in his class, but the parochial school had its upside.

"In my old school, they didn't teach you about God," Sam said. "They only taught you about math and social studies and science."

The single-sex, single-class per grade program is geared toward children in danger of getting lost in a larger setting. Parents had to agree to be involved. Plans include adding a grade each year through the eighth grade. The school is leasing space from the Our Holy Redeemer parish. The school shares an aging gymnasium and part of a cafeteria space with the New Visions school, a public magnet school with about 400 students in grades one to four that is scheduled to relocate at the end of the year.

The goal is more than academics. Brother Lalime said he was emphasizing manners and taming the children's tendency to interrupt, name call, run around the room and not listen. "It's not like the 'Leave It to Beaver' classroom," where everyone is sitting down with their hands folded," Brother Lalime said. "Many came without the basic social skills. It feels like it's the toilet-training period. We are trying to get them at the very beginning. This way they can be the gentlemen we feel they can be, the Christian gentlemen they can be."

A few weeks after school began, dozens of neatly written assignments marked with "A's" were tacked on bulletin boards around the large, tidy classroom filled with flags and banners marked "Be Kind," "Be Patient," "Be Thoughtful." During one of their twice-weekly visits to the Freeport Public Library down the block, the children researched reports on different countries. They laboriously copied assignments and spelling words into binders, then fidgeted in their seats.

"We don't have a big instrumental program and we don't have a competitive sports team," Brother Lalime said. "Our emphasis is on helping them get the basic skills in reading, writing and arithmetic and we add on religion and respect."

Tuition is $60 a month, compared with an average annual tuition of $2,400 for Catholic elementary schools in the diocese, and the children received free school supplies and books. Since 1993 the brothers have opened 12 schools, mostly middle schools, from Rhode Island to San Francisco for children who couldn't otherwise afford it, relying on individual philanthropists, corporate donors and foundation grants.

Since he started at De La Salle, Maria Hernandez said, her son Chucky Cipollo, 10, wakes up grinning every morning. "I feel like my son is really going to excel, almost like his future is sort of mapped already," said Ms. Hernandez, a single mom. "My older son is in public school and everyday that he goes to school I am wary of the environment that he's in."

Tessa Tavernier, 33, always wanted to send her son, Elijah Miller, 10, to Catholic School. As a single mother, she simply couldn't afford it. Then she heard about the low-budget tuition and the small class size. She enrolled her son. "It was like a blessing," said Ms. Tavernier, of Freeport. "An answer to my prayers."

"It's the discipline," she said, her confidence unshaken by passing thoughts about sending her son to a new Catholic school in a era scarred by revelations about sex abuse by priests. "A better education and the whole morale of the school. For me, it's a better environment. They want the kids to learn values."

Family Law

To study for the New York State Bar exam, Natasha Moskvina stuck notes about obscure statutes and cases in the hallways, on the mirrors and on the switchplates of her family's Port Washington home. Law books were piled up all over the place. Her mother, Olga Ruh, didn't mind the clutter. She needed to learn the same legal rules. "It helps a lot," Mrs. Ruh said. "It forces you to stop and study even more."

In May, Ms. Moskvina, 25, graduated from Vanderbilt University Law School in Nashville. Mrs. Ruh, 47, graduated from St. John's University Law School in Queens in June. They took a bar review class together and at the end of July, both took the bar examinations for New York State and New Jersey. While Ms. Moskvina studied 7 to 9 hours daily, and her mother spent 14 to 15 hours cramming the books, it is believed to be the first time a mother and daughter sat for the state bar examination at the same time.

"The exam was very hard," Mrs. Ruh said. "It's not easy to study but when you have someone like Natasha, who was always encouraging me and whenever I had questions, she was willing to help."

While preparing, Ms. Moskvina said she excelled at the multiple choice questions; her mother wrote the better essays. They discussed issues, questions and methodologies, exchanged books and hints and shared sources. On the New York State part of the test, they sat about 50 seats apart.

"It was like moral support," Ms. Moskvina said. "Before the exam started, we would wave to each other. It was good to reduce the pressure."

When they emigrated from Russia in 1990, Ms. Moskvina and Mrs. Ruh said they never imagined that a dozen years later, they would both be preparing to become part of the legal system in the United States.

In Russia, Mrs. Ruh worked as an English language tour guide in Moscow, often accompanying groups of American lawyers, not just to see the Kremlin or Red Square but to meet with their Soviet colleagues. The lawyers would tell her about jurisprudence and the justice system in America. Four years after meeting another tourist, William Ruh, an architect from Queens, Mrs. Ruh, who was divorced, moved to New York to marry him. They settled in Port Washington. "When I came here I had a big decision to make what to do with myself," said Mrs. Ruh, an English and German teacher by training. She enrolled in a lawyer's assistant program at Adelphi University and took a job as a paralegal at a Manhattan law firm. She worked full time, specializing in elder law, while attending St. John's at night, graduating in four years.

Ms. Moskvina said she decided on a career in law not long after moving to the United States.

She was a witness, then a lawyer on the mock trial team at Schreiber High School and majored in political science at Duke University. Alone together, mother and daughter converse only in Russian.

After traveling overseas, Ms. Moskvina will be moving to Washington to do anti-trust work with the Federal Trade Commission. Mrs. Ruh is working as a legal assistant at a law firm in Lake Success..

Some day they hope to work together. "This is my personal goal in life down the road; to set up our own practice," Mrs. Ruh said. Her daughter concurred.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Brother Richard Lalime with his fifth-grade class at the De La Salle School, where children of the working poor get an education. (Kevin P. Coughlin for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 6, 2002

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[***Review/Fashion;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XM7-4S50-00RP-K045-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Midwesterner in Paris Emerges As the Surprise of Surprises***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XM7-4S50-00RP-K045-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By CATHY HORYN

By CATHY HORYN

**Dateline:** PARIS, Oct. 10

**Body**

One lives in hope, as Andre Leon Talley, the Vogue editor, likes to say -- meaning that for every budding genius, every horribly effete or earnest display, one lives in hope of seeing a young designer finally burst flush with talent.

It is what one comes to Paris for, and it was why Mr. Talley, ecstatically draped in a China-blue kimono with a black and white fur over his arm, stood outside the Jeremy Scott show on Saturday night -- the final day of the French spring ready-to-wear collections -- with 100 other souls, even though there was no chance of getting in.

The fire marshals had declared the place full and locked the door.

Well, so much for declarations. As soon as the show ended, Mr. Talley, who is a big man, cut a swath through the crowd like an ambulance shooting down Fifth Avenue, with all the people who had been left outside pouring in behind him.

Going straight into the dressing room, toward the bright lights of the television cameras, Mr. Talley heard a couple of fashion writers say it was Mr. Scott's best show. And presently, on the video replay, he saw for himself how a scrawny 26-year-old designer from Missouri, who had been too hot for anyone to handle -- going around Paris with gold caps on his front teeth, seemingly trying to revolt everybody with his "vive l'avant-garde!" bluster -- had simmered down to a cool, mature talent.

Mr. Scott's great stroke was to use his own experience, which is not merely that of an American in Paris, but specifically that of a Midwesterner -- as a foil to jet-set glamour. To the tick-tock tempo of "Welcome Aboard," the models strolled out in the old style of department store fashion shows, with Mr. Scott providing perky commentary. "Our first model wears . . . " And out came khaki shirtdresses and suave trench coats printed cheekily with Mr. Scott's name. Other ingenious touches included logo flight bags and baby-blue tennis dresses, which Mr. Talley called "very Serena and Venus" and Mr. Scott admitted were inspired by the Williams sisters.

The show was a sweet victory for the misfit Mr. Scott. Standing near him were his sister, Barbara, a lawyer in Kansas City, and their mother, Sandy, a teacher. You could tell they had never given up hope. Clutching a bunch of flowers against her corduroy jumper, Mrs. Scott said, "Everybody needs a backup plan when they start out, and I told Jeremy that I would be his backup if his reality didn't come true. But it has, and I am still here."

There were other surprises in the final days of the collections, particularly strong showings by established designers that all but made puny the claims of the newer generation. Showing between such a pair as Karl Lagerfeld of Chanel and Christian Lacroix, Narciso Rodriguez's collection for Loewe was a blandly thin layer of frosting buried in a scrumptious mountain of cake. Mr. Rodriguez showed white leather for day and white leather for night, but it did not add up to love in the afternoon.

Mr. Lacroix, on the other hand, seemed to come alive with his collection. Opening with a sleek coat in a black and white floral pattern over tropical-print jersey pants, Mr. Lacroix convincingly mixed simple, modern shapes with kinetic colors and sudden bursts of pattern. Everything was essentially based on the idea of two pieces -- say, a pink jersey polo shirt worn nonchalantly with a short skirt of chartreuse raw linen, which gradually broke up around the hem in a loosely woven pattern of leaves.

Here were clothes that didn't look too much like Lacroix -- that, in fact, seemed to break free of the old references. There were white jersey bell-bottoms printed just at the back of the hems with an eccentric drizzle of tie-dye flowers, a long-sleeve gray jersey polo shirt worn with a fuchsia skirt splashed with a crescent of metallic paillettes, and a fawn-colored suede tunic scissored open at one side and glazed with silver beadwork. All this was shown with the coolest stilettos: covered in striped or dotted fabric, they flaunted the designer's lighter attitude.

Sitting front and center at the Chanel show was Marianne Faithfull, whose career and songs of despair have meant so much to the post-1960's generation. "I am mad for her," said Mr. Lagerfeld, who dressed Ms. Faithfull in Chanel for a performance here. "I think she is one of the most truthful human beings I know. She has really gone through life like a survivor."

One could say the same of Mr. Lagerfeld. He keeps moving. And anyone who tries to write him off, say he's over, finished, forgets that his natural movement is forward. The show he sent out for Chanel caught the momentum for refined clothes with a dash of logos (subtly camouflaged in a print) and more feminine volume. That might mean a short, bouffant skirt of oyster satin worn with a quilted chartreuse camisole, or a flippy print skirt with a tight jacket in python -- a big trend here.

Other take-away points in the show were hip-hugging jeans with three zippers across the front, worn with a black lace T-shirt and a black boucle jacket. Also on the march were pearls and quilted bags (now attached to what looks like an oven mitt), but the real news was Mr. Lagerfeld's cool revival of the Chanel jacket. He has made it lighter, almost weightless, with a coy, inside layer of floral chiffon drifting out like a blouse.

In the last couple of seasons, Nicolas Ghesquiere has emerged as a cult figure, in part because his silhouette for Balenciaga is so unlike anyone else's, and also because his shapes seemed to combine two current themes: 1980's disco (wide shoulders, pencil-thin trousers) with 1950's volume.

In fact, to look at the smocked yoke of Mr. Ghesquiere's taupe jersey dress or one of his high-necked shirts or the V-front of a distressed leather top is to see not the 80's but the very same details that Cristobal Balenciaga used in the 50's. Mr. Ghesquiere's strength is to express these ideas in his own terms. A gathered Balenciaga sleeve now becomes a crushed leather glove. To convey Balenciaga's ideal of Spanish correctness, Mr. Ghesquiere will put a crisp pinstripe shirt under a distressed brown leather top. Brilliant.

Elsewhere on the runways, Ennio Capasa sent out a strong, simplified collection of sleek black separates enlivened with deep lavender suede dresses and chiffon blouses that tied at the neck. Jean Paul Gaultier's show, based on a "Love Boat" theme, was hilarious, all right, with models sashaying out in Polynesian-print palazzo pants, bloomers under denim miniskirts, jersey dresses and tops gathered in keyholes around belly buttons, and big, buffoonish hair. But as a collection it didn't make waves.

Whatever happened to the light hand of John Galliano? He got himself in such a twist the other night with his own collection, mixing musical references and styles through the decades, that the whole thing began to seem like the sartorial equivalent of the Mashed Potato, if that's possible. There were some good moments, though -- a coffee-colored satin party frock flounced with an underskirt of tulle, and some skinny pant suits that brought to mind not so much the Teddy Boys of the late 50's but the fierce, ***working-class*** style in Stanley Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange."

Still, it's impossible to pay much attention to Mr. Galliano's overwrought clothes, with their ornate layers and heavy fabrics, without thinking he has too much money at his disposal. He was much more inventive when he was poor and had the audacity to use common telephone wire to give his skirts their modern swing.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A Christian Lacroix graphic jacket with three-quarter-length sleeves and flounced floral silk skirt. Jean Paul Gaultier's low-slung skirt with a jersey bodysuit gathered around a navel keyhole, with a bag to match. Jeremy Scott has his logo printed in diagonal stripes across a cotton shirtwaist dress. A distressed leather top over a striped shirt and skinny trousers from Nicolas Ghesquiere for Balenciaga. From John Galliano, a coffee-colored satin bouffant frock is worn over a cloud of tulle. From Karl Lagerfeld, Chanel's quilted camisole top and flared oyster satin skirt with a belt of pearls. Chanel's multicolored python jacket over a tiered print skirt with a "CC" logo mixed in among the flowers. (Photographs by Corina and Dan Lecca for The New York Times)

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[***FARE OF THE COUNTRY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4XC0-0014-50VP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Broad Beans Herald Roman Spring***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4XC0-0014-50VP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1203 words

**Byline:** By NANCY HARMON JENKINS; NANCY HARMON JENKINS, editor of The Journal of Gastronomy, is working on a book about American ethnic and immigrant foods.

**Body**

THE markets and restaurants of Rome exhibit at this time of the year an explosion of fresh fruit and vegetables. Small, tender, violet-colored artichokes, the long, slender stalks of wild asparagus, crisp puntarelle, a chicory-like green much favored for first-course salads, tiny, sweet peas called piselli romaneschi, the succulent, spinach-like vegetable called agretti. All the products of the little truck gardens that proliferate around the city are heaped in market stalls or laid out in restaurant displays for stately Roman gourmands who examine the fare of the day and make their selections before proceeding to their tables.

Most favored of all these deeply flavorful, seasonal delights are humble broad beans, Vicia faba, called fave in Italian and horse beans or favas as well as broad beans in English. These beans, almost unknown in North America except among populations with a Greek or Italian background, are a harbinger of spring throughout the Mediterranean. Planted in late December or early January after the olive harvest, they winter over, well beneath the soil through the cold weather and begin to emerge in late March with the strengthening light of day. Traditionally Romans begin eating broad beans on May 1, a national holiday, but from the middle of April into June, they are a familiar and much-loved feature of Roman dining. Indeed, they can be found as a seasonal first course in restaurants all over southern and central Italy.

Until the late 15th or early 16th century, when green haricot beans were introduced from the New World, broad beans and peas were the staple legumes of the European diet, as they were also in the ***working-class*** diet of ancient Egypt. One of the few Old World beans, broad beans, with their thick, fleshy, shiny pods, are primitive and strange looking to anyone used to the slender green beans of America.

Like all spring vegetables, broad beans are at their best when very young and tender. In Rome, at this stage of development, they are often served raw as a first course. Piles of tiny young beans are brought to the table and consumed casually by diners who split open the pods and eat the little, fingernail-sized beans snuggled in their feathery textured pods. Sharp, rather salty pecorino romano, a sheep's milk cheese, is a favorite accompaniment for what is meant to be a cocktail sort of food, something to nibble on while you sip white wine and consider the menu. So prized are raw broad beans, that Roman children help themselves to handfuls as they pass through the markets on their way to school, and the discarded pods join the rest of the litter that accumulates in the cobbled streets of Vecchia Roma, the district that extends westward from Corso Vittorio Emanuele II and Piazza Venezia toward the Tiber.

Raw or cooked, broad beans have a distinctive earthy, musty flavor that is profoundly appealing, and nowhere more so than in Rome. The rich volcanic and alluvial soils that surround the city, combined with the skill and tender care developed by the Romans over milleniums of careful gardening, give Roman vegetables an extraordinary depth of flavor.

While other cuisines, the French and the British among them, puree broad beans for soups or serve them as accompaniments to fatty meats like duck or pork, Romans - and Italians in general - like to serve broad beans, as they do other seasonal vegetables, on their own, after the antipasto and before the main course. Although the pods, when very young and slender, can be eaten, the beans themselves are most prized in Italy. Fave col guanciale, also called fave alla romana, is the favorite way of cooking them. Guanciale, or meaty salt pork, is diced and sauteed with finely sliced onions in an abundance of olive oil. Then the shelled broad beans are added, with a little water, and stewed until they are buttery tender and swimming in a rich and fragrant sauce.

Whether great or humble, any Roman restaurant worth its salt will be serving fave alla romana throughout the season. The best places to eat this specialty, however, are in the little trattorias and osterias along the narrow streets and sunny squares off Campo dei Fiori, the open-air marketplace near Piazza Navona. Many of these establishments have tables outside where, in fair weather - and it is almost always fair weather in Rome at this time of the year - you can sit and watch the passing scene while you dine.

These restaurants are also good places to sample other hearty, old-fashioned dishes that are associated with la cucina romana - dishes such as spaghetti con vongole veraci, with tiny sweet clams in their shells and lots of garlic; gnocchi, little flour and potato or ricotta and spinach dumplings with a dusting of parmigiano; coda alla vaccinara, a rich oxtail stew; fresh fish from the market (except on Mondays), and abbachio al forno, milk-fed lamb from the Abruzzi, baked in an oven until it is so tender you can cut it with a fork.

You may want to precede your meal with a visit to the Campo dei Fiori market itself. It is open from about 9:30 A.M., Monday through Saturday, but the best time to see it is at noon, when the cannon fire from the Janiculum announces to Roman housewives that it is time to conclude the morning shopping and get on with preparations for the midday meal. The market is then at its height and, even for tourists with no chance to cook the abundance of meat, fish, vegetables and fruit displayed beneath huge, square umbrellas, it is a wonderful experience to wander among the genially aggressive crowds of shoppers.

IF YOU GO

The Campo dei Fiori, in the heart of historic Rome, is surrounded by trattorias. Many Roman restaurants serve only raw fave with pecorino cheese because the cooked version requires long, tedious labor. However, La Carbonara (Piazza Campo dei Fiori 23; telephone 656-4783), serves cooked fave con guanciale and la vignarola, a specialty with artichokes, peas and lettuce. A three-course meal of typical Roman cuisine at La Carbonara costs $25 to $33, la vignarola $5 or $6. (Prices given at the exchange rate of 1,240 lire to the dollar.) Situated on the extreme right corner of the adjacent square, Piazza Farnese, is Osteria ar Galletto (Vicolo del Gallo 1; 656-1714), which also offers la vignarola and a great selection of Roman vegetables including agretti, rughetta, puntarelle, cicoria and, naturally, artichokes alla romana. Salads vary from $2.50 to $3.25, la vignarola is $4.85 and a full meal, about $20.

A block from the Farnese Palace, the Vicolo dei Venti will lead you to the Trattoria della Quercia (Piazza della Quercia 23; 656-4206), with outside tables protected by the shade of an enormous oak tree that gives the square and the restaurant their name. To the right of the restaurant is Sant Maria della Quercia, where through the open door young people can be seen at work on restoration of 17th-century paintings, and across the tiny piazza is the Spada Palace with Borromini's celebrated trompe l'oeil. A meal at the trattoria will cost about $25. The Trattoria della Quercia serves raw and cooked fave only in its high season, around the Roman Labor Day, May 1, when fave are a treat that highlights the day.    DONATELLA ORTONA

**Graphic**

photos of prepared foods; map of Rome, Italy

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[***THE NATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VH30-008G-F122-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***New York, Lost and Found***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VH30-008G-F122-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By PAUL GOLDBERGER

**Body**

WHEN Mayor Robert F. Wagner signed a bill 30 years ago this month to create the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission, he intended to stop, or at least slow down, New York's notorious tendency to sell off its greatest architectural works for a mess of pottage. If the law could have assured no more disasters like the demolition of the old Pennsylvania Station in 1963, its framers would have been happy.

But the law has done much more than keeping the wreckers away from famous buildings -- so much more that it may be the single most influential piece of legislation affecting land use in New York since the first zoning laws went on the books in 1916. The law, which decreed that buildings important to the city's "cultural, social, economic, political or architectural history" be preserved unless a compelling legal case could be made for their demolition, has changed the nature of planning and architecture in the city and in the whole country. It has been copied by cities and towns around the nation, and it has been the legal platform on which a whole culture of historic preservation has been built.

When New York decided that it was the proper role of government to save valued buildings, other cities followed -- slowly at first, and then, after the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the landmarks law in 1978, with more determination. Before New York got into the preservation business in 1965, two years after Penn Station was torn down to make way for a new Madison Square Garden, only two other major cities, Charleston and New Orleans, had done anything to save historic buildings, and their laws applied only to specific historic districts. New York's law gave the landmarks commission the power to cast its net over the entire city.

Saved from the Dumps

And cast it did. From a tentative start, the commission grew bolder and bolder, to the point where 1,021 individual buildings have now been designated as city landmarks. Penn Station may have been carted off to the dumps, but Grand Central Terminal, the New York Public Library, the Plaza Hotel and skyscrapers from the Woolworth Building to Lever House will be with us forever.

And the establishment of 66 historic districts has had an even more sweeping effect on the cityscape: with 20,178 brownstones and row houses and loft buildings from SoHo to Brooklyn Heights to the Upper West Side protected under these blanket designations, the mold of the urban form has quite literally been set. No zoning law could have saved the elegant limestone townhouse blocks of the Upper East Side from the pressures of redevelopment in the boom of the 1980's; landmark designation was the only tool that kept that neighborhood together.

By now landmarking is such an established concept that the real problem facing the commission is not skepticism over the idea of saving historic buildings, but the belief that the commission has already designated everything worth saving. After all, 1,021 is a lot of buildings, and that list includes virtually every New York structure in the architectural history books. What more is the landmarks commission to do?

Plenty. As the city evolves, so does the very concept of landmarking and the sense of what saving history actually means. The buildings that are now designated landmarks are largely, though not entirely, the solid, grand buildings of the haute bourgeoisie; they represent the architectural legacy of the people, largely European immigrants, who built New York in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

But the New York taking shape now is a very different city, and it may well leave a different architectural legacy. The landmarks commission has begun in the last few years to pay more attention to architecture in poor and ***working-class*** neighborhoods, and to acknowledge that there is both historic and esthetic value to many buildings that are not Beaux Arts palaces of granite and limestone. In the coming years the commission will have the challenge of seeing that the roster of landmarks continues to reflect the cultures shaping the city's history now.

And then there is the question of the city's newer buildings. Since the landmarks legislation makes buildings eligible for designation once they are 30 years old -- the exact age of the commission now -- the whole question of the architecture of the 1960's is coming into play. For years it has been fashionable in architectural circles to denounce the skyscrapers and apartment buildings of the 1960's as worthless commercial trash -- but the Art Deco buildings of the 1930's were once called that, too. Will time mellow our views of the 1960's as it has mellowed our views of the '30's? Will anything from the decade that gave New York Lincoln Center and the Pan Am building be worth designating? The commission will soon have to decide.

There is yet another challenge. Preservation may seem an established part of life in New York and other major cities, but to many people -- from right-wing ideologues to property owners outraged at having to get approval for minor changes to their buildings' facades -- it represents an unfair intrusion into individual rights. The anti-regulatory spirit of the Republican Congress is no friend to preservationists.

Indeed, if most landmarks legislation were Federal rather than local it would probably already be a target of the Republican Contract With America, which has made it a goal to dilute Federal environmental legislation. Localities are not immune to the current anti-regulatory mood; the backlash can't bode well for the security of landmarks in many communities. Paradoxically, historic preservation is inherently conservative -- what is it, after all, but keeping the best of the old? -- yet because preservation interferes with the free market, it has traditionally been seen as part of the liberal agenda.

End of the Urban Frontier

Perhaps because New York has always been a city more comfortable than many with governmental intervention in the free market, there seems little danger that the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission's mandate will be reduced, whatever the national mood. In fact, 30 years of the landmarks commission have brought about a sea change in New York. Until the commission was established, New York had always been a city that tore itself down and built itself up relentlessly, with little sense of a history; it was an urban frontier, the last century's equivalent of Silicon Valley, a place that thinks only of a future, and never of a past.

The establishment of the landmarks commission was the moment when this ferocious and adolescent city first admitted that there were parts of itself worth handing down to future generations. It was a rite of maturation. If the creation of New York's skyscrapers marked the beginnings of the city's role as one of the world's great and powerful urban centers, the establishment of the landmarks commission marked its move into a kind of adulthood.

No longer was New York content merely to make and then let circumstances destroy; like the child who stops wanting to tear down his sand castle at the end of a day at the beach, the city began after 1965 to ponder the notion of permanence. That is the real legacy of the 30 years of landmarks legislation: for better or for worse, New York began to think of itself not as a place that continually remakes itself anew, but as a mature city.

**Graphic**

Photo: The way it was: The Landmarks Commission was bornafter Penn Station was razed. (The New York Times); Penn Station's pieces are buried in Seacaucus Meadows. (The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***Movie Guide and Film Series***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4R4V-NCB0-TW8F-G17R-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

MOVIES

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

'ACROSS THE UNIVERSE' (PG-13, 131 minutes) Julie Taymor's gorgeous musical fantasia uses 33 Beatles songs, along with a fantastic array of masks, puppets and special effects to evoke the 1960s. Evan Rachel Wood and Jim Sturgess are archetypal lovers, swept up by the counterculture, who ride the rough seas of radical politics and psychedelia.

(Stephen Holden)

'BEE MOVIE' (PG, 100 minutes) Jerry Seinfeld as a talking bee who flees the hive, falls in love with Renee Zellweger and fights the human race for control of the world's honey supply. Disarmingly funny, especially when it lets go of the plot and buzzes aimlessly around, making jokes.

(A. O. Scott)

'BEFORE THE DEVIL KNOWS YOU'RE DEAD' (R, 116 minutes) Philip Seymour Hoffman and Ethan Hawke play two desperate brothers whose scheme to rob their parents' jewelry store goes terribly wrong. The movie, directed with feverish authority by Sidney Lumet from a solid script by Kelly Masterson, gets just about everything right. (Scott) 'BELLA' (PG-13, 91 minutes, in English and Spanish) This treacly urban fairy tale about a chef in a New York City Mexican restaurant and the pregnant waitress he befriends wears its bleeding heart on its sleeve and loves its unbelievable characters to distraction. (Holden)

'DAN IN REAL LIFE' (PG-13, 95 minutes) A low-key, not-bad romantic comedy, with Steve Carell as a widowed advice columnist raising three daughters, and Juliette Binoche as the woman he falls for. The problem -- one of them, anyhow -- is that she's his brother's girlfriend. (Scott)

'DARFUR NOW' (PG, 99 minutes) This documentary on the Darfur crisis offers a collective vision of actions, small and large, taken on many fronts, to end a continuing catastrophe that the United States government has labeled genocide. The movie is a quiet, methodical call to become involved. (Holden)

'THE DARJEELING LIMITED' (R, 97 minutes) Wes Anderson's latest -- in which three brothers (Adrien Brody, Jason Schwartzman and Owen Wilson) cross India by rail -- is nothing if not precious. Which is to say that it's vain and fussy and also that, by virtue of its visual beauty and its affectionate spirit, it's a treasure. (Scott)

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

'ELIZABETH: THE GOLDEN AGE' (PG-13, 115 minutes) A kitsch extravaganza aquiver with trembling bosoms, booming guns and wild energy, and an irresistibly watchable Cate Blanchett. (Manohla Dargis)

'FRED CLAUS' (PG, 107 minutes) A tacky would-be comedy about family dysfunction that fronts some Scrooge attitude only to dissolve into slobbering sentimentality and canned uplift. Vince Vaughn plays naughty Fred opposite Paul Giamatti, who plays nice as Nicholas. (Dargis) 'GONE BABY GONE' (R, 114 minutes) For his directing debut, Ben Affleck has done right by Dennis Lehane's novel and created a satisfyingly tough look into conscience, to those dark places where some men go astray. The generally exceptional actors -- notably the director's star and baby brother, Casey Affleck, and a sensational Amy Ryan -- play it hard and keep it real. (Dargis)

'HOLLY' (R, 113 minutes, in English, Khmer and Vietnamese) Shot on location in the brothels and alleys of Phnom Penh, this documentary-fiction hybrid follows a numb American expat (Ron Livingston) improbably obsessed with rescuing a 12-year-old Vietnamese virgin from the clutches of sex traffickers. Despite a grubby authenticity, the film's clumsy cross-pollination of drama and philanthropy makes for slack plotting and a monotonous tone. (Jeannette Catsoulis) 'INTO THE WILD' (R, 140 minutes) In his adaptation of Jon Krakauer's best seller, Sean Penn explores the life and death of Christopher McCandless, a young wanderer who perished in the Alaskan wilderness in 1992. The story is sad, but there is something almost exuberant in Mr. Penn's embrace of it -- and in Emile Hirsch's brilliant performance as McCandless. Rarely has the radical, romantic American attachment to the wilderness been explored with such sympathy and passion. (Scott)

'JOE STRUMMER: THE FUTURE IS UNWRITTEN' (No rating, 124 minutes) The life of the Clash frontman, told through a montage of clips and reminiscences that add up to something far richer and more moving than the usual rock-star documentary. (Scott)'LARS AND THE REAL GIRL' (PG-13, 106 minutes) Part comedy, part tragedy and 100 percent pure calculation. Ryan Gosling stars as a sensitive loner who finds redemption by way of a sex doll and the magnanimity of his small town. (Dargis)

'LIONS FOR LAMBS' (R, 88 minutes) Career Politicians, the Fourth Estate and Disaffected Youth all earn a stern knuckle rapping in this big-screen lecture about civic responsibility and its absence in the Age of Iraq. Robert Redford directs and acts (and lectures), and the odd-couple Meryl Streep and Tom Cruise provide some sparks. (Dargis)

'LUST, CAUTION' (NC-17, 158 minutes, in Mandarin) A sleepy, musty period drama about wartime maneuvers and bedroom calisthenics that makes poor use of the otherwise solid director Ang Lee and the great Hong Kong actor Tony Leung Chiu-Wai. The movie's explicit sex scenes earned it an NC-17, but put me in mind of high school geometry rather than the Kama Sutra. (Dargis)

'MARTIAN CHILD' (PG, 108 minutes) Man meets boy, surrenders heart. Some will sigh ''aw''; others will reach for the barf bag. Menno Meyjes directs, and John Cusack and Bobby Coleman star. (Dargis) 'MICHAEL CLAYTON' (R, 119 minutes) A slow-to-boil requiem for American decency from the writer and director Tony Gilroy in which George Clooney, the ultimate in luxury brands and playboy of the Western world, raises the sword in the name of truth and justice and good. Well, someone's got to do it. (Dargis)

'MR. UNTOUCHABLE' (R, 92 minutes) Marc Levin's documentary chronicles the rise and fall of Nicky Barnes, one of the leading heroin dealers in Harlem in the 1970s. Less a cautionary tale or a slice of urban history than an exercise in outlaw celebrity worship. (Scott) 'NOTE BY NOTE: THE MAKING OF STEINWAY L1037' (No rating, 81 minutes) A de facto infomercial for Steinway pianos, this movie follows the assembly of a nine-foot concert grand from the forest to the concert stage. (Holden)

'P2' (R, 98 minutes) Bloody but not punishingly so, ''P2'' is a swift and stealthy exploitation of one of the urban woman's greatest fears: the after-hours parking garage. Throw in a car that won't start, a creepy security guard and a filmmaking team with perfect synchronicity, and the result is a minimalist nightmare.

(Catsoulis) 'RENDITION' (R, 120 minutes) This complex melodrama about torture and terrorism is full of big ideas and good intentions, but these are undermined by a confusing, overly busy narrative scheme and uneven performances. (Scott)

'ROMANCE AND CIGARETTES' (R, 115 minutes) There is more raw vitality pumping through John Turturro's song-and-dance ode to the sensual pulse of life in a Queens ***working-class*** neighborhood than in a dozen perky high school musicals. This is a movie in which a dirty mind is a good thing. Call it ''The Singing Id.''

(Holden)

'SAW IV' (R, 108 minutes) This third sequel in the torture-themed franchise is bloody proof that Jigsaw (Tobin Bell) may be dead, but his well of corporeal abuses has yet to run dry. When his flayed stomach coughs up his trademark, tape-recorded guide to dank dungeons filled with elaborately trussed victims, law enforcement is as ineffective as ever in halting the carnage. (Catsoulis)

'SUMMER LOVE' (No rating, 93 minutes) The artist Piotr Uklanski's conceptual nudge in the ribs has been called the first Polish western, though it's really more of a deconstructed art western. The film relocates the classic American film from its familiar physical coordinates -- the open range, a Hollywood back lot -- to a near-abstract space where the genre codes roam, as free as the buffalo. (Dargis)

'30 DAYS OF NIGHT' (R, 90 minutes) Adapted by the director David Slade from Steve Niles and Ben Templesmith's graphic novel about vampires taking over an Alaska town, this film is a series of gory set pieces that seems to have been edited with a meat ax. (Matt Zoller Seitz)

'2 DAYS IN PARIS' (R, 96 minutes, in English and French) As Julie Delpy's romantic comedy pores over the troubled two-year relationship of a young couple visiting Paris, more specific information is revealed about their habits, tastes, personality traits and emotional and sexual chemistry than in almost any other film about a relationship. Playing the lovers, Ms. Delpy and Adam Goldberg suggest Woody Allen and Diane Keaton without shtick. (Holden)

'TYLER PERRY'S WHY DID I GET MARRIED?' (PG-13, 118 minutes) Set in a Rocky Mountain resort, Tyler Perry's fourth feature shows him at his most restrained and mainstream-accessible. As four couples meet for a therapeutic vacation, the usual secrets are revealed and sermons delivered; yet the absence of Mr. Perry's alter ego, the matriarch Madea, allows him to explore a less cartoonish universe. (Catsoulis)

'WAR/DANCE' (PG-13, 105 minutes) This visually ravishing documentary follows children from a refugee camp in Uganda to a national music and dance competition in Kampala. If the movie is stirring, it is also slick and manipulative. (Holden)

'WE OWN THE NIGHT' (R, 117 minutes) An operatic New York police story, with Joaquin Phoenix and Mark Wahlberg as brothers caught in a war between the N.Y.P.D. and the Russian mob. Engrossing for a while, thanks to James Gray's solid direction, but finally overwrought and not terribly original. (Scott) 'WRISTCUTTERS: A LOVE STORY' (R, 88 minutes) An odd and jaunty ride through a curious underworld reserved for suicides. (Scott)

Film Series

NEW CZECH FILMS (Today through Sunday) The Czech cinema achieved international recognition in the 1960s, producing filmmakers like Milos Forman and Ivan Passer before the relaxed censorship of the Prague Spring was brought to an end by the Soviet invasion of 1968. Like most of the Eastern European cinemas, it has struggled in the new century, though the Czech Republic continues to produce enough new movies to feed an annual survey at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, whose 2007 edition continues through this weekend. The program includes a road movie (''Dolls'' by Karin Babinska), a dark and gloomy puppet animation in the tradition of Jan Svankmajer (''One Night in a City'' by Jan Balej) and ''Pleasant Moments,'' a new feature by one of the members of the original Czech New Wave, Vera Chytilova. BAMcinematek, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, (718) 636-4100; bam.org; $11.

(Dave Kehr)

GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR! (Tomorrow and Sunday) The Museum of the Moving Image celebrates its acquisition of a rare three-strip Technicolor camera -- the behemoth that produced those magnificent tones by exposing three rolls of film simultaneously -- with a series of screenings that continues through Dec. 2. First, appropriately, is Rouben Mamoulian's 1935 ''Becky Sharp,'' the first feature to be photographed in the three-strip process (tomorrow). The balance of this weekend's titles includes ''Trail of the Lonesome Pine'' (Henry Hathaway, 1936); ''The Adventures of Robin Hood'' (Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, 1938); and ''Slightly Scarlet'' (Allan Dwan, 1956). Scott Higgins, the author of the newly published ''Harnessing the Technicolor Rainbow: Color Design in the 1930s,'' will introduce ''Becky Sharp'' tomorrow. Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Avenue at 36th Street, Astoria, Queens, (718) 784-0077, movingimage.us; $10. (Kehr)

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

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**End of Document**



[***10 New Hot Spots If Summer Needs Sizzle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7YV4-9C21-2PBB-21BW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

A SUMMER share in the five boroughs? A gay-themed circus? A subway to the next Jersey Shore? Forget about the Jitney. Summer offers plenty of reasons to stay in New York. Here are 10 new hot spots to drink, party, play and chill in the city.

FOOD AND DRINK

1. Rooftop Bar

With rooftop bars popping up across the city skyline with dizzying frequency this summer, none had managed to stir up more getting-on-the-guest-list finagling than the Standard Hotel, where the 18th-floor lounge (informally known as the Boom Boom Room) was already considered the ultimate velvet rope to cross even before it had an open-air addition.

The new space, called Le Bain, lives up to the hype. When it opened last week for a party coordinated by ''the two Andres'' -- as in Andre Balazs, the Standard puppet master, and Andre Saraiva, the club roi of Paris -- guests entered through a service elevator that opened onto the well-chlorinated pool bar featuring two topless women cavorting underwater, climbed up a graffiti- and glitter-cluttered stairwell, passed a vending machine selling bathing suits ($75 for board shorts?) and then finally discovered an oasis of lush fake grass carpeting, pink waterbeds and a commanding view.

The preview crowd was decidedly mixed between fashion regulars and art stars, but it portended a certain recipe for future access: Ladies, do your best to look like Taylor Momsen at her most irritated; gents, subscribe to the Pierre et Gilles school of modeling immediately.

Standard Hotel, 444 West 13th Street, standardhotels.com. Rooftop open daily, noon to midnight. Pool room open until 4 a.m. Andre Saraiva will host a party three nights a week.

ERIC WILSON

2. Outdoor Dining

Stuck in a sidewalk pen and eating gritty salad under a cloud of bus exhaust, it's easy to loathe outdoor dining in New York. Head toward patios and roofs, and matters improve considerably. Roberta's Pizza in Bushwick comes to mind, or the roof deck at Alma in Red Hook. The bedlam of the city recedes, leaving the scent of watered plants, cool earth.

On the island of Manhattan, there is the marvelous garden behind Barbetta at 321 West 46th Street, where cherubim straddle a small pool, and ancient trees cast shade over the slate floor and white cast-iron tables and chairs -- a very nearly European experience available just five blocks from Times Square.

Closer to the street, however, and more recently built, is Pulino's Bar and Pizzeria in the East Village, where in warm weather a wall of the restaurant is thrown open to the elements. Head there for breakfast, and take a seat as far into the restaurant as you can get while still feeling sidewalk air. Ideally, you should wear sunglasses. Order iced coffee and a roasted grapefruit, read the paper, watch trucks pour past. For just a moment, all is right.

Pulino's Bar and Pizzeria, 282 Bowery (Houston Street), (212) 226-1966, pulinosny.com.

SAM SIFTON

GREAT OUTDOORS

3. Next Jersey Shore?

Orchard Beach in the Bronx doesn't have as much cultural pop as the ''Jersey Shore,'' but Snooki is coming to the rescue. The diminutive sunscreen-deprived star of the MTV reality show recently told Page Six that she wants to move to the Bronx because there are ''loads of Guidos there.'' Waves are already being felt on the borough's main beach, a fading Robert Moses project once known, half seriously, as the ''Riviera of New York City.''

''Maybe she'll bring more people to the beach, especially the girls,'' said Benjamin Napoli, a 19-year-old student, who was cruising the boardwalk with his buddies.

There are no orchards on Orchard Beach, but the crescent of well-kept sand in Pelham Bay Park does have forest trails, athletic fields and huge patchy lawns for barbecues and picnics. A teepee-like stage hosts free jazz concerts on some weekends. And a quieter strip of sand south of Twin Island draws topless bathers and muscular Italian guys in thongs. Snooki would approve.

Roughly an hour by subway from Midtown Manhattan. Take the No. 6 train to Pelham Bay Park and catch the free shuttle bus (Bx12). Parking is $8. LIONEL BEEHNER

4. Kiddie Park

So feverish was the anticipation of Brooklyn Bridge Park's Pier 6 playground, at the foot of Atlantic Avenue, that parents watched its installation via Web cam. Since opening last month, the 1.6-acre playground, with its four play areas and squishy Pebble-Flex underfoot, has shocked and awed the borough's discerning parents.

Variety is its main attraction. As with a multiple-course meal, if your first grader tires of Slide Mountain and its stupendous 30-foot-high climbing teepee, there are the 6,000-square-foot sandbox and the double-seaters at Swing Valley, which also has ample grass for a picnic. And on sweltering days, there is also the Water Lab, which has floor jets and a giant Archimedes' screw that lets children move water from the reservoir below up the screw. Don't let the benches made from salvaged wood fool you: this oasis, designed for ages 5 to 12, requires on-your-feet supervision, with its slippery rocks and elevated deck. Comfort takes a back seat in other ways. Real bathrooms aren't expected to open until summer's end, and unless you live right by the B.Q.E., it's a hike. Still, crowds keep coming. One dad from Manhattan was spotted last Sunday trying to hail a taxi. CATHERINE SAINT LOUIS

5. Urban Summer Share

A summer share within city limits? Before you call it crazy, consider the Rockaways, the sandy sliver of a peninsula in Queens beyond Kennedy Airport. Rockaway Beach's refuse-free waters have long lured day trippers who pour out of the A train (an hour from Midtown) hungry for Rockaway Taco, 95-19 Rockaway Beach Boulevard at 96th Street, (347) 213-7466, rockawaytaco.com, a Baja-style shack with an organic veggie stand, espresso bar and Italian ices. The beach community also has a 40-foot-wide boardwalk, a dedicated surfer scene and some vestigial ambience from the ***working-class*** Irish resorts that once boomed there. It's a bit like Biarritz, by way of McSorley's.

''People in the Rockaways hate when others discover it,'' said Maureen Walsh, a real estate agent who specializes in summer rentals there. She is now showing a one-bedroom apartment in a Victorian-style house equipped with a deck, a porch with rocking chairs and an outdoor shower. The place sleeps two couples for $2,600 a month, which barely pays for a pool shed in the Hamptons. STEPHEN HEYMAN

CITY CULTURE

6. Art Zones

With its artist-run apartment galleries and hang-out vibe, the Bushwick section of Brooklyn is the coolest, that is, the most un-Chelsea, art neighborhood in the city. But throw in ''new'' as a qualifier, as in new this summer, and the nod could go (yet again) to SoHo.

There, Kathy Grayson and Meghan Coleman -- directors of Deitch Projects before Jeffrey Deitch closed up shop and left for Los Angeles -- opened a gallery of their own last Saturday, one with multiplex potential (cafe, bookstore, dating service). It's called the Hole and it's on Greene Street. Ms. Grayson was the force behind the Deitch pop-club-kid aesthetic, which became way too cute too fast, but did briefly generate a quite intense two-block scene.

If the Hole's season lineup feels leftover Deitchian, the inaugural group show (through Aug. 14) has splashes of anarchy and Ms. Grayson and Ms. Coleman should go with that. But it's not SoHo's sole attraction. Artists Space and the Drawing Center both have newish curatorial blood. Far, far to the west, Gavin Brown's Enterprise is now bigger by half. And Maccarone nearby stays pugnaciously unpredictable.

The Hole, 104 Greene Street (Prince Street), (212) 226-3000, theholenyc.com. HOLLAND COTTER

7. Retail Row

Bellhaus, with its uptown prices and rarefied brands, and Daryl K, selling frayed chambray dresses against an aged backdrop of plywood and planks, would seem unlikely bedfellows. But it's just that disparity that makes the stretch of Bond Street between Lafayette and Bowery such an arresting retail destination.

Gilt and grit rub shoulders along this downtown strip anchored at its center by 40 Bond, a residential monument designed by Herzog & de Meuron for the money crowd. Haute bohemians gather at the Smile (No. 26), a restaurant and general store where artists in Lenin caps mingle with French-speaking patrons toting Goyard bags.

Shoppers with deep pockets and outre tastes gravitate to United Nude (No. 25), a showcase for riotously colorful, artily constructed footwear, or Oak (No. 28), an archly radical outpost for Alexander Wang satchels, crazily shredded Cheap Monday jerseys and T-shirts displayed alongside current issues of Butt magazine. Those on slimmer budgets can splash out at Bond No. 9, a perfumery, which in its seventh year is one of the district's most venerable fixtures. RUTH LA FERLA

8. Sunday Outing

Governors Island has been on the drawing board for so long that New Yorkers might half-expect to see an artist's rendering when they step off the ferry. But this summer, the vision for the ''sixth borough'' is finally coming into focus.

Building 110, a former munitions warehouse next to the ferry, is currently home to 20 artists, with open studios every weekend. And on the 10-acre Parade Ground, a sculptural green wall made of milk crates called the Living Pavilion now stands as a symbol of the island's eco-friendly transformation. A farmers' market is also on its way. To cover more of this former military base, Bike and Roll has rental bicycles ($15 for two hours). Or bring your own, along with a picnic basket and sunscreen.

Check govisland.com for maps, events calendar and other information. Free ferries leave from the Battery Maritime Building at 10 South Street every 30 minutes from 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., and from Pier 6 in Brooklyn every 10 minutes from 11 a.m. to 5:20 p.m.DOUGLAS QUENQUA

PARTY AND TUNES

9. Gay Nights

The gay buzz this summer is on Fire Island, where the Pines is getting a dockside nip and tuck. But back in gay Gotham, Wednesday is the new Thursday. Post-transgender club kids and lipstick-smeared vamps make their way to Carnival, a newish spot above the Bowlmor lanes for Amanda Lepore's Big Top party. The Wednesday soiree is a three-ring circus of glamazon drag queens, acrobatic leather daddies and dancing gym bunnies -- all under an actual circus tent. Dress code? Anything from the makeup counter at Ricky's.

For less flair, the popular gay night at Su Casa, a Greenwich Village bar, migrated last week to Polar, an Arctic-themed lounge at the Hotel Marcel in Gramercy. And in the hipsterati pocket of Greenpoint, Brooklyn, Wednesday is a big night at the Blackout Bar, where vintage Smiths and Grace Jones never fail to whip the skinny-jean and flouncy T-shirt crowd into a frenzy.

Carnival, 110 University Place (near 12th Street), (212) 255-8188, carnivalnyc.com. Polar Lounge, 201 East 24th Street, (212) 696-3800, nycpolar.com. Blackout Bar, 916 Manhattan Avenue, (718) 383-0254, blackoutbar.com.

DENNY LEE

10. Pool Parties

Indie Brooklynites booed when the McCarren Park Pool Parties ended and the concrete basin was to be filled again with water. But they should have stuck around for the encore. Sure, the Slip 'N Slide is gone, but the party's new home in Williamsburg -- just a half-dozen blocks away at the East River State Park -- has something better: waterfront views of the Manhattan skyline.

The musical lineup is nothing to scoff at, either. With a little assistance from Senator Charles E. Schumer, the Williamsburg Waterfront concerts have returned for a second summer, with Faith No More playing tomorrow to benefit the Open Space Alliance of North Brooklyn, which coordinates the parties. Other marquee acts include Weezer (July 16), Modest Mouse (July 23) and Nas and Damian Marley (July 31). Tickets start at $36. The free pool parties take place on Sundays; go to thepoolparties.com (under construction) for updates.

East River State Park is on Kent Avenue (entrance near North Eighth Street). Nearest subway stops are Bedford Avenue (L train) and Metropolitan Avenue (G train). SIMONE S. OLIVER

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: 1. THE STANDARD HOTEL: Opening night at Le Bain, a rooftop bar, drew in partygoers with its open-air glitter. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL BARRY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (E1)

8. GOVERNORS ISLAND: Visitors at the Living Pavilion, the eco-friendly, green-walled installation made out of milk crates. (PHOTOGRAPH BY EVAN SUNG FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

2. PULINO'S BAR: At this pizzeria in the East Village, breakfast near the street. (PHOTOGRAPH BY HIROKO MASUIKE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

5. THE ROCKAWAYS: Beachgoers take to this sandy sliver of a peninsula. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL BARRY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

10. EAST RIVER STATE PARK: Nikki Monninger of Silversun Pickups in concert. (PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL NAGLE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

6. IN SOHO: The Hole, a gallery that opened last Saturday on Greene Street. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSHUA BRIGHT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

4. BROOKLYN: The Pier 6 playground, where variety reigns. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL BARRY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

7. BOND STREET: United Nude, showcasing colorful shoes, is part of a new retail destination. (PHOTOGRAPH BY HIROKO MASUIKE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

3. THE BRONX: A day at Orchard Beach, the sandy crescent in Pelham Bay Park. (PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL BURNETT/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

9. AT BOWLMOR: Carnival, above the bowling lanes, hosted Amanda Lepore's Big Top party. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNY LEE/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (E8)

**Load-Date:** July 1, 2010

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[***Sea of Money***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5M9V-10T1-JBG3-60HK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By NICHOLAS CONFESSORE

Nicholas Confessore is a national political reporter for The Times.

**Body**

A few weeks after she realized her husband was finally leaving her, Sarah Pursglove flew down to the Bahamas to figure out how much money he really had. Like many women married to very wealthy men, she didn't know much about the family accounts. Her husband, a Finnish entrepreneur named Robert Oesterlund, had sworn to a Canadian court that his immediately calculable ''net family property'' totaled just a few million dollars. Pursglove was skeptical. She could come up with several family purchases worth more than that off the top of her head. There was the 165-foot yacht, Déjà Vu -- that cost a few million dollars a year just to keep on the water. There was the $30 million penthouse at the Toronto Four Seasons, which was still being renovated. It wasn't their only home. The Déjà Vu wasn't even their only yacht.

Pursglove grew up in a ***working-class*** family. She did not consider herself to be a complicated person, or a greedy one. Recent events in her life had, however, inculcated a newfound habit of suspicion. Her husband's tirades, his frequent absences and threats to leave, had led inexorably to the day when she tailed him through the streets of Toronto and caught him picking up an interior designer for what appeared to be a romantic ski getaway. She had been with Oesterlund since she was 25 and scraping by as a cruise ship's photographer. Now, as she assessed her crumbling marriage and girded for divorce, she wondered what else she didn't know.

Her first answers came that morning in the Bahamas, as she quickly rifled through papers in their soon-to-be-former vacation home. She didn't have long: The caretaker, Pursglove suspected, was loyal to her husband and would soon alert him that she was there. In a pile of mail was a statement from a bank in Luxembourg showing an account with at least $30 million in cash. She had never seen it before. There were two laptops -- one with baby photos of their younger daughter, which she set aside. In a cupboard were documents concerning not only Xacti, the internet company she and Oesterlund had built, but also oddly named corporations in other states and countries. Finally, there was a statement from their accounting firm. She had never seen that before, either. The accountants seemed to think her husband was worth at least $300 million.

But even as Pursglove was repacking her suitcase for the flight home, her family's fortune was vanishing into an almost impenetrable array of shell companies, bank accounts and trusts, part of a worldwide financial system catering exclusively to the very wealthy. In recent decades, this system has become astonishingly effective at ''offshoring'' wealth -- detaching assets, through complex layers of ownership and legal planning, from their actual owners, often by hiding them in another country. Created by lawyers, accountants and private bankers and operating out of a global archipelago of European principalities, former British colonies and Asian city-states, the system has one main purpose: to make the richest people in the world appear to own as little as possible.

Pursglove would soon learn, however, that navigating this offshore archipelago is not easy. In any given year, trillions of dollars sit safely in the offshore financial world, effectively stateless, protected by legions of well-compensated defenders and a tangle of laws deliberately designed to impede creditors and tax collectors. Even the United States government finds it challenging: A special Internal Revenue Service division known as the ''wealth squad,'' set up in 2010 to crack down on high-end tax evaders with multinational holdings, today has enough manpower to assess only about 200 cases a year.

Pursglove would rely on her own wealth squad: a pair of highly creative lawyers, using Pursglove herself as the ultimate informant. It would take them more than two years and millions of dollars to breach the defenses of the offshore financial world. Their efforts would leave a trail of thousands of pages of court documents through Canada and the United States, revealing the inner workings of a system exquisitely engineered to repel scrutiny.

But much of her family's financial situation was still a mystery when she first saw the bank statement on her husband's desk in the Bahamas, Pursglove later told me. She packed the laptop and documents, left her suitcase near the front door and went for one last walk on their beach. When she returned to the house, the caretaker was nowhere to be seen. A different member of the household staff, a kindly older man who tended to the landscaping and washed the family boats, had already put her suitcase into a waiting taxicab. She hugged him goodbye and drove to the airport.

When she opened her suitcase at the security line, there was no laptop. No paperwork. It was all gone.

Robert Oesterlund wasn't born rich, either. When Pursglove first met him, on a cruise ship off Helsinki in the '90s, he ran a struggling flower-import business. He was tall, with piercing blue eyes and a boyish charisma that outlasted his initial awkwardness. Pursglove, who grew up in Wales, found him charming. They married in 1998, on the Caribbean island Dominica, and settled in the United States.

Living in Florida and New York, they started a series of companies. Oesterlund came up with most of the ideas, Pursglove would later state in court filings, and ran the companies day to day. Pursglove hired the employees, trained them and helped manage the offices. Their earliest success was a direct-mail firm called Credit Key Express, which promised credit cards to people with bad credit. Later they started Columbia House-style online membership clubs that sold discounted movie posters, books, DVDs, even dietary supplements. Xacti, which came to enfold most of their ventures, sold banner ads, video games and various other kinds of software, including ''toolbars'' that promised to clean viruses off your computer or free up space on your hard drive. The businesses threw off enormous amounts of cash, and by the mid-2000s, Oesterlund and his wife had become wildly rich. They bought a $5 million house back in Finland and their first yacht, a 48-foot cruiser.

Pursglove is 47, with a round, watchful face and well-kept brown hair. I first met her in the spring of 2015, over coffee in New York. She rarely smiled, and I found her unexpectedly reserved for the wife of a jet-setting, large-living entrepreneur. She explained that Oesterlund was the flamboyant one, an insecure man ruined by his sudden wealth. ''I was his stop button -- 'No, we don't need it,' '' Pursglove told me. ''He was kind of never content. He always needed to buy the next thing.'' In 2007, they bought their first private jet, and then a bigger boat, an 82-footer that Pursglove named Integrity. She liked the name, she explained. ''At the time, Robert was -- I thought he had integrity.''

Not everyone agreed. In 1999, the Florida attorney general sued to shut down Credit Key Express, saying that it misled customers into thinking they would receive preapproved credit cards. (In fact, all they got for their money was a list of banks that might give them credit cards.) Some years after Credit Key Express shut down, the Florida attorney general came after Xacti's club businesses, claiming that Oesterlund's companies had again misled customers. According to court filings, they had abused what are known as ''negative options'': Customers would provide their credit card number for a ''trial offer,'' only to be charged a monthly fee, disclosed in the fine print and difficult to cancel.

In 2010, Oesterlund, on behalf of his companies, signed an agreement with the Florida attorney general promising to abstain from deceptive marketing practices. But officials in Iowa and Oregon also began scrutinizing the businesses. Despite Oesterlund's promises, consumer complaints continued to pile up, and in 2013, Florida's attorney general finally sued Xacti and its club businesses, extracting a $500,000 settlement.

When the investigations began, in 2009, Pursglove was living with the two children in Boca Raton, but Oesterlund lived on Integrity in the Bahamas, unable to join them. He had overstayed an earlier visa, and the United States denied him a green card. The denial and the investigations enraged him, Pursglove told me. He employed dozens of people in Florida, he fumed, and had provided the United States millions of dollars in tax revenue. He told his wife their businesses were being unfairly harassed by bureaucrats. Going forward, Pursglove explained, ''he wanted to pay as little taxes as possible to the U.S.''

In 2011, they went into contract on the penthouse in Toronto, hoping to unite the family eventually in Canada and establish residency for Oesterlund there. While it was being renovated, they bought yet another boat, the 165-foot yacht they named Déjà Vu, and spent a year sailing around Europe and the Caribbean, with tutors for the kids. But their relationship would soon grow strained. Oesterlund later testified that their marriage was a ''rocky ride ever since the start,'' but Pursglove blamed their new lifestyle. Somewhere along the way, she told me, Oesterlund had fallen in with a tribe of wealthy globe-trotting nomads and minor celebrities. He befriended Kevin O'Leary, a judge from ''Shark Tank,'' she says, and partied at the Maya-themed Lyford Cay estate of Peter Nygard, the Finnish-Canadian retail mogul. Oesterlund's money and his boat attracted hangers-on and women, Pursglove says.

By his wife's account, some of Oesterlund's new friends also began tutoring him in how to minimize his taxes. (Oesterlund himself declined to comment for this article, as did most of the lawyers, accountants and financial advisers named in court records.) He traveled constantly, Pursglove says, in part to reduce the amount of taxes he would be required to pay to any of the countries where he owned a home. At the time, Pursglove told me, she regarded these efforts -- spearheaded by a well-known Florida accounting firm, Daszkal Bolton -- as aboveboard ''tax planning.'' But court records suggest that Oesterlund had begun exploring how to structure his business to insulate himself not just from taxes but also from future civil litigation. ''I want to have in writing a statement,'' he wrote to his lawyers in 2011, ''that I can no longer be subject to Florida or U.S. law.'' Take every step necessary, he added, to ''remove myself from the country of Evil.''

In 2012, Oesterlund and Pursglove moved with the children to Toronto; at the end of the year, Oesterlund raised the idea of separating, Pursglove says, and at the beginning of 2013 he flew to Dubai to party with friends. ''He was backward and forward that year in Toronto,'' Pursglove says. ''I would ask, So, are we getting divorced? And he wouldn't do anything.''

It was in early 2013, when she learned that her husband had sought to sell off Xacti, Pursglove told me, that she started to think about hiring lawyers of her own. ''You want to throw me away like I was a piece of [expletive] and then take everything too,'' she emailed him one night.

''Women get 10 percent in Russia by law,'' Oesterlund wrote back. ''In Dubai they get 0 percent.''

When she asked for copies of documents related to the potential sale, her husband was livid. ''I am closing out all checking accounts on you now,'' he texted her. ''You aren't going to use my funds to pay some Jewish lawyer.''

That night, he cut off her Xacti email account. ''We will file papers and as I no longer own anything of value you get nothing then I can start a new company later in life,'' he wrote. ''Was it really worth it?''

One divorce attorney urged her to settle with her husband as soon as possible or else risk losing everything. Another told her the case would be too daunting for a normal family lawyer, even in South Florida, where high-priced divorces are common. Eventually, she found herself in the offices of Jeffrey Fisher.

Fisher was not a normal family lawyer. Early in his career, at the height of the South Florida drug wars, he worked for the United States attorney's office in Miami, prosecuting cocaine smugglers and money launderers. When he opened his own firm with a partner in West Palm Beach in the late 1980s, he began specializing in cases that were equal parts divorce and white-collar litigation, representing the discarded wives of rich men with complex business concerns.

I first began hearing about Fisher a few years ago, when he approached a college friend of mine, Zachary Potter, to join his practice. Potter was working at one of the country's largest law firms, advising Fortune 500 companies. He enjoyed the challenge, but the work could be stodgy: When Fisher called him, Potter was working a seven-year, $100 million case that hinged on federal leasing rules for long-haul trucking companies.

Around the same time Potter moved to Palm Beach to join Fisher's firm, I began writing for The Times about the political activism of the very wealthy, much of it oriented around defending their fortunes from the predations of government. Our professional interests soon converged. We joked about spending our days trading phone calls with the same class of handlers, consultants and lawyers, hired by the rich to guard their wealth and privacy.

One day last year, we caught up over drinks at a Palm Beach hotel. Potter was easy to spot: In a town of pastels and prints, he still favored charcoal suits and crisp white shirts. All around us was the chatter of lithe women and their expensively tailored, somewhat older male companions -- inhabitants of a world at once ostentatious and opaque. As we sat down, Potter slid a neatly stapled stack of papers down the bar toward me. It was a court brief, Potter explained, one of hundreds he and Fisher had filed in a particularly knotty case involving a man named Robert Oesterlund. If I truly wanted to peer inside the hidden world of the superrich, Potter told me -- and if I really wanted to understand how extremely wealthy people protected that wealth -- I ought to read the case's public court file and judge for myself.

Not long after, I met Fisher at his office in Florida, a modest fourth-floor space equipped with plush leather chairs and a sweeping view across the water to client-rich Palm Beach. At 61, Fisher is short and wiry, with thinning gray hair swept back over a high and gently tanned forehead. In a cross-examination, he stands erect, chest cocked, as if to fill the courtroom. When Fisher talks about working the Florida divorce circuit, he makes it sound almost fun. ''The beauty of high-end divorce law it is that it is usually handled on an expedited basis,'' Fisher says. ''If you're a person like me, who doesn't want a five-year-long case, there's nothing better.''

Pursglove hired him about a year earlier, not long after seeing her husband with the interior designer. Oesterlund responded by filing for divorce in Canada -- where Fisher could not personally represent Pursglove -- and threatened to cut off his wife. She had $90,000 in the bank, not enough for a protracted legal battle. But she also had cellphone pictures of documents concerning something called a Cook Islands asset-protection trust, which she found a few months earlier. Oesterlund was listed as the ''settlor,'' the person who ''donates'' property to a trust.

The Cook trust was a bad sign. A typical estate-planning trust is designed to allow someone to benefit from a property -- a car, a home, a plane, a bank account -- without technically owning it or controlling it. An independent trustee, sometimes an individual, sometimes a specialized firm, is assigned to make decisions about the best use of the assets. That independence can, for example, provide a tax advantage or prevent a spendthrift beneficiary from plowing through an inheritance. But in some cases, the claim of independence is a sham. The trustees are puppets; the settlor still controls the asset in practice. And trusts organized in the Cook Islands, a self-governing state associated with New Zealand, are particularly difficult to investigate. Cook courts typically do not recognize American court orders, including divorce judgments. To sue a Cook trust, you have to actually fly to the Cook Islands, in the middle of the South Pacific, roughly 6,000 miles southwest of Florida. ''It's like Switzerland used to be, but squared,'' Fisher told me. Once assets were hidden inside a Cook trust, he had learned, it was almost impossible to get them out.

Emails in Pursglove's possession hinted at why Oesterlund might have found a Cook trust appealing. Searching through the trash folder on Pursglove's laptop, Fisher's paralegal found that the 2011 email she had been copied on -- the one in which Oesterlund had asked his lawyers to remove him from ''the country of Evil'' -- also contained a reply from Xacti's corporate counsel, Jennifer Miller. She wrote that if Oesterlund created ''a parallel corporate structure of companies outside the U.S,'' moved his operations offshore and ''implemented a personal asset protection strategy,'' he could become almost untouchable. Any money spent to sue him in the United States, Miller assured him, ''would probably be wasted.''

Fisher knew he needed to act very quickly. He didn't know where Oesterlund had put the family's money, exactly. He didn't have any direct evidence of fraud. But the longer the case dragged on, the more opportunity Oesterlund might have to drain assets out of the country and into untouchable accounts overseas.

The documents in Pursglove's cellphone pictures showed corporations in the Caymans and Nevis, both well-known offshore financial centers. But she didn't know exactly what these companies did. Oesterlund had stopped making mortgage payments on the house in Boca Raton, she later said in court filings, and threatened to evict her mother and disabled aunt from a house they had bought in Wales. He warned Pursglove that he wouldn't pay any bills until she agreed to a settlement. ''Your mortgage of $20,000 was due on the first,'' he texted to Pursglove. ''Late fee $500 on Friday. Bad credit in 30 days. I recommend you pay it!''

Fisher had to freeze Oesterlund's transactions in place until he could gather more evidence. The only way to do that, Fisher concluded, was to hit him from two sides at once. In late March 2014, Fisher filed a divorce action on behalf of Pursglove in Palm Beach County, hoping to wrest the divorce proceeding back to Florida from Canada. But he also prepared a related civil complaint, citing the Cook trust and Oesterlund's threatening emails: Oesterlund, Fisher wrote in court papers, was using illegal asset transfers to defraud his wife, the co-owner of his companies. One set of claims would leverage Pursglove's rights as a wife. The other, crucially, would leverage her rights as an owner.

Within days, Fisher persuaded a judge in Palm Beach County, Jeffrey D. Gillen, to impose a sweeping asset injunction against Oesterlund, one that prohibited him from selling, merging or borrowing against any of his assets. The order would stop additional offshoring -- if Oesterlund complied.

Fisher also obtained a 2012 tax return for the family's holding company, RSOP. (The name is an anagram of Oesterlund and Pursglove's initials.) The return showed that RSOP had grossed more than $73.5 million that year, an amount that Pursglove says she found astonishing. But when Fisher scrutinized the tax return, he found something even more shocking. Despite the impressive grosses, RSOP was reporting ordinary business income of just $12,284. Virtually all the revenue had somehow evaporated.

That was when -- and why -- Fisher dispatched Pursglove to the Bahamas: to gather clues about where the money went. When Pursglove returned to the house to confront the caretaker that day, she told me, the caretaker admitted removing the papers from her suitcase. Bahamian police took custody of the papers, but later, and for reasons they never explained, handed them over to Oesterlund. When Fisher tried to subpoena the papers back, Oesterlund's lawyers said he could not find any such documents; in any case, they wrote, Pursglove had no right to ''stolen'' materials.

But back in Florida, Fisher's legal blitz was having the intended effect. In a rush to unfreeze his assets, Oesterlund invoked his right to an emergency hearing. That handed Fisher a crucial opening: Florida law now gave Fisher the right to demand documents, on a highly expedited basis, from any company or person who might have evidence relevant to the hearing. Shortly thereafter, Fisher's detailed requests began arriving on the desks of Oesterlund's bankers, his lawyers, his accountants and tax planners, his stockbroker and most of his senior executives. When the opposing parties finally met in Florida court in April 2014, the room was overflowing. Oesterlund had sent his divorce lawyers. The companies had their own lawyers. There were lawyers for the banks. There were lawyers for the accountants. Even some of the lawyers had lawyers.

More important, some of these lawyers had brought thousands of pages of records with them to the hearing. Under normal discovery rules, Fisher might have spent months or years fighting for them. Instead, it took four days: Potter flipped through the boxes in the courtroom, yanking out whatever seemed interesting, while Fisher cross-examined witnesses on the fly. There were bank statements, emails between accountants and lawyers and a few organizational charts tantalizingly stamped ''confidential.'' One piece of paper, from a lender called Fifth Third Bank, showed that Oesterlund had claimed a net worth of $400 million, even more than they thought. Other documents showed that Pursglove owned a third of RSOP.

In Canadian court, Oesterlund accused his wife of making ''wild accusations'' and absconding with their two daughters to Florida. But Fisher now had a growing heap of evidence that not only bolstered Pursglove's claims but also rooted them in the Florida jurisdiction where his client lived and he practiced. Seeing the danger, Oesterlund's attorneys switched tactics, hoping to block the corporate fraud suit entirely and send Pursglove's divorce back to a Canadian judge. She was a resident of Toronto, they argued to Judge Gillen, and a Florida court had no jurisdiction over the divorce.

For Pursglove and her husband, as for many members of the global 1 percent, ''residency'' was an elusive and easily manipulated concept. Pursglove was a British citizen with a United States green card who now lived in Boca Raton. Oesterlund was a citizen of Finland who had also obtained a passport from Dominica. They had homes in at least four countries and spent a year living on their yacht. ''These parties are global citizens of substantial means,'' Judge Gillen mused from the bench. ''Their situation is a blessing and a privilege for them, but for this court, their lifestyle creates a challenge.''

Gillen decided to split the difference. The divorce would stay in Toronto. But the civil litigation -- the corporate fraud lawsuit -- could proceed in Florida, where many of the family's companies were still run out of a Boca Raton office park. In late April, Fisher's assistants began stacking boxes of files in the hallway outside his office. A similar pile grew next door, outside Potter's office. In May, they started reading in depth.

First they searched for the missing $73 million they had seen on the tax return. It turned out that most of RSOP's revenue wasn't missing at all. Instead, Fisher later argued in court papers, RSOP was transferring tens of millions of dollars to another company, this one called Omega Partners. Omega was based in the Bahamas, which has no corporate income tax. RSOP had two partners, but Omega had only one: Robert Oesterlund.

Omega didn't appear to have any employees. In fact, it seemed to consist of little more than a post office box in a government building in Nassau. But Omega did at one point have a lucrative contract with Oesterlund's Florida company, Xacti L.L.C., to pay search engines to advertise his websites. This contract appeared to be an extraordinarily bad deal for Xacti. For every dollar of advertising Xacti purchased, it also had to pay Omega -- Oesterlund in corporate form -- 58 cents. For this privilege, Xacti also paid Oesterlund another $200,000 each month, personally, for ''management services.''

Oesterlund appeared to be charging his own companies to pay their bills, Fisher argued in court papers. He was charging them so much, in fact, that RSOP was making almost no net income. Yet Omega was taking in millions of dollars a year. With the stroke of his signature on a few pieces of paper, it appeared to Fisher, Oesterlund had used Omega to make virtually all of his family's United States tax liabilities disappear.

What Oesterlund had done is known as ''transfer pricing,'' a practice that has come under growing criticism in recent years. Multinational corporations use it to shift their costs to high-tax countries and their profits to low-tax countries. Often, there is little or no economic reality to these transactions. Apple, for example, is an American company headquartered in Cupertino, Calif. Most of the research and development that goes into an iPhone happens in California. But according to Apple, if you buy an iPhone in Europe or Asia, the intellectual-property rights contained in your phone actually belong to Apple subsidiaries in Ireland, where the company has negotiated for itself a special tax rate of around 2 percent. Apple charges those subsidiaries relatively little for the rights to this intellectual property, yet allows them to collect most of the money Apple makes from selling the phone. In 2011, the Irish subsidiaries -- which conduct virtually none of Apple's research and build few of its products -- collected two-thirds of Apple's 2011 worldwide pretax income.

Fisher wondered whether Oesterlund's transfers were really legal. He called Gregg D. Polsky, a law professor now at the University of Georgia, who occasionally worked for Fisher as an expert witness. Polsky knew a lot about tax law, but as he later explained to me, he did not have a satisfying answer for Fisher. In theory, Polsky says, federal rules require that related companies charge themselves the same price they would charge some other company. But in practice, the prices can be difficult to second-guess. Who can really say exactly what Apple's intellectual property is worth? ''The sophisticated people will hire high-priced advisers who will come up with a study that will give them the value they want,'' Polsky says. ''The I.R.S. has to decide if they disagree with that value and if they can both challenge it and prevail in court.'' (In August, European regulators ordered Ireland to collect $15 billion in unpaid taxes from Apple, charging that the company's special tax rate violated European Union rules.)

Fisher didn't have time to wait for the I.R.S. to take an interest in Oesterlund. He needed some other lever -- a legal basis to look more closely into the myriad offshore entities that appeared to be connected to the Oesterlund companies. A solution presented itself when Fisher, searching online for Oesterlund's name one morning, learned about the long trail of consumer disputes Oesterlund's companies had left behind. Until he saw the settlement with the Florida attorney general, Fisher had assumed Oesterlund was running a basically legitimate internet business. Now he realized not only that Xacti had come under investigation, but also that the investigation created an opening for Pursglove. Oesterlund had signed a binding agreement with the Florida attorney general just nine months earlier: To keep Xacti from skipping out on refunds, the agreement barred Oesterlund from implementing ''any change in the form of doing business or organizational identity as a method of avoiding the terms and conditions set forth in this settlement agreement.''

Fisher felt this was a pretty good description of what Oesterlund seemed to be doing with the offshore companies. Moreover, papers turned over at the hearing showed that Pursglove was the sole owner of an Xacti subsidiary that was subject to the same settlement. That meant Pursglove was also bound by its terms.

This gave Fisher an idea. In May, he opened a third front, one that would give Pursglove her most powerful legal tool to begin peeling back the layers of her husband's finances. Intervening in the Florida attorney general's dormant case, he claimed that Oesterlund had embroiled Pursglove's company in a fraud against the people of Florida. The only way to stop it was for the court to drag the whole business -- the Cook trust, the Nevis company and whatever else the court would let Fisher go find -- back to Florida. To put it another way, Pursglove sued herself.

Oesterlund's lawyers moved to toss this new lawsuit out of court too. Fisher thought he could become a kind of ''private attorney general,'' as he put it, pursuing Oesterlund for the public good. Oesterlund's lawyers saw it differently. It was ''unfounded, illogical, frivolous'' for Pursglove to sue herself and her husband on behalf of the attorney general, they argued. Oesterlund's personal lawyer, a veteran litigator named Gary Rosen, dismissed the lawsuit in court as ''a leverage point'' concocted by Fisher to pressure Oesterlund in the divorce. Oesterlund's offshore trust was not an elaborate scheme to defeat the settlement, the lawyers argued, but the normal estate planning of a wealthy and successful businessman. And Pursglove, they said, was no victim. She had been part of her husband's planning from the very beginning.

It was, in truth, hard to say where Pursglove's involvement with the offshoring began and ended. In court filings, Oesterlund produced an email showing that on at least one occasion, Oesterlund's advisers had discussed setting up a separate trust for Pursglove and for the couple's United States properties. When I looked closely at the contracts between Xacti and Omega, I noticed that one of them bore not only Oesterlund's signature, on behalf of Omega, but also that of Pursglove, on behalf of Xacti. She was also at one time a beneficiary of the Cook Islands trust, albeit only in the unlikely event that Oesterlund and both of their two daughters happened to predecease her.

Indeed, because Pursglove was a United States resident with a large ownership stake in several profitable United States businesses, she stood to pay far less in taxes if her husband could move the profits offshore. Moreover, both Pursglove and Fisher now stood to benefit from his new legal strategy: Lawyers are barred from working on contingency in divorces, but in the civil lawsuits, Fisher would be allowed to charge Pursglove a percentage of whatever money he could find and drag back to Florida.

Strikingly, Pursglove didn't seem to have much sympathy for the consumers who had filed complaints against her family's companies -- the very basis of Fisher's carefully plotted legal strategy. On more than one occasion, first during a long meeting in New York and later over a candlelit Italian dinner with Fisher and Potter in Delray Beach, I asked Pursglove whether she had any reservations about how she and Oesterlund had made their money. Whatever regrets she had about her husband, I learned, did not extend to the family business. ''Every time you click on an ad, someone gets money,'' she told me, shrugging. ''We were the people who got the money.''

All this raised the possibility that Pursglove's main objection to the offshoring scheme was that her husband had decided to cut her out of it. Oesterlund himself insinuated as much. ''Wow your Jeff is desperate,'' he texted her in May 2015, meaning Fisher, after a Canadian judge issued a further freeze of his assets. ''Why would he want to expose you by trying to reopen the attorney general settlement? But ok we will throw you under the bus.''

Pursglove says she always knew Oesterlund was trying to minimize their taxes. But like many wealthy people who hire expensive help to execute complex tax transactions, Pursglove had considered herself to be avoiding taxes, not evading them -- precisely the distinction wealthy people hire an accounting firm like Daszkal Bolton to observe on their behalf, however finely. Now, though, she was relying on Fisher to dismantle Daszkal Bolton's handiwork.

Fisher's argument was that Oesterlund had begun offshoring the companies to shield himself from consumer lawsuits, but then, as a divorce grew imminent, redeployed the same plan to shield assets from Pursglove. And that assertion was bolstered by a new discovery.

Studying bank documents Fisher had subpoenaed, Fisher's paralegal, Lindsey Crews, noticed that Pursglove's stamped signature appeared on paperwork in early 2013 that gave an Xacti executive named Skip Middleton, Oesterlund's right-hand man, authority over at least six Xacti-related bank accounts with Wells Fargo. A few months later, Middleton used his newfound authority to remove Pursglove from the accounts. Not long after, around the time Oesterlund created the Cook Islands trust, someone using Pursglove's signature stamp had caused RSOP, the family holding company, to guarantee a $17.5 million loan from a Florida lender called C1 bank, using the Déjà Vu as collateral. The loan papers attested that Middleton had witnessed Pursglove signing for the loan in Florida. But Pursglove wasn't in Florida on the date indicated: Her passport stamps proved that she was actually in Toronto.

A clearer picture emerged as they studied documents subpoenaed from Daszkal Bolton. It turned out that in early 2013, after Pursglove asked Xacti's executives to inform her of any large cash transfers or major business decisions, Oesterlund ordered Middleton to cut her off. Over email, he told Middleton to ban her from their Boca Raton offices and to remove Pursglove as a signatory to the company bank accounts. Middleton forwarded the email to a Daszkal Bolton accountant. ''Umm, Houston, we have a problem,'' Middleton wrote, referring to Oesterlund's demands. The bank forms adding Middleton to the accounts -- supposedly with Pursglove's permission -- were filed two days later.

A lawyer for Middleton did not reply to a request for comment. (When Fisher deposed him this past April, Middleton invoked his Fifth Amendment rights almost 300 times, including to the question of whether he had forged Pursglove's signature.) A spokesman for Daszkal Bolton told me that the firm would not comment on litigation or client matters. But documents obtained by Fisher suggest that Oesterlund's lawyers and accountants had indeed spent 2013 trying to make him untouchable, trading complex organizational charts, debating what companies to create in which countries, even what value to assign them.

Early in the fall of 2014, Fisher printed out a copy of the Xacti organizational chart and taped it behind his desk. He ordered everyone in the office to keep a copy as well. Every time they found a new Oesterlund company, they would add it the chart, which came to resemble a convoluted treasure map. In the Caribbean, there were shell companies with names like Paradise Liquidity I and Integrity Investment Holdings, formed by a Nevis holding company and then immediately transferred to Oesterlund's Cook Islands trust. There was a second Cook Islands trust, also created in June 2013, right as the Florida attorney general began nosing around Oesterlund's businesses again. There was $35 million or more in cash, in bank accounts in, among other places, Monaco, Luxembourg, Canada and the Bahamas.

Yet on paper, it was hard to find anything that Oesterlund actually owned himself. Shortly after Judge Gillen froze his assets, Oesterlund removed himself as a ''beneficiary'' of the two trusts, even though they now appeared to contain much of the family's businesses and property. The Toronto penthouse was now owned by a Delaware corporation, which was owned by a Nevis corporation deposited in one of the Cook trusts. At some point, Omega had also been transferred into one of the trusts. The Déjà Vu, meanwhile, was now owned by a Caymans corporation whose ''membership interest'' -- its ownership -- had been shifted into one of the trusts. In exchange, the trust paid Oesterlund the sum of $100.

Unknown to his wife, Oesterlund had even purchased an apartment complex in Georgia, using $23 million in loans backed by the Housing and Urban Development Department. The application, which Potter obtained with an open-records request, was personally signed by Oesterlund, who listed an address in Boca Raton where he hadn't actually lived in at least four years. But after the sale closed in 2013, other documents indicated, control of the apartment complex was shifted to a Bahamian company, and finally into the trust. The United States government appeared to be guaranteeing a $23 million loan to a Cook Islands trust in the South Pacific.

Oesterlund's legal strategy was also becoming clear: Don't explain anything. The trusts had hired a small Miami law firm called Kaplan Zeena, whose lawyers excelled at navigating the complexity and opacity of the offshore legal world. They cited obscure international treaties and arcane points of Caribbean law, Potter told me. They filed endless procedural and jurisdictional objections, burying Potter and Fisher in paperwork. Pursglove was now receiving alimony and child support, but much of it was taken up paying off a jumbo mortgage and back taxes; Fisher would get paid for his firm's work only if she won. (Kaplan Zeena, too, did not respond to emails seeking comment.)

Potter, who had to write most of the replying briefs, believed that Oesterlund's trusts were filing motions or objections it seemed certain to lose, just to exhaust and bankrupt Pursglove. In one lawsuit, the trusts fought against releasing a single piece of paper. The goal wasn't merely to win, Potter felt, but to prevent the case from progressing far enough for its actual merits to be heard. ''This isn't some weird aspect of the process,'' he says. ''This is the game itself.'' Nor could Fisher, despite invoking the authority of the Florida attorney general against Oesterlund, count on help from the actual Florida attorney general. The office had sent a lawyer to monitor at least one hearing in Pursglove's lawsuit, but had taken no official position on her claims. Fisher was on his own.

But in the late fall of 2014, Oesterlund ran short of a commodity that had once seemed in bountiful supply: time. For many months, his lawyers had successfully delayed Fisher's demands to depose him in person, insisting on a variety of jurisdictional, geographic and practical complications. In the process, however, Oesterlund had exhausted the patience of a series of Florida judges. Now, under threat of being held in contempt (and, potentially, the court's issuing a warrant for his arrest), Oesterlund agreed to show up in a Toronto law office.

A video of the day shows that he arrived a few minutes late. ''You're shorter than I thought you were,'' Oesterlund told Fisher. But for the rest of the deposition, Oesterlund was studiously restrained. He answered most questions in a monotone, rarely meeting Fisher's eye. Fisher tried repeatedly to get Oesterlund to list his assets. ''I owned lots of assets, different assets, various assets,'' Oesterlund said vaguely. He had ''things that most people would have, like a watch.'' Was he really worth $401,769,834, as his accountants once thought? Oesterlund waved the question away. ''I don't know where these numbers are taken from,'' he said, staring fixedly at the table. How did the penthouse end up in a Cook Islands trust? It was ''a transaction between me and my attorney.'' Which attorney? ''I can't remember,'' Oesterlund retorted. ''I have too many.''

But bit by bit, Fisher began to connect Oesterlund back to his own wealth. Oesterlund admitted that he had signed a rental agreement to live in the Toronto penthouse now owned by the trust. In that case, Fisher asked, was Oesterlund paying rent? Oesterlund looked up at the ceiling. ''It's being accrued,'' he replied; no money was actually changing hands. Under orders from Rosen, one of his lawyers, Oesterlund refused to say who was paying the utilities and maintenance at the penthouse. But he admitted that the trust was paying to fuel, maintain and crew the Déjà Vu -- a boat that he was the only person permitted to use, according to a copy of the boat's insurance contract.

Documents accompanying the deposition provided further evidence that there was little distance between Oesterlund and the theoretically independent trusts holding his former property. The trusts were paying to furnish Oesterlund with a private helicopter and even fund his trips to St. Maarten.

In court papers filed that spring and summer, Fisher and Pursglove's Toronto divorce lawyer, Harold Niman, sharpened their attacks. Oesterlund was ''a highly successful internet swindler,'' engaged in ''internet scams, forgeries, tax fraud, bank fraud, HUD fraud, immigration fraud, fraudulent overseas transfers and other misconduct,'' Fisher told a Florida judge. They also moved to freeze even more of Oesterlund's income, and not just to make him suffer personally. Fisher and Potter estimated that Oesterlund was burning through about a million dollars a month, much of it going to pay the lawyers and accountants keeping his maze of trusts and shell companies in working order.

In March, Fisher went after Wells Fargo, Oesterlund's main link between the name-brand financial-services world and the gray market of offshore shell companies and trusts. The Wells Fargo accounts, they believed, were still accumulating revenue from some of the old Xacti businesses -- the ones selling travel deals or DVDs or antivirus toolbars -- some of which had been reconstituted under new, offshore corporations. Fisher, citing Pursglove's possibly forged signature removing her from the accounts, threatened to sue Wells Fargo, asserting that the bank had allowed Oesterlund to defraud his wife of millions of dollars. Because of the competing claims to the accounts, Wells Fargo quickly froze them until the dispute could be settled. Now neither Oesterlund nor the trusts could access the money.

An even bigger threat to Oesterlund began taking shape in June 2015, when a Florida judge ruled that Pursglove was entitled to view thousands of pages of emails and documents exchanged by Oesterlund and other executives at Xacti with their lawyers. Oesterlund's attorneys had tried to keep the documents out of court, arguing they were protected by attorney-client privilege. Fisher was certain the privileged documents would contain what he called a ''smoking gun.'' He wouldn't just see where the money was hidden, Fisher believed. He would see Oesterlund plotting how to hide the money. He would get not only direct evidence of fraud against Pursglove and others, but also emails and memos that might implicate many of the lawyers and accountants who had helped him. The whole thing could be laid bare.

A few days later, Oesterlund's lawyers asked for a meeting, hinting that if Fisher got the privileged documents, their client would go on the run. Whatever Oesterlund was hiding, it was so damaging that he was willing to live in virtual exile in order to keep it from his wife.

Fisher and Potter strolled down the block in West Palm Beach to the offices of Squire Patton Boggs -- a well-regarded multinational firm that represents Oesterlund's Florida companies -- to hear them out. The suggestion made everyone wary. Pursglove could lose by winning: If her husband went into hiding, it would be hard to wring money out of him. But it would also be bad for Oesterlund's lawyers, particularly for the Americans. For one thing, Potter would later realize, Oesterlund now had large unpaid legal bills. And beyond the financial risk was a reputational one. It was one thing to defend a businessman in a civil suit. It was another to defend a fugitive.

Documents turned over at the June meeting and subsequent ones that summer laid out Oesterlund's position. Most of his net worth was tied up in the value of his companies, and they were worth less than his accountants once claimed. He didn't actually have enough wealth to give his wife half of a $400 million estate -- the sort of net worth he once declared in order to secure loans for a jet or Georgia real estate. But now the baroque complexity of Oesterlund's finances had become a noose around his neck. To prove that Oesterlund's fortune was much smaller, his lawyers had to reveal where and how he had hidden it. If they refused, and a judge decided to award Pursglove $200 million, Oesterlund wouldn't have enough liquid wealth to pay up. He could be ruined.

Trapped, Oesterlund's lawyers were now doing Fisher's work for him, providing documents that suggested further violations of the Judge Gillen's original asset injunction, Potter told me. One trust had recently sent Oesterlund's lawyers more than $1 million to cover legal fees. In Potter's opinion, Oesterlund had no choice. He ''had to decide whether to pay the lawyers, and expose that he could get cash from the trust whenever he wanted,'' Potter says, ''or not pay them, and not be able to fight the suit.''

Another bank statement they handed over showed that on a single day in 2014, Oesterlund transferred $48 million into one of the Cook trusts. It was the same day, Fisher quickly realized, that Pursglove discovered Oesterlund with his new girlfriend. Fisher believed this would be strong evidence in court that the trust had been set up in anticipation of owing his wife money, which even in most offshore jurisdictions is against the law.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars had been drawn out of one trust each month to operate the Déjà Vu. Fisher's paralegal hunted for the boat in Oesterlund's usual haunts. Using public webcams at ports around the French Rivera, she discovered the Déjà Vu anchored in the middle of the harbor in Saint-Tropez. Potter took a working vacation to France and, after a few days of carefully planned sightseeing, found the boat anchored in Nice. Halfway through a meal at the Grand-Hotel du Cap-Ferrat, he also found Oesterlund himself, who strode out onto the dining patio with the interior decorator. Potter's own girlfriend snapped a picture on her cellphone. They left quickly, before Oesterlund noticed them.

In Florida, Oesterlund's lawyers were again running out of time. Oesterlund was now subject to an increasingly stern series of court orders that he turn over the privileged documents, regardless of any potential settlement.

This didn't just threaten Oesterlund's fortune. It also had the potential to carve open a portal into the world of offshore finance, a place that the global elite has spent hundreds of millions of dollars to build and defend. In the offshore archipelago, their interests are hidden behind shell companies and trusts, their anonymity guaranteed under the law, from Delaware to the Bahamas to the South Pacific. James S. Henry, a former chief economist at McKinsey, calls the offshore financial world the ''economic equivalent of an astrophysical black hole,'' holding at least $21 trillion of the world's financial wealth, more than the gross domestic product of the United States.

This darkness shields the tax-averse businessman and the criminal alike. Dictators use the offshore system to loot their own countries. Drug lords use it to launder money. As Gabriel Zucman, a University of California economist and an offshore expert, puts it: ''They use the same banks, they use the same incorporation agents to create shell companies, they send money in the same ways.''

But when the wall of secrecy is breached, the distinction between upright global citizen and criminal can quickly grow indistinct. In April, media outlets belonging to the International Consortium of Investigative Journalists published a trove of confidential records leaked from the Panamanian law firm Mossack Fonseca, exposing the offshore financial holdings of various kleptocrats and forcing the resignation of the prime minister of Iceland. Leak the client files of a single middling law firm in Panama City, and you can take down governments half a world away.

If Fisher could prove that one Cook trust was a sham, then the settlors and administrators of other Cook trusts could have a harder time defending them in reputable courts. For attorneys and accountants working in the offshore industry, having private correspondence with a client entered into a public court record would be a disaster. Anybody could see what they were doing and how they did it. Fisher's legal assault now presented Oesterlund's helpers with a painful choice: Protect one client, or protect the system.

Soon, the tangle of defenders who had once guarded Oesterlund's wealth started to turn against him. One rainy Friday in July 2015, after losing an appeal on the treasure trove of privileged documents, Oesterlund's entire team of lawyers at Squire Patton Boggs abruptly quit. Oesterlund, Potter learned, had ordered them to ignore the court's order to turn over the documents, a serious violation for which the lawyers, all American citizens, could have been disbarred.

They rejoined the case within days, after Oesterlund agreed to let them release a portion of the files. But it was a sign that Oesterlund had begun pushing his camp into dangerous territory, both professionally and legally. The wall of secrecy around Oesterlund's offshore holdings began to collapse. The first batch of documents, five or six notebooks' worth of emails arrived last fall. More would soon follow.

When I spoke with Fisher by phone in February, he sounded confident. Oesterlund appeared to be running out of cash, Fisher told me; he was missing payments on the loan from C1 Bank. In August, after further delays in producing the documents, Judge Gillen held Oesterlund and his companies in contempt of court, dangling the prospect of criminal penalties. Soon after, Oesterlund's personal lawyer in the case quit, citing ''irreconcilable differences'' with his client. Court filings this fall suggested that the civil litigation was drawing to a close, though both Fisher and Oesterlund's remaining lawyers said they were barred from discussing any final settlement.

More even than the laws of the world's tax havens, the offshore financial system is kept afloat by the legions of professionals -- accountants, lawyers, incorporation agents -- who are paid well to service it. But the people who work to dismantle that system also have to be paid. If the case Fisher had constructed against Oesterlund was correct, I once proposed to him, then at least some of the money coming to him and Pursglove would seem to be tainted. Fisher disagreed, and unspooled an intricate accounting of his own. When he cracked open the Cook trusts, Fisher argued, the money would come back home. Whatever liabilities Oesterlund had to consumers would be payable by what remained of the businesses. Pursglove and her payout would live in Boca Raton, within easy reach of United States law. ''I would always view the dollars that I get to be legitimate dollars,'' Fisher said.

But this would be a justice of wealth battling wealth, hammering through the veneer of trusts and shell companies to serve private ends. Fisher's own role as public crusader would end, circumscribed by Pursglove's interests. He and Potter had sent packages of evidence to the Palm Beach sheriff's department, the inspector general of HUD, and the United States attorney's office. Those authorities might take a hard look at Oesterlund's business dealings and the well-paid professionals who made them all possible. Or they might lay the packages aside, alongside other complex cases that take extraordinary amounts of time and money to pursue. ''In the end, I'm not a private attorney general,'' Fisher mused. ''I'm a private attorney.''

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**Graphic**

DRAWINGS (DRAWINGS BY R. KIKUO JOHNSON) (MM30

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**Body**

When I visit Marseilles it is for a cure de poisson, for the city is a fish lover's paradise unequaled in France. At the tip of the Vieux Port, along the weather-beaten Quai des Belges, the city awakens to the familiar cries of the fishmonger. It's a rough and ancient symphony as fishermen, their wives and their children, begin to set out the daily catch.

''Soles vivantes! Soles vivantes!'' cries a lean, redheaded woman in a yellow slicker, displaying her wares on a rickety card table. ''Treize a la douzaine!'' a sea urchin vendor yells, tantalizing shoppers with freshly opened samples. Nearby, a merchant sets up shop with a makeshift rolling cart, hawking the fresh herbs of Provence - fragrant bunches of thyme, rosemary, marjoram and summer savory - along with small baskets filled with firm shiny lemons.

The scene, repeated 365 mornings each year, is almost as old as Marseilles itself, a capital of rising and falling fortune since the Phocaean Greeks first settled here in 600 B.C. Although the Vieux Port was replaced as a commercial center in the mid-19th century by an artificial port to the north and by the deeper, industrialized, Port de Fos to the northwest, the old harbor remains the historical pulse of Marseilles, a vibrant reminder of the prosperity and the strife that have shaped this Mediterranean city - France's oldest - for more than 2,000 years.

While much of the port's fine architecture, some dating from the Middle Ages, was destroyed during World War II, what remains along the Quai de Rive Neuve, on the southern edge of the harbor, offers travelers a bright glimpse of a city that is still the land of pastis and Pagnol, a seaport central to Provencal life that has maintained a firm sense of history and a meticulous pride in its tradition of excellent cuisine.

You only have to spend a few moments along the Quai des Belges to know it's almost impossible to find fish that's fresher, or of greater variety. These are fish that are just hours out of the sea, netted in the early morning hours from the handful of small wooden boats that circle the rocky waters just beyond the port - fish with clear, round eyes and plump red gills that will never touch ice or see the inside of a refrigerator. Take one look at the gleaming, silvery mackerel, the rugged-looking scorpion fish known as rascasse, the wandering tiny crabs, the gigantic monkfish, and you can almost taste the bouillabaisse, the legendary fisherman's soup that, because of the freshness and variety of its ingredients, tastes better in Marseilles than anywhere else in the world. (Some restaurateurs are so proud of their fish soup they've formed a ''bouillabaisse charter'': restaurants serving the authentic version of this soup must agree to standards of freshness and must use at least four varieties of fish and shellfish.) Chez Fonfon, a healthy stroll from the Old Port, is an ideal spot for sampling an authentic bouillabaisse. This bright and casual restaurant overlooks the Vallon des Auffes, a minuscule fishing port that feels like a separate village, a quiet fisherman's place filled with cats and seagulls.

Alphonse Mounier, the owner of Chez Fonfon, will greet you at the door and lead you to a table set with starched linens and pristine glassware. Here you can enjoy the local wine - a lively dry white that takes its name from the fishing village of Cassis, just 14 miles southeast of Marseilles - while awaiting the bouillabaisse, vermilion red, served from a white tureen.

Like all bouillabaisse, Chez Fonfon's varies according to the catch of the day, or, as the fishmongers are fond of saying, ''whatever happened to wander into the net'' that morning. On a recent visit, this included monkfish, scorpion fish, John Dory and conger eel, all served on long, narrow platters. The strained fish soup is served first, along with toasted croutons and two garlic-infused sauces, aioli and rouille. Aioli, a golden, pungent puree of garlic cloves, mixed with sea salt, egg yolks and extra virgin olive oil, is dropped by the spoonful into the steaming broth. Or you might choose the russet-hued rouille, which is generally made by adding saffron and hot red pepper to the aioli, though other versions are mixtures of softened bread, garlic, a touch of mashed potatoes, broth, oil and peppers. The trick here is to use the powerful aioli and rouille with discretion or you'll never make it to the second course: portions of fish and shellfish, boiled potatoes and additional broth.

Two other spots for sampling authentic bouillabaisse include the Calypso, overlooking the water near the Corniche J. F. Kennedy, and Restaurant Peron, a family restaurant on the corniche that also specializes in bourride, a fish stew bound and served with aioli. At Calypso restaurant, diners can select their fish from a large wicker basket, and the kitchen grills or poaches it to order. A typical midday meal might include a dozen fresh sea urchins, a grilled sea bass, or loup, and a glass of E. Bodin's Cassis blanc de blancs.

Both restaurants are within walking distance of the old harbor, now a port for pleasure boats, where tourists, sailors and local residents crowd the waterfront cafes and the nearby old quarter, strolling along narrow streets filled with multistoried Italianate buildings, modern boutiques and centuries-old shops accented with extra-tall shuttered windows and stuccoed interiors painted bright tangerine, pale lemon or soft celadon green.

The scene is as lively as it is picturesque - a romantic contradiction to the still tainted view of the city as a haven for drugs and laundered money. Indeed, the French like to call Marseilles ''le petit Chicago,'' comparing it to a comic book version of a crowded, slightly sinister ***working-class*** town where crime is all but worn as a badge of pride. In fact, this city of just under one million suffers from high unemployment and a static urban population - despite the large influx of immigrants, mainly from Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, who make up one quarter of it.

As immigration to Marseilles continues, ethnic foods have become increasingly available throughout the city. Handkerchief-sized Vietnamese restaurants line the Rue du Musee, while North African specialties, ranging from lamb's heads roasting on a spit to pita-like flat breads, mingle with Provencal standbys on the Rue Longue des Capucins. And the citizenry would have you believe they invented pizza, as they hawk it from long outdoor tables along the Rue des Feuillants.

In keeping with its ***working-class*** image, Marseilles is not a city of grand, luxurious restaurants, but rather plays host to a wealth of small and casual places, like fisherman's bistros overlooking the water or sidewalk stands where you can down raw oysters, sea urchins, clams and mussels as quick midday snacks. One of the most popular stands is Coquillages Toinou, a huge corner fish market where fresh sea urchins sell for about $1.50 a dozen (one tenth of the price in Paris) and the selection of oysters and mussels reads like a map of the French coastline. You'll find oysters and tiny blue-black mussels from Bouzigues on the Mediterranean, green-tinged Marennes oysters from the Atlantic Coast, large matte black mussels from Dieppe and Cherbourg, as well as the prized flat Belon oysters and crinkle-shelled Quiberon oysters, both from Brittany.

Toinou's ecailler, or oyster opener, 60-year-old Francis Rouquier, is so skilled in his trade that he recently won first place in a national oyster-opening competition. Mr. Rouquier, who has been opening shellfish professionally since the age of 14, beat out other colleagues by neatly opening 100 oysters in under six minutes.

If you prefer to eat your oysters or sea urchins sitting down, take a table at the Brasserie New York, the chic cafe and restaurant overlooking the Quai des Belges. Here, aside from platters of fresh fish and shellfish, the menu has a strong Provencal accent. Try in particular the salad of fresh fennel, garlic and anchovies, or sard au sel, tiny whole porgy cooked in a hermetic crust of sea salt.

Running northeast from the Quai des Belges and the old harbor is La Canebiere, the city's main thoroughfare and one of the world's oldest and most famous avenues. This bustling street -the favorite of sailors of many nationalities - takes its name from the hemp fields, or chenevieres, that once stretched out from the Old Port. The fields existed during the Middle Ages, when the hemp ropes were woven on the spot, and put directly to use on the boats in the harbor.

Just south of La Canebiere is the Marche des Capucins, the most central, and busiest, of Marseilles's several outdoor markets. Here, amid mounds of black and green olives and freshly braided garlic, you'll find specialty foods like nutty rice from the Camargue and salted mullet roe, known as poutargue. Tiny shops sell breads sprinkled with sesame seeds, and family-owned boutiques dating from the 19th-century offer all manner of herbs for the kitchen and for medicinal purposes, including tisanes, or herbal teas - chamomile for indigestion, sage for colds, thyme for headaches, rosemary for poor circulation, lemon verbena for insomnia.

Elsewhere throughout the city, regional shops and specialties attest to the city's strong ties to tradition - from the cow's-milk banon found at Fromagerie Georges Bataille to the cookies flavored with orange-flower water at Le Four des Navettes, a bakery that has stood on the Rue Sainte for more than 200 years. At Les Arcenaulx, a bookstore, food carryout and tea salon, you'll find a selection of local cookbooks, including a rare volume of recipes donated by senior citizens of Marseilles. And you can sample homemade extra-bitter chocolate truffles at L'Atelier du Chocolat, an old-style cafe with funky modern accents.

Once you've had your fill of everyday fare, make a reservation at Le Petit Nice, the best grand table in the city. The restaurant is in a hotel of the same name - two Greek-style villas south of the Vieux Port and overlooking the Mediterranean, with such amenities as pool, whirlpool and sauna, as well as the constant, calming, presence of the sea.

The chefs at Petit Nice are Jean-Paul Passedat and Gerald, his son. Their menu, naturally, looks toward the sea, and includes such local specialties as baudroie, or monkfish soup, served with aioli; house-smoked salmon and John Dory served in tandem; fresh goat cheese bathed in olive oil, and roast lamb seasoned with fresh thyme.

It's hard to pick the best dish of a recent dinner here, but if pressed I'd vote for the brandade de morue aux truffes. The Passedats' version, rather confusingly listed on the menu as morue a la Marseillaise, not brandade, is rich yet delicate - a large dollop of brandade layered with thick slices of fresh black truffles. For those feeling in need of a health-giving broth, the Passedats offer troncon de loup Lucie Passedat, a poached sea bass surrounded by a delicate broth filled with fresh herbs and vegetables and accompanied by crusty and pungent little pains aux olives and rolls flecked with fresh thyme.

The simplicity of these regionally refined dishes will, most likely, make one long to return for dinner out on the terrace. Order ahead for the bouillabaisse en trois services - an extravagant bouillabaisse unlike any other version in the city. The chefs Passedat first prepare a fish broth with fish trimmings and saffron, along with the traditional olive oil, bay leaves and finely chopped tomatoes, garlic, parsley and fennel. The meal begins with a serving of shellfish, including oysters, clams, mussels and sea urchins that have been lightly cooked in the strained broth. The second course is an assortment of local fish, including filets of monkfish, loup, rouget (red mullet), merlan (whiting) and rascasse, also cooked in the broth. This is followed by the steaming, saffron-flecked broth, served with the Passedats' version of rouille, here a rich tomato puree whisked with olive oil.

The origin of the bouillabaise ritual is uncertain, but partaking in it on the terrace of Le Petit Nice, with its uninterrupted view of the Mediterranean, brings to mind the days when Marseilles was Massalia, and this teeming city was a quiet little port, home to the Phocaean traders and fishermen who wisely dropped anchor here.

A MARSEILLES SAMPLER

MARKETS AND SHOPS

The largest daily markets in Marseilles, which sell everything from shoelaces to salt cod, are in the Place des Capucins, near the Vieux Port, and, farther south, in the Place Castellane. Both are open daily from 8 A.M. to 1 P.M.; the fish market on the Quai des Belges is open from 8 until noon.

Herboristorie Blaize, 4-6 Rue Meolan (telephone: 91.54.04.01), sells herbs for cooking, bathing and medicinal purposes.

Georges Bataille, 18 Rue Fontange (91.47.06.23), has a variety of French and imported cheeses, as well as wine, olives and other regional specialties.

Le Four des Navettes, 136 Rue Sainte (91.33.32.12), sells breads and rolls along with its namesakes - little boat-shaped cookies, made with orange-flower water, called ''navettes.''

Les Arcenaulx, 25 Cours d'Estienne d'Orves (91.54.39.37), is a bookstore, tea salon and restaurant that also sells such dishes as ratatouille to go.

L'Atelier du Chocolat, 43 Cours d'Estienne d'Orves (91.33.55.00), is a combination tea salon and chocolate shop in the newly restored part of town on the south side of the Vieux Port.

CREATURE COMFORTS

Prices, unless given in guaranteed dollar rates, are computed at a rate of 5.7 francs to $1.

Chez Fonfon, 140 Vallon des Auffes (91.52.14.38). Closed Saturday and Sunday. Dinner for two, with wine, is about $100. Peron, 56 Corniche J. F. Kennedy (91.52.43.70). Closed Sunday evening and Monday. Dinner for two, with wine, is about $125. Calypso, 3 Rue des Catalans (91.52.64.00). Closed Sunday and Monday. Dinner for two, with wine, is about $125. Brasserie New York, 7 Quai des Belges (91.33.91.79). Open daily. Dinner for two, with wine, costs from $50 to $100.

Le Petit Nice, Anse de Maldorme, Corniche J. F. Kennedy, 13007 Marseilles (91.59.25.92). The hotel's 14 double rooms range in price from $175 to $300; the higher-priced rooms look out over the Mediterranean, as do the hotel's two suites ($525). Dinner for two at the terrace restaurant, with wine, is between $85 and $95, fixed price.

Sofitel Marseilles Vieux Port, 36 Boulevard Charles Livon, 13007 Marseilles (91.52.90.19; reservations also through Resinter, 800-221-4542). Many of the hotel's 127 rooms and 3 suites have views of the Vieux Port. All double rooms, including those with terraces, are $110, a guaranteed price and dollar rate until December 1990; the suites vary greatly with the season. A Continental breakfast at Les Trois Forts restaurant, which has a panoramic view of the harbor, is about $10.

Le Grand Hotel de Geneve, 3 Rue Reine Elisabeth, 13001 Marseilles (91.90.51.42). This turn-of-the-century hotel, with tall windows that open onto the Vieux Port, has 37 rooms and 6 suites, most of which have a view of the harbor. Double rooms, with view, are about $65; suites are $70.

**Graphic**

Photos: The Old Port, the heart of the city since the Greeks first settled it; The city is home to scores of bistros and outdoor cafes; The daily market in the Place Castellane; Bourride, a fish stew bound with aioli, a garlic mayonnaise, is a specialty at Restaurant Peron, which overlooks the water on the Corniche J. F. Kennedy; Les Arcenaulx, a combination tea salon and bookstore; The bouillabaisse at Chez Fonfon varies with the day's catch; at right, the Brasserie New York; Fish straight from the sea are displayed outside Chez Fonfon. (Photographs By Carey More) (pg. 26, 27); map: Marseilles (The New York Times) (pg. 85)

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[***After the Bell Curve***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KG8-83T0-TW8F-G2PP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 23, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 6; Column 1; Magazine; Pg. 15; THE WAY WE LIVE NOW: 7-23-06: IDEA LAB

**Length:** 1833 words

**Byline:** By David L. Kirp

David L. Kirp, a professor of public policy at the University of California at Berkeley, is writing a book about the universal preschool movement.

**Body**

When it comes to explaining the roots of intelligence, the fight between partisans of the gene and partisans of the environment is ancient and fierce. Each side challenges the other's intellectual bona fides and political agendas. What is at stake is not just the definition of good science but also the meaning of the just society. The nurture crowd is predisposed to revive the War on Poverty, while the hereditarians typically embrace a Social Darwinist perspective.

A century's worth of quantitative-genetics literature concludes that a person's I.Q. is remarkably stable and that about three-quarters of I.Q. differences between individuals are attributable to heredity. This is how I.Q. is widely understood -- as being mainly ''in the genes'' -- and that understanding has been used as a rationale for doing nothing about seemingly intractable social problems like the black-white school-achievement gap and the widening income disparity. If nature disposes, the argument goes, there is little to be gained by intervening. In their 1994 best seller, ''The Bell Curve,'' Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray relied on this research to argue that the United States is a genetic meritocracy and to urge an end to affirmative action. Since there is no way to significantly boost I.Q., prominent geneticists like Arthur Jensen of Berkeley have contended, compensatory education is a bad bet.

But what if the supposed opposition between heredity and environment is altogether misleading? A new generation of studies shows that genes and environment don't occupy separate spheres -- that much of what is labeled ''hereditary'' becomes meaningful only in the context of experience. ''It doesn't really matter whether the heritability of I.Q. is this particular figure or that one,'' says Sir Michael Rutter of the University of London. ''Changing the environment can still make an enormous difference.'' If heredity defines the limits of intelligence, the research shows, experience largely determines whether those limits will be reached. And if this is so, the prospects for remedying social inequalities may be better than we thought.

When quantitative geneticists estimate the heritability of I.Q., they are generally relying on studies of twins. Identical twins are in effect clones who share all their genes; fraternal twins are siblings born together -- just half of their genes are identical. If heredity explains most of the difference in intelligence, the logic goes, the I.Q. scores of identical twins will be far more similar than the I.Q.'s of fraternal twins. And this is what the research has typically shown. Only when children have spent their earliest years in the most wretched of circumstances, as in the infamous case of the Romanian orphans, treated like animals during the misrule of Nicolae Ceausescu, has it been thought that the environment makes a notable difference. Otherwise, genes rule.

Then along came Eric Turkheimer to shake things up. Turkheimer, a psychology professor at the University of Virginia, is the kind of irreverent academic who gives his papers user-friendly titles like ''Spinach and Ice Cream'' and ''Mobiles.'' He also has a reputation as a methodologist's methodologist. In combing through the research, he noticed that the twins being studied had middle-class backgrounds. The explanation was simple -- poor people don't volunteer for research projects -- but he wondered whether this omission mattered.

Together with several colleagues, Turkheimer searched for data on twins from a wider range of families. He found what he needed in a sample from the 1970's of more than 50,000 American infants, many from poor families, who had taken I.Q. tests at age 7. In a widely-discussed 2003 article, he found that, as anticipated, virtually all the variation in I.Q. scores for twins in the sample with wealthy parents can be attributed to genetics. The big surprise is among the poorest families. Contrary to what you might expect, for those children, the I.Q.'s of identical twins vary just as much as the I.Q.'s of fraternal twins. The impact of growing up impoverished overwhelms these children's genetic capacities. In other words, home life is the critical factor for youngsters at the bottom of the economic barrel. ''If you have a chaotic environment, kids' genetic potential doesn't have a chance to be expressed,'' Turkheimer explains. ''Well-off families can provide the mental stimulation needed for genes to build the brain circuitry for intelligence.''

This provocative finding was confirmed in a study published last year. An analysis of the reading ability of middle-aged twins showed that even half a century after childhood, family background still has a big effect -- but only for children who grew up poor. Meanwhile, Turkheimer is studying a sample of twins who took the National Merit Scholarship exam, and the results are the same. Although these are the academic elite, who mostly come from well-off homes, variations in family circumstances still matter: children in the wealthiest households have the greatest opportunity to develop all their genetic capacities. The better-off the family, the more a child's genetic potential is likely to be, as Turkheimer puts it, ''maxed out.''

In seeking to understand the impact of nature and nurture on I.Q., researchers have also looked at adopted children. Consistent with the proposition that intelligence is mainly inherited, these studies have almost always found that adopted youngsters more closely resemble their biological than their adoptive parents. Such findings have supported the assumption that changing a child's life circumstances won't alter the hard facts of nature.

But researchers in France noted a shortcoming in these adoption studies and set out to correct it. Since poor families rarely adopt, those investigations have had to focus only on youngsters placed in well-to-do homes. What's more, because most adopted children come from poor homes, almost nothing is known about adopted youngsters whose biological parents are well-off.

What happens in these rare instances of riches-to-rags adoption? To answer that question, two psychologists, Christiane Capron and Michel Duyme, combed through thousands of records from French public and private adoption agencies. ''It was slow, dusty work,'' Duyme recalls. Their natural experiment mimics animal studies in which, for instance, a newborn rhesus monkey is taken from its nurturing biological mother and handed over to an uncaring foster mother. The findings are also consistent: how genes are expressed depends on the social context.

Regardless of whether the adopting families were rich or poor, Capron and Duyme learned, children whose biological parents were well-off had I.Q. scores averaging 16 points higher than those from ***working-class*** parents. Yet what is really remarkable is how big a difference the adopting families' backgrounds made all the same. The average I.Q. of children from well-to-do parents who were placed with families from the same social stratum was 119.6. But when such infants were adopted by poor families, their average I.Q. was 107.5 -- 12 points lower. The same holds true for children born into impoverished families: youngsters adopted by parents of similarly modest means had average I.Q.'s of 92.4, while the I.Q.'s of those placed with well-off parents averaged 103.6. These studies confirm that environment matters -- the only, and crucial, difference between these children is the lives they have led.

A later study of French youngsters adopted between the ages of 4 and 6 shows the continuing interplay of nature and nurture. Those children had little going for them. Their I.Q.'s averaged 77, putting them near retardation. Most were abused or neglected as infants, then shunted from one foster home or institution to the next.

Nine years later, they retook the I.Q. tests, and contrary to the conventional belief that I.Q. is essentially stable, all of them did better. The amount they improved was directly related to the adopting family's status. Children adopted by farmers and laborers had average I.Q. scores of 85.5; those placed with middle-class families had average scores of 92. The average I.Q. scores of youngsters placed in well-to-do homes climbed more than 20 points, to 98 -- a jump from borderline retardation to a whisker below average. That is a huge difference -- a person with an I.Q. of 77 couldn't explain the rules of baseball, while an individual with a 98 I.Q. could actually manage a baseball team -- and it can only be explained by pointing to variations in family circumstances.

Taken together, these studies show that the issue has changed: it is no longer a matter of whether the environment matters but when and how it matters. And poverty, quite clearly, is an important part of the answer.

That is not to say that an affluent home is necessarily a good home. A family's social standing is only a proxy for the time and energy needed to keep a youngster mentally engaged, as well as the social capital that helps steer a child to success. There are, of course, many affluent parents who do a bad job of raising their children, and many poor families who nurture their kids with care and intelligence. On average, though, well-off households have the resources needed to provide better settings for the fullest development of a child's natural abilities. In ''Meaningful Differences in the Everyday Experience of Young American Children,'' the University of Kansas psychologists Betty Hart and Todd Risley find that by the time they are 4 years old, children growing up in poor families have typically heard a total of 32 million fewer spoken words than those whose parents are professionals. That language gap translates directly into stunted academic trajectories.

Is there a way to reduce such gaps? In recent years, the case for investing in early-childhood education has become stronger and stronger. The federal Early Head Start program for infants and toddlers is effective when it is well implemented -- in part because it succeeds in getting parents more involved with their children. Recent research also shows that one year of high-quality state prekindergarten can give children as much as a seven-month advantage in vocabulary; this, in turn, is a good predictor of how well they will read when they are in primary school. As you would expect, poor children benefit the most, especially when they are in classes with middle-class youngsters.

The push for universal preschool is not a red-state-blue-state issue; the pioneers in the area are Oklahoma and Georgia, not generally known for social progressivism. And with the support of business groups and prominent philanthropists like Susan Buffett, the daughter of Warren Buffett, it may enter the national agenda. If it does, it will be a small step toward a society in which not only the most fortunate children will be able to ''max out'' their potential.

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

**Graphic**

Photo (Photograph by Melissa Ann Pinney)

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[***Before Park, Black Village;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VHN0-008G-F1H6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Students Look Into a Community's History***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VHN0-008G-F1H6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 7, 1995, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1246 words

**Byline:** By DOUGLAS MARTIN

By DOUGLAS MARTIN

**Body**

Near the West 85th Street entrance to Central Park, a spring trickles through rolling hills thick with white oak trees. The occasional woodpecker hammers overhead. It would seem that this spot was always this way.

But before the park was built, 250 people lived there. Residents of Seneca Village, mostly ***working-class*** blacks, traveled to their jobs in laundries or inns in bustling lower Manhattan. Like other communities in the northern reaches of Manhattan, they impatiently waited for proper streets of cobblestone. There were multistory frame houses, gardens, three churches and at least one school.

Then, in 1857, the community was demolished, and none too peaceably, to make way for Central Park.

It is a little-known story, one only chipped at by historians until recently. Prevalent thinking in history books has been that the park was built on swamps inhabited by scattered squatters living in shanties. But new research, partly inspired by an interest in rediscovering New York's black history, has uncovered details of a thriving community of black property owners at a time when few blacks owned land.

Roy Rosenzweig, the co-author of a history of Central Park, offered one explanation of how New York forgot Seneca Village as well as the pockets of other people living in what would become the park. "The story of rich people is more likely to be told historically than the story of poor black people," said Mr. Rosenzweig, a history professor at George Mason University in Virginia who wrote "The Park and the People" (Henry Holt, 1994) with Elizabeth Blackmar, a history professor at Columbia University.

But in a new five-month pilot program sponsored by the New-York Historical Society, students are piecing together the lost story of Seneca. Some 100 seventh graders at Intermediate School 49 in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn are reviewing original documents and newspapers in morninglong sessions at the offices of the historical society, on Central Park West. The society, with a $75,000 corporate grant, hopes to offer a similiar program on the colonial-era African Burial Ground north of City Hall.

"This gives these children a new way of thinking about themselves," said Betsy Gotbaum, president of the New-York Historical Society. "They're realizing they were part of the foundation of New York."

Seneca Village, whose boundaries extended approximately from what is now 79th to 86th streets and from what is now Seventh Avenue to today's Central Park West, was one of the largest settlements in the park area. It offered something that blacks were denied elsewhere in the city. Few could own property because of racial discrimination in land sales, limited financial resources and the high price of downtown real estate. In 1850, there were 71 black property owners in New York City, about 20 percent in Seneca Village, according to land records.

Seneca residents displayed an unusual permanency at a time much of America was in motion. Virtually every black Seneca family counted in the 1850 census was still there five years later; in contrast, 40 percent of the population of Boston moved in the same five years. And of the 100 black New Yorkers eligible to vote in 1845, 10 lived in Seneca Village.

Peter Salwen, the author of the 1989 history "Upper West Side Story," first suspected that the village might have been a respectable hamlet instead of a shantytown when he found a map in the New York Public Library on 42d Street in the late 1970's that had been used in condemnation proceedings. He was struck by the height of the buildings, their density and the sturdy construction materials -- mostly wood, with at least one building of brick and one as high as three stories.

"It just did not fit in at all," Mr. Salwen said. "How degenerate was it, really?"

Mr. Rosenzweig said the drive to build the park, supported by the movers and shakers of what had become the nation's biggest city, pushed all other considerations aside. "One motivation of what were essentially real estate developers," he said, "was to get rid of people who were less appealing."

To be sure, the future park was the site of some smelly industries like bone boiling to make glue. There were institutional homes for the poor, criminal and disabled, and many people did live in tiny, squalid quarters, though perhaps no worse than families crowded into tenements downtown.

The historian Edward Hagaman Hall, in 1911 called the area "a sort of no man's land, occupied by squatters living in the most abject manner."

But The New York Sun, one of the few newspapers sympathetic to the so-called squatters, reported in 1857 that most people asked permission of property owners before building shanties. "Not a few of them have been paying a small ground rent, and raising fruits and vegetables on patches of land that otherwise would have been unproductive," the article said.

There were actually a variety of ethnic settlements in what became the park. The Irish lived in the southwest corner, and in the village's last years rented almost a quarter of the homes in Seneca. Germans cultivated small gardens scattered over much of the present park. Jupiter Zeuss K. Hesser, a German-born music teacher, had seven lots, called Jupiterville, near what would be Seventh Avenue and 100th Street.

Blacks first came to the area in 1825, when John Whitehead, a deliveryman, began selling off parcels of his farm. The first purchase was by Andrew Williams, a 25-year-old African-American shoeshiner, who bought three lots for $125. Epiphany Davis, a laborer and trustee of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, bought 12 lots for $578 the same day. The church itself then bought 6 lots. Between 1825 and 1832, real estate records show, the Whiteheads sold at least 24 land parcels to black families.

The name Seneca Village remains a mystery. "It must have been an ethnic slur," a way to simultaneously denigrate Indians and blacks, said Sara Cedar Miller, the Central Park Conservancy's historian. "Seneca Indians had nothing to do with this place."

No photographs of the village have been found, and much of what is known represents reasoned judgments based on fragmentary facts.

The historical society's approach is to supply students with the same shreds of evidence a historian faces and to have them weave the information together and interpret it.

For instance, The New York Herald of 1871 tells of finding decomposed bodies in the course of uprooting trees to build the West 85th Street entrance to the park. Where did they come from?

In 1856, The New-York Daily Times reported the impending eviction of all the residents of "a neat little village." The article ended, "It is hoped their removal can be effected with as much gentleness as possible." Was this the case?

A decade later, another Times article suggested that the residents' removal was anything but gentle, even though property owners had been compensated. "The supremacy of law was upheld by the policemen's bludgeons, and with many broken heads and ensanguined eyes. Then commenced the laborers of the Park engineers and surveyors."

The seventh graders are being encouraged to weigh these clues with historical hindsight about the park's value to the community at large. The response is invariably emotional.

"I wouldn't like to be kicked out of my home," said Christina Rosado, 12.

Brian Norton, 14, seemed to sum up the prevailing thinking. "It wasn't worth it," he said. "They should have built the park someplace else."

**Graphic**

Drawing (pg. B2)

Map of Central Park North showing location of Seneca Village.

**Load-Date:** April 7, 1995

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[***When Development Becomes Divisive***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4WN0-0014-54N4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 20, 1988, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1121 words

**Byline:** By LISA W. FODERARO, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** NORTH SALEM, N.Y.

**Body**

When Pepsico and the International Business Machines Corporation began building offices in neighboring Somers a few years ago, this rural town at the top of Westchester County started considering ways to ward off developers.

Last spring, town officials approved a zoning ordinance that doubled the minimum size of building lots, erased an industrial zone and more than halved the number of condominiums that may be built there. And so far, this town of 4,800 has avoided any major developments among its horse farms, apple orchards, lakes and hamlets. The fear of development, however, has taken its toll. The town officials who approved the new zoning ordinance are being sued by two developers. Members of a citizens' group are being sued for libel. County planners are angry, saying North Salem is not providing its share of housing. And the division between ***working-class*** residents and horse-country residents has deepened.

Town's Been a 'Hornet's Nest

''This place has been a hornet's nest for about two years,'' said Karen Iacovelli, editor of a local monthly newspaper, The Rural Press. ''The irony is that everybody basically wants the same thing. I don't think anybody wants to see massive development.'' Development crept north in the 1970's when Interstate 684 came through, bringing land-hungry suburbanities from the lower county and sharpening what some people here call the ''Mason-Dixon line'' between the villages of Purdys and Croton Falls on the west and the open country to the east. Three years ago, the rail commute to Manhattan was shortened by 20 minutes, making it more convenient,when the Harlem Line was electrified.

Most people, though, were angry when Somers welcomed Pepsico and I.B.M. Their offices will house an estimated 8,000 employees by 1991, and many feared the increase in traffic on the area's winding two-lane roads and the effect on housing prices. To the east, where the estates of David Liederman of David's Cookies coexists with that of William Randolph Hearst, there were visions of 100-acre-plus estates being subdivided for housing tracts.

About that time, in 1982, a developer from Bedford, Edward Kelly, proposed to replace a 100-acre apple orchard with a 1.1 million-square-foot industrial complex.

The Concerned Residents of North Salem came into being, and the town began revising zoning ordinance. ''If White Plains is the heart of Westchester, then we're the lungs,'' the president of the citizens group, Peter Farina, said recently. ''I didn't want to see North Salem go the way of parts of Westchester.''

While the planning board drafted a new master plan for North Salem's 22 square miles, the town board turned down Mr. Kelly, citing environmental concerns. He sued, won appeal.

'It Looks to the Future'

The new master plan, made law last March, upzoned half-acre lots to one acre and two-acre lots to four acres. Part of a 900-acre industrial area was rezoned for housing and the rest for offices and research.

Those who drafted the plan consider it environmentally sound, based on the town's network of narrow roads, topography, lack of sewers and reliance on wells for drinking water. While it eliminates some multi-family housing, it offers greater density to builders who agree to price some units according to an affordable-housing formula.

''It's inventive, and it looks to the future,'' Peter C. Bliss, a former Councilman and a member of Concerned Residents of North Salem, said of the plan.

But on Peach Lake, where Lawrence Clifford had applied to build 184 condominiums on 60 acres, which would have been permitted under the old rules, the new plan allowed just one house per two acres. Charging that the zoning was exclusionary, he sued for $5 million.

Officials Sued for $14.3 Million

In Croton Falls, the ordinance barred Alvin Lukashok's plan to build a hotel. He had already spent $300,000 on environmental studies and $80,000 on drilling wells. He sued the officials who approved the new zoning plan for $14.3 million each.

''They arbitrarily took away my property rights,'' Mr. Lukashok said.

Last May, in a newsletter, Concerned Residents of North Salem said Mr. Lukashok had ''resorted to what can only be called terrorism by suing every member of the town board and the planning baord personally.''

Last month, Mr. Lukashok filed $14.5 million libel suits against the group's nine leaders.

''It's striking fear in the people,'' said Mr. Farina, the group's president. ''It's psychological warfare. I've never been sued in my life, and being sued personally for $14.5 million is intimidating.''

Division Among Residents

Even years ago, some residents on the less-affluent west side of town said North Salem was missing out by trying to bar development. They were getting the painful side-effects of Somers's growth, they said, without any of the tax benefits. And that friction grew.

''We had the same separation between east and west in the 50's and 60's, but it was sotto voce,'' said Winifred Schuchman, who is 78 years old and has lived here since 1945. ''The town was really quiet, bucolic and lovely, and everyone basically got along with everybody.

''But the influx of people recently from New York has hurt,'' she continued. ''Too many people came with their own interests, and they don't care about what is good for the town as a whole.''

Last November, the Town Supervisor, Lois Lippmann, was ousted after a campaign in which she was denounced for protecting the town's eastern interests. The new Supervisor, Robert Spinna, had campaigned for ''the common man,'' who resented, among other things, that the few commercial zones left in town were all on the crowded western side, along Interstate 684.

But Mr. Spinna fell out with his running mates just before the election, and by the time he resigned this month, after less than four months in office, they had essentially stopped talking to each other.

'Our Strength Is Our Weakness'

''I've always thought that the strength of this town was its diversity,'' said Mrs. Lippmann, a Democrat who just built a spacious house with her husband on 14 acres in the heart of the horse country. ''My kids went to school with the kids of plumbers, farmers and 'I.B.M.-ers'.

''But maybe our strength is our weakness,'' she added. ''Maybe we're so diverse that we can't agree.''

The Town Board, controlled by Republicans and minus one member, now has to contend with its inheritance: a controversial zoning ordinance, law suits and a divided town.

''Where the ordinance takes us, I don't know,'' said Peter L. Bisulca, the acting deputy Supervisor, and a Republican who was critical of the Lippmann administration. ''It may get dumped by the courts, it may get msomething's going to happen, and we'll have to live with it.''

**Graphic**

Photos of a scene in North Salem, N.Y. (NYT/Suzanne DeChillo); Lois Lippmann, a former Town Supervisor (NYT) (pg. B1) Peter Farina, head of the Concerned Residents of North Salem (NYT/Suzanne DeChillo); map of Westchester County (pg. B5)

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[***THE CHEF: BARBARA LYNCH; Pasta, the Irish-Italian Way***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46RB-8H50-01CN-H48R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 11, 2002 Wednesday

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**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Dining In, Dining Out/Style Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1381 words

**Byline:**  By MARK BITTMAN; Barbara Lynch is the chef and owner of No. 9 Park in Boston.

**Body**

HOW a ***working-class*** Irish girl from South Boston became a chef with a national reputation for making pasta is one of those virtually unanswerable nature-vs.-nurture questions. But to watch Barbara Lynch as she mixes dough with her hands and feeds it into an old pasta machine that's no bigger than a home model is to see a young woman with the soul of an Italian grandmother.

Wouldn't she save time by using a food processor?

"I never tried it," she said.

Ms. Lynch, 38, is the chef and owner of No. 9 Park in Boston, a four-year-old restaurant in a renovated 19th century mansion that sits directly across from the Massachusetts State House and Boston Common. It's a spare and stylish place, with a largely familiar, upscale country European menu: butter-poached lobster, herb-crusted lamb, crispy duck and the like. Reviews have been strong. Ms. Lynch has won a number of awards and, in Boston at least, she is a celebrity chef.

What those reviews always mention, though, and what really keeps everyone I know who's been to No. 9 Park going back is the pasta. Ms. Lynch and her staff produce seven types of pasta most days, for specials and for regular menu items. Each is seductive, pliant and reflective of a bit of her past. Most are not only traditional pastas but also common ones: they will not sound like new recipes, nor should they. Instead it is the precise combination of ingredients in the doughs and sauces that set these dishes apart.

For the tagliatelle here, Ms. Lynch piled flour on the counter. She mixed in a little salt, broke eggs into the center of the flour and began integrating flour and egg. The tools were: her countertop, a fork and a scraper for cleaning the counter.

But her hands did the real work, kneading, sprinkling more flour, shaping and rolling. They seemed to move unconsciously and almost effortlessly. She chatted as she worked. There was a cavalier quality to her movements that seemed to belie her gift.

How Ms. Lynch developed this gift is not readily apparent. "I figured I'd own a sub shop or a bar in Southie," she said of her career prospects in the years following her near-graduation from high school in 1982. "I was three points shy and refused to go to summer school," she said.

She had one favorite class, though: home economics. Her instructor had a job at a culinary school in Cambridge, and encouraged Ms. Lynch to go. She couldn't afford it, but went to a few classes anyway. Then she got a job as a server at the old-fashioned St. Botolph Club in Back Bay. At home, she found herself keeping up with the reading.

Kitchen work followed, as flowers do a bud. Ms. Lynch got a job at the Harvest, a Harvard Square restaurant that has spawned some of Boston's best chefs, including Chris Schlesinger, Lydia Shire and Jimmy Burke. From there, she went to Michaela's, where Todd English was emerging as a national "name" chef.

"At that point," she said, "I was cooking all day, then staying up half the night reading cookbooks and trying to learn the drill."

When Mr. English opened Olives, Ms. Lynch took some money she had saved and headed to Italy, where she cooked alongside local women in the home of a friend. It was there, she said, that "it all fell into place."

Ms. Lynch spent three weeks abroad -- learning how to make pasta and sauces, baking bread in wood-fired ovens and roasting meats in them as the ovens cooled, preserving tomatoes and other foods but mostly, she said, "following the women around all day."

The recipe here is one of the first she learned: an ultra-rich pasta dough cut into the ribbons known as tagliatelle, and served with a traditional Tuscan meat sauce that differs from other typical meat sauces in several ways, chief of which are its two key ingredients, chicken livers and sage.

"There must be chicken liver for this sauce to be authentic," she said, "and it must be cooked with sage." She adds to this base other meats, preferably equal amounts of ground pork, veal and lamb. Beef, she insisted, will not work: the flavor is wrong. And then she lets everything simmer.

The process of cooking is, in fact, very simple: some aromatic vegetables are sauteed in olive oil, followed by the liver and sage, some red wine that's allowed to reduce, the ground meats, stock and tomatoes. The result, with or without cream, is bold and rich, a sauce that requires a big pasta to stand up to it.

As for that pasta -- as anyone who has made fresh pasta a few times but has not made it a daily habit -- things are not quite so simple. It takes time. As a result, I've given proportions here for making enough pasta for four people. Since the sauce will cover pasta for eight, you can make it to serve two pounds of dried pasta, or use some of the sauce on one occasion and one on another. Or you can double the fresh pasta recipe.

Either way, if you're rolling out pasta for tagliatelle, it's best to follow Ms. Lynch's lead exactly: use your hands, and work with total confidence despite all appearances. It works.

TUSCAN MEAT SAUCE

Time: 90 minutes

1 tablespoon extra virgin olive oil

1 medium onion, diced

1 celery stalk, diced

1 medium carrot, diced

5 ounces chicken livers, diced

1/4 cup chopped fresh sage

Salt and pepper

1 1/2 pounds ground meat, preferably 1/2 pound each of veal, pork and lamb

1 1/2 cups red wine

2 1/2 cups veal or chicken stock

1 1/2 cups chopped canned tomatoes

1/2 cup chopped fresh basil

1 cup heavy cream, optional

Freshly grated Parmesan cheese.

1. Put olive oil in a deep skillet and turn heat to medium-high; add onion, celery and carrot and cook, stirring occasionally, until vegetables begin to become tender. Add chicken livers and sage, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook, stirring, until liver pieces lose their red color.

2. Add ground meat in bits, along with more salt and pepper. Cook, stirring occasionally, again until redness is gone. Add the wine, raise heat to high, and cook until wine is almost all gone, about 15 minutes. Add stock, tomatoes and basil. Bring to a boil, then adjust heat so mixture simmers gently. Cook about 45 minutes, until mixture is dark and rich.

3. Just before serving, stir in optional cream. Serve over tagliatelle or other pasta, topped with freshly ground black pepper and Parmesan cheese.

Yield: 8 servings.

TAGLIATELLE

Time: 1 hour

About 2 cups all-purpose flour, more as needed

1 teaspoon salt, more for cooking noodles

2 whole eggs

3 egg yolks.

1. Combine 1 1/2 cups flour and the salt on a counter or large board, making a well in the middle. Break whole eggs into well and add the 3 yolks. Beat eggs with a fork, gradually incorporating a little flour. When mixture becomes too hard to stir with fork, use your hands. When all the flour has been mixed in, knead dough, pushing it against counter and folding it repeatedly until it is quite stiff and not at all sticky. Sprinkle with a little reserved flour. Clean your hands. Cover dough with plastic or a cloth and let it rest for about 1/2 hour. (You can store dough in refrigerator, wrapped in plastic, up to 24 hours, until you're ready to roll it out.)

2. Sprinkle counter lightly with flour. Cut off about one third of dough; wrap rest in plastic or cloth while you work. Roll dough lightly in flour, and use your hands to flatten it into a rectangle about the width of your pasta machine. Set machine to its highest (thickest) setting, and crank dough through. If it sticks, dust with more flour. Repeat. Set machine to its next thinnest setting and push dough through, adding flour again if pasta sticks. Repeat.

3. Continue to work down the settings on machine. If dough tears badly, bunch it together and start again. Use as much flour as you need, but only in small amounts.

4. Pass dough through machine's thinnest setting only once. (If pasta tears at thinnest setting, stop at the second-thinnest setting.) Flour dough lightly, cover it and set aside.

5. Cut each sheet into rectangles roughly 16 inches long and as wide as the machine; trim ends to make it neat. Put pasta through machine once more, this time using the broadest (tagliatelle) cutter. Cook right away or hang strands to dry for up to a couple hours.

6. To cook noodles, drop them into boiling salted water; they'll be done when tender, in less than 3 minutes. Toss with meat sauce and serve.

Yield: 4 servings.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: OLD WORLD WAYS -- Barbara Lynch of No. 9 Park in Boston makes fresh tagliatelle, above, and serves it with a Tuscan meat sauce. (Photographs by Rick Friedman for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 11, 2002

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[***The Prophet of Terre Haute***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XGT-N7R0-00RP-K3VB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1464 words

**Byline:** By Adam Shatz;

Adam Shatz is a contributing writer to Lingua Franca.

By Adam Shatz;  Adam Shatz is a contributing writer to Lingua Franca.

**Body**

Harp Song

for a Radical

The Life and Times

of Eugene Victor Debs.

By Marguerite Young.

Edited by Charles Ruas.

599 pp. New York:

Alfred A. Knopf. $35.

"Every man has his natural place," Jean-Paul Sartre wrote in his memoir "The Words." "It is not pride or worth that settles its height: childhood decides everything." The Indiana-born writer Marguerite Young, who died four years ago at the age of 87, spent most of her adult life in Greenwich Village, where she was often seen in the company of Truman Capote, Carson McCullers and Dylan Thomas. But when Young sat at her typewriter in her apartment on Bleecker Street, she revisited her "natural place" -- her native Indiana, whose capital, Indianapolis, she remembered as "the Athens of the West."

In 1945, a year after settling in New York, Young published "Angel in the Forest," a lyrical paean to the Christian socialist communities of New Harmony, Ind. Two decades later, she set off tremors in the literary world with "Miss MacIntosh, My Darling," a modernist prose experiment of nearly 1,200 pages. The "Infinite Jest" of 1965, the novel is Vera Cartwheel's feverish remembrance of her earthy Midwestern nursemaid, Miss MacIntosh. Writing in these pages, William Goyen pronounced it "a work of stunning magnitude and beauty," and declared that Young's "arrival must be proclaimed."

Yet hardly had Young arrived when she disappeared into her next project: a biography of the Indiana-born Socialist labor leader Eugene V. Debs. The book consumed the remainder of her life. At the time of her death, the manuscript ran well over 2,000 pages, and Young had barely reached the strike Debs led in 1894 against the Pullman Car Company. (Debs lived another 32 years.) "Harp Song for a Radical" has been published at a more manageable 599 pages -- a rather extreme pruning, and one that raises questions about its resemblance to the original. Still, the editor, Charles Ruas, has respected the voraciously expansive nature of Young's writing instead of zeroing in on a central narrative.

In fact, Debs scarcely appears in the first 150 pages, which are a tribute to the European visionaries of the 19th century who landed in America with little more than "utopian scrolls and perhaps an angel's foot or an angel's spare wing." Afterward, Young uses Debs mainly as a springboard to discuss figures like Abraham Lincoln, Alan Pinkerton, the Molly Maguires and Jesse James. She thinks it immensely significant, for instance, that Lincoln's son became a lawyer for Pullman, Debs's foe, and that Pinkerton, the detective whose name was synonymous with antilabor espionage, was a teen-age labor agitator in Glasgow. Such details add little to our understanding of Debs, apart from imbuing his life with an aura of destiny.

Debs has been the subject of several biographies, most recently Nick Salvatore's meticulous 1982 account, "Eugene V. Debs: Citizen and Socialist." "Harp Song" is less a biography than a novel of a lugubriously allegorical sort, steeped in religious imagery. The backdrop is America's forgotten civil war -- the war over the organization of work that erupted shortly after Reconstruction. Young openly declares her allegiance, characterizing Debs's era as "a period of cannibalism throughout the American nation when the rich industrialists and railroad lords ate the poor people." The story has a fable-like simplicity, jumping didactically from the roundup of the Haymarket anarchists to the railway baron Jay Gould "in his private Pullman palace car . . . equipped with rifles for shooting Indians, anarchists, tramps, strikers, buffalo herds, whatever moved."

If class conflict is for Young a modern passion play, Debs is its Christ figure. The temptation to see him in mythic terms is understandable. The leader of the American Socialist Party, Debs was an unyielding critic of economic injustice, a precocious supporter of women's rights and an outspoken opponent of racism. Born in 1855, he was named after Eug<heart>ne Sue and Victor Hugo by his Alsatian parents, who ran a grocery store in Terre Haute. A paint scraper on the railways at 14, he rose to prominence in the 1880's as the leader of the American Railway Union.

A wiry, intense man whose powers of oratory went virtually unmatched in American life until Martin Luther King Jr., Debs ran for President on the Socialist ticket five times -- once from prison, where he had been confined for opposing World War I. In 1912, he received nearly a million votes, 6 percent of those cast. In America as in Europe, Socialism seemed to represent one possible future, and Debs provided it with a human face. And a proudly American face it was: Debs invoked the Founding Fathers far more than he did Marx and Engels, and that was his appeal to the workers across the country who knew him as "the Unpurchasable" -- a title no labor leader has held since.

Young wonders mystically "if there was such a thing as his awakening, if it had not been his from the day when he was born." On the contrary: Debs was anything but a born radical. He embraced trade unionism gradually, and Socialism with even greater hesitation. As an organizer for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in the 1870's, Debs preached Christian moral uplift and opposed strikes as a threat to labor-management harmony. Before declaring himself a Socialist in 1897, Debs went through various ideological incarnations, from Democratic Party politician to free-silver Populist.

Young also portrays Debs as an ideal husband, "unable to understand . . . any man's infidelity to his wife." True, Debs was a man of nearly unbending political principle. While campaigning for President in 1900, he slept upright on long train trips rather than travel on a Pullman car. When he was freed from prison in 1922, he donated his release allowance of $5 to Sacco and Vanzetti's defense team. The private Debs, however, was a morally troubled man, given to hard drinking and racked by depression. Miserable with his wife, Kate, a social climber who was no less miserable being married to a Socialist, he was a frequent visitor to the brothels of Terre Haute. Young praises Debs for refusing, in his years as a city councilman, to fine the town's prostitutes: "the poor Magdalenes of the streets -- had not Christ associated with them?" Debs's knowledge of les demoiselles de Terre Haute was, indeed, biblical, but not in the sense Young supposes.

Young is not the first writer to connect Debs to religious themes. Though not a believer, Debs was profoundly influenced by the symbolism of evangelical Protestantism. He often referred to the "martyred Christ of the ***working class***," and described himself as having been "baptized in Socialism." What makes Young's book an object of fascination is that it reads like a sermon -- like an obsessive, oracular 19th-century text discovered in someone's attic.

The true subject of "Harp Song" is not so much Debs as the Midwest itself, a land haunted by the "wanton slaughter of the feathered red men" and the death of the pre-Marxist utopias. For Young, the Midwest was a "fanatic state of mind" extending to "Xanadu, India, Byzantium, China, the Lost Atlantis, everywhere, 12 unseen moons shining over the planet Jupiter." In "Harp Song," she does not reach Byzantium, much less Jupiter, but she gets close. This is not a book for those curious about the particulars of labor strife -- the campaign for an eight-hour workday is not mentioned until page 475 -- or about Debs's legacy in our post-Socialist age. It is theology, not politics, that fires Young's imagination. She is interested in Debs only insofar as he can be made to illustrate her idiosyncratic theology -- her romance of the "American millennial continent."

Ultimately, Young's portrait of Debs as regional prophet has the effect of diminishing his secular achievements. With the collapse of Socialism, his vision of Socialist democracy may strike some as no less dreamy than the failed utopian colonies of New Harmony. But Debs was far more than an Indiana dreamer. He was a Socialist of a deeply practical bent, who deplored the insurrectionary rhetoric of the Wobblies and helped build a Socialist Party. In his battles with Samuel Gompers, the head of the American Federation of Labor, Debs linked the struggle for industrial democracy to woman suffrage, civil rights and international peace. Toward the end of his life, he wrote: "This is a predominantly business age, a commercial age . . . and in a larger sense a sordid age, but the moral and spiritual values of life are not wholly ignored by the people. . . . Some day we shall seek and find and enjoy the real riches of the race." The man who uttered these words, which resonate in our own day, was a stalwart Hoosier, but he once made a nation tremble.

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

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[***For San Antonio and Its Mayor, an Emergence Is Envisioned***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-57G0-0014-50R8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1172 words

**Byline:** By PETER APPLEBOME, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** SAN ANTONIO, Feb. 15

**Body**

From the air as he tours San Antonio in a helicopter, Henry G. Cisneros envisions a new city unfolding below him.

Whether he's touting Shamu the Whale, newly ensconced in what is designed to be the world's largest aquatic amusement park, or talking up a $200 million addition to the city's famous River Walk or new biomedical facilities, Mr. Cisneros is never shy about promoting this city.

''Every once in a while in America particular cities reach a critical mass of development and accomplishment that they burst onto the national scene as worthy of note,'' said Mr. Cisneros, the Mayor here since 1981. ''I think the late '80's and early '90's are going to be that kind of time in San Antonio.''

Mr. Cisneros has dubbed this ''The Year of Emergence'' in San Antonio, the largest city in the nation where Hispanic people make up the majority of the population. In appropriately imperial fashion, he has designed a blue municipal flag to mark the occasion.

Encased in Extravaganza

Indeed, it is hard to separate anything in San Antonio from Mr. Cisneros, 40 years old, who has combined matinee idol looks, political savvy and a passion for public policy issues to forge an alliance of ***working-class*** Mexican Americans and conservative business leaders. Since his election to the Mayor's post at the age of 33 he has been viewed by many as the most promising Hispanic politician in the country and perhaps the most intriguing politician in Texas.

If this year's extravaganzas are a measure of the nation's ninth largest city, they serve a similar function for its Harvard-trained Mayor. To many here, they are a reminder that Mr. Cisneros, while dominating his city to a remarkable degree, is something of an enigma whose political direction and ultimate imprint on the city seem unlikely to become clear anytime soon.

No one doubts that Mr. Cisneros has given San Antonio, a city of 914,000, an unprecedented degree of visibility and momentum. The National League of Cities recently cited San Antonio as one of the nation's top three cities in fostering economic development.

''He changed San Antonio from a sleepy backwater run by Neanderthals to an aggressive, exciting city,'' said Willie Velasquez, president of the Southwest Voter Registration Education Project. ''That's his legacy.'' But whether long-term results will match the change in spirit and whether Mr. Cisneros will meet the high expectations others have of him remain to be seen.

Projects Dot the City

Last week saw the opening of Rivercenter, a dazzling $200 million shopping plaza and expansion of San Antonio's downtown River Walk. With its strolling mariachi musicians, river bridgeways and glass-walled, horseshoe-shaped design, it comes across as an unlikely wedding of Hispanic south Texas, Venice and upscale suburbia.

Put together with public and private funds, it typifies Mr. Cisneros's aggressive approach to urban development and tourism. The city now draws 10 million visitors a year and tourism has become a billion-dollar business.

Other developments this year include a redevelopment of the city's downtown Hemisfair Plaza and 250-acre aquatic park called Sea World of Texas. With other projects, they are expected to add 8,000 jobs in a city emerging from a business downturn set off by the state's recession.

And they follow a series of public works, planning and economic development projects over the past decade that Mr. Cisneros hopes will transform a city that has long had more charm than economic dynamism.

Still, the successes are layered on top of one of the nation's poorest cities. The city's per capita income in 1985 was $8,499, as against a national average of $10,797. Its unemployment rate in December was 7.4 percent, which exceeded the state's rate of 6.8 percent.

The rough economic landscape serves both to spotlight his achievements and provide areas of criticism locally.

Critics of Mayor's Approach

Some observers think Mr. Cisneros is too enamored with major projects, like the city's proposed domed sports stadium. Mr. Cisneros backed away from a public referendum on a tax levy for the project last week but hopes to find private funding to build the stadium.

Similarly critics say he is better at visionary planning than nuts and bolts doing. Often cited is the Fiesta Plaza project, which was hailed a few years back as a key to the revitalization of the city's Mexican-American Westside. The project proved to be a dismal failure and may be turned into a library.

''The question we face is how do you make the best use of scarce resources,'' said Ernesto Cortes, one of the organizers of the Citizens Organized for Public Service, a powerful community organization known by the acronym COPS. ''Some of the Mayor's proposals don't make optimal use of those resources. Over all Henry has been a very good Mayor, but, like Jacob, he sometimes needs an angel to wrestle with him. You can lose your soul if you don't have someone to keep you accountable.''

Mr. Cisneros does not discount the criticism but argues that the economic development and infrastructure projects were needed to create a base for attacking the city's broader social problems.

''My sense was always that what was needed was to put in place the building blocks to create a new level of opportunity and momentum,'' he said. ''I think now is the time to begin talking in terms of employing the wealth we have helped create to deal with our underlying problems.''

But there is much doubt whether he will be in office long enough to move in that direction.

Political Future a Mystery

He was widely viewed as a likely candidate for Texas Governor in 1990 in a race many believed was his for the asking until he announced last year he would not run. He said the health of his infant son, who was born last year with a congenital heart defect, made it the wrong time for him to run statewide.

Mr. Cisneros was re-elected last year to his fourth two-year term as mayor. There is much speculation it will be his last. Despite talk of a possible post in a Democratic administration should the party regain the White House, he said he expects either to take a job in private industry in San Antonio or to serve another term.

Financial considerations may be a factor. The mayor's post pays only $50 a meeting and Mr. Cisneros' income has come mostly from lectures and teaching.

''There comes a point at which what you call contribution and service becomes being abused and taken for granted,'' he said. ''I'm not tired of the job. I can do this for the rest of my life. But there does come a question whether it can be done this way.''

There is already talk that other Hispanic politicians like a local State Representative, Dan Morales, may grab the spotlight if Mr. Cisneros waits too long to make his move. Still, few believe Mr. Cisneros is likely to get out of public service for long.

''He's a political animal,'' said the Rev. Rosendo Urrabazo, one of the co-chairmen of COPS. ''It's what turns him on and gets him going in the morning. I'm sure he'll do it for as long as he can.''

**Graphic**

photo of Mayor Henry G. Cisneros of San Antonio, Tex. (NYT/Craig Stafford)

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[***A 50-Year Battle To Save Old Ireland***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4V16-NFT0-TW8F-G0FH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 27, 2008 Thursday

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**Length:** 2007 words

**Byline:** By CHRISTOPHER HANN

**Dateline:** LEIXLIP, Ireland

**Body**

WHEN Desmond and Mariga Guinness first lived here in the 1950s, they were unlikely champions of Irish architecture. Mrs. Guinness, the daughter of a German prince, had grown up in Europe and Japan, with no real link to Ireland. And although Mr. Guinness had Irish roots going back more than two centuries, he had been raised and educated in England (Oxford, class of '54).

But he was a Guinness, descended from the 18th-century brewer who put the family name on the lips of stout drinkers the world over. His father, Bryan Guinness, Lord Moyne, kept a home in Ireland, and by the mid-'50s his mother, Diana, one of the famous Mitford sisters, was living in County Cork with her second husband. And Ireland's long economic decline had made property far more affordable than in England, making it an attractive alternative for the young couple, who moved across the Irish Sea in 1956.

In the two years they spent searching for a home, driving through the countryside and making regular forays into Dublin from a house they rented in County Kildare, the Guinnesses became familiar with the country's architecture -- particularly its 18th-century buildings, from grand country homes to town houses filled with ***working-class*** flats -- and found themselves increasingly bothered by its state of decay. And given that they did not have to work for a living (Mr. Guinness lived off family money), they were in a rare position, they realized, to do something about it.

In February 1958 they announced plans to re-establish the Irish Georgian Society, a group that had created a photographic record of Dublin's best Georgian buildings earlier in the century; this new version, Mr. Guinness wrote in The Irish Times, would ''fight for the protection of what is left of Georgian architecture in Ireland.'' The following month they began restoring a building of their own, Leixlip Castle, a dilapidated 12th-century fortress on 182 acres west of Dublin, which would be their home and the group's headquarters.

Now observing its 50th year with a series of celebrations and a lavishly illustrated book, the revived Irish Georgian Society has been credited with restoring dozens of architectural gems across Ireland, from a former union hall for Dublin tailors to the country's oldest Palladian house. (The society's early preservation efforts focused on Georgian Dublin, but in later years it expanded its mission to cover noteworthy buildings from any period.) Perhaps more impressively, the group has helped bring about a national change of heart regarding Irish architecture.

''We weren't the only people concerned, but we had the time and the youth -- 50 years ago -- and not much to do,'' said Mr. Guinness, now 77, as he reclined in the circular sitting room at Leixlip, beside one of the castle's 20 fireplaces. He still lives here, now with his second wife, Penelope, whom he married three years after his divorce from Mariga in 1981. ''You know,'' he continued, ''we were free. We didn't have to go to the office every morning.''

Free or not, Mr. Guinness and his followers faced a tall order. Saving old buildings was hardly a priority in Ireland in 1958. The year before, more than 50,000 Irish citizens emigrated and 78,000 were unemployed. There were few, amid the grinding poverty, able to maintain a 200-year-old mansion. Many Irish people also reviled the lavish Georgian buildings for their association with the British occupation. ''May the crows roost in its rafters,'' one farmer is said to have remarked about the large house on his family's land.

Meanwhile, the Irish government had neither the money nor much inclination to support preservation. Some officials openly assailed the Irish Georgian Society as elitist, a charge that endures to a lesser degree today. In 1966 the Lord Mayor of Dublin dismissed the society's efforts, saying ordinary citizens had ''little sympathy with the sentimental nonsense of persons who had never experienced bad housing conditions.''

Mr. Guinness was equally dismissive in return. ''We were confronting a philistine state,'' he said, a point that was driven home to him one day in 1957 when he saw workers systematically dismantling a pair of 18th-century houses on Kildare Place in Dublin. The city, which owned the houses, planned to demolish them in favor of new construction.

''People on the roof slinging slates down from perfectly good, beautiful buildings, with red-brick facades and good interiors,'' recalled Mr. Guinness, indignation still evident in his voice. ''And now they'd be worth millions.''

Mr. and Mrs. Guinness envisioned their group as a guardian of the nation's architectural heritage, never mind that neither had formal training in architecture, Irish or otherwise. With 16 volunteers -- Trinity College professors and students, friends who owned country houses and some whom Mr. Guinness called ''ordinary civilized people'' -- they set out to spread their preservation ethos.

''They did start a quest, a sort of mission, when Irish 18th-century buildings were completely unfashionable,'' said Desmond FitzGerald, the Knight of Glin, an early convert to the Guinness cause and, since 1991, president of the Irish Georgian Society.

The Guinnesses led members of the society on regular scouting missions to view buildings at risk. They lobbied local and national authorities, reminding policy makers that Irish craftsmen had constructed these buildings. They held cricket matches and galas and lectures to raise money, and Mr. Guinness, and later Mr. FitzGerald, began traveling to the United States to lecture on Irish architecture and design.

Two projects in particular helped galvanize public support for the society's work. The first was Mountjoy Square, a cluster of town houses in north-central Dublin that dated to 1791. By the early 1960s, many of them had been abandoned, and a developer was buying them up with plans to replace them with a large office development. In 1964, the Guinnesses intervened, buying a single decrepit property, 50 Mountjoy Square, that stood in the middle of the proposed construction. The standoff got plenty of attention in the Irish press, and two years later a court hearing resulted in the developer's backing out of the project.

The following year Mr. Guinness wielded his checkbook again, buying what many considered the most important house in Ireland for $259,000. The house, Castletown, in County Kildare, was the country's largest Palladian house and the only one designed by the Italian architect Alessandro Galilei. It was built starting in the 1720s for William Conolly, the speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and had been in the Conolly family for nearly 250 years.

But by 1967 Castletown had been abandoned for two years. A housing development had recently sprouted next door, and an auction of its possessions, accumulated over two centuries, had left it virtually empty. Preservationists worried that it could succumb to the whims of a short-sighted developer. To buy it, Mr. Guinness borrowed against a trust he would come into in a few years.

Led by the Guinnesses -- who, for aristocrats, were unabashedly bohemian and did not shy from taking a paintbrush in hand or climbing a ladder to remove moldy wallpaper -- an army of volunteers descended on Castletown. Donors supplied period furnishings to fill its vast rooms, and that summer, Castletown opened its doors for visitors. Jacqueline Kennedy made a surprise visit and was given a well-publicized tour. Today, Castletown is owned by the Irish government and remains open to the public.

''When you think that that house was nearly lost to dereliction,'' Mr. FitzGerald said.

Mr. FitzGerald, now 71, studied art history at Harvard and has written about Irish art, furniture and architecture. He also knows a few things about restoring old houses. Glin Castle, his home in County Limerick, has been in his family for 700 years. He inherited it when he was just 12, after the death of his father in 1949. At that point, according to Mr. FitzGerald, the family had no money and the house was in disrepair. His stepfather, a Canadian businessman, saved it, he said.

Today Mr. FitzGerald and his wife, Olda, live in a wing of Glin Castle, which they operate as a 15-room hotel. (They have a second home in Dublin.) His own experience, he believes, underscores the importance of preservation to Ireland. ''I think we need the historic houses if we're going to set ourselves up in the grand shop of tourism that the rest of Europe takes part in,'' he said.

Under his leadership, the Irish Georgian Society operates on an annual budget of less than $1 million, raised from private donors. Based in Dublin, it keeps an office on Manhattan's Upper East Side; 600 of its roughly 3,000 members live in the United States and provide two-thirds of its funding.

The group now publishes an annual scholarly journal, gives scholarships to Irish students of architecture and preservation, conducts trips abroad to historic sites and funds grants for restoration projects, like the recent repair of a conical roof at the 15th-century Barmeath Castle in County Louth.

This year the society organized a series of fund-raising events for its golden anniversary, to pay for restoring the ''eating parlor'' at Headfort, an 18th-century estate in County Meath, in its original colors -- what Mr. FitzGerald called ''a very intricate and complicated paint job.'' The parlor, a high-ceilinged room with ornate plasterwork, is part of a suite of six rooms designed in the neoclassical style by the renowned Scottish architect Robert Adam. They are the only rooms he designed in Ireland that are known to exist.

LEIXLIP CASTLE has its own place in Irish Georgian Society lore. For many years it served as the organization's de facto clubhouse, the scene of picnics and parties and a magnet for glitterati. (Mr. Guinness remembers Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull visiting in the 1960s and walking off into the grass just as lunch was being served. ''I suppose they got bored with our conversation,'' he said.)

Over the years, the Guinnesses have outfitted their home with objects largely reaped from native soil. The library's gilt mirror, which Mr. Guinness bought at the Castletown auction in 1966, was made by John and Francis Booker, premiere mirror makers of mid-18th century Dublin. Mr. Guinness bought the dining room sideboard at a 1973 auction at nearby Malahide Castle. The 1740s Kilkenny marble chimneypiece in the front hall came from Ardgillan Castle in County Dublin. Mr. Guinness acquired it around 1960 by swapping the Victorian fireplace that had been in the front hall.

''I try to collect Irish furniture and pictures,'' Mr. Guinness said. ''And you used to be able to buy it very cheaply. Now people have discovered it.''

He has only himself to blame. Mr. Guinness, who has written extensively about Irish architecture and design, received an award in 2006 from Queen Sofia of Spain on behalf of Europa Nostra, a pan-European cultural heritage group, which cited his ''fifty years of unrelenting voluntary efforts'' on behalf of Ireland's architectural heritage. The following month the Irish government provided about $645,000 in start-up funds for the Irish Heritage Trust, an independent charity designed to take ownership of historic properties.

Kevin Baird, the executive director, said the trust is just the sort of government-sanctioned body for which the Irish Georgian Society had long lobbied. ''The Georgians deserve huge praise,'' Mr. Baird said. ''They were swimming against the tide for so long, and they were instrumental in turning that tide.''

That the tide had truly turned became evident last month, when the society published a book by Robert O'Byrne, an Irish journalist, documenting its history. The foreword, which described the society as ''a fine example of the extraordinary lasting effect that a small but committed organisation can have,'' was written by Mary McAleese, the president of Ireland.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: ROOMS TO LET: Desmond FitzGerald, top, inherited Glin Castle, above, when he was 12 and it was in disrepair. An early convert to the Guinness preservation cause, he lives at the castle with his wife and runs it as a hotel.

COLLECTIBLES: Leixlip Castle's front hall, left, has a marble mantelpiece from Ardgillan Castle, County Dublin, and an 18th-century Florentine tapestry depicting the Medici coat of arms. In the yellow bedroom, below left, is a reproduction of a bed from Marino Casino, County Dublin, and a collection of china

below right, a portrait of Mr. Guinness's mother, Diana Mitford, by William Acton sits in a hallway off the drawing room.

TRIUMPH: Saving Castletown, Ireland's largest Palladian house, above, was one of Mr. Guinness's biggest victories. In 1967, he and his first wife, Mariga, led a team of volunteers who restored details like the elaborate plasterwork, right.

PRESERVING HISTORY: Desmond Guinness, a well-known preservationist, above, restored Leixlip Castle, his 12th-century home, furnishing it with his collection of Irish antiques

top right, King John's Room, where Mick Jagger once slept, and bottom right, the library.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEREK SPEIRS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. D5)

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[***A Silver Lining To Base Loss?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VVX0-008G-F1C0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bayonne Mayor Sees Boon***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VVX0-008G-F1C0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 21, 1995, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1254 words

**Byline:** By CLIFFORD J. LEVY

By CLIFFORD J. LEVY

**Dateline:** BAYONNE, N.J.

**Body**

Soon after the Pentagon announced that it wanted to shut its marine terminal here, Mayor Leonard P. Kiczek was walking through the 437-acre site on the kind of tour that is customary for politicians who are trying to fend off military base closings. Such visits typically go like this: Attack the bigwigs in Washington. Bemoan the loss of jobs. Plead for the base's survival.

But Mr. Kiczek said none of that. He did not appear upset that the Army might pull out of the installation, which, with 2,445 workers, is the largest employer in Bayonne. As he roamed past docks that have sent tanks, trucks and other cargo to dozens of battle zones since World War II, he sounded more like a real estate agent than a bitter municipal official.

"Look at that!" he said as he neared New York Harbor, pointing to the Manhattan skyline. "It's gorgeous!"

In the days since the decision to close the terminal was made public on Feb. 28 as part of the latest round of military base cuts, Mr. Kiczek has taken on a most unusual role in the political theater that is often played out after these sentences are handed down: Let others crusade to save the base. The Mayor has his own ideas.

Mr. Kiczek (pronounced KIH-check) maintains that the base could provide more of an economic boost to this ***working-class*** city in Hudson County if it were closed and its land, potentially lucrative waterfront property that juts into New York Harbor, was turned over to commercial or residential interests.

He said that selling the base, which occupies 20 percent of Bayonne's land, could sharply increase the city's revenue from property taxes and supply just as many jobs, if not more. The Federal Government, the base's current owner, does not pay property taxes.

The Mayor also contended that efforts to save the base are probably futile anyway.

His position has infuriated some workers at the base, as well as other politicians in New Jersey, who say he is sabotaging their attempts to rescue it. Some of these officials have begun a whispering campaign against him, questioning whether he or his allies have anything to gain if the base, the Military Ocean Terminal, is sold. Mr. Kiczek said he was acting only in the interests of his city of 61,444 people.

Defense experts say that rarely has a local official voiced such maverick views since the Pentagon began shutting bases in the 1980's. That Mr. Kiczek feels comfortable in expressing them in the often-vitriolic debate over base closings may reflect not only the base's valuable location, but also an evolution in thinking about this issue in base communities around the country, they say.

Mr. Kiczek, 45, a first-term Democrat, emphasized that he was not happy that hundreds of Hudson County residents who work at the base may lose their jobs, and he said he would try to insure that both the Federal and local governments would help them find other jobs.

"Those who cried and tried to stop closings in the past by spending all their energies to fight instead of looking at the alternatives wound up with ghost towns," Mr. Kiczek said. "The whole base's operations have been whittling away for years. They could have easily just slipped away one day and we would have been far behind in trying to capture this asset."

He said he was not hindering a drive by officials like Representative Robert Menendez, a Democrat who represents Bayonne, to save the base, but he also noted that such efforts seldom succeed. Under the rules for base closings, which are intended to insulate the process from politics, the Defense Department makes a recommendation to a commission set up by Congress.

The panel then conducts hearings on those choices before settling on a final list of closings. The President and Congress must accept or reject the entire list. In the first two rounds of closings under this system, in 1991 and 1993, about 85 percent of the bases that the Defense Department asked to shut were endorsed by the commission, officials said.

In the current round, the commission has until July 1 to forward its final list to President Clinton, who then must decide whether to agree to it and bring it before Congress.

Though few local leaders elsewhere share Mr. Kiczek's views, it appears that in this round of cuts more are beginning to perceive that there is life after base closings, though they may be unwilling to say so because they fear paying a political price.

"There are more communities thinking long term, as well as fighting the short-term battles, than in the first two rounds," said Carol A. Lessure, an expert on base closings at the Defense Budget Project, a research organization in Washington. "Some of them are seeing that there might be some long-term benefits to having a base closure."

But officials like Mr. Menendez said it was foolish to give up on the Bayonne base, which pumps tens of millions of dollars into the economy of New Jersey every year. Mr. Menendez pointed out that if the base is shut, it might be years before it could be sold to private owners, and years after that before it could begin generating significant property taxes.

The hardship for those who are thrown out of work, he said, will be immediate. Of the 171 military and 2,274 civilian employees at the base, many would move south to Fort Monmouth in Monmouth County under the Pentagon's plans. The future is unclear for hundreds of others. The most threatened are 267 civilian workers in the Army Garrison, which handles support services at the base, officials said.

"We need the Mayor to send a clear, strong and unambiguous message that the base needs to be kept open," Mr. Menendez said. "Any other message damages our ability to win. If we don't succeed, we can then join efforts to economically revitalize the base."

Workers on the base also were critical. Chief John C. Erichsen, head of the 30-member fire department in the Army Garrison, said many of the firefighters believe that Mr. Kiczek does not understand how hard it would be to convert the base to civilian use. "If he thinks he can just sell the terminal to a private company, he doesn't know what goes on here," Chief Erichsen said.

Mr. Menendez said he was trying to convince the base commission that the Pentagon's proposal to move its operations in Bayonne to private terminals on New York Harbor was not feasible. For example, the private terminals may not have the capacity for extra cargo, particularly during wartime, he said.

But Brig. Gen. Boyd E. King, the base commander, said the Army used private terminals up and down the East Coast to transport its cargo, and rarely ran into difficulties. And he said the Army already shipped large amounts of cargo through private terminals on New York Harbor.

Mr. Kiczek said he had already received inquiries from companies that would like to operate the dormant drydock on the base, which is used to repair large ships. The United States Coast Guard has expressed interest in a small part of the base, and the Navy is considering whether to keep its 500 or so workers there even if the Army, which runs the base, leaves.

Mr. Kiczek, who in the 1960's delivered fast-food chicken to soldiers on the base, said he was sorry that so many lives might be disrupted by the Pentagon's move. But he said he was determined to learn from the lessons of other cities that had faced these closings.

"You have to just step back and look at what happened throughout the entire country," he said. "Those communities that have taken the bull by the horns, they wound up with more jobs than they began with."

**Graphic**

Photo: Mayor Leonard P. Kiczek of Bayonne, N.J., does not appear upset that the Army might pull out of its marine terminal there. He has other plans for the property. (Keith Meyers/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Map of Bayonne showing location of the marine terminal. (pg. B2)

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[***Wisconsin Chooses Delegates Today***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-50B0-0014-505N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 5, 1988, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Byline:** By E. J. DIONNE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MILWAUKEE, April 4

**Body**

In the most dramatic showdown yet in this year's Democratic Presidential campaign, Michael S. Dukakis and the Rev. Jesse Jackson meet Tuesday in a contest for Wisconsin's 81 delegates that offers voters a choice between two starkly different styles of leadership.

Mr. Dukakis led Mr. Jackson in the final polls here, and the Massachusetts Governor's advisers said that the outpouring of public enthusiasm for Mr. Jackson obscured Mr. Dukakis's strength among voters who, although less demonstrative, would still go to the polls.

But the primary campaign has plainly been a public triumph for Mr. Jackson, who has drawn large, enthusiastic crowds in a state where about 3 percent of the population is black. Mr. Jackson also drew enthusiastic crowds in Colorado, whose Democrats voted tonight in caucuses that began the process of picking that state's 45 national convention delegates.

Gore on Television

Senator Albert Gore Jr. of Tennessee, running third in the Wisconsin polls, has invested heavily in television commercials here. He predicted today that he would ''finish much stronger than people expect us to.'' Mr. Gore said that the undecided vote was moving in his direction.

In his final day of campaigning across the state, Mr. Gore lashed out at Mr. Jackson and Mr. Dukakis for ''lacking one single day's experience in national Government.''

Mr. Gore also charged Mr. Dukakis with being ''scared to death'' of criticizing Mr. Jackson. ''I think that's absurdly timid,'' Mr. Gore declared. ''I think it's the opposite of the kind of bold leadership we need in the country.''

In reply, Mr. Dukakis said: ''May I suggest that Senator Gore start campaigning for the Presidency? It might be the best thing for him.''

Memories of King

Campaigning this morning for Hispanic votes in a southside ***working class*** neighborhood here, Mr. Jackson noted that today was the 20th anniversary of the assassination of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and sought to cast his campaign as the fulfillment of Dr. King's vision.

''This day has great and historic meaning for all of us,'' he said. ''We the people are coming together in many ways, fulfilling the dream.''

Mr. Dukakis and Mr. Jackson are running almost even in delegates. The New York Times's delegate tally, before tonight's Colorado caucuses, gave Mr. Dukakis 650, Mr. Jackson 641, Mr. Gore 368, Senator Paul Simon of Illinois - who polls show to be trailing in the race here - 166, with 462 undetermined. It takes 2,082 delegates to be nominated.

The Dukakis-Jackson showdown here is compelling, not so much because the contest is close or because it pits a black man against a white man, but because each man brings such different strengths to the encounter.

Different Styles

Mr. Dukakis's appeal is cerebral, based on his carefully crafted stands on issues and his record of getting things done.

Mr. Jackson's appeal is emotional, based on his capacity to proclaim, in the lyrical language of a preacher, what is written in the hearts of many Democrats.

Mr. Dukakis casts himself as the man who can win the November election for the Democrats.

Mr. Jackson casts himself as the man who should win.

Mr. Dukakis and Mr. Jackson themselves have put the choice to the voters in almost exactly in these terms.

''After seven years of charisma, maybe it's time for some competence in the White House'' Mr. Dukakis said at an enthusiastic rally at the University of Wisconsin in Madison today.

And in an effort to remind Democrats that winning in November should be one of their priorities, Mr. Dukakis said he was seeking the Presidency to help the nation avoid ''another four years or eight years like the last seven,'' which he characterized as ''seven long years of neglect.''

Mr. Jackson, in turn, argues that strong and inspirational leadership is more important for getting things done than the experience in elective office that Mr. Dukakis and Mr. Gore boast of.

Candidate as Advocate

Mr. Jackson says that his willingness to fight battles for striking and unemployed workers, the poor and homosexuals, among others, shows that he was ahead of his foes in spotting issues that concern Democratic voters.

''I stood with the people because it was the right thing to do,'' Mr. Jackson told more than 2,000 students at the University of Wisconsin campus here today. ''Leadership cannot just follow opinion polls. It must move opinions.''

''If you would have one leader to argue your case to save your scholarship,'' he asked, ''who would you turn to?'' The crowd screamed back, ''Jesse!'' Setting the Agenda Mr. Jackson is not just one of the two leading contenders here; he has become this campaign's agenda-setter. His rivals, in particular, have joined him in vigorously attacking large corportations and stoutly defended the rights of blue-collar workers.

Mr. Gore, who has cast himself as the moderate in the contest, has nonetheless run television commercials attacking Lee Iacocca, the chairman of the Chrysler Corporation, for shutting down a plant in Kenosha. ''Let's put people before profits,'' he says, using a slogan that has for decades been a battle cry of the left.

On Sunday, Mr. Dukakis sent a letter to Mr. Iacocca urging him to reconsider the Kenosha shutdown. ''Workers must be treated as partners, not as replacement parts in some obsolete machines,'' Mr. Dukakis wrote.

But Mr. Jackson pointed out today that he had been the first to march on the picket lines with the Kenosha workers when they protested the shutdown.

All the campaigns were wary about predicting the outcome here, largely as a result of Mr. Jackson's landslide victory over Mr. Dukakis in the Michigan caucuses on March 26. The polls had shown Mr. Dukakis ahead, and even those who predicted a Jackson triumph thought it would be narrow.

But Mr. Dukakis's backers pointed out today that Wisconsin was different. Unlike Michigan, a caucus state which drew few voters to the polls, the Wisconsin primary has a tradition of high voter turnouts. Election officials in Milwaukee - which also has intensely contested local contests - predicted that tomorrow would see the largest turnout since April 1960, when John F. Kennedy defeated Hubert H. Humphrey in an historic battle.

''There's a sense of more stability in the poll numbers than in there is in the press coverage,'' said Tom Kiley, a polltaker and an adviser to the Dukakis campaign.

Still, there were many imponderables here, including primary rules that allow voters to cast ballots for any Presidential candidate they wish, regardless of party. With Vice President Bush all but certain to be the Republican nominee, some Republicans have openly spoken of backing Mr. Jackson as the Democrat they think will be easiest to beat in November.

A further complication is Mr. Jackson's attempt to run as the candidate of good feelings, whose victory would allow the nation to transcend a history of racial conflict.

''We're beginning to love each other and respect each other,'' he said today, ''and feel good about each other.''

**Graphic**

photo of Gov. Dukakis campaigning in Wis. (AP)

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[***And Now for Some Serious Fun***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VPF0-008G-F40X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MITCHELL OWENS

By MITCHELL OWENS

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

STEPHEN CALLOWAY once hung a pasteboard caveat at the entrance to one of his exhibitions here at the Victoria and Albert Museum: "The organizers wish to point out some of the material in this exhibition is of a disturbing and challenging nature."

Today that ominous label is displayed in another setting demanding a deep breath and an open mind: an 18th-century town house in Clerkenwell, a ***working-class*** neighborhood on the "wrong side" of the Thames.

In the town house, Mr. Calloway, 43 -- a curator at the museum and the author of the recently released style history "Baroque, Baroque: The Culture of Excess" (Phaidon) -- and his wife, Oriel Harwood, a 34-year-old ceramicist, have created a home whose inventive opulence is the answer to what Mr. Calloway calls the "mediocrity and dullness" of popular design.

In the dun-colored brick building they share with two Shih Tzus, Fang and Wee Pu, they have fashioned a personal fantasy whose special effects are equal parts history lesson and masquerade. "What we both wanted to do was to take a house with interesting proportions and not a high number of surviving details and play all kinds of games," he said.

Hence, the drawing room inspired by Brighton Pavilion (the Chop Suey Regency palace built by George IV), where a serpent chandelier dangles from a paste-on paper ceiling rosette that looks like a startled parasol. A trip to see the ancient churches of Spain ("We came back with our heads full of sacristies," Ms. Harwood said) sparked the decor of the dining room, a gloomy chamber of Torquemada chic tricked out in silver lace and iridescent gray taffeta. Upstairs and down are orchidaceous color schemes -- lilac with yellow, charcoal with scarlet -- and under a bell jar squats a taxidermied capuchin monkey dressed in mandarin garb.

Mr. Calloway is an elfin, bearded man with the wardrobe of a Balzacian boulevardier -- today's ensemble is black velvet pants, a mustard-yellow coat and lavender socks. He has spent much of his career energetically subscribing to the notion that it is individual style that counts, not fashion.

And if that style happens to celebrate the outre, then so much the better, an opinion shared by baroque-minded friends like Nigel Coates, an architect, and Elizabeth Garouste and Mattia Bonetti, a French team of furniture designers. "Whenever something brave like that appears, one should applaud it, I think," Mr. Calloway said.

Christopher Hyland, a trendsetting American fabric manufacturer, is among a group of design enthusiasts who nurse a cult admiration for the quirky English couple.

"It's a loss that they're not better known here," Mr. Hyland said. "In this computer-driven, market-analyzed, color-matched world, they dare to explore, to combine everything into their rooms, their lives, from historical allusions to obscure literary references. They take chances and give in to their deepest desires, which a lot of people won't."

Mr. Calloway is pleased at the adulation but modest. "Most people react by saying, 'How can you put such hideous things into a Georgian house?' " he said, bounding up a shadowy staircase strewn with architectural fragments, brackets and menacing busts. He paused momentarily in the shadow of a barrel-size visage of Zeus.

"If you can't compete with the masses of people who want tasteful antiques, why try?" he said. "We can't afford to do that. Anyway, it's much more amusing to do something different, don't you think? A house that stands apart, that looks and feels like no other. Folie de grandeur -- that is the keynote here."

It is that giddy appreciation of over-the-top expressions of taste that gives Mr. Calloway's books their allure. "Twentieth-Century Decoration" (Rizzoli, 1988) dusted off dimly remembered geniuses of domestic fantasy like Charles de Beistegui, Marcel Boulestin, Lady Juliet Duff and Stephen Tennant.

"I was always too painfully aware that the design history of the 20th century is dominated by the modern movement, and I thought the work of the great pioneers of decoration was as worthy of interest as anything Mies ever did," Mr. Calloway said.

Published last December, "Baroque, Baroque" is equally audacious. A cavalcade of the creative spirit, it studies in buoyant prose the notions of sumptuousness that link the buildings of Clough Williams-Ellis, a 1930's gentleman architect, to the shoes of Manolo Blahnik to the giddy grotesqueries of the film makers Roger Corman and Derek Jarman.

"I'm not a great fan of modernism, as you can imagine," said Mr. Calloway, whose father was an architect with a Bauhaus frame of mind who never saw the point of his son's more catholic enthusiasms.

"I'm offended not only by modernism's rigidity but by its poverty of spirit. What is a modern room today but a handful of design classics scattered on a field of white? Where is the joy, the exuberance, the fun? There's too much safety, too much fear."

It is that same sense of esthetic dismay that has led Ms. Harwood, who married Mr. Calloway in 1987, to carve out a niche as a ceramicist who eschews what she calls "the typical craft-ceramic stuff -- ashtrays, tiles, you know, practical things." She sculptures clay into monumental objects -- chandeliers shaped like coral reefs and tables with puffy bases that evoke the clouds that saints float on in Baroque paintings.

"My stuff is very out of step, very incongruous, very romantic, very decadent," Ms. Harwood said, the whispery rush of words punctuated by what appears to be a case of perpetual mirth. "And it's big, too, which isn't really a popular scale for a potter to be working in."

In addition to creating furnishings for her own house, Ms. Harwood recently completed her largest commission to date at a country house in Lincolnshire, in eastern England. She planted the corners of a room with 16-foot-high ceramic trees, weaving their branches into an arborial canopy.

And for the last several months, she has been modeling ornamental heads, impassive Cocteau-style deities crowned with gilt flames or giant antlers. Her work is shown at the Pierre Passebonne gallery in Paris and the David Gill gallery in London.

Of course, the eccentric clothes and historical associations aside, the couple are not Luddites. "We have electricity like anybody else," Ms. Harwood said. "And a video machine and a stereo. But we do like candles when dining. It's just more romantic."

Mr. Calloway agreed. "Romance is the point of decoration, which is what the modern movement signally failed to address," he said. "The biggest mistake you can make is to throw away the great things of history, the things that make you smile, just in the name of progress. The past is a dressing-up box, and you should feel free to pull out of it what you like."

**Graphic**

Photos: Oriel Harwood and Stephen Calloway with Fang, above; their "Chinese" drawing room, left. (pg. C1); A fiberglass bust of Zeus by Anthony Redmile presides over the stairwell, above. "Let enough dust settle, and who can tell what's fake?" Mr. Calloway said. At left, an antique life mask of the poet John Keats.; Ms. Harwood modeled the dining room mirror after a Renaissance pendant. She stapled taffeta to walls and trimmed it with lace.; A mahogany French Empire bed from the 1830's, inherited from Ms. Harwood's great-aunt, stands at the center of the master bedroom.; In the drawing room, Oriel Harwood cut red, yellow and green paper into mock-Chinese shapes and glued them to the lilac-painted walls.; A "flaming" ceramic head by Ms. Harwood. (pg. C6) (Photographs by Jonathan Player for The New York Times)

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[***Change Wafts In Along the Bronx Waterfront***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DWX-5990-TW8F-G261-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 28, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 4; LIVING IN/Clason Point, the Bronx

**Length:** 1385 words

**Byline:** By CLAIRE WILSON

**Body**

CRAIG RADIX still can't believe his luck. He wanted a nice house, but he didn't want to leave the Bronx. Long Island and New Jersey just didn't do it for him. In the end, he traded the slightly grittier surroundings of his old Castle Hill neighborhood for fresh sea breezes -- and the usual grim pigeons for brilliant red cardinals, honking geese and an occasional osprey -- when he and his family moved last spring into a brand new, four-bedroom, four-bathroom waterfront home just a few blocks south in Clason Point.

''I always wanted something on the water, but to find coastal in the Bronx was mind blowing,'' said Mr. Radix, a commercial and residential property manager. ''I now have all my worlds in the same place -- the Bronx, coastal and new construction -- and I didn't have to pay a toll or go to Westchester to get it.''

''And next year,'' he added, ''we're going to put in a pier and get a boat.''

Mr. Radix and his wife, Maria, a banking assistant at Lehman Brothers, and their two children, Blake, 9, and Sophia, 5, are among the many families rediscovering this part of the Bronx waterfront, which was once best known for Shorehaven, one of the borough's prime summer beach clubs, now closed.

Bordered on the west by Lacombe Avenue, the square-ish spit of land is surrounded on the remaining three sides by water and park land. To the north is Pugsley Creek, to the east, the East River and to the south, Soundview Park, at the edge of which is the 26-acre, 1,255-unit Soundview Houses, a public housing project.

Only about an hour by express bus from Midtown Manhattan and well served by a tangle of highways, the neighborhood is a mix of ethnic groups. Older homes on quiet streets, casually maintained clusters of winterized bungalows and former boatyards are giving way to handsome new homes and a growing number of somewhat overdue refurbishments spurred by neighborly competition.

''It's really diverse, from the people to their economic status, the style of houses and the way new and old and everything in between co-exists,'' said Mr. Radix, a Bronx native. ''Everybody seems to gel.''

Mr. Radix paid $510,000 for his two-family attached home with a rental unit, which is typical of the kind of new homes being built in the area, according to Annie Persaud, a broker with JGA Realty in Morris Park. ''It's mainly two-families because the type of family that moves in here depends on the rental income,'' Ms. Persaud said. ''It's for ***working-class*** and middle-class people and not the kind of place you'd find a lavish one-family.''

Swaranjit Singh, a broker at Re/Max Advantage in Bellerose Village, Queens, has a five-bedroom, three-bath attached two-family listed for $529,000, up from the original $289,000 it sold for as new about two and a half years ago. It is part of Harbour Pointe at Shorehaven, a new residential community-in-progress that rises like the Emerald City at the end of White Plains Road. On more than 33 acres with sweeping views of Manhattan, the East River and the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, the complex will eventually have such luxury amenities as pools, tennis courts and a fitness club. According to Leslie Lerner, a partner in the Beechwood Organization, based in Jericho, N.Y., developers of the property, 400 five-bedroom, three-and-a-half-bath two-family units are planned, of which 75 have been completed. Adjacent to Harbour Pointe at Shorehaven is Shorehaven Condominiums, a 256-unit gated condominium community where a three-bedroom, two-and-a-half-bath unit sold recently for $225,000, according to Robert Wheeler, a New York City police inspector who is president of the condominium association. Common charges on that unit are $340.98 a month, he said.

Most rentals in the area are in new buildings. They start at about $900 a month, which is the amount Mr. Radix is contemplating charging for his one-bedroom, and plateau at about $1,100 for a two-bedroom unit, said Mr. Singh, who, in addition to being a Re/Max broker, is a motivational speaker for the Sikh community.

''People are asking for $1,200 to $1,400 but they can't find the tenants,'' he said.

Nestled at the lower reaches of Clason Point is Harding Park, an 18-acre parcel crowded with 236 former summer cottages turned year-round houses whose owners pay $19 a month in common charges, according to Jose Gonzales, president of the Harding Park Homeowners Association, which owns the land but not the homes. The narrow lanes, bungalow architecture and boat paraphernalia hark back to an era when this part of the Bronx was an oasis for warm-weather sybarites.

''I was from a poor neighborhood so my mother sent me here on vacation,'' recalled Mr. Gonzalez, a Brooklyn native. ''This was considered the country.''

But as far back as the Sinoway Indians, the coastline was a hotbed of activity. There were numerous ferries, and during Prohibition, gangsters unloaded bootlegged hooch. Boatyards lined the shore, and the Castle Hill Pool was an immediate hit when it opened in 1927. Clason Point (pronounced CLAW-son) once boasted an amusement pier said to rival Coney Island, according to an area historian, Arthur Seifert, who has lived in the neighborhood for more than 70 years.

''When I moved here in '33, there were still farms,'' he said. ''I remember trying to plow the field behind a horse.''

The farms are gone and so are most of the boatyards, but entertainment possibilities abound. The Y.M.C.A. on nearby Castle Hill Avenue has indoor and outdoor pools, the Harding Park Homeowners Association is building a new community center and the Point Yacht Club still flies its burgee from the tip of Clason Point. It was a few blocks away, on stage at the Kips Bay Boys and Girls Club on Randall Avenue, that Jennifer Lopez first strutted her stuff. Every spring, proceeds from the Kips Bay Decorator Show House benefit this center, which has the area's only ice rink.

The area's parks, wetlands and waterfront are perhaps the biggest draw. There are annual boating events down the Bronx River, and while they are not as well-equipped as other parks in the borough, the 196-acre Soundview Park and the 78-acre Pugsley Creek Park, while they are not as well-equipped as other parks in the borough, are popular with residents for their green spaces and unusual waterfowl.

''One of the great little secrets is the jogging path that runs about a mile from Story Avenue to Harding Park,'' said Lucindo Suarez, presiding justice of the Appellate Term of State Supreme Court, a resident of Shorehaven Condominiums who this month finished his seventh New York City Marathon. ''I run 3, 4, 5 miles early in the morning and I really enjoy it.''

Schools in the area include Public School 69, on Theriot Avenue, which has 500 students enrolled from prekindergarten through fifth grade. Of fourth graders, 74 percent perform above average in math, and 48.6 percent perform above average in English. The closest intermediate school is Intermediate School 174, on White Plains Road. It has an enrollment of 1,400 students in Grades 5 through 8. Among eighth graders, 30.5 percent perform above grade level in math, and 23.1 percent read above grade level.

Most I.S. 174 students continue on to Adlai E. Stevenson High School, on Lafayette Avenue, which has an enrollment of 3,000. For those taking the SAT reasoning tests last year, the average score was 395 in math, compared with a statewide average of 510; and 389 on the verbal test, compared with 496 statewide. About 45 percent of graduating seniors in 2003 went on to four-year colleges.

Parochial schools include the Roman Catholic Holy Cross School, on Randall Avenue, which teaches 500 students from prekindergarten through eighth grade. Annual tuition is $3,400 for pre-K and $2,800 for kindergarten through Grade 8.

Bruckner Plaza on White Plains Road is the closest local shopping destination, with a supermarket and a Kmart as anchor stores for other chain retailers like Old Navy and Toys ''R'' Us. A sprinkling of small shops can be found within Clason Point, and a small strip mall coming to Soundview Avenue promises to enliven the retail scene.

For others, Clason Point is just lively enough. ''It will always be a paradise to whomever lives here,'' said Mr. Seifert, the historian. ''If they want it to be.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: EAST RIVER LIVING -- Bungalows and boatyards are giving way to new two-family homes in the Clason Point section of the Bronx. Many families use the rental income to help pay the mortgage. (Photographs by Phil Mansfield for The New York Times)

On the Market: STEPHENS AVENUE -- Two new two-family semiattached units at Nos. 226 and 228 each have a total of five bedrooms and three baths

$550,000 each. (718)239-3100.

WHITE PLAINS ROAD -- This two-family attached house at No. 105 has a total of five bedrooms and three baths, and is listed at $529,000. (516)698-2222.

TAYLOR AVENUE -- This two-family detached house at No. 334 has a total of five bedrooms and two baths, and is listed at $425,000. (718)239-4400.Chart: ''GAZETTEER''POPULATION: 6,821AREA: 0.43 square milesMEDIAN INCOME: $40,831.71MEDIAN PRICE OF A SINGLE-FAMILY HOUSE: $285,000MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $160,000TAXES ON A SINGLE-FAMILY HOUSE: $1,450MEDIAN PRICE OF A TWO-FAMILY HOUSE: $400,000TAXES ON A NEW TWO-FAMILY HOUSE: $750, with an eight-year tax abatementMIDRANGE RENT ON A TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $1,000DISTANCE TO MIDTOWN: 11 milesCOMMUTE TO MIDTOWN: One hour via New York Bus Service express bus

75 minutes via the Nos. 4, 5 and 6 trains from Parkchester, with transfer from the No. 39 local bus down White Plains AvenueZIP CODE: 10473COST OF VIDEO RENTAL AT ROBERTO'S ON GILDERSLEEVE AVENUE: $2Map of the Bronx highlighting Clason Point.

**Load-Date:** November 28, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Well, the Ices Are Still Italian; Immigration Patterns Shift, Altering the Old Neighborhood - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46SK-YDH0-01CN-H1KY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 17, 2002 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1398 words

**Byline:**  By JOSEPH BERGER

**Body**

What Sal Calabrese has always loved about Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, the city's largest Italian neighborhood, is that it provides the intimacies of a village.

"If I walk out," he said, "I will say hello to 15 or 20 people and they to me. 'Hi, Sal. How are you? How's your father?' Like the old days. We're from different places in Italy, but we live in the same town."

But these days, Mr. Calabrese worries that Bensonhurst may soon lose the congenial feeling that comes from a place of common habits and pleasures.

Bensonhurst is losing its Italians. According to the 2000 census, the number of residents of Italian descent is down to 59,112, little more than half that of two decades ago, and the departed Italians have been replaced by Chinese and Russian families.

Mr. Calabrese volunteers that he is part of that movement. His parents still live in the neighborhood and he runs a thriving real estate agency there, but three years ago he moved to Bedminster, N.J., to a 34-acre farm where he breeds Arabian horses.

Italian-Americans, who have given New York City much of its charm in emblems as telltale as Fiorello La Guardia and fuhgeddaboutit, are declining sharply in numbers in all the boroughs except Staten Island. Many New Yorkers worry not only that they will lose the Italian neighborhoods but that the Italian influence on the city's personality will fade away.

The census shows that the number of New Yorkers of Italian descent has fallen below 700,000, compared with more than one million in 1980 and 839,000 in 1990.

Despite the reputation of immigrant groups for die-hard allegiance to old neighborhoods, what is happening, sociologists say, is the continuation of a trend that has been going on for several decades now: the children who grew up in the ***working-class*** and middle-class homes of immigrant neighborhoods are, like Mr. Calabrese, now professionals, managers and business people who want suburban homes with backyards of grass, not concrete.

In Bensonhurst, the Italian-American residents, who once passed houses on to their own relatives or those of their neighbors, are selling them to the highest bidders: Chinese moving up from nearby Sunset Park and Russians moving up from Brighton Beach.

And so they are adapting. Mr. Calabrese employs five Chinese-speaking and six Russian-speaking brokers among his staff of 40. Salvatore Alba, whose bakery has drawn long lines for its cannoli and cheesecake since his Sicilian parents opened it in 1932, has hired a Chinese-American woman to sell Italian ices.

"I figure if they can't speak English, we'll get someone to speak to them in Chinese," Mr. Alba said of his newer customers.

Still, there are many New Yorkers who lament the impact that the decline in Italians could have on the city's character. In politics, for example, Italian enclaves have been a seedbed for some of the city's most prominent leaders, lately with names like Giuliani, Cuomo, Ferraro and Vallone.

But Richard Alba, a distinguished professor of sociology at the State University at Albany, predicts that Italian politicians will become less common in the five boroughs.

Professor Alba thinks it is telling that Andrew M. Cuomo did so poorly in his Democratic primary campaign for governor. He pointed out that with Italians increasingly assimilated and dispersed and more often voting on issues than on ethnicity, Mr. Cuomo was unable to ignite a collective ethnic outpouring.

There is, however, a wide difference of opinion on whether a shrinking Italian population will change the city's characteristic New Yorkness, Italians having left such a strong imprint on the city's dialect and gestures, its food and music (think the "New York, New York" anthem sung by that Italian fellow who grew up just across the Hudson River), and such stereotypical New York attitudes as a wariness of authority.

But the writer Gay Talese is not lamenting some of that passing because many of the signature images of Italians hark back to a time when Italians, in the public eye, represented the urban underclass.

"It's not just coming to the port city and finding an address convenient to the job," Mr. Talese said. "They're carrying their brains with them to places far from where they work. They're more mobile because America is mobile."

Still, Mr. Talese, 70, the author of a memoir and chronicle of Italian immigration, "Unto the Sons" (Alfred A. Knopf, 1992), volunteers that he still retains much of what he called the Italian "village mentality." Although he lives in a Manhattan town house, is married to Nan A. Talese, a prominent book editor, and is a regular at Elaine's, he visits his 95-year-old mother twice a week in his hometown, Ocean City, N.J., and takes her to a small restaurant and then a casino so she can play the slot machines that give her pleasure.

"I'm still a hometown, small-town guy" he said.

Bensonhurst is a vintage Italian neighborhood, a place of tidy two-family brick homes adorned with Madonnas in the front yard and American flags snapping over the front doors. Its commercial spine, 18th Avenue, is chock-full of pork and pasta stores and the Italian colors of green, white and red.

Along with Bay Ridge, it was the setting of much of "Saturday Night Fever," a valentine to the 70's social styles of young Italians. It also won unwanted national attention when a black teenager, Yusuf K. Hawkins, was murdered by a group of local youths in 1991.

It has a long way to go before it becomes what Jerome Krase, a sociology professor at Brooklyn College, calls an "ethnic theme park" like Little Italy, where few Italians actually reside. But its fate seems unavoidable. Its Italians are moving to New Jersey or Long Island or across the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge to Staten Island.

On 18th Avenue, the site of the annual Feast of Santa Rosalia, men still sip espresso in cafes, but there are fewer men and fewer cafes, and older people have to walk farther for the Italian products they need.

Chinese novelty stores and beauty parlors are replacing the cafes. Along the side streets, Chinese, who relish the neighborhood's orderliness, the schools with seasoned teachers and the easy subway ride to Chinatown, are buying up the two-family homes for $400,000 and more.

Aldo Studio, the neighborhood's wedding photographer, famed for its collection of backdrops like a waterfall, a grand piano and a white Rolls-Royce, now displays a large photograph of a Chinese bride and groom standing in front of a maroon Harley-Davidson. Churches that were once heavily Italian are now offering Masses in Chinese.

In this ferment, many Italians have lost their "comfort zone," said Jerry Chiappetta, 52, executive director of the Italian-American Coalition of Organizations, who has lived in Bensonhurst for 40 years.

"When you have an influx of people who don't share similar traditions, it's not a question of disliking them, it's just there is less in common," he said. "And if you're on the border of should I move or not, it's one more reason to move."

Mr. Calabrese takes it all in stride, as another turn of the American immigration wheel.

"You go back to the early 1900's, Italians were moving near the Bowery and you'd have two or three families sharing a two-bedroom apartment in order to buy a house," he said. "Chinese are doing the same. They're no different than our people."

There have been few tensions, Italians and Chinese in the neighborhood said. "Italian people are friendly, easy to talk to," said Lisa Pan, a Chinese woman who works at her family-owned business, Wei's Gift Shop, which draws Italian youngsters who prize its "Yu-Gi-Oh!" Japanese trading cards.

Jeiying Franco, a Chinese woman, who has taught physics in the neighborhood at Lafayette High School since 1984, has seen the proportion of Italian students dwindle. "I don't think Italian people have any resentment toward the Chinese," she said. "The Chinese are hard-working. They never bother their neighbors."

Mr. Calabrese said that 15 years ago when the Chinese began to move in, there were complaints from Italian residents. But with the realization that the Chinese were creating few problems, all that is left is rueful resignation.

"The feast of Santa Rosalia is still going on, but how much longer?" Mr. Calabrese said. "If you asked me 15 years ago, I would have said it was going on forever. Now I don't know, and that makes me sad because I am Italian."

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

**Correction**

An article on Tuesday about the shrinking Italian population of Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, misstated the year that national attention was drawn to the neighborhood by the murder of a black teenager, Yusuf K. Hawkins, by a group of local youths. It was 1989, not 1991.

**Correction-Date:** September 20, 2002

**Graphic**

Photos: The annual Feast of Santa Rosalia in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, draws an ethnically diverse crowd now. Although the neighborhood is still heavily Italian, it is fast becoming less so. The display at SAS Italian Records, left, contrasts with the front window of a Chinese travel agency. (Richard Perry/The New York Times); (Photographs by Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. B1); Salvatore Alba hired a Chinese woman at his bakery to help his newer customers, many of whom do not speak English (or Italian). (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. B8) Chart: "KEEPING TRACK -- New Yorkers Of Italian Descent"Percentage of New York City residents who listed Italian as part of their ancestry in the U.S. census. 1980: 14.22%1990: 11.452000: 8.65 (Source: Census Bureau)(pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** September 17, 2002

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[***Word for Word/Roots; Portrait of the Arab As a Young Radical***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46TN-VC10-01CN-H437-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 22, 2002 Sunday

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**Section:** Section 4; Column 1; Week in Review Desk; Pg. 7

**Length:** 1492 words

**Byline:**  By ELAINE SCIOLINO

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

LAST fall, Kamel Daoudi, an Algerian-born computer specialist who lived most of his life in France, was arrested in Leicester, England, on suspicion that he was part of a plot by Al Qaeda to blow up the American Embassy in Paris. He is also suspected of directing communications between a cell in France and Al Qaeda. Deported to France and charged with "associating with criminals connected with a terrorist plot" and carrying false identity papers, he was sent to a prison south of Paris, where he is awaiting trial.

From his cell, Mr. Daoudi, 28, elegantly handwrote three essays in French about his middle-class childhood, his turn to Islam and his political radicalization, which he sent recently to the French television network France 2. The result is an unusually personal -- if one-sided -- glimpse into the mindset of a young, educated Arab who calls himself a terrorist, even as he denies involvement in any terrorist plot. Excerpts follow: ELAINE SCIOLINO

Allah the Great says in the Koran that neither Jews nor Christians will ever be satisfied with you until you follow their religion. But Allah's way is the true way. . . . This is without a doubt the verse of the Koran that sums up . . . the 28 years of my life.

My name is Kamel Daoudi. My first name means perfection in Arabic. My last name means coming from the tribe of the sons of David. I was born in Algeria on the third of August 1974. . . . My father was working in France to meet the needs of his large family. . . . I only saw my father in the summer when he managed to save enough to pay for a ticket to take the boat or plane so that he could come and see my mother, his mother and me and leave us a bit of money. . . .

My childhood, in spite of my poor mother's poverty, was a happy one. I was spoiled by my maternal uncles and aunts who used to take me with them to the colorful sunny bazaars in the little town and bought me sweets and tried to make up for my father's absence. . . . In the summer of 1979, when I was about to turn 5, my father came to get us -- my mother, my brother, who is two years younger than I, and myself -- to take us to France. . . . I was condemned to be my father's foot soldier while he was working. I was alternately an interpreter, guide and accountant for my poor mother, who had a great deal of trouble getting used to this new barbarian language. . . . Very early on I had adult responsibilities, which literally ate into my childhood, which I wanted to live in the same way as other children.

Mr. Daoudi describes how his father, a hospital worker, pushed him to excel in school and beat him with a wooden paddle when he failed to do so. During this period, his family was able to move from a ***working-class*** section of Paris to a middle-class neighborhood on the Left Bank.

There I started to discover the heart of Paris and real Parisians. My time was spent between school and play in the Jardin des Plantes. In school I was a brilliant student and I was often the only Arab in the class. People were jealous of me because of my good grades but they made fun of me for the way I acted and for my excessive modesty in the eyes of the French children. They made jokes about my first name. . . .

In junior high school I wanted to be Indiana Jones. I decided to learn as many languages as possible -- English, then Spanish. I took courses in Arabic. . . . Then I went to senior high where I continued with Latin and also learned ancient Greek. At the end of 11th grade I gave up my adolescent dream to become an anthropologist or paleontologist. I knew that my country of origin had a greater need for engineers or doctors than Indiana Joneses. So I decided to make another dream come true. I wanted to be a pilot on a fighter plane. But I knew that my poor eyesight would never allow this. . . . So I decided to become an aeronautical engineer.

In 1992, while Mr. Daoudi says he was studying science and engineering at the University of Paris, the Algerian government canceled elections that the main Islamist party was poised to win. That set off a violent struggle between the government security forces and armed Islamic groups:

Just as I came close to achieving my dream I started to worry about religious and political questions. The context of the time was the war in Algeria, where they were about to set up a regime based on Islamic law.

The West hated us because we were Arabs and Muslims. France did everything possible to ensure than Algeria would not be an Islamic state. It backed an illegitimate and profoundly one-sided regime by sending weapons, helicopters and even the Foreign Legion (not many people know about that). The massacres committed by the Algerian army were the last straw for me. I could no longer study serenely. . . .

All of the pressure that had been put on me during my school years so that I would succeed at any price suddenly transformed itself into energy to challenge radically my environment and my father. . . . From that moment on I didn't want anything to do with the West.

Mr. Daoudi says he was further radicalized when his family was evicted from their apartment and had to move to a poor suburb of Paris:

That's where I became aware of the abominable social treatment given to all of those potential "myselves" who had been conditioned to become subcitizens just good for paying pensions for the real French when the French age pyramid starts getting thin at the base. . . .

There were only two choices left for me, either to sink into a deep depression, and I did for more than six months at the end my second year at university, or to react by taking part in the universal struggle against this overwhelming unjust cynicism.

So I reviewed everything that I had learned and put all of my knowledge into a new perspective. I then understood that the only person worth devoting my life to was Allah. . . . Everything suddenly became clear to me and I understood why Abraham went into exile, why Moses rebelled against the Pharoah, why Jesus was spat upon and why Muhammad said, "I came with the sword on judgment day." My battle was and will be to eradicate all powers that are opposed to the law of Allah, the most high, whatever the price may be, because only our creator has the power to make laws and any system based on the laws of men is artifice and lies.

This glorious battle will not stop until the law of Allah has been re-established and applied by a just and honest caliph.

Empowered by his new perspective, Mr. Daoudi began to re-educate himself:

I had to succeed by acquiring enough political tools so that I could know my enemy well and fight back. I discovered the great contemporary writers of political Islam. . . . I read them in French or in English because my Arabic wasn't good enough. I knew that a victory of Islam over the West was possible.

I decided to go to Algiers in the middle of the war, with the curfew and the shooting that was taking place. For four months I saw the situation with my own eyes and I experienced the roadblocks . . . and the intervention of the Algerian military security forces. Had it not been for my belief that armed groups had already been infiltrated by the Algerian security services, I would probably joined up with the partisans who wanted to introduce Islamic law in Algeria.

France was a major protagonist in this conflict. . . . I could not accept the fact that the former colonial power was continuing to control my country's destiny when so many women, children and men had been tortured, massacred, raped and assassinated. . . .

The Algerian war, the Bosnian war, the gulf war, Kosovo, Afghanistan, Palestine, Lebanon -- all of these events strengthen my conviction that the Judeo-Christian community influenced by atheism has a visceral hatred of the community of Muhammad. . . . For all these reasons and because of all these events which have left indelible wounds, I went over to the forces of the "dark side." . . .

I got married, thinking that marriage would regenerate me and make me more stable. But this was a mistake that made me want to escape the Machiavellian social trap that was closing in on me. My ex-wife, who I had met through an American chat room, . . . didn't live up to my dreams. In spite of her many qualities, she did not have . . . a taste for strong sensation and adventure. Seeing that my idea of life was not the same as hers I decided to leave her, leaving her everything I could.

Mr. Daoudi concludes his story by proudly accepting the label of terrorist:

My ideological commitment is total and the reward of glory for this relentless battle is to be called a terrorist. I accept the name of terrorist if it is used to mean that I terrorize a one-sided system of iniquitous power and a perversity that comes in many forms.

I have never terrorized innocent individuals and I will never do so. But I will fight any form of injustice and those who support it. My fight will only end in my death or in my madness.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Life lessons: "My name is Kamel Daoudi." (Gamma)

**Load-Date:** September 22, 2002

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[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XBB-74X0-00RP-K13D-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In a Grim House Far From Her Usual Haunts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XBB-74X0-00RP-K13D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 7; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1315 words

**Byline:** By SARAH LYALL

By SARAH LYALL

**Dateline:** DUNS, Scotland

**Body**

THE British director Terence Davies had never watched even a single episode of "The X-Files" when he plucked Gillian Anderson's picture from a pile last summer and decided that she would be perfect for his next film, an adaption of Edith Wharton's "House of Mirth." She had the sort of fin de siecle face he had been searching for, a face that might have been painted by the great society portraitist John Singer Sargent.

As it happened, Ms. Anderson had been given a handsome volume of Wharton's tragic 1905 novel as a gift not too long before -- a coincidence worthy of Dana Scully herself. And she was a huge admirer of Mr. Davies, a painstaking and stylish filmmaker who is hardly a household name in Hollywood but whose work -- three short autobiographical films and three full-length features -- has drawn critical acclaim and captured film festival awards.

She also liked the fact that Mr. Davies did not even know her in her most obvious incarnation, as one of television's highest-paid and best-known stars."Whenever anybody would ask me what my favorite films were, 'The Long Day Closes' would always come to my mind," said Ms. Anderson, referring to Mr. Davies's 1992 autobiographical account of growing up in ***working-class*** Liverpool.

During a break in filming here on a cold and rainy summer afternoon, dressed in a voluminous purple gown, Ms. Anderson explained how she had hunted down a tape of "The Long Day Closes," bought it and recommended it to anyone who would listen. "You know how when you see a film, it just rocks your world?"

Along with Ms. Anderson, who plays Lily Bart, the beautiful heroine taken up and then rejected by upper-crust society in turn-of-the-century New York, the cast of "The House of Mirth" includes Eric Stoltz as Lawrence Selden, the charming suitor whose fatal flaw is that he is not rich enough; Laura Linney as Bertha Dorset, a married friend who builds Lily up and then knocks her down, and Dan Aykroyd as a date rapist before his time -- a married man who tries to force himself on Lily. Mr. Davies hopes the film, which does not have a theatrical distributor in America yet, will be accepted at the Cannes International Film Festival next spring.

After investigating a number of possible locations, including Philadelphia and Baltimore, the filmmakers decided on Scotland. Glasgow, with its grand tobacco and shipbuilding mansions, became 1905 New York. And Manderston House, a stately home in this community near the English border, became an estate in upstate New York, the scene of the country house party that marks the beginning of Lily's end.

The book is very much of its time, but the story is a timeless account of the ruthlessness and hypocrisy of a society fat with wealth and misplaced morality. "It's a society where the lines are very strictly drawn," said Laura Linney, who played Jim Carrey's wife in "The Truman Show," and whose character's petulance and spite in "The House of Mirth" help touch off Lily's eventual downfall. "The drama happens when you veer out of line. If you're caught, the result is immediate expulsion."

For her part, Ms. Anderson -- who is back to work on the "X-Files" this month -- said she was drawn to the complexities in the role she plays, a character whose entire upbringing has trained her to marry well, but whose inherent morality makes it impossible for her to sell out.

"So much of her behavior is propelled by innocence and naivete," she said. "She finds herself in these terrible situations, and the audience has to sit by and watch her do it."

Mr. Davies said he had long wanted to film "The House of Mirth," having come to love Wharton's tart, brilliantly observed novels when he switched on his radio one night years ago and heard the actress Faith Brown reading from the author's letters. Of all her novels, he said, this one has the most resonant, and the most tragic, story.

"A genuine tragedy for me is when the character cannot do anything other than what they do, and it destroys them," Mr. Davies says. "Lily makes a conscious effort to do all the right things, but does the wrong things at the right time and the right things at the wrong time."

The film represents a departure for Mr. Davies, who specializes in highly stylized, elliptical films that have mostly dealt with memory and the mysteries of the past. "The problem with cinema is that it is in the eternal present, and I wanted to experiment with the nature of time and memory in film," he said. "But I found that I'd come to an artistic cul-de-sac, to the end of that particular artistic experiment."

HE'S had to adjust to a new challenge: filming what is essentially a straightforward, linear narrative. And in paring down and reshaping the novel into a screenplay, he has had to be finely tuned to the nuances of Wharton's sharp, elegant prose -- writing that captures to devastating effect the cruelty beneath the surface of the society she describes.

"It's not just a question of adapting the story," he said. "You have to adapt the tone as well. When you read Edith Wharton, it's unmistakably Edith Wharton, and you have to capture her tone, her voice. It gave me enormous pleasure to write dialogue in a way that I think she would have. One of the things about these people is that they speak and are very articulate, but they never say what they feel. When they share love and emotion, they're like inept teen-agers."

Most of the actors took pay cuts of various magnitudes in order to appear in the film, whose budget of roughly $8 million is modest by Hollywood standards. But, said Mr. Stoltz, they weren't in it for the money.

"When the material is embarrassing and terrible -- that's when you get the big paycheck," said Mr. Stoltz, eating a vegetable-heavy lunch after completing a scene where his character abandons a tete-a-tete with Bertha in order, very subtly, to follow Lily on a walk outside. "It's such a relief to come across a story like this, with a literate script that doesn't condescend or pander to 13-year-olds. Not that I'm opposed to those films, God knows. But it's like getting a meal from a master chef after eating at McDonald's for many years."

In immersing themselves in Wharton's rarefied, rigidly structured society, the filmmakers and actors were struck by its parallels to the world of today.

"You could take this story and put it in a small town, a high school, a college, in contemporary New York or London and it would still apply," said Mr. Aykroyd, admitting to some discomfort at having to grope Ms. Anderson in his pivotal scene. "What still applies is the stratification of society and the ability of people to savage someone who's vulnerable." One mini-society where the same lessons apply, it seems, is Hollywood itself.

"Actors are not only part and parcel of this world, but we're the worst offenders when it comes to cutting people off," Mr. Stoltz said. "I've been in and out so many times I'm dizzy."

When the filmmakers were searching for an actor to play Lawrence, said Olivia Stewart, the producer, they were made more aware than ever of how ruthless the film industry is, with a strict but always changing pecking order that assigns every actor an instantly recognizable position.

"There's a strict gradation of importance," Ms. Stewart said, speaking in the production's makeshift office in an old stable at Manderston House. "It's all about who's in, who's out. We would hear things like, 'You're not having dinner with so and so, are you? He's lunch!' And that's exactly what the script is about: pretense, manners, keeping an eye on the main chance, or on what's perceived as the main chance."

Mr. Davies said: "It's a very modern, savage satire. We live in an age of surfaces. They did then, and we do today. What's true today is that how you look and how much money you have is what matters. Being a good person doesn't matter, and it still applies now as it did in 1905."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Gillian Anderson, a star of "The X-Files," as she appears in "The House of Mirth," an adaptation of the Edith Wharton novel that was filmed in Glasgow. (Jaap Buitendijk)(pg. 7); The director Terence Davies and Gillian Anderson, who plays the tragic heroine Lily Bart, during the filming of "The House Of Mirth." Its ruthless, long-ago society is not so different from today's. (Jaap Buitendijk)(pg. 19)

**Load-Date:** September 5, 1999

**End of Document**



[***How to Hide $400 Million; Feature***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5N88-GDT1-DXY4-X0SB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** NICHOLAS CONFESSORE

**Highlight:** When a wealthy businessman set out to divorce his wife, their fortune vanished. The quest to find it would reveal the depths of an offshore financial system bigger than the U.S. economy.

**Body**

A few weeks after she realized her husband was finally leaving her, Sarah Pursglove flew down to the Bahamas to figure out how much money he really had. Like many women married to very wealthy men, she didn’t know much about the family accounts. Her husband, a Finnish entrepreneur named Robert Oesterlund, had sworn to a Canadian court that his immediately calculable “net family property” totaled just a few million dollars. Pursglove was skeptical. She could come up with several family purchases worth more than that off the top of her head. There was the 165-foot yacht, Déjà Vu — that cost a few million dollars a year just to keep on the water. There was the $30 million penthouse at the Toronto Four Seasons, which was still being renovated. It wasn’t their only home. The Déjà Vu wasn’t even their only yacht.

Pursglove grew up in a ***working-class*** family. She did not consider herself to be a complicated person, or a greedy one. Recent events in her life had, however, inculcated a newfound habit of suspicion. Her husband’s tirades, his frequent absences and threats to leave, had led inexorably to the day when she tailed him through the streets of Toronto and caught him picking up an interior designer for what appeared to be a romantic ski getaway. She had been with Oesterlund since she was 25 and scraping by as a cruise ship’s photographer. Now, as she assessed her crumbling marriage and girded for divorce, she wondered what else she didn’t know.

Her first answers came that morning in the Bahamas, as she quickly rifled through papers in their soon-to-be-former vacation home. She didn’t have long: The caretaker, Pursglove suspected, was loyal to her husband and would soon alert him that she was there. In a pile of mail was a statement from a bank in Luxembourg showing an account with at least $30 million in cash. She had never seen it before. There were two laptops — one with baby photos of their younger daughter, which she set aside. In a cupboard were documents concerning not only [*Xacti*](http://www.xacti.com/), the internet company she and Oesterlund had built, but also oddly named corporations in other states and countries. Finally, there was a statement from their accounting firm. She had never seen that before, either. The accountants seemed to think her husband was worth at least $300 million.

But even as Pursglove was repacking her suitcase for the flight home, her family’s fortune was vanishing into an almost impenetrable array of shell companies, bank accounts and trusts, part of a worldwide financial system catering exclusively to the very wealthy. In recent decades, this system has become astonishingly effective at “offshoring” wealth — detaching assets, through complex layers of ownership and legal planning, from their actual owners, often by hiding them in another country. Created by lawyers, accountants and private bankers and operating out of a global archipelago of European principalities, [*former British colonies*](http://www.vanityfair.com/style/society/2013/04/mysterious-residents-one-hyde-park-london) and Asian city-states, the system has one main purpose: to make the richest people in the world appear to own as little as possible.

Pursglove would soon learn, however, that navigating this offshore archipelago is not easy. In any given year, trillions of dollars sit safely in the offshore financial world, effectively stateless, protected by legions of well-compensated defenders and a tangle of laws deliberately designed to impede creditors and tax collectors. Even the United States government finds it challenging: A special Internal Revenue Service division known as the “wealth squad,” set up in 2010 to crack down on high-end tax evaders with multinational holdings, today has enough manpower to assess only about 200 cases a year.

Pursglove would rely on her own wealth squad: a pair of highly creative lawyers, using Pursglove herself as the ultimate informant. It would take them more than two years and millions of dollars to breach the defenses of the offshore financial world. Their efforts would leave a trail of thousands of pages of court documents through Canada and the United States, revealing the inner workings of a system exquisitely engineered to repel scrutiny.

But much of her family’s financial situation was still a mystery when she first saw the bank statement on her husband’s desk in the Bahamas, Pursglove later told me. She packed the laptop and documents, left her suitcase near the front door and went for one last walk on their beach. When she returned to the house, the caretaker was nowhere to be seen. A different member of the household staff, a kindly older man who tended to the landscaping and washed the family boats, had already put her suitcase into a waiting taxicab. She hugged him goodbye and drove to the airport.

When she opened her suitcase at the security line, there was no laptop. No paperwork. It was all gone.

Robert Oesterlund wasn’t born rich, either. When Pursglove first met him, on a cruise ship off Helsinki in the ’90s, he ran a struggling flower-import business. He was tall, with piercing blue eyes and a boyish charisma that outlasted his initial awkwardness. Pursglove, who grew up in Wales, found him charming. They married in 1998, on the Caribbean island Dominica, and settled in the United States.

Living in Florida and New York, they started a series of companies. Oesterlund came up with most of the ideas, Pursglove would later state in court filings, and ran the companies day to day. Pursglove hired the employees, trained them and helped manage the offices. Their earliest success was a direct-mail firm called Credit Key Express, which promised credit cards to people with bad credit. Later they started Columbia House-style online membership clubs that sold discounted movie posters, books, DVDs, even dietary supplements. Xacti, which came to enfold most of their ventures, sold banner ads, video games and various other kinds of software, including “toolbars” that promised to clean viruses off your computer or free up space on your hard drive. The businesses threw off enormous amounts of cash, and by the mid-2000s, Oesterlund and his wife had become wildly rich. They bought a $5 million house back in Finland and their first yacht, a 48-foot cruiser.

Pursglove is 47, with a round, watchful face and well-kept brown hair. I first met her in the spring of 2015, over coffee in New York. She rarely smiled, and I found her unexpectedly reserved for the wife of a jet-setting, large-living entrepreneur. She explained that Oesterlund was the flamboyant one, an insecure man ruined by his sudden wealth. “I was his stop button — ‘No, we don’t need it,’ ” Pursglove told me. “He was kind of never content. He always needed to buy the next thing.” In 2007, they bought their first private jet, and then a bigger boat, an 82-footer that Pursglove named Integrity. She liked the name, she explained. “At the time, Robert was — I thought he had integrity.”

Not everyone agreed. In 1999, the Florida attorney general sued to shut down Credit Key Express, saying that it misled customers into thinking they would receive preapproved credit cards. (In fact, all they got for their money was a list of banks that might give them credit cards.) Some years after Credit Key Express shut down, the Florida attorney general came after Xacti’s club businesses, claiming that Oesterlund’s companies had again misled customers. According to court filings, they had abused what are known as “negative options”: Customers would provide their credit card number for a “trial offer,” only to be charged a monthly fee, disclosed in the fine print and difficult to cancel.

In 2010, Oesterlund, on behalf of his companies, signed an agreement with the Florida attorney general promising to abstain from deceptive marketing practices. But officials in Iowa and Oregon also began scrutinizing the businesses. Despite Oesterlund’s promises, consumer complaints continued to pile up, and in 2013, Florida’s attorney general finally [*sued Xacti*](http://legalnewsline.com/stories/510516246-florida-ag-reaches-500-000-settlement-with-smart-savings) and its club businesses, extracting a $500,000 settlement.

When the investigations began, in 2009, Pursglove was living with the two children in Boca Raton, but Oesterlund lived on Integrity in the Bahamas, unable to join them. He had overstayed an earlier visa, and the United States denied him a green card. The denial and the investigations enraged him, Pursglove told me. He employed dozens of people in Florida, he fumed, and had provided the United States millions of dollars in tax revenue. He told his wife their businesses were being unfairly harassed by bureaucrats. Going forward, Pursglove explained, “he wanted to pay as little taxes as possible to the U.S.”

In 2011, they went into contract on the penthouse in Toronto, hoping to unite the family eventually in Canada and establish residency for Oesterlund there. While it was being renovated, they bought yet another boat, the 165-foot yacht they named Déjà Vu, and spent a year sailing around Europe and the Caribbean, with tutors for the kids. But their relationship would soon grow strained. Oesterlund later testified that their marriage was a “rocky ride ever since the start,” but Pursglove blamed their new lifestyle. Somewhere along the way, she told me, Oesterlund had fallen in with a tribe of wealthy globe-trotting nomads and minor celebrities. He befriended Kevin O’Leary, a judge from “Shark Tank,” she says, and partied at the Maya-themed Lyford Cay estate of Peter Nygard, the Finnish-Canadian retail mogul. Oesterlund’s money and his boat attracted hangers-on and women, Pursglove says.

By his wife’s account, some of Oesterlund’s new friends also began tutoring him in how to minimize his taxes. (Oesterlund himself declined to comment for this article, as did most of the lawyers, accountants and financial advisers named in court records.) He traveled constantly, Pursglove says, in part to reduce the amount of taxes he would be required to pay to any of the countries where he owned a home. At the time, Pursglove told me, she regarded these efforts — spearheaded by a well-known Florida accounting firm, Daszkal Bolton — as aboveboard “tax planning.” But court records suggest that Oesterlund had begun exploring how to structure his business to insulate himself not just from taxes but also from future civil litigation. “I want to have in writing a statement,” he wrote to his lawyers in 2011, “that I can no longer be subject to Florida or U.S. law.” Take every step necessary, he added, to “remove myself from the country of Evil.”

In 2012, Oesterlund and Pursglove moved with the children to Toronto; at the end of the year, Oesterlund raised the idea of separating, Pursglove says, and at the beginning of 2013 he flew to Dubai to party with friends. “He was backward and forward that year in Toronto,” Pursglove says. “I would ask, So, are we getting divorced? And he wouldn’t do anything.”

It was in early 2013, when she learned that her husband had sought to sell off Xacti, Pursglove told me, that she started to think about hiring lawyers of her own. “You want to throw me away like I was a piece of [expletive] and then take everything too,” she emailed him one night.

“Women get 10 percent in Russia by law,” Oesterlund wrote back. “In Dubai they get 0 percent.”

When she asked for copies of documents related to the potential sale, her husband was livid. “I am closing out all checking accounts on you now,” he texted her. “You aren’t going to use my funds to pay some Jewish lawyer.”

That night, he cut off her Xacti email account. “We will file papers and as I no longer own anything of value you get nothing then I can start a new company later in life,” he wrote. “Was it really worth it?”

One divorce attorney urged her to settle with her husband as soon as possible or else risk losing everything. Another told her the case would be too daunting for a normal family lawyer, even in South Florida, where high-priced divorces are common. Eventually, she found herself in the offices of [*Jeffrey Fisher*](http://www.law.miami.edu/news/2015/september/alumnus-jeffrey-fisher-circuitous-journey-top-divorce-attorney).

Fisher was not a normal family lawyer. Early in his career, at the height of the South Florida drug wars, he worked for the United States attorney’s office in Miami, prosecuting cocaine smugglers and money launderers. When he opened his own firm with a partner in West Palm Beach in the late 1980s, he began specializing in cases that were equal parts divorce and white-collar litigation, representing the discarded wives of rich men with complex business concerns.

I first began hearing about Fisher a few years ago, when he approached a college friend of mine, Zachary Potter, to join his practice. Potter was working at one of the country’s largest law firms, advising Fortune 500 companies. He enjoyed the challenge, but the work could be stodgy: When Fisher called him, Potter was working a seven-year, $100 million case that hinged on federal leasing rules for long-haul trucking companies.

Around the same time Potter moved to Palm Beach to join Fisher’s firm, I began writing for The Times about the political activism of the very wealthy, much of it oriented around defending their fortunes from the predations of government. Our professional interests soon converged. We joked about spending our days trading phone calls with the same class of handlers, consultants and lawyers, hired by the rich to guard their wealth and privacy.

One day last year, we caught up over drinks at a Palm Beach hotel. Potter was easy to spot: In a town of pastels and prints, he still favored charcoal suits and crisp white shirts. All around us was the chatter of lithe women and their expensively tailored, somewhat older male companions — inhabitants of a world at once ostentatious and opaque. As we sat down, Potter slid a neatly stapled stack of papers down the bar toward me. It was a court brief, Potter explained, one of hundreds he and Fisher had filed in a particularly knotty case involving a man named Robert Oesterlund. If I truly wanted to peer inside the hidden world of the superrich, Potter told me — and if I really wanted to understand how extremely wealthy people protected that wealth — I ought to read the case’s public court file and judge for myself.

Not long after, I met Fisher at his office in Florida, a modest fourth-floor space equipped with plush leather chairs and a sweeping view across the water to client-rich Palm Beach. At 61, Fisher is short and wiry, with thinning gray hair swept back over a high and gently tanned forehead. In a cross-examination, he stands erect, chest cocked, as if to fill the courtroom. When Fisher talks about working the Florida divorce circuit, he makes it sound almost fun. “The beauty of high-end divorce law it is that it is usually handled on an expedited basis,” Fisher says. “If you’re a person like me, who doesn’t want a five-year-long case, there’s nothing better.”

Pursglove hired him about a year earlier, not long after seeing her husband with the interior designer. Oesterlund responded by filing for divorce in Canada — where Fisher could not personally represent Pursglove — and threatened to cut off his wife. She had $90,000 in the bank, not enough for a protracted legal battle. But she also had cellphone pictures of documents concerning something called a Cook Islands asset-protection trust, which she found a few months earlier. Oesterlund was listed as the “settlor,” the person who “donates” property to a trust.

The Cook trust was a bad sign. A typical estate-planning trust is designed to allow someone to benefit from a property — a car, a home, a plane, a bank account — without technically owning it or controlling it. An independent trustee, sometimes an individual, sometimes a specialized firm, is assigned to make decisions about the best use of the assets. That independence can, for example, provide a tax advantage or prevent a spendthrift beneficiary from plowing through an inheritance. But in some cases, the claim of independence is a sham. The trustees are puppets; the settlor still controls the asset in practice. And trusts organized in the Cook Islands, a self-governing state associated with New Zealand, are particularly difficult to investigate. Cook courts typically do not recognize American court orders, including divorce judgments. To sue a Cook trust, you have to actually fly to the Cook Islands, in the middle of the South Pacific, roughly 6,000 miles southwest of Florida. “It’s like Switzerland used to be, but squared,” Fisher told me. Once assets were hidden inside a Cook trust, he had learned, it was almost impossible to get them out.

Emails in Pursglove’s possession hinted at why Oesterlund might have found a Cook trust appealing. Searching through the trash folder on Pursglove’s laptop, Fisher’s paralegal found that the 2011 email she had been copied on — the one in which Oesterlund had asked his lawyers to remove him from “the country of Evil” — also contained a reply from Xacti’s corporate counsel, Jennifer Miller. She wrote that if Oesterlund created “a parallel corporate structure of companies outside the U.S,” moved his operations offshore and “implemented a personal asset protection strategy,” he could become almost untouchable. Any money spent to sue him in the United States, Miller assured him, “would probably be wasted.”

Fisher knew he needed to act very quickly. He didn’t know where Oesterlund had put the family’s money, exactly. He didn’t have any direct evidence of fraud. But the longer the case dragged on, the more opportunity Oesterlund might have to drain assets out of the country and into untouchable accounts overseas.

The documents in Pursglove’s cellphone pictures showed corporations in the Caymans and Nevis, both well-known offshore financial centers. But she didn’t know exactly what these companies did. Oesterlund had stopped making mortgage payments on the house in Boca Raton, she later said in court filings, and threatened to evict her mother and disabled aunt from a house they had bought in Wales. He warned Pursglove that he wouldn’t pay any bills until she agreed to a settlement. “Your mortgage of $20,000 was due on the first,” he texted to Pursglove. “Late fee $500 on Friday. Bad credit in 30 days. I recommend you pay it!”

Fisher had to freeze Oesterlund’s transactions in place until he could gather more evidence. The only way to do that, Fisher concluded, was to hit him from two sides at once. In late March 2014, Fisher filed a divorce action on behalf of Pursglove in Palm Beach County, hoping to wrest the divorce proceeding back to Florida from Canada. But he also prepared a related civil complaint, citing the Cook trust and Oesterlund’s threatening emails: Oesterlund, Fisher wrote in court papers, was using illegal asset transfers to defraud his wife, the co-owner of his companies. One set of claims would leverage Pursglove’s rights as a wife. The other, crucially, would leverage her rights as an owner.

Within days, Fisher persuaded a judge in Palm Beach County, Jeffrey D. Gillen, to impose a sweeping asset injunction against Oesterlund, one that prohibited him from selling, merging or borrowing against any of his assets. The order would stop additional offshoring — if Oesterlund complied.

Fisher also obtained a 2012 tax return for the family’s holding company, RSOP. (The name is an anagram of Oesterlund and Pursglove’s initials.) The return showed that RSOP had grossed more than $73.5 million that year, an amount that Pursglove says she found astonishing. But when Fisher scrutinized the tax return, he found something even more shocking. Despite the impressive grosses, RSOP was reporting ordinary business income of just $12,284. Virtually all the revenue had somehow evaporated.

That was when — and why — Fisher dispatched Pursglove to the Bahamas: to gather clues about where the money went. When Pursglove returned to the house to confront the caretaker that day, she told me, the caretaker admitted removing the papers from her suitcase. Bahamian police took custody of the papers, but later, and for reasons they never explained, handed them over to Oesterlund. When Fisher tried to subpoena the papers back, Oesterlund’s lawyers said he could not find any such documents; in any case, they wrote, Pursglove had no right to “stolen” materials.

But back in Florida, Fisher’s legal blitz was having the intended effect. In a rush to unfreeze his assets, Oesterlund invoked his right to an emergency hearing. That handed Fisher a crucial opening: Florida law now gave Fisher the right to demand documents, on a highly expedited basis, from any company or person who might have evidence relevant to the hearing. Shortly thereafter, Fisher’s detailed requests began arriving on the desks of Oesterlund’s bankers, his lawyers, his accountants and tax planners, his stockbroker and most of his senior executives. When the opposing parties finally met in Florida court in April 2014, the room was overflowing. Oesterlund had sent his divorce lawyers. The companies had their own lawyers. There were lawyers for the banks. There were lawyers for the accountants. Even some of the lawyers had lawyers.

More important, some of these lawyers had brought thousands of pages of records with them to the hearing. Under normal discovery rules, Fisher might have spent months or years fighting for them. Instead, it took four days: Potter flipped through the boxes in the courtroom, yanking out whatever seemed interesting, while Fisher cross-examined witnesses on the fly. There were bank statements, emails between accountants and lawyers and a few organizational charts tantalizingly stamped “confidential.” One piece of paper, from a lender called Fifth Third Bank, showed that Oesterlund had claimed a net worth of $400 million, even more than they thought. Other documents showed that Pursglove owned a third of RSOP.

In Canadian court, Oesterlund accused his wife of making “wild accusations” and absconding with their two daughters to Florida. But Fisher now had a growing heap of evidence that not only bolstered Pursglove’s claims but also rooted them in the Florida jurisdiction where his client lived and he practiced. Seeing the danger, Oesterlund’s attorneys switched tactics, hoping to block the corporate fraud suit entirely and send Pursglove’s divorce back to a Canadian judge. She was a resident of Toronto, they argued to Judge Gillen, and a Florida court had no jurisdiction over the divorce.

For Pursglove and her husband, as for many members of the global 1 percent, “residency” was an elusive and easily manipulated concept. Pursglove was a British citizen with a United States green card who now lived in Boca Raton. Oesterlund was a citizen of Finland who had also obtained a passport from Dominica. They had homes in at least four countries and spent a year living on their yacht. “These parties are global citizens of substantial means,” Judge Gillen mused from the bench. “Their situation is a blessing and a privilege for them, but for this court, their lifestyle creates a challenge.”

Gillen decided to split the difference. The divorce would stay in Toronto. But the civil litigation — the corporate fraud lawsuit — could proceed in Florida, where many of the family’s companies were still run out of a Boca Raton office park. In late April, Fisher’s assistants began stacking boxes of files in the hallway outside his office. A similar pile grew next door, outside Potter’s office. In May, they started reading in depth.

First they searched for the missing $73 million they had seen on the tax return. It turned out that most of RSOP’s revenue wasn’t missing at all. Instead, Fisher later argued in court papers, RSOP was transferring tens of millions of dollars to another company, this one called Omega Partners. Omega was based in the Bahamas, which has no corporate income tax. RSOP had two partners, but Omega had only one: Robert Oesterlund.

Omega didn’t appear to have any employees. In fact, it seemed to consist of little more than a post office box in a government building in Nassau. But Omega did at one point have a lucrative contract with Oesterlund’s Florida company, Xacti L.L.C., to pay search engines to advertise his websites. This contract appeared to be an extraordinarily bad deal for Xacti. For every dollar of advertising Xacti purchased, it also had to pay Omega — Oesterlund in corporate form — 58 cents. For this privilege, Xacti also paid Oesterlund another $200,000 each month, personally, for “management services.”

Oesterlund appeared to be charging his own companies to pay their bills, Fisher argued in court papers. He was charging them so much, in fact, that RSOP was making almost no net income. Yet Omega was taking in millions of dollars a year. With the stroke of his signature on a few pieces of paper, it appeared to Fisher, Oesterlund had used Omega to make virtually all of his family’s United States tax liabilities disappear.

What Oesterlund had done is known as “transfer pricing,” a practice that has come under growing criticism in recent years. Multinational corporations use it to shift their costs to high-tax countries and their profits to low-tax countries. Often, there is little or no economic reality to these transactions. Apple, for example, is an American company headquartered in Cupertino, Calif. Most of the research and development that goes into an iPhone happens in California. But according to Apple, if you buy an iPhone in Europe or Asia, the intellectual-property rights contained in your phone actually belong to Apple subsidiaries in Ireland, where the company has negotiated for itself a special tax rate of around 2 percent. Apple charges those subsidiaries relatively little for the rights to this intellectual property, yet allows them to collect most of the money Apple makes from selling the phone. In 2011, the Irish subsidiaries — which conduct virtually none of Apple’s research and build few of its products — collected two-thirds of Apple’s 2011 worldwide pretax income.

Fisher wondered whether Oesterlund’s transfers were really legal. He called Gregg D. Polsky, a law professor now at the University of Georgia, who occasionally worked for Fisher as an expert witness. Polsky knew a lot about tax law, but as he later explained to me, he did not have a satisfying answer for Fisher. In theory, Polsky says, federal rules require that related companies charge themselves the same price they would charge some other company. But in practice, the prices can be difficult to second-guess. Who can really say exactly what Apple’s intellectual property is worth? “The sophisticated people will hire high-priced advisers who will come up with a study that will give them the value they want,” Polsky says. “The I.R.S. has to decide if they disagree with that value and if they can both challenge it and prevail in court.” (In August, [*European regulators ordered*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/08/31/technology/apple-tax-eu-ireland.html) Ireland to collect $15 billion in unpaid taxes from Apple, charging that the company’s special tax rate violated European Union rules.)

Fisher didn’t have time to wait for the I.R.S. to take an interest in Oesterlund. He needed some other lever — a legal basis to look more closely into the myriad offshore entities that appeared to be connected to the Oesterlund companies. A solution presented itself when Fisher, searching online for Oesterlund’s name one morning, learned about the long trail of consumer disputes Oesterlund’s companies had left behind. Until he saw the settlement with the Florida attorney general, Fisher had assumed Oesterlund was running a basically legitimate internet business. Now he realized not only that Xacti had come under investigation, but also that the investigation created an opening for Pursglove. Oesterlund had signed a binding agreement with the Florida attorney general just nine months earlier: To keep Xacti from skipping out on refunds, the agreement barred Oesterlund from implementing “any change in the form of doing business or organizational identity as a method of avoiding the terms and conditions set forth in this settlement agreement.”

Fisher felt this was a pretty good description of what Oesterlund seemed to be doing with the offshore companies. Moreover, papers turned over at the hearing showed that Pursglove was the sole owner of an Xacti subsidiary that was subject to the same settlement. That meant Pursglove was also bound by its terms.

This gave Fisher an idea. In May, he opened a third front, one that would give Pursglove her most powerful legal tool to begin peeling back the layers of her husband’s finances. Intervening in the Florida attorney general’s dormant case, he claimed that Oesterlund had embroiled Pursglove’s company in a fraud against the people of Florida. The only way to stop it was for the court to drag the whole business — the Cook trust, the Nevis company and whatever else the court would let Fisher go find — back to Florida. To put it another way, Pursglove sued herself.

Oesterlund’s lawyers moved to toss this new lawsuit out of court too. Fisher thought he could become a kind of “private attorney general,” as he put it, pursuing Oesterlund for the public good. Oesterlund’s lawyers saw it differently. It was “unfounded, illogical, frivolous” for Pursglove to sue herself and her husband on behalf of the attorney general, they argued. Oesterlund’s personal lawyer, a veteran litigator named Gary Rosen, dismissed the lawsuit in court as “a leverage point” concocted by Fisher to pressure Oesterlund in the divorce. Oesterlund’s offshore trust was not an elaborate scheme to defeat the settlement, the lawyers argued, but the normal estate planning of a wealthy and successful businessman. And Pursglove, they said, was no victim. She had been part of her husband’s planning from the very beginning.

It was, in truth, hard to say where Pursglove’s involvement with the offshoring began and ended. In court filings, Oesterlund produced an email showing that on at least one occasion, Oesterlund’s advisers had discussed setting up a separate trust for Pursglove and for the couple’s United States properties. When I looked closely at the contracts between Xacti and Omega, I noticed that one of them bore not only Oesterlund’s signature, on behalf of Omega, but also that of Pursglove, on behalf of Xacti. She was also at one time a beneficiary of the Cook Islands trust, albeit only in the unlikely event that Oesterlund and both of their two daughters happened to predecease her.

Indeed, because Pursglove was a United States resident with a large ownership stake in several profitable United States businesses, she stood to pay far less in taxes if her husband could move the profits offshore. Moreover, both Pursglove and Fisher now stood to benefit from his new legal strategy: Lawyers are barred from working on contingency in divorces, but in the civil lawsuits, Fisher would be allowed to charge Pursglove a percentage of whatever money he could find and drag back to Florida.

Strikingly, Pursglove didn’t seem to have much sympathy for the consumers who had filed complaints against her family’s companies — the very basis of Fisher’s carefully plotted legal strategy. On more than one occasion, first during a long meeting in New York and later over a candlelit Italian dinner with Fisher and Potter in Delray Beach, I asked Pursglove whether she had any reservations about how she and Oesterlund had made their money. Whatever regrets she had about her husband, I learned, did not extend to the family business. “Every time you click on an ad, someone gets money,” she told me, shrugging. “We were the people who got the money.”

All this raised the possibility that Pursglove’s main objection to the offshoring scheme was that her husband had decided to cut her out of it. Oesterlund himself insinuated as much. “Wow your Jeff is desperate,” he texted her in May 2015, meaning Fisher, after a Canadian judge issued a further freeze of his assets. “Why would he want to expose you by trying to reopen the attorney general settlement? But ok we will throw you under the bus.”

Pursglove says she always knew Oesterlund was trying to minimize their taxes. But like many wealthy people who hire expensive help to execute complex tax transactions, Pursglove had considered herself to be avoiding taxes, not evading them — precisely the distinction wealthy people hire an accounting firm like Daszkal Bolton to observe on their behalf, however finely. Now, though, she was relying on Fisher to dismantle Daszkal Bolton’s handiwork.

Fisher’s argument was that Oesterlund had begun offshoring the companies to shield himself from consumer lawsuits, but then, as a divorce grew imminent, redeployed the same plan to shield assets from Pursglove. And that assertion was bolstered by a new discovery.

Studying bank documents Fisher had subpoenaed, Fisher’s paralegal, Lindsey Crews, noticed that Pursglove’s stamped signature appeared on paperwork in early 2013 that gave an Xacti executive named Skip Middleton, Oesterlund’s right-hand man, authority over at least six Xacti-related bank accounts with Wells Fargo. A few months later, Middleton used his newfound authority to remove Pursglove from the accounts. Not long after, around the time Oesterlund created the Cook Islands trust, someone using Pursglove’s signature stamp had caused RSOP, the family holding company, to guarantee a $17.5 million loan from a Florida lender called C1 bank, using the Déjà Vu as collateral. The loan papers attested that Middleton had witnessed Pursglove signing for the loan in Florida. But Pursglove wasn’t in Florida on the date indicated: Her passport stamps proved that she was actually in Toronto.

A clearer picture emerged as they studied documents subpoenaed from Daszkal Bolton. It turned out that in early 2013, after Pursglove asked Xacti’s executives to inform her of any large cash transfers or major business decisions, Oesterlund ordered Middleton to cut her off. Over email, he told Middleton to ban her from their Boca Raton offices and to remove Pursglove as a signatory to the company bank accounts. Middleton forwarded the email to a Daszkal Bolton accountant. “Umm, Houston, we have a problem,” Middleton wrote, referring to Oesterlund’s demands. The bank forms adding Middleton to the accounts — supposedly with Pursglove’s permission — were filed two days later.

A lawyer for Middleton did not reply to a request for comment. (When Fisher deposed him this past April, Middleton invoked his Fifth Amendment rights almost 300 times, including to the question of whether he had forged Pursglove’s signature.) A spokesman for Daszkal Bolton told me that the firm would not comment on litigation or client matters. But documents obtained by Fisher suggest that Oesterlund’s lawyers and accountants had indeed spent 2013 trying to make him untouchable, trading complex organizational charts, debating what companies to create in which countries, even what value to assign them.

Early in the fall of 2014, Fisher printed out a copy of the Xacti organizational chart and taped it behind his desk. He ordered everyone in the office to keep a copy as well. Every time they found a new Oesterlund company, they would add it the chart, which came to resemble a convoluted treasure map. In the Caribbean, there were shell companies with names like Paradise Liquidity I and Integrity Investment Holdings, formed by a Nevis holding company and then immediately transferred to Oesterlund’s Cook Islands trust. There was a second Cook Islands trust, also created in June 2013, right as the Florida attorney general began nosing around Oesterlund’s businesses again. There was $35 million or more in cash, in bank accounts in, among other places, Monaco, Luxembourg, Canada and the Bahamas.

Yet on paper, it was hard to find anything that Oesterlund actually owned himself. Shortly after Judge Gillen froze his assets, Oesterlund removed himself as a “beneficiary” of the two trusts, even though they now appeared to contain much of the family’s businesses and property. The Toronto penthouse was now owned by a Delaware corporation, which was owned by a Nevis corporation deposited in one of the Cook trusts. At some point, Omega had also been transferred into one of the trusts. The Déjà Vu, meanwhile, was now owned by a Caymans corporation whose “membership interest” — its ownership — had been shifted into one of the trusts. In exchange, the trust paid Oesterlund the sum of $100.

Unknown to his wife, Oesterlund had even purchased an apartment complex in Georgia, using $23 million in loans backed by the Housing and Urban Development Department. The application, which Potter obtained with an open-records request, was personally signed by Oesterlund, who listed an address in Boca Raton where he hadn’t actually lived in at least four years. But after the sale closed in 2013, other documents indicated, control of the apartment complex was shifted to a Bahamian company, and finally into the trust. The United States government appeared to be guaranteeing a $23 million loan to a Cook Islands trust in the South Pacific.

Oesterlund’s legal strategy was also becoming clear: Don’t explain anything. The trusts had hired a small Miami law firm called Kaplan Zeena, whose lawyers excelled at navigating the complexity and opacity of the offshore legal world. They cited obscure international treaties and arcane points of Caribbean law, Potter told me. They filed endless procedural and jurisdictional objections, burying Potter and Fisher in paperwork. Pursglove was now receiving alimony and child support, but much of it was taken up paying off a jumbo mortgage and back taxes; Fisher would get paid for his firm’s work only if she won. (Kaplan Zeena, too, did not respond to emails seeking comment.)

Potter, who had to write most of the replying briefs, believed that Oesterlund’s trusts were filing motions or objections it seemed certain to lose, just to exhaust and bankrupt Pursglove. In one lawsuit, the trusts fought against releasing a single piece of paper. The goal wasn’t merely to win, Potter felt, but to prevent the case from progressing far enough for its actual merits to be heard. “This isn’t some weird aspect of the process,” he says. “This is the game itself.” Nor could Fisher, despite invoking the authority of the Florida attorney general against Oesterlund, count on help from the actual Florida attorney general. The office had sent a lawyer to monitor at least one hearing in Pursglove’s lawsuit, but had taken no official position on her claims. Fisher was on his own.

But in the late fall of 2014, Oesterlund ran short of a commodity that had once seemed in bountiful supply: time. For many months, his lawyers had successfully delayed Fisher’s demands to depose him in person, insisting on a variety of jurisdictional, geographic and practical complications. In the process, however, Oesterlund had exhausted the patience of a series of Florida judges. Now, under threat of being held in contempt (and, potentially, the court’s issuing a warrant for his arrest), Oesterlund agreed to show up in a Toronto law office.

A video of the day shows that he arrived a few minutes late. “You’re shorter than I thought you were,” Oesterlund told Fisher. But for the rest of the deposition, Oesterlund was studiously restrained. He answered most questions in a monotone, rarely meeting Fisher’s eye. Fisher tried repeatedly to get Oesterlund to list his assets. “I owned lots of assets, different assets, various assets,” Oesterlund said vaguely. He had “things that most people would have, like a watch.” Was he really worth $401,769,834, as his accountants once thought? Oesterlund waved the question away. “I don’t know where these numbers are taken from,” he said, staring fixedly at the table. How did the penthouse end up in a Cook Islands trust? It was “a transaction between me and my attorney.” Which attorney? “I can’t remember,” Oesterlund retorted. “I have too many.”

But bit by bit, Fisher began to connect Oesterlund back to his own wealth. Oesterlund admitted that he had signed a rental agreement to live in the Toronto penthouse now owned by the trust. In that case, Fisher asked, was Oesterlund paying rent? Oesterlund looked up at the ceiling. “It’s being accrued,” he replied; no money was actually changing hands. Under orders from Rosen, one of his lawyers, Oesterlund refused to say who was paying the utilities and maintenance at the penthouse. But he admitted that the trust was paying to fuel, maintain and crew the Déjà Vu — a boat that he was the only person permitted to use, according to a copy of the boat’s insurance contract.

Documents accompanying the deposition provided further evidence that there was little distance between Oesterlund and the theoretically independent trusts holding his former property. The trusts were paying to furnish Oesterlund with a private helicopter and even fund his trips to St. Maarten.

In court papers filed that spring and summer, Fisher and Pursglove’s Toronto divorce lawyer, Harold Niman, sharpened their attacks. Oesterlund was “a highly successful internet swindler,” engaged in “internet scams, forgeries, tax fraud, bank fraud, HUD fraud, immigration fraud, fraudulent overseas transfers and other misconduct,” Fisher told a Florida judge. They also moved to freeze even more of Oesterlund’s income, and not just to make him suffer personally. Fisher and Potter estimated that Oesterlund was burning through about a million dollars a month, much of it going to pay the lawyers and accountants keeping his maze of trusts and shell companies in working order.

In March, Fisher went after Wells Fargo, Oesterlund’s main link between the name-brand financial-services world and the gray market of offshore shell companies and trusts. The Wells Fargo accounts, they believed, were still accumulating revenue from some of the old Xacti businesses — the ones selling travel deals or DVDs or antivirus toolbars — some of which had been reconstituted under new, offshore corporations. Fisher, citing Pursglove’s possibly forged signature removing her from the accounts, threatened to sue Wells Fargo, asserting that the bank had allowed Oesterlund to defraud his wife of millions of dollars. Because of the competing claims to the accounts, Wells Fargo quickly froze them until the dispute could be settled. Now neither Oesterlund nor the trusts could access the money.

An even bigger threat to Oesterlund began taking shape in June 2015, when a Florida judge ruled that Pursglove was entitled to view thousands of pages of emails and documents exchanged by Oesterlund and other executives at Xacti with their lawyers. Oesterlund’s attorneys had tried to keep the documents out of court, arguing they were protected by attorney-client privilege. Fisher was certain the privileged documents would contain what he called a “smoking gun.” He wouldn’t just see where the money was hidden, Fisher believed. He would see Oesterlund plotting how to hide the money. He would get not only direct evidence of fraud against Pursglove and others, but also emails and memos that might implicate many of the lawyers and accountants who had helped him. The whole thing could be laid bare.

A few days later, Oesterlund’s lawyers asked for a meeting, hinting that if Fisher got the privileged documents, their client would go on the run. Whatever Oesterlund was hiding, it was so damaging that he was willing to live in virtual exile in order to keep it from his wife.

Fisher and Potter strolled down the block in West Palm Beach to the offices of Squire Patton Boggs — a well-regarded multinational firm that represents Oesterlund’s Florida companies — to hear them out. The suggestion made everyone wary. Pursglove could lose by winning: If her husband went into hiding, it would be hard to wring money out of him. But it would also be bad for Oesterlund’s lawyers, particularly for the Americans. For one thing, Potter would later realize, Oesterlund now had large unpaid legal bills. And beyond the financial risk was a reputational one. It was one thing to defend a businessman in a civil suit. It was another to defend a fugitive.

Documents turned over at the June meeting and subsequent ones that summer laid out Oesterlund’s position. Most of his net worth was tied up in the value of his companies, and they were worth less than his accountants once claimed. He didn’t actually have enough wealth to give his wife half of a $400 million estate — the sort of net worth he once declared in order to secure loans for a jet or Georgia real estate. But now the baroque complexity of Oesterlund’s finances had become a noose around his neck. To prove that Oesterlund’s fortune was much smaller, his lawyers had to reveal where and how he had hidden it. If they refused, and a judge decided to award Pursglove $200 million, Oesterlund wouldn’t have enough liquid wealth to pay up. He could be ruined.

Trapped, Oesterlund’s lawyers were now doing Fisher’s work for him, providing documents that suggested further violations of the Judge Gillen’s original asset injunction, Potter told me. One trust had recently sent Oesterlund’s lawyers more than $1 million to cover legal fees. In Potter’s opinion, Oesterlund had no choice. He “had to decide whether to pay the lawyers, and expose that he could get cash from the trust whenever he wanted,” Potter says, “or not pay them, and not be able to fight the suit.”

Another bank statement they handed over showed that on a single day in 2014, Oesterlund transferred $48 million into one of the Cook trusts. It was the same day, Fisher quickly realized, that Pursglove discovered Oesterlund with his new girlfriend. Fisher believed this would be strong evidence in court that the trust had been set up in anticipation of owing his wife money, which even in most offshore jurisdictions is against the law.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars had been drawn out of one trust each month to operate the Déjà Vu. Fisher’s paralegal hunted for the boat in Oesterlund’s usual haunts. Using public webcams at ports around the French Rivera, she discovered the Déjà Vu anchored in the middle of the harbor in Saint-Tropez. Potter took a working vacation to France and, after a few days of carefully planned sightseeing, found the boat anchored in Nice. Halfway through a meal at the Grand-Hotel du Cap-Ferrat, he also found Oesterlund himself, who strode out onto the dining patio with the interior decorator. Potter’s own girlfriend snapped a picture on her cellphone. They left quickly, before Oesterlund noticed them.

In Florida, Oesterlund’s lawyers were again running out of time. Oesterlund was now subject to an increasingly stern series of court orders that he turn over the privileged documents, regardless of any potential settlement.

This didn’t just threaten Oesterlund’s fortune. It also had the potential to carve open a portal into the world of offshore finance, a place that the global elite has spent hundreds of millions of dollars to build and defend. In the offshore archipelago, their interests are hidden behind shell companies and trusts, their anonymity guaranteed under the law, from Delaware to the Bahamas to the South Pacific. James S. Henry, a former chief economist at McKinsey, calls the offshore financial world the “economic equivalent of an astrophysical black hole,” holding at least $21 trillion of the world’s financial wealth, more than the gross domestic product of the United States.

This darkness shields the tax-averse businessman and the criminal alike. Dictators use the offshore system to loot their own countries. Drug lords use it to launder money. As Gabriel Zucman, a University of California economist and an offshore expert, puts it: “They use the same banks, they use the same incorporation agents to create shell companies, they send money in the same ways.”

But when the wall of secrecy is breached, the distinction between upright global citizen and criminal can quickly grow indistinct. In April, media outlets belonging to the International Consortium of Investigative Journalists [*published a trove*](https://www.theguardian.com/news/2016/apr/03/the-panama-papers-how-the-worlds-rich-and-famous-hide-their-money-offshore) of confidential records leaked from the Panamanian law firm Mossack Fonseca, exposing the offshore financial holdings of various kleptocrats and forcing the resignation of the   [*prime minister of Iceland.*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/04/06/world/europe/panama-papers-iceland.html) Leak the client files of a single middling law firm in Panama City, and you can take down governments half a world away.

If Fisher could prove that one Cook trust was a sham, then the settlors and administrators of other Cook trusts could have a harder time defending them in reputable courts. For attorneys and accountants working in the offshore industry, having private correspondence with a client entered into a public court record would be a disaster. Anybody could see what they were doing and how they did it. Fisher’s legal assault now presented Oesterlund’s helpers with a painful choice: Protect one client, or protect the system.

Soon, the tangle of defenders who had once guarded Oesterlund’s wealth started to turn against him. One rainy Friday in July 2015, after losing an appeal on the treasure trove of privileged documents, Oesterlund’s entire team of lawyers at Squire Patton Boggs abruptly quit. Oesterlund, Potter learned, had ordered them to ignore the court’s order to turn over the documents, a serious violation for which the lawyers, all American citizens, could have been disbarred.

They rejoined the case within days, after Oesterlund agreed to let them release a portion of the files. But it was a sign that Oesterlund had begun pushing his camp into dangerous territory, both professionally and legally. The wall of secrecy around Oesterlund’s offshore holdings began to collapse. The first batch of documents, five or six notebooks’ worth of emails arrived last fall. More would soon follow.

When I spoke with Fisher by phone in February, he sounded confident. Oesterlund appeared to be running out of cash, Fisher told me; he was missing payments on the loan from C1 Bank. In August, after further delays in producing the documents, Judge Gillen held Oesterlund and his companies in contempt of court, dangling the prospect of criminal penalties. Soon after, Oesterlund’s personal lawyer in the case quit, citing “irreconcilable differences” with his client. Court filings this fall suggested that the civil litigation was drawing to a close, though both Fisher and Oesterlund’s remaining lawyers said they were barred from discussing any final settlement.

More even than the laws of the world’s tax havens, the offshore financial system is kept afloat by the legions of professionals — accountants, lawyers, incorporation agents — who are paid well to service it. But the people who work to dismantle that system also have to be paid. If the case Fisher had constructed against Oesterlund was correct, I once proposed to him, then at least some of the money coming to him and Pursglove would seem to be tainted. Fisher disagreed, and unspooled an intricate accounting of his own. When he cracked open the Cook trusts, Fisher argued, the money would come back home. Whatever liabilities Oesterlund had to consumers would be payable by what remained of the businesses. Pursglove and her payout would live in Boca Raton, within easy reach of United States law. “I would always view the dollars that I get to be legitimate dollars,” Fisher said.

But this would be a justice of wealth battling wealth, hammering through the veneer of trusts and shell companies to serve private ends. Fisher’s own role as public crusader would end, circumscribed by Pursglove’s interests. He and Potter had sent packages of evidence to the Palm Beach sheriff’s department, the inspector general of HUD, and the United States attorney’s office. Those authorities might take a hard look at Oesterlund’s business dealings and the well-paid professionals who made them all possible. Or they might lay the packages aside, alongside other complex cases that take extraordinary amounts of time and money to pursue. “In the end, I’m not a private attorney general,” Fisher mused. “I’m a private attorney.”

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**Body**

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN is not the only good-looking, middle-aged guy sending greetings from Asbury Park these days. On any given Saturday on the Jersey Shore, you might find a muscular television producer or a handsome housewares buyer, in Speedos, sipping cocktails by the immaculately restored pool of the Empress Motel; in dungarees, building a gazebo on a patchy lawn; or in aprons, tossing a mesclun salad for the dinner party about to arrive.

"We're Fire Island boys," said Dane Hall, 35, a former publicity director for Penthouse magazine who now works as a producer for VH1 Classic. "But we grew older and tired of it. Asbury Park is not the Pines or Provincetown, but it has the potential to create its own unique identity. Maybe a gay Twin Peaks."

Once the premier seaside playground on the Jersey Shore, Asbury Park has seen its sparkle vanish in recent decades. Race riots in 1969 shattered the fragile beach community and, despite Mr. Springsteen's efforts to put it back on the cultural map, the drug scourge of the 1980's swallowed any hint of its glory days.

Instead of a Ferris wheel, the skyline has been dominated by the 11-story skeleton of a half-built luxury high-rise. Residents refer to it as "Beirut by the Shore."

Then, about five years ago, something unexpected happened. Without any prodding from urban planners or city officials, swarms of gay urban professionals, affectionately known as "guppies," began swimming to these shores to snap up grand Victorian homes and Dutch Colonial cottages on the cheap.

Houses that could have easily fetched $275,000 on Fire Island or in East Hampton, N.Y., -- where gay New Yorkers have traditionally summered -- were being bought for under $100,000. Add an hourand-a-half trip from Manhattan by car, and Asbury Park suddenly looked enticing.

"Just do the math," said Joe D'Andrea, who with his partner, bought a renovated, five-bedroom house for $125,000 two years ago. "We put down 5 percent. Our monthly mortgage, plus the mortgage for two cars, is less than what I was paying in Chelsea for a studio apartment."

Word quickly spread at dinner tables, benefit parties and international gay resorts. "We first heard about Asbury Park in Mykonos," said Thomas Mannix, 40, a Manhattan software analyst, referring to his partner, Kevin Pilla, and their recent vacation in Greece. Out of curiosity, Mr. Mannix drove down in a rented car, just to look. A few months later, they bought their first summer home, a run-down three-bedroom cottage on Locust Drive. "We just saw the potential," he said. The foyer may have sagged, the screened porch was unfit for company, and the kitchen, he said, was "awful." But for $70,000, he owned a fixer-upper with a deck, perched on Deal Lake.

"I had guests sit there and catch bass," Mr. Mannix marveled during a summer tour of his restored cottage, now furnished with Ikea basics and fineries from Bloomingdale's, where Mr. Pilla works as a housewares buyer. "There are herons, cormorants, ducks, swans and geese."

The sight of fauna in Asbury Park, amid battered clown faces and asphalt parking lots, may be as surreal as the spectacle of gay homeowners nursing magnolia trees in their front yards. After all, crack vials once outnumbered mortgages here. But by some accounts, migrating gays have resurrected Asbury Park -- just as decades earlier they resurrected the South Beach area of Miami, the Capitol Hill section of Seattle and Dupont Circle in Washington.

"Gays are the vanguard of urban renewal," said Mitchell L. Moss, director of the Taub Urban Research Center at New York University. "The best barometer of a place that is beginning to be renewed are artists and gays. They are innovative in how they organize their life, and it's the same with where they live."

Many Asbury Park residents agree. "Gays are the best neighbors," said Jim McGlynn, a real estate broker who lives with his wife, Leslie Ferrier, in a pink painted-lady Victorian on Seventh Avenue, one of the more expensive parts of town. "They're good-looking and fit. They fix up their houses, and even though they don't need a good school system, they are the first to get involved."

Stereotypes notwithstanding, signs of the city's rebirth are as plentiful as the rainbow flags that hang from spruced-up homes. In downtown Asbury Park, pop and pop stores have sprung up along Cookman Avenue, next to pawnshops and bail bond agencies. This summer alone, there are a new cafe, boutique and bric-a-brac shop. Two-hour waits are not unusual at Moonstruck, an Italian restaurant named in part for the movie starring Cher.

Over at Paradise, a weekend nightclub housed in the old Empress Motel (a relic of atomic-age curves), a thousand shirtless gay men and more fully dressed lesbians gyrate to high-energy disco music until the wee hours. The owner, Shep Pettibone, best known for remixing Madonna dance tracks, plans to reopen the hotel portion soon. A block away is the Stone Pony club, the stomping grounds of Springsteen lore.

Sensing a sea change, two locals opened an organic farmers' market on Main Street this summer. There are even serious negotiations among developers to pour $1.25 billion into tourist attractions and town houses along the mile-long boardwalk.

Of course, some visitors say that Asbury Park is overblown and remains very much a wasteland. "Everyone was buzzing about it, but when I got there, I thought I was in the wrong place," said Felix Batcup, a former art director for Conde Nast. "The whole place just seemed skanky, like an inner-city crack den."

Gay homeowners are not blind to the urban blight. Some complain that there is no gay gym and only three decent restaurants. But, as one homeowner aptly remarked, there is a robotic "Stepford mentality" among believers in Asbury Park's renaissance. Property values are at stake.

Progress, however, does have its downside. Real estate prices have doubled since the late 1990's, with three-bedroom homes now commanding more than $200,000, said Deborah Collins, a real estate broker with Century 21. But more than pricing out pioneering gays, the higher real estate prices are squeezing out lower-income residents. The city's population of 17,000 is made up mostly of poorer blacks and Mexican immigrants. Many are renters who live in single-family homes that have been subdivided under Section 8 federal incentives.

However, the landlords of these subsidized homes are capitalizing on the real estate boom, selling off their properties to the highest bidders and leaving fewer cheap apartments in town. So for every gay professional who moves in, several ***working-class*** families may have to move out.

"The community is not homophobic, but there's resentment that the gays are being positioned as the saviors," said Susan Maynard, director of the West Side Community Center, which serves low-income families who reside, literally, on the other side of the tracks serving New Jersey Transit trains. "When they talk about diversity, they mean the gay community. When we talk about diversity, we mean people of color."

Tensions between the two groups are in check. But last spring, several rainbow flags were pulled down and burned. Nervous gay homeowners caucused over potluck dinners and started an Internet message board.

The message board, known simply as the List to its 200 gay-only members, has become a sort of virtual tribal council for bringing up gripes. Weekly topics include neighborhood crime, household tips and establishing a gay presence on the local beach. (Although many residents live just blocks from the shore, the beach continues to draw more sea gulls than people. Most weekenders trek two miles to Belmar, where beachgoers of all sexual stripes mingle.)

For Kristopher Sanchez, the List serves up the best and worst of gay Asbury Park. Last December, he sold his one-bedroom apartment in Hell's Kitchen, quit his job at Citibank and moved into a ramshackle 12-bedroom boardinghouse in Asbury Park that he is renovating. He also operates Etc., a novelty shop that sells martini shakers and scented candles.

"I've been here a year, and I feel like I know everybody," said Mr. Sanchez, 37, a slight man with a goatee. "It's like living in Mayberry. You share stories about Home Depot and your friendships evolve." At the same time, he said, there is a self-righteous attitude among some Asbury Park pioneers that turns him off. "Every Type A person lives in New York. I saved this house, maybe, but I didn't save this town."

Unlike most of his gay neighbors, Mr. Sanchez is unattached and lives in Asbury Park year-round. When he is not tending shop, he works on his three-story house and takes quiet walks along the beach. There are certain things that he misses about big-city life, but he is starting to forget.

"It's really easy to meet people in New York for dating or sex or whatever," he said on a recent Sunday morning. "So when I came down here, there was a long dry spell. But I met someone at Moonstruck and we started dating three weeks ago. He was thinking of moving here."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: HOMEOWNERS -- Edward Sidor and Dane Hall, seated, at home in Asbury Park, which some residents call "Beirut by the Shore." (Nancy Wegard for The New York Times)(pg. F1); SUNNING AND SHOPPING -- Poolside at the old Empress Motel, top. Above, outside the House of Modern Living store, from left, David Sokol; Bill Meisch, the owner; Joe Wall; and Kevin McCarthy consider the merits of a sun clock. (Photographs by Nancy Wegard for The New York Times)(pg. F5)

**Load-Date:** September 6, 2002

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[***THE VOYEUR IN THE MIRROR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-54C0-0014-53V4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 13, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 14, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1244 words

**Byline:** By DORIS JEAN AUSTIN; Doris Jean Austin, the author of ''After the Garden,'' is working on a second novel.

**Body**

FRYE STREET & ENVIRONS

The Collected Works of Marita Bonner. Edited By Joyce Flynn and Joyce Occomy Strictlin. 286 pp. Boston: Beacon Press. $18.95.

MARITA BONNER'S published life work, as represented in ''Frye Street & Environs'' (1925-41), is a wonderful and curiously refreshing collection to hail from its period. Curious because Bonner (1899-1971) scaled down the intimate and predominantly subjective eruption of black literature of the Harlem Renaissance to a terse reportorial style of reminiscent of Faulkner's passionless renderings of emotionally charged scenes. Curious also because in the years that followed her last published fiction, the short story ''Light in Dark Places'' (1941), no writer has executed such a journalistic, objective view of the devastation of the black and immigrant experiences of the ***working class*** in urban settings as Marita Bonner. This work is the seventh volume in the Beacon Press Black Women Writers Series, and it is a welcome addition.

Frye Street of the 1930's is reminiscent of those detailed reports of current social catastrophes shown so casually on the 10 and 11 o'clock news in scenes that need only brief commentary. The lack of emotional protest in Bonner's fiction leaves her stories more lurid than colorful. Second-person narratives are rapidly sketched in which ''you'' (the ''you'' is clearly Bonner) see only this. And this - as if all were randomly shot black-and-white photographs. Her precision is what good surgery must be about: quick and sure.

This collection of essays, plays and short stories, obviously set down by a woman of letters, a black woman, portrays in every case the personal but indiscriminate poverty of the Depression and its accompanying heroes, villains and victims, black and white alike. Here is irremediable pain, rendered in sharp contrast to the work of amny Harlem Renaissance writers, who portrayed lyrical beauty, optimism and a certain innocence under racial and economic oppression. Bonner's prose lacks the ''We shall overcome'' refrain of ensuing decades. She reports the ravages of her fictional Chicago ghetto without a song in her heart. Her bleak summations have no happy dancing and singing of the brave but oppressed. Her view, beautifully written, is not beautiful in content.

The reader's journey through the Frye Street environs is presaged in the opening essay, ''On Being Young - a Woman - and Colored,'' which confesses in a melancholy second-person narrative that ''You...have gone from kindergarten to sheepskin covered with sundry Latin phrases.'' Bonner moves swiftly from the subject of her higher education (Radcliffe, 1918-22) to pick up the burden of ''Your People,'' searching for ''hordes of them'' who, the narrator suggests, will reveal themselves and herself to her. The reader anticipates what these ''hordes'' will reveal to the reader as well as the author. The prose here is written in the tone of a gentle lady on sabbatical to the slums to find out the truth for herself. Again, in contrast to her time and her peers in literature, hers are not the intimate truths or rich oral tradition of Zora Neale Hurston's ''Their Eyes Were Watching God,'' or even the sultry passion of Jean Toomer's ''Cane.'' Bonner's is the voice of a sharp-eyed tourist, an intellectual stranger in a strange land, testing, testing.

In her hometown of Boston, Marita Bonner was incolved in regular Saturday night gatherings that included Langston Hughes, Jean Toomer and other great literary voices of the time. Her views, however, remained uniquely her own, a powerful contribution to history.

''The Young Blood Hungers'' (1928) suggests a floundering of the young artist and is more an attempt at poetry than an essay. It concludes on a desolate not and loses ground when compared with her superior copening piece. It is followed by three one-act plays, all sharply focused, very subjective and brief. ''The Pot Maker: A Play to Be Read'' (1927), ''The Purple Flower'' (1928) and ''Exit, an Illusion'' (1929) were not produced in Bonner's lifetime; ''Exit, an Illusion'' is the only one of the three that suggests it could be successfully staged.

All three plays address obvious and universal morality. And although Joyce Flynn in her detailed and comprehensive introduction - for which historians will surely thank her - points out that ''The Purple Flower'' is Marita Bonner's ''masterpiece,'' it is obvious that Bonner's genius was concentrationed in her fiction, particularly her short stories. These brilliant flashes of the chicago ghetto of Bonner's imagination exist perfectly in cameo. Each is a hard, unrelenting jewel of a story, rendered with exquisite craftsmanship, with a brevity like a master's ink sketch of brash strokes that reveal everything. The dialogue is so accurate that each story becomes a production where the reader easily assumes all roles, looking at the story from the inside out, as in ''The Makin's'' (1939), which uses the ''numbers'' - the daily-except-for-Sunday sweepstakes of the poor - to illustrate the hypocrisy shown to a child of 8 by his family and his community.

IN ''Nothing New'' (1926) Bonner introduces the multiethnic panorama of Frye Street, a ghetto shared by Irish, Chinese, Russian, Jewish, French, German, Swedish and Danish immigrants, as well as blacks, many of them recent arrivals from the South. ''You have been down on Frye Street. You know how it runs...from freckled-faced tow heads to yellow Orientals; from broad Italy to broad Georgia, fromhooked nose to square black noses. How it lisps in French, how it babbles in Italian, how it gurgles in German, how it drawls and crawls through Black Belt dialects. Frye Street flows nicely together. It is like muddy water.''

In ''Patch Quit'' (1940) the dialogue suggests Alice Childress's ''Like One of the Family'' (another book in this series), but Bonner moves away from the dialogue in the home, moves into the roads and the town with her narrative, to reveal the jokester in whimsical despair.

Throughout Frye Street, the environs overlap. Intraracial classism and racism coincide in ''On the Altar'' (1937-40) and reveal a family thwarting itself. The story of black and white generations passing down imperial ignorance of the other's human rights, told in the lively dialogue of a confident author, indicts not only the nucleus of Frye Street but moves out of Chicago, around the country and back, pain intact. We watch as Bonner's talent blossoms into perfect pitch and control over almost three decades.

Over all, there is an impoverished loneliness on Frye Street that will not be denied. The theme was deliberately presented, all its ironies repeated, as if the author wanted to make sure it was understood. Frye Street: a voyeur staring into a dark mirror with a mirror behind, corridors of perfect imagery. The artistry is geniune. ''Frye Street & Environs'' is a life work of significance, and will be appreciated by readers and historians alike. The editors are Joyce Flynn, a member of the history and literature faculties at Harvard University, and Joyce Occomy Stricklin, a freelance photographer and the daughter of Marita Bonner. Although some will undoubtedly miss the musical prose that has always gone hand in hand with the majority of even the greatest works of the Harlem Renaissance, this collection, uch like Ann Petry's classic ''The Street,'' marches to a different drummer. The beat of Marita Bonner's prose will wake, not lull you.

**End of Document**



[***Political Memo;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-W3F0-008G-F262-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Seizing on Pataki's Budget as Issue, Democrats Begin Assault on Cuts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-W3F0-008G-F262-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 1995, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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**Length:** 1212 words

**Byline:** By JAMES DAO,

By JAMES DAO,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** ALBANY, Feb. 26

**Body**

As they struggle to rebuild their party from the ashes of last year's electoral defeats, New York State's Democrats have seized on an issue they believe will rally their demoralized troops: Gov. George E. Pataki's state budget.

In speeches across the state, in political literature, in television and radio commercials, Democratic leaders and their allies have begun a full-scale assault on the deep cuts in Mr. Pataki's budget, calling them a boon for the wealthy but devastating for the middle class.

Their strategy seems transparently simple: to reclaim the ***working-class*** and middle-income voters from upstate and suburbia who fled the Democrats last fall to help Mr. Pataki, a Republican, defeat the incumbent Democratic Governor, Mario M. Cuomo.

But the plan carries an equally clear risk. In opposing a budget that meets Mr. Pataki's campaign pledge to make government smaller, the Democrats could open themselves to charges of supporting the tax-and-spend, big-government policies that voters so soundly rejected last year.

Such concerns are shrugged off by the Democrats' leading spokesman, Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver, who has traversed the state in recent weeks arguing that the painful details of the Pataki budget will ultimately drive voters back into the Democratic fold.

In Buffalo last Wednesday, Mr. Silver told several hundred Democratic contributors that Mr. Pataki's proposal to cut state income tax rates by 25 percent or more will benefit only the wealthy. "This is not a tax cut, this is a tax switch," he said, contending that the Pataki plan would reduce state aid to local governments and cause them to raise property taxes that fall heavily on the middle class.

The next day, Mr. Silver warned a gathering in Buffalo of Jewish community leaders that Mr. Pataki, to pay for his tax cuts, would slash government services that the middle class depends on, from urban mass transit to state colleges to suburban road repair programs.

"The wealthy as a rule don't send their children to state university," he said, warning that state college tuition could rise by $1,300 or more a year under Mr. Pataki's budget plan. Mr. Silver told the group that Mr. Pataki's cuts in health care spending show that "prolonging life is not a priority of this Governor."

Notably absent from Mr. Silver's presentations have been discussions of the poor, even though Mr. Pataki has proposed cutting $1.9 billion for social-services programs.

Rather, Mr. Silver tells his mostly middle-class audiences that welfare cuts will increase the number of homeless people living on their streets. And he warns that cutting Medicaid, the health care program for the elderly, poor and disabled, will hurt the quality of care for all people, regardless of income. "Whether a nurse shows up in 30 seconds or in 10 minutes is affected by Medicaid cuts," he says.

With voters showing little sympathy for welfare recipients, Mr. Silver's strategy of linking middle-class to lower-class interests might be the only way to protect programs for the poor this year, Democrats and political analysts say.

But analysts also said the strategy could backfire if the Democrats were cast as defending bloated and inefficient government programs. "They won't come off as credible if they come off as shills for the health care industry," said Fred Siegel, a history professor at Cooper Union in Manhattan.

To bolster Mr. Silver's campaign, a coalition led by labor unions close to the Democratic Party began running radio and television commercials this weekend that attack Mr. Pataki's proposed Medicaid cuts. The unions include Local 1199, the health and hospital workers union, and District Council 37, the municipal employees union.

One of the commercials, which will run predominantly in Republican Senate districts upstate, shows a middle-class couple in their kitchen fretting that Medicaid cuts will end home-care services for their elderly mother and force them to put her into an expensive nursing home. The camera pans to show the mother anxiously eavesdropping on the argument from the dining room.

Then, an announcer's voice says: "Tell your state legislators our families are too important. Stop Pataki's Medicaid cuts." A closing panel says in writing, "If they don't, we'll remember."

Vic Fingerhut, a Democratic pollster and media consultant who designed the commercials, said Mr. Pataki was politically vulnerable on Medicaid because, according to his polls, voters already think Republicans don't care about the elderly. "When we get him on the defensive, his numbers will go down and all Republican numbers will go down," he said.

If the figures do fall, it will mark an important initial victory for Mr. Silver, a Manhattan Democrat who is the first non-governor to lead the party in 20 years. Soft-spoken and deliberative in manner, Mr. Silver has not always seemed comfortable with his new role. Unlike Mr. Cuomo, he does not seem to relish heated debate, and he jokingly acknowledges that he does not speak in "10-second sound bites."

Colleagues who admire his leadership in the Assembly say he has been somewhat slow to reconstruct the party's machinery or to set the party on a clear new course. He has also yet to recommend a new state party chairman or begin preparations for the 1996 Presidential and state legislative races, a task that begins with repaying the party's $750,000 debt.

"The more time that is allowed to lapse here, the greater the grumbling becomes and the greater the possibility for a disharmonious process to develop," said Judith Hope, a Suffolk County Democrat, referring to the process of picking a new state chairman.

Clearly, Mr. Silver has heard some of that grumbling. In recent weeks, he has met with scores of county party leaders, assuring them that the state party will be more grass-roots oriented, that they will play a greater role in running it. "There's a sense that the party has been too dominated at the top by the Governor," he said.

He also says he is considering having two people share the party chairmanship, one from upstate and one from downstate, to allay geographic tensions. Prominently mentioned to fill those posts are Ms. Hope and John Sullivan, a lawyer from the town of Oswego on Lake Ontario.

And as if in response to critics who say he has been slow to develop a plan of attack against the Pataki budget, Mr. Silver plans in the coming week to get a Democratic tax-cut bill passed in the Assembly that he says is better for people earning under $100,000 a year than Mr. Pataki's plan.

The Assembly will also soon release an economic forecast showing that the state has more money to spend than Mr. Pataki's budget allows for -- a key step toward staking out the Democratic position in budget negotiations. And before the fiscal year ends on March 31, Mr. Silver has pledged passage of a Democratic version of the budget that shifts spending cuts away from middle-class services.

Pointing to a recent statewide poll by The Buffalo News showing that less than half of the electorate rates Mr. Pataki's job performance as good or excellent, Mr. Silver suggested that the Democrats are not as weak as they might seem.

"His honeymoon period is starting out at a pretty low level," Mr. Silver asserted. "And there's no place to go but down."

**Graphic**

Photo: Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver is opposing a Pataki tax-cut plan. (David Jennings for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 27, 1995

**End of Document**



[***TV Host Sneers To >Succeed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MS60-0017-50GG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 14, 1987, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1156 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN ERLANGER

**Body**

At age 55 and in only eight weeks, an aggressively conservative talk-show host named Sean Morton Downey Jr. has become a kind of cult figure among young, ***working-class*** males whom advertisers normally expect to watch hockey games.

Intended to resurrect the success in the 1960's of such goading, sneering insult masters as Joe Pyne and Alan Burke, ''The Morton Downey Jr. Show,'' Monday through Friday on WWOR-TV (Channel 9) at 9 P.M., is ''yahoo television,'' says the show's executive producer, designed to shock and entertain.

But by concentrating on public issues rather than obvious targets like eccentrics, Mr. Downey's producers at Quantum Media Inc. and officials at WWOR hope to combine ratings and advertising success with local programming that meets the Federal Communications Commission's requirements for public-interest broadcasting.

While pleased with Mr. Downey's sudden notoriety in his first television job, some of those same officials worry privately about his rudeness and explosiveness, so helpful when the show begins to drag. ''I don't think there's any question that Mort has been a little out of control once in a while,'' said a person involved with the show who asked for anonymity. ''But he's always pulled himself back. That's part of the dramatic tension, if you will.''

Last Wednesday, during the taping of a show on the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. Downey lightly slapped a member of the audience in the face after being cursed, an incident witnessed by a photographer for The Record of Hackensack, N.J., and first reported there. A WWOR spokesman called the matter ''an unfortunate, isolated incident.'' #20 Radio Stations Michael Massing, a media critic who was the object of one of Mr. Downey's outbursts early in November, said, ''The night I was on, I frankly thought he was out of control.'' Mr. Massing and other guests said they had talked with the show's producers about their treatment. ''He's a bully,'' Mr. Massing said.

In an interview, the chain-smoking Mr. Downey acknowledged some of the fury in himself, saying that in his five years in broacasting, he has worked at some 20 radio stations. ''The only place I wasn't fired from was Cape Canaveral,'' he said. ''But let's face it - getting fired is what got me here, nothing else.''

Dressed in pleated trousers, a monogrammed shirt, a large gold watch and with a gold bracelet on either wrist, Mr. Downey seemed eager to please, speaking openly about his behavior and his past.

''I know I have a spark that sometimes ignites my brain before the fuse of my tongue has had the opportunity to go out,'' he said. ''But that happens to me in regular life, too.''

'Tempestuous' but 'a Prince'

Sometimes, he said, ''when I've seen something lagging,'' he will let his guests and audience know ''that Mort is shifting gears and we're ready to start rolling. But I react immediately to situations.'' ''I articulate my position and sometimes when I'm through, I realize I've not been illogical so much as unsympathetic. And for someone as naturally sympathetic as I am - my father used to kid me and say I cry at card tricks - I don't like to beat someone up.''

Only by making some guests angry, Mr. Downey said, could he elicit ''the real story,'' for ''in their anger I know they'll say things just like I will, that they don't mean to say.''

Tom Webb, operations director at Chicago's WMAQ, which released Mr. Downey from a radio talk-program contract on Nov. 25, said Mr. Downey was ''tempestuous'' but ''a prince to work with.'' After ''explosions,'' he said, Mr. Downey, contrite, would buy watches for colleagues he had offended. Mr. Webb, who said he had two ''Mort watches, as we call them,'' explained that the station's new owners had announced an all-news format, making Mr. Downey expendable.

Local Programming

Robert Feder, the television and radio columnist of The Chicago Sun-Times, said he liked Mr. Downey: ''He really is charming, a rogue who's completely open about what he's doing. You can't hate a guy who says, 'I'm phony as a three-dollar bill.' ''

In 1985, WOR was bought for $387 million by MCA Inc., which took over the station, renamed WWOR, last April. MCA also owns half of Quantum. WWOR's publicity material describes the Downey show as ''the beginning of WWOR-TV's efforts to bring their viewers more innovative, live programming that is locally produced.'' WWOR, in Secaucus, is the only commercial VHF station in New Jersey.

Such live, local programming, said Jane Hartley, the station manager who came with MCA, ''is an easier way to get tied quickly to your community and change your image.''

The Downey show is taped before a studio audience clearly out to enjoy itself, but whose antics - as Mr. Downey, sputtering mild obscenities and insults, rounds on a liberal guest - have reminded some observers of the mobs who once gathered for public hangings.

''The audience is a lot like that at a hockey game,'' said Brian Bedol, who is vice president of television at Quantum and executive producer of the show. ''Half come for the issues, and half come for the fights. It's about passion and human emotion on TV.''

'Taken On a Buzz'

It's also about demographics, Mr. Bedol admits cheerfully. ''We want Mort to come across as the champion of the little guy and of the audience -the young male demographic,'' he said. ''They don't watch regular TV; they don't read the papers; it's tough to find them. That's what's so incredible - the audience we set out to find in the beginning found the show very quickly.''

''In a short time, the show has taken on a buzz,'' said Robert W. Pittman, who founded Quantum after leaving MTV. ''It's like 'Saturday Night Live' in its heyday, when you couldn't get tickets.''

At a recent taping, a producer had a different explanation. ''This is the cheapest date in 'Joi-sey,' '' he said, affecting an accent. As Mr. Downey bounded on to the set, to chants of ''Mor-tee! Mor-tee!'' the producer said, ''I've created a monster.''

The show's initial ratings, however, are a slight disappointment. For November, the first Nielsen period for which it qualified, the show averaged a 4 percent rating among area households and 6 percent share of those watching television at the time. In November 1986, when the station ran a movie at 9 P.M., the averages were, respectively, 4.7 and 7.

Thus far, Mr. Pittman and Ms. Hartley are pleased, saying the show has been ''refined'' and ''fine tuned'' from a difficult beginning. ''Mort's learned from his mistakes all the time,'' Mr. Pittman said. ''But he continues to test the limits.'' Asked if he will go over them, Mr. Pittman said, ''That's always the danger with highly talented people.''

For Mr. Downey, the show ''is the fulfillment, the focus my life really had to take.'' His popularity, he said, puzzles him, but his wife told him: '' 'You are their James Dean, alive,' and I thought: 'Wow, that was an interesting analogy.' I am a rebel with their cause.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Sean Morton Downey Jr. (NYT/Ray Stubblebine)

**End of Document**



[***Review/Theater;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-54H0-0014-546R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Danner and Quinn In a New 'Streetcar'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-54H0-0014-546R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

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**Length:** 1229 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

''We've had this date with each other from the beginning,'' says Stanley Kowalski to his sister-in-law, Blanche DuBois, just before he sweeps her away to bed in ''A Streetcar Named Desire.'' That line -wholly in character for Stanley and yet a classic expression of tragedy's inexorable pull - sets off what is still among the most shocking acts of human destruction the American stage has known. In the collision of Stanley, the ***working-class*** stiff, and Blanche, the frayed Southern belle, Tennessee Williams gave life to forces that run far deeper than his play's specific place (New Orleans) and sociological context (the postwar 1940's). ''A Streetcar Named Desire'' is not a morality tale about a brutal man victimizing a frail woman but a terrifying plunge into the madness that afflicts anyone, male or female, brute or sensitive, who submits to his own personal executioner - the passion so incendiary that it consumes the self.

It says everything about Nikos Psacharopoulos's new production of ''Streetcar'' at the Circle in the Square that when its Blanche and Stanley, Blythe Danner and Aidan Quinn, keep their ''date,'' we don't witness the promised thunderclap of self-immolation. Their date really looks more like a date than a rape. As the lights fade, Mr. Quinn leads Miss Danner into a necking session - in more ways than one an anticlimax. So it goes in a staging that may not deface Williams's masterpiece but often sanitizes it. Mr. Psacharopoulos's production demonstrates how a director can provide an intelligent, entirely respectful rendition of a classic text - and still miss the streetcar.

In this instance, that streetcar is indeed named desire. What is most absent from the evening, and not just in Blanche and Stanley's showdown, is sex. Miss Danner and Mr. Quinn -both fine actors, both erotic figures in other circumstances - shed no sparks here. As they circle each other in scene after scene, submerging their increasingly torrential passions in household bickering, we never feel the magnetic undertow, the smoldering combustion that should make their ultimate mutual conflagration both inevitable and frightening. Defused, ''Streetcar'' becomes instead a domestic comedy - the intrusive in-law irritating the macho king of his castle. That's part of the story, but hardly the whole of it.

Miss Danner's performance is a particular disappointment, especially to an admirer who has felt that this actress had an inevitable rendezvous with the role of Blanche. To her credit, she doesn't make the mistake of playing the dispossessed Mississippi schoolteacher as a madwoman from the outset; this Blanche is initially pretentious and ridiculous, deservedly funny as she too strenuously refuses drinks and too grandly brags of the vanished traditions of her lost plantation, Belle Reve. And we get glimpses beneath the airs and coquetry, too. When, early on, Miss Danner scoops up the cherished papers, ''poems a dead boy wrote,'' that Stanley has manhandled, she does so with a tremulous delicacy, as if in picking up the poems she were gathering up their author's ashes. At the end of Act I, when Blanche delivers her monologue describing the suicide of that ''boy'' - her homosexual husband -Miss Danner starts to make the transition into psychic collapse. Her pale bony hands fly to her eyes in horror as she confronts the memory of her own guilty role in hastening the death of the man she loved.

But that scene proves to be the peak of the performance. After intermission, Miss Danner lapses into the fey eccentricity of her Elvira in ''Blithe Spirit'' rather than sinking into desperation. When Blanche's would-be protector, Mitch (Frank Converse), holds her face to the hanging lightbulb, the harsh light exposes no ravages or secrets we haven't seen before. Miss Danner's sobs in response to Stanley's first efforts to evict her have a phony ring. Her later cry of panic - ''Fire! Fire! Fire!'' -is fueled by pumping arms, not by a volcanic outpouring of hysteria rising from within. No wonder Miss Danner's final exit to the insane asylum is so unmoving. This Blanche needn't depend on the kindness of strangers because her illusions haven't convincingly crumbled, she never actually has snapped.

As Miss Danner pumps her arms, so Mr. Quinn pumps up his voice. It's hard to blame him. This actor provides some ambiguous qualities appropriate to Stanley - his masculinity has its androgynous side, his boorishness its leavening humor -yet he is nonetheless miscast. A compact man of bantam stature, he cannot provide the simian animal force that must rule the play's first half. The problem isn't that Mr. Quinn is not Marlon Brando but that he does not fit Stanley, as described and reacted to by the other characters. While Stanley is no abject villain, there must be an aura of danger about him - sexual danger with Blanche, physical danger with his poker-playing cronies. Even Mr. Quinn's showiest preliminary flights into rage - the hurling of a radio, the smashing of dinner dishes - seem tame. The actor must bellow to simulate a menacing presence that simply is not among his many gifts.

The rest of the cast and staging are of a piece with the stars. Frances McDormand's hearty, fleshy Stella and Mr. Converse's sincere Mitch have promise, yet we realize how underdeveloped they are when their grief-stricken reactions to Blanche's final destruction seem to come from nowhere. John Conklin's set calls attention to the awkwardness of the arena stage and substitutes nondescript tackiness for French Quarter tattiness, Williams's crucial ''atmosphere of decay.'' The sizzle of a fetid New Orleans summer is not to be found in Curt Ostermann's Act I lighting. Michael O'Flaherty's languorous incidental jazz music and a hokily costumed, excessively malingering Mexican flower vendor serve to emphasize the lengthy, clunky waits between scenes.

''I don't want realism,'' says Blanche. ''I want magic!'' It's a formulation that can serve as a prescription for a Tennessee Williams production, if not necessarily for a life. What we have here is a ''Streetcar'' without that magic, without the poetry. Though one can still find the play, not only are what the Kowalskis call the ''colored lights'' of passion missing, but so are the shadows of what Blanche identifies as the opposite of desire, death. What falls between those two poles of existence is the ordinary stuff of realism - a genteel theatrical evening in place of a tragedy forged to rip through the night.

TO KEEP A DATE WITH THE EXECUTIONER

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIREby Tennessee Williams; directed by Nikos Psacharopoulos; scenery by John Conklin; costumes by Jess Goldstein; lighting by Curt Ostermann; incidental music, Michael O'Flaherty; fights by B. H. Barry; production stage manager, Michael F. Ritchie. Presented by Circle in the Square Theater, Theodore Mann, artitic director; Paul Libin, producing director. At 50th Street, west of Broadway.

Stella Kowalski . . . Frances McDormand

Eunice Hubbell . . . Becky Gelke

Negro Woman . . . Louise Stubbs

Stanley Kowalski . . . Aidan Quinn

Harold Mitchell . . . Frank Converse

Blanche DuBois . . . Blythe Danner

Steve Hubbell . . . Gary Cookson

Pablo Gonzales . . . Mateo Gomez

A Young Collector . . . Linc Richards

A Flower Vendor . . . Myra Taylor

Doctor . . . Ken Costigan

Nurse . . . Kathleen Marsh

The Sax Player . . . Seldon Powell

**Graphic**

Photo of Blythe Danner as Blanche DuBois in ''A Streetcar Named Desire'' (Martha Swope)

**End of Document**



[***MEXICO CITY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5GK0-0014-529N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Lola Beltran: Mariachi's Queen Ignites Hope, Soothes Hardship For Multitudes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5GK0-0014-529N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 10, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 2; Page 37, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1117 words

**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER

**Body**

THROUGHOUT MEXICO, across much of the rest of Latin America and among more than 12 million Mexican-Americans in the United States, she is known simply as La Reina - The Queen.

For 35 years, Lola Beltran has reigned over mariachi music with passion and grace. In more than 100 record albums and some 50 movies that set the standard by which all other singers in the idiom are measured, she has fired the hopes and soothed the hardships of the millions of peasants, workers and migrants who adore her.

''My lot in life has been to sing, and I have been fortunate enough to sing for Eisenhower, Nixon, de Gaulle, the King of Spain and the United Nations,'' Ms. Beltran said in a recent interview here, just after returning from performances in Madrid, Paris and Brussels. ''But I sing no differently for them than for that great public whose affection for me is like a fountain that never drys up.''

Some of Ms. Beltran's songs, such as ''Black Dove'' and ''Bed of Stone,'' have virtually become part of the Mexican landscape, blaring from radios in dusty marketplaces or sung by bleary-eyed drinkers in cantinas. But her dark, keening voice, extraordinary mastery of technique and unparalleled purity of expression have also influenced a whole generation of vocalists and musicians, foreign as well as Mexican.

''Singers don't come any more real than Lola Beltran,'' said the American pop star Linda Ronstadt, whose widely-praised new album ''Songs of My Father'' contains several tunes associated with Ms. Beltran. ''She's a world-class singer, up there rubbing shoulders with Billie Holliday and Edith Piaf.''

In the United States, mariachi has unfortunately been saddled with the image of a quaint and artificial music. But the real mariachi, an umbrella term that embraces such substyles as ranchera, corrido and huapango, is a music imbued with fatalism and a strong sense of place, not unlike the best of American country and western music.

''The Great Lola,'' as Ms. Beltran is also popularly known, came naturally to that medium. The daughter of a mine manager and ''a mother who was a housewife and sang in a beautiful soprano around the house,'' she was born in the northwestern Mexican state of Sinaloa, a hotbed of Mexican folk music styles. At home, she would listen to XEW, a clear-channel Mexico City radio station that was the home base of the Mariachi Vargas, Mexico's most famous ensemble.

''Music always came before anything else,'' she said as she prepared for a performance here, wrapped in a black mink stole and tugging intermittently at a strand of pearls. ''When I wasn't sitting at the foot of a tree singing, I was on the front porch of the house singing or on the swings singing or at church singing. Music was always there.''

In 1953, Ms. Beltran, still a teen-ager and with her mother as her chaperone, came to Mexico City to seek her fortune. Armed with a secretarial certificate, she got a temporary job at XEW and soon thereafter played the starring role in an incident that has since become part of the folklore of Mexican show business.

Passing by the studio one day as the Mariachi Vargas group was rehearsing, ''I banged on the glass and begged to be admitted,'' Ms. Beltran recalled. ''I pleaded with them to let me sing just one song, and finally they relented.''

Ms. Beltran ended up singing three songs that day, impressing not only the Mariachi Vargas, but also Tomas Mendez, a songwriter who would go on to write many of her most famous songs. Her career was launched, and within a year she was well on her way to becoming the biggest female star that mariachi music had ever known.

Then, as now, Ms. Beltran benefitted not only from her remarkable vocal gifts and regal bearing, but also from an impeccable sense of how to choose material best suited to her voice and style. Many of her most beloved songs, such as ''To the Four Winds'' or ''If You Should Return,'' evoke the feeling of the Mexican countryside through images of birds and trees, or tug at the heartstrings by confronting feelings of separation, loneliness, and abandonment.

''When I hear a song, I want it to tell me something,'' she said. ''I want it to be well structured and well proportioned. It can tell the story of a great love or of a tremendous sadness, but it has to have emotion and truth. The song has to make it worth my while to sing it.''

Ms. Beltran's recording success eventually led her to the movies, and from the late 50's on, she starred in one Mexican musical after another. All told, she has appeared in 53 films of varying quality as a singer or as an actress - a differentiation she finds meaningless.

''Any good singer is already an actress,'' she said. ''If you're doing things properly, you are projecting, and as you project, people are feeling the drama and the emotion that pours out of you.''

Singing to an audience of Chicanos and migrant workers in Texas or in Mexico City to recent arrivals from the countryside, she often reduces listeners to tears with songs like ''Three Days'': ''Three days without seeing you, woman, three days alone, wondering when I will go home.'' Those ***working-class*** audiences, she agreed, are the most responsive and the ones she most enjoys singing for.

''The expressions on their faces can be so lovely,'' Ms. Beltran said. ''They sit there looking so serious, and then sometimes after a while their eyes suddenly start to glisten.

''But my objective is not to make them cry,'' she added. ''It is to please them, to have them enjoy themselves, but also to tell them truths.''

On the night she is being interviewed, however, Ms. Beltran is performing for a different - and more demanding - audience. Coca-Cola has gathered its Latin American bottlers for a testimonial dinner at the ballroom of one of Mexico City's most upscale hotels, with ''La Reina'' Beltran as the star attraction of the after-supper entertainment.

The crowd is noisy at first, more intent on talking and drinking than really listening to the music. But Ms. Beltran is unperturbed and plunges ahead, seemingly welcoming the challenge, accentuating the emotion of her songs with exquisitely timed pauses and delicate hand gestures that punctuate the dramatic lyrics she is singing.

By the time she finishes, nearly an hour later, the audience is not only rapt, it has grown by several dozen people. Cooks and waiters have emerged from the kitchen to listen, and even some of the chambermaids from the floors above have sneaked down to the ballroom in order to hear her.

''You see,'' Ms. Beltran says as she comes off the stage, fanning herself as her wardrobe woman places a rebozo over her shoulders. ''That's how you do it: gently and smoothly, with surrender, tenderness and love.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Lola Beltran at work (The New York Times/Keith Dannemiller)

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[***Whatever the Space, a Sense of Theater***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46FN-6XR0-01CN-H0WW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1524 words

**Byline:**  By ROBIN POGREBIN

**Body**

He had already designed dozens of trendy restaurants like Nobu in New York, the stage of the Kodak Theater in Los Angeles where the Oscars are presented, and the Mohegan Sun casino in Connecticut.

But for David Rockwell, the challenge of Broadway was still there. So he designed his first theater set in 2000, for "The Rocky Horror Show," and now he has taken on "Hairspray," the new musical, now in previews, that is opening at the Neil Simon Theater on Aug. 15.

As a result, a recent afternoon at the Rockwell Group offices on Union Square found Mr. Rockwell explaining how he searched out precisely the right pink shag carpet to put in the bedroom of the main character in "Hairspray." "We're into extreme shag," he said.

Needless to say, Broadway poses aesthetic issues decidedly different from those Mr. Rockwell faced as the design architect on, say, Cirque du Soleil's theater in Orlando, Fla., or the facade of Comerica Park, the Detroit Tigers' stadium, both of which no doubt paid far better than scenic design for the theater. But, he said in his laid-back way over lunch at Town, one of the several restaurants in New York City that he designed, "for me, invention is what I'm interested in."

Mr. Rockwell, who wears his hair long and his T-shirts loose, continued: "There's something about the immediacy of something happening live in front of you. In architecture the goal is always permanence."

Although most of his other work is not explicitly theatrical, Mr. Rockwell said that "theater is at the core of the other stuff that we do, merging theater and public space." Theater, he added, is "a great laboratory for other architecture that I'm doing."

Mr. Rockwell is well known for the drama of his spaces. Some years ago, Ruth Reichl, as restaurant critic of The New York Times, remarked that the grand staircase at Ruby Foo's on the Upper West Side of Manhattan recalled images of "Auntie Mame." Mr. Rockwell's 30-foot mosaic water wall at Rosa Mexicano near Lincoln Center featuring 200 miniature sculptures of cliff divers evokes Busby Berkeley. At Nobu in TriBeCa, the cherry blossoms stenciled on the beechwood floors were inspired by "Madama Butterfly," and the sushi bar is set up much like a Kabuki stage.

Mr. Rockwell's projects also have an air of playfulness about them, perhaps most obviously at the Children's Hospital at Montefiore Medical Center in the Bronx, where various artists developed lively pieces for each floor.

"He designs sets for real people in his restaurants, hotels and casinos," said Jordan Roth, who produced "The Rocky Horror Show." "They are totally theatrical. Many have themes or narratives that are smartly woven throughout."

In October Rizzoli is to publish the first monograph of Mr. Rockwell's works, "Pleasure," including testimonials from architecture critics who comment extensively on the theatricality of Mr. Rockwell's approach. "Rockwell Group's spaces are clearly analogous to stage settings," writes Arnold Aronson, a professor of theater at Columbia University who specializes in theater design and architecture.

"Each of their projects can be seen as a performance or self-contained drama," he continues. "In every one of their projects there is an implied spectator."

Mr. Rockwell has further declared his interest in theater by joining the board of the Joseph Papp Public Theater a few months ago. "He is as excited about the theater as almost anyone I know," said Kenneth B. Lerer, chairman of the board of the Public. "He's hungry for it."

Mr. Rockwell, 46, lives in Manhattan with his wife, Marcia Kirkley, a film producer, and their two children, Sam, 2, and Lola, 3 months. Except for taking a cellphone call in the middle of a lunch interview, Mr. Rockwell comes across as a regular, likable guy whom his friends and colleagues fairly gush about.

"He's completely lovely and totally supportive and in love with what he's doing, and that is totally infectious," Mr. Roth said.

It is Mr. Rockwell's obvious zest for the process that his colleagues seem to appreciate most. "There's something boyishly charming about his whole methodology," said Jack O'Brien, the director of "Hairspray."

With several projects going at one time, Mr. Rockwell typically distributes the work among his 90-member staff. But he said he would take on only one show at a time because he wants to do every bit of the work himself. "There's no point in me doing theater if I'm going to delegate it," he said. "I'm doing it so I can have the experience of doing it."

Mr. Rockwell said part of the appeal of theater was that he had not tackled it earlier in his career. "Any time you're going to do something where you're off balance, it's going to push you as an artist," he said.

In addition, Mr. Rockwell said, he loves the collaborative nature of theater: working with the director, the lighting and costume designers. "My fantasy is theater as an extended family, which is how I see the office," he said. "And I've so far worked with really nice families."

The draw of theater is also rooted in the architect's past. His mother, Joanne, who died when Mr. Rockwell was 15, was a vaudeville dancer who toured with Abbott and Costello and worked as a choreographer in community theater on the Jersey shore. Mr. Rockwell vividly remembers seeing his first Broadway show, "Fiddler on the Roof," when he was about 9.

His father, Maury, a department store manager, died when his son was 2, and his mother remarried. Mr. Rockwell, one of five boys, was born in Chicago, moved to Deal, N.J., at 4 and then, at 10, to Guadalajara, Mexico, where his stepfather retired after selling his business. Living in Mexico until he was 18, Mr. Rockwell was inspired by the drama of bullfights and the color of open-air markets. "I was struck by how much was going on there compared to New Jersey," he said.

While earning his bachelor's degree in architecture at Syracuse University, Mr. Rockwell took a semester off to work with Roger Morgan, a lighting designer and theater consultant. Mr. Rockwell started his own firm in 1984.

He came to "Rocky Horror" through his friend Daryl Roth, the theatrical producer and mother of Jordan. "I wanted to create a world rather than a set," Mr. Roth said. "A complete environment is what he does and why he was such a perfect fit for 'Rocky.' "

Although the Circle in the Square stage, with audience on three sides, is notoriously difficult to design for, Mr. Rockwell was apparently undaunted. "David didn't have the normal preconceived fears," Mr. Roth said. "He didn't know what was supposed to be so wrong about it. He went in and looked at it with fresh eyes and found how to reinvent it."

People who have worked with Mr. Rockwell on his two theater projects say he is also surprisingly flexible when his design elements have to be adjusted because of size or budget. "He doesn't hold onto things," Mr. O'Brien said. "He has certain strong feelings. But if it doesn't work, he lets it go."

The other day at the Rockwell Group offices Mr. Rockwell was chiefly concerned with getting an onstage poster in "Hairspray" of three women to look as if it comes to life. To accomplish this illusion to a realistic degree not yet seen on Broadway, Mr. Rockwell had imported from California Glen Eytchison, a freelance special-effects designer whom Mr. Rockwell described as "the world's leading expert on pictures coming to life."

The main scenic piece in "Hairspray," which takes place in 1962, is a back wall that consists of a series of 610 light points. It was inspired by the child's toy Lite-Brite, which uses colored pegs that can be arranged to make pictures, illuminated from behind by a light bulb.

In general, Mr. Rockwell said, his "Hairspray" set tries to take the ordinary to the level of baroque, in keeping with the vision of John Waters, who directed the 1988 film on which the show is based. The musical version features Harvey Fierstein and has a book by Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan, music by Marc Shaiman and lyrics by Mr. Shaiman and Scott Wittman. It is arriving in New York after a successful tryout in Seattle from May 30 to June 23.

To prepare for the work, Mr. Rockwell said he went with Mr. O'Brien and the choreographer, Jerry Mitchell, to ***working-class*** neighborhoods like Pigtown in Baltimore, where "Hairspray" is set. The brownstones there were made out of formstone, gray siding, which has found its way into the musical's set. "Pretty fabulous stuff," Mr. Rockwell said.

The show's curtain is made out of red rubber tubing (it was originally going to be mohair but Mr. Rockwell nixed that as too obvious because it would signal a direct hair reference), about seven miles of it set against blue velour.

Mr. Rockwell used different color schemes to denote the black and white worlds of Baltimore in the 1960's. For the white, Necco Wafer-inspired pastels. For the black, hotter colors like orange and fuschia.

However the show is received, Mr. Rockwell said he was already ready to take on another theater project. "I'm talking to people about different things and trying to find something challenging," he said, "something that's not that familiar to me."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: David Rockwell, scenic designer of the musical "Hairspray," set in 1960's Baltimore. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E1); Marissa Jaret Winokur, left, and Harvey Fierstein in "Hairspray," at the Neil Simon Theater. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E5)

**Load-Date:** August 6, 2002

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[***Grab a Bite If You Don't Have to Run***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TT1-CS90-TW8F-G0CJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2122 words

**Byline:** By DAVE COOK

**Body**

ON Sunday runners representing more than 100 countries will compete in the New York City Marathon. If they weren't so busy, many could track down foods from home right here in the city. This guide does not stray far from the 26.2-mile course.

Each of the 26.2 stops (26 with a fixed address and one itinerant truck) represents at least one national cuisine. Remember, it's not how fast you finish, but how much you enjoy the journey.

1. BAY STREET LUNCHEONETTE

1189 Bay Street (Hylan Boulevard), Staten Island, (718) 720-0922.

Neighborhood regulars have breakfast with the morning paper. You can park at the counter to watch as one of the last old-school egg creams ($2) is jiggled with a spoon, not stirred. The up-and-down motion preserves the fizz and adds a frothy head.

2. PLAKA TAVERNA

406 86th Street (Fourth Avenue), Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, (718) 680-3056.

At this restaurant named for the ''old town'' of Athens you can linger over a retsina or grab a gyro. Moussaka ($14) is covered in baked bechamel sauce. Look for fresh vegetables like horta (special, $6), dandelion greens with Greek olive oil and buttery squash from the owner's garden.

3. TANOREEN

7704 Third Avenue (77th Street), Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, (718) 748-5600.

Gracious servers at this Palestinian restaurant guide you through an inviting menu and a dazzling display case. Standouts are a crispy eggplant napoleon ($8); browned cauliflower buds with tahini sauce and pomegranate syrup ($6); musakhan ($10), pizza topped with chicken, caramelized onion and roasted nuts; and knafeh ($12), shredded phyllo stuffed with sweet cheese.

4. THANH DA I

6008 Seventh Avenue (60th Street), Sunset Park, Brooklyn, (718) 492-3253.

To the strains of Vietnamese pop music, this storefront serves beef broth soups called pho and an exceptional bun rieu (pronounced BOON ree-OOH; $5.75). It's a rice vermicelli soup with on-the-bone cuts of meat (pictured), flavored with crab paste. Drinks include jackfruit and custard apple milkshakes and fresh coconut juice ($3 each).

5. YUN NAN FLAVOUR SNACK

775 49th Street (Eighth Avenue), Sunset Park, Brooklyn, (718) 633-3090.

Soups ($4 to $5 each) laden with thick rice noodles include a version featuring ground ''spicy pork'' and chopped greens that can seem more sour than spicy -- a testament to the owners' previous home, in southern China's Yunnan Province. But spiciness is enhanced with a dab of purple sauce, applied in a pantomime of the ''Fresh pepper?'' routine.

6. EL TESORO

4015 Fifth Avenue (40th Street), Sunset Park, Brooklyn, (718) 972-3756.

The seafood fried rice called chaulafan ($9.75) is an Ecuadorean take on a Chinese standard, so while the plate of shrimp, egg, peas, tomato, pork and beef is heavily tinged with soy sauce, it's also studded with Ecuadorean black clam and sided with fried plantain. There's an orange hot sauce that glows only a little less than the neon bar signs. Morocho ($3), hot milk spiked with cinnamon, has a white-corn payload at the bottom of the glass.

7. MILAN'S

710 Fifth Avenue (22nd Street), Greenwood Heights, Brooklyn, (718) 788-7384.

Many dishes at this charming Slovak kitchen are fine for a family-style meal. They include the potato-and-flour pasta called halusky (ha-LOOSH-key, $8.10), blended with sheep's cheese and sprinkled with crumbled bacon; crisp potato pancakes ($4.70); and klobasa ($6.80), boiled or roasted sausage. Split a dessert of slivkove knedlicky ($7.50), fruit dumplings filled with plum.

8. CHIP SHOP

383 Fifth Avenue (Sixth Street), Park Slope, Brooklyn, (718) 244-7746.

The poster-happy walls may suggest a rock 'n' roll tour of London, but the star at Chip Shop is working the deep-fryer. Lightly battered plaice and chips are $12.75; cod and haddock are also on offer. Thick-cut chips (call them fries at your peril) are lovely with malt vinegar. With buttered bread ($1.50) and chunky curry sauce ($2), make a ''chip butty'' potato sandwich.

9. SHEEP STATION

149 Fourth Avenue (Douglass Street), Park Slope, Brooklyn, (718) 857-4337.

Position yourself in the rowdier bar area at this Australian pub and watch the runners pass. (Sheep Station opens at 9 a.m. on Marathon Sunday.) In his review in The New York Times, Peter Meehan called the distinctly Australian meat pies ($6 each) cravable. Grilled lamb chops ($19) might be better enjoyed in the relatively peaceful back room.

10. MADIBA

195 DeKalb Avenue (Carlton Avenue), Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 855-9190.

A touchstone of South Africa's Cape Malay community, bobotie ($17) has roots in Southeast Asia. The centerpiece is curried minced beef tenderloin with a crusty, baked-on egg custard top. Condiments include banana and coconut, cucumber in yogurt, a tomato-onion-parsley salsa and mango chutney. The baked Malva pudding ($8), reflecting the country's Dutch ties, is served hot with custard and ice cream.

11. JOLOFF RESTAURANT

930 Fulton Street (St. James Place), Clinton Hill, Brooklyn, (718) 636-4011.

This loungelike, amiable Senegalese restaurant offers a gentle introduction to pungent flavors of West Africa. Mafe yap (MAH-fay YAHP, $10) is lamb stewed in a ''peanut butter sauce.'' The sauce, less cloying than it sounds, is also applied to chicken and vegetables. Tart bissap ($3), a crimson hibiscus beverage, may remind you of cranberry.

12. MISS FAVELA

57 South Fifth Street (Wythe Avenue), Williamsburg, Brooklyn, (718) 230-4040.

This is the closest you'll come in New York to a traditional ***working class*** botequim, the neighborhood pub of Brazil, Seth Kugel wrote this summer in The Times. On Saturday afternoons there's feijoada, Brazil's national dish ($21), a black bean and pork stew. The daily menu includes standards like codfish croquettes (six for $7), dried beef with yuca ($10) and potent caipirinhas ($8).

13. TIPICO BK

221 South First Street (Roebling Street), Williamsburg, Brooklyn, (917) 573-3466.

A variation on the herbal infusion yerba mate (MAH-tay), cocido con leche ($3) rounds off the herb's grassy and vegetal edges by briefly cooking it with water and sugar, then frothing it with milk. On weekends this snug Paraguayan cafe prepares pira caldo ($9), a creamy haddock soup enriched with ricotta and mozzarella. Guava-and-cheese empanadas ($3) and guava tarts ($2.50) are made in-house. Try a smooth-bodied coffee called a batido.

14. WAFELS AND DINGES TRUCK

Sundays: North Seventh Street (Bedford Avenue), Williamsburg, Brooklyn, (866) 429-7329 (recorded message only).

Dinges is Flemish for waffle toppings; at this Belgian dessert truck you'll find strawberries, whipped cream, Nutella, maple syrup, dulce de leche and chocolate fudge ($1 each, or $3 for as many as you'd like). Loaded with dinges, the chewier Liege waffle (pictured) or the lighter, crisper, rectangular Brussels waffle ($4 each) tend to converge.

15. LOMZYNIANKA

646 Manhattan Avenue (Nassau Avenue), Greenpoint, Brooklyn, (718) 389-9439.

A mounted deer's head keeps watch in the rustic dining room, though venison is absent from the menu of Polish standards. Consider the three fine-grained veal meatballs ($6), so springy they might bounce, in a thick white dill sauce that also swamps a side of mashed potatoes. For dessert, blintzes (two for $4.75) arrive lightly browned, dusted with sugar and fat with fruit preserves or cheese, or both.

16. TOURNESOL

50-12 Vernon Boulevard, Long Island City, Queens, (718) 472-4355.

The hanger steak with bearnaise ($18) and a heap of fries is the red-meat standard-bearer at lunch or dinner, but it's in the evening that this French bistro truly shines. Vegetable soup (one of several rotating choices, $7) draws ever-deepening flavor from cabbage and potatoes, and an unctuously rich foie gras terrine ($11.50), made in-house, finds a tart partner in fig chutney with cloves.

17. MANDUCATIS RUSTICA

46-31 Vernon Boulevard, Long Island City, Queens, (718) 937-1312.

This offspring of the long-established, more formal Manducatis on Jackson Avenue features appointments like a chaise longue and a vintage portable TV. They might distract you from the simple Italian pleasures, like the grilled bluefish panini ($8). A display case entices with 10 house-made gelati.

18. CAFE MINGALA

1393 Second Avenue (72nd Street), (212) 744-8008.

Murals evoke an idyllic Myanmar, formerly Burma; even the modest lighting seems a palliative for tropical heat. Mohinga ($9.95), the national dish, sets thin rice noodles, minced fish and sliced hard-cooked egg aswim in a fish broth, garnished with fried onions. Also: gin thoke ($7.50), a salad whose most pointed flavor comes from young ginger roots.

19. ANDRE'S CAFE

1631 Second Avenue (85th Street), (212) 327-1105.

Sidle your way to a table in this narrow Hungarian cafe and you can avail yourself of vinegary, paprika-dusted cucumber salad ($3), stuffed peppers (two for $17.95) with sauerkraut and sour cream, and palacsintas (two for $6.50 to $7.50), dessert crepes filled with combinations of fruit, jam, nuts and cream. Rugelach (five for $6) travel well ($16 per pound, for about 22 pieces, to go).

20. CAMBODIAN CUISINE

1664 Third Avenue (93rd Street), (212) 348-9100.

Heed the house favorites here, Ligaya Mishan wrote in her review in The Times. Ahmok ($14.95), a seafood standard of Cambodian home cooking, is prepared here with chicken, breaded with curry and swamped in coconut curd. Prahok, a fermented mudfish paste, stars in prahok ktis ($17.95), with ground chicken, served with vegetables to dip.

21. ITZOCAN BISTRO

1575 Lexington Avenue (101st Street), (212) 423-0255.

Two centuries ago French soldiers took up arms on Mexican soil; today, at Itzocan Bistro, the two cultures commingle peaceably in creations like a huitlacoche souffle (pictured), which raises black corn fungus to uncommon heights ($9). Chicken braised in chardonnay (special; $18), covered in apples, celery and carrots, sounds a spicy note of chipotle peppers. Lemon semolina flan ($6), accompanied by apricot sauce and fresh berries, is a grainy Latin take on the classic creme caramel.

22. AMOR CUBANO

2018 Third Avenue (111th Street), (212) 996-1220.

Beyond the dark barroom and lounge is a re-creation of a Cuban patio, with trickling fountain and pristine ''laundry'' hung to dry. But nothing says backyard like fritas ($6), Cuba's take on hamburgers, two piquant sliders made from ground beef, pork and sausage. The national affection for garlic is gratified by steamed yuca con mojo ($4). And the spongecake in the house-made tres leches ($6) is light even after soaking in evaporated, condensed and whole milk.

23. PIO PIO

264 Cypress Avenue (East 138th Street), the Bronx, (718) 401-3300.

In New York the best-known Peruvian dishes are spicy rotisserie chicken ($9) and citrus-marinated fish ceviche ($10); both can be found here. So can salchipapas, thin slices of deep-fried beef sausage heaped on hand-cut, twice-fried fries ($4 for an immense portion) with a house-blended spicy green sauce.

24. LA ORQUIDEA

500 East 149th Street (Brook Avenue), the Bronx, (718) 585-1488.

On weekends, when the jukebox kicks in, Honduran specialties are headlined by sopa de caracoles (large, $12), ''snail soup'' in a coconut-milk base; the rubbery, bright orange slices of shellfish are kept company by Caribbean tubers. The baleada is a griddled tortilla folded around mild cheese and mashed fried beans and egg, meat or avocado ($2 to $4 each).

25. SISTERS CUISINE

47 East 124th Street (Madison Avenue), (212) 410-3000.

The owners prepare traditional dishes from the American South and the Caribbean, especially their former home country of Guyana. A thin spread of chickpeas adds body to the Guyanese roti; once griddled, the flatbread is wrapped around the likes of curried goat, with potato and chickpeas (platter, $11).

26. CAFe SABARSKY

1048 Fifth Avenue (86th Street, inside the Neue Galerie), (212) 288-0665.

Desserts ($8 each) are reason enough to pay a call on this Vienna-style kaffeehaus. Stellar choices include topfen torte, a light quark cheesecake adorned with berries; the dark chocolate Sacher torte and the bittersweet chocolate and hazelnut Klimt torte (pictured) -- with whipped cream. The robust, dark coffee is a superlative match.

27. FIKA ESPRESSO BAR

41 West 58th Street (Avenue of the Americas), (212) 832-0022.

''Take a coffee break,'' Swedish style, is a loose translation for the name of this cafe. Laxpudding ($11), a salmon-and-potato casserole, is an alternative to the obligatory meatballs with lingonberries. Both the salmon (dry-cured, as gravlax) and the meatballs appear among a half-dozen sandwiches, if you need to take your lunch, and coffee, on the run.

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

**Graphic**

MAP: For Every Mile, a Meal

Route of Marathon: Marathon mileage mark. (MAP BY THE NEW YORK TIMES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVE COOK/EATING IN TRANSLATION)

**Load-Date:** October 29, 2008

**End of Document**



[***A DEPRESSED MEXICO TURNS TO ENTREPRENEURS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MJH0-0017-51TK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 26, 1987, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 1; Page 29, Column 4; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1160 words

**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MONTERREY, Mexico

**Body**

Long a country run from the top down and from the center outward, Mexico has begun awakening to the advantages of encouraging the development of independent, small-scale private enterprise.

As factories shut their doors and the ranks of the unemployed swell from the country's worst economic crisis in 50 years, ''micro-enterprises'' are emerging as a promising source of jobs and commerce. With the support of a private sector that welcomes any counterweight to the state's dominance of the economy, thousands of people, from peasants to professionals, are heeding the call to go into business for themselves.

The process is perhaps most advanced in this northern industrial center of three million people, one of the cities hardest hit by Mexico's recession and debt crisis. According to a recent survey, 12,000 small businesses, ranging from furniture designers and printers to saddle makers and tortilla bakers, have been established here in the last five years, an increase of 60 percent.

Entrepreneurs are expected to assume even greater importance as Mexico copes with the consequences of last week's emergency ''economic solidarity pact,'' which included sweeping Government budget cuts and a devaluation of the peso. On Wednesday, the Mexican Senate approved legislation intended to ''simplify the creation and operation'' and ''promote the development'' of micro-enterprises.

Carlos Gil Quintanilla, a 27-year-old former engineer, is one of those budding independent businessmen. Once employed at Fundidora Monterrey, a large state-owned steel mill here, he was left without a job when the Government closed the plant in the summer of 1986. Mr. Gil decided to go into business on his own when he failed to find another job.

''A friend offered to let me sell clothes on consignment at a flea market, and after three months I decided that I could make my own,'' he said. ''I started at home, cutting the fabrics myself and sending them out to a seamstress, but now I've got my own workshop and cutting machine, plus a cutter, designer and two salesmen.''

Like many other small business people here who are just starting off, Mr. Gil has sought advice and support from a private-sector consulting organization known as Admic. Offering training programs and low-cost loans, the group says it aims to ''multiply business activity'' and provide new markets for larger, more established businesses.

''If you ask the man on the street if he would like to run his own business, he'll say yes, even though he may not know where to start,'' said Alfonso Gonzalez Migoya, a member of Admic's executive board and vice president of Cydsa, a major petrochemicals conglomerate here.

''We are concentrating on people who have the desire and potential to advance in life,'' he said, ''and we see their micro-enterprises as a way to increase productivity.''

In the United States, such sentiments would raise no eyebrows. But in Mexico, they imply a challenge to the established economic order and reflect the private sector's growing concern about the country's economic well-being.

Since the end of the Mexican Revolution nearly 70 years ago, development here has been characterized by a tradition of ''dirigismo,'' in which the state directs and largely controls the economy. Until 1980, such an approach seemed to work well, generating economic growth that averaged 6 percent a year since 1940.

Blaming 'Gigantism'

But that orthodoxy has been shaken by the economic crisis of the last six years, as the inflation rate has soared to a record 144 percent, the economy has contracted by as much as 3.5 percent a year, and real incomes have declined by half. A pair of recent books - ''The Other Path,'' by a Peruvian, Hernando de Soto, and ''The Presidential Economy,'' by a Mexican, Gabriel Zaid - have been particularly important in stimulating debate on Mexico's economic model.

In his book, Mr. Zaid argues that ''Mexico's economic disaster stems not from adversity,'' but from a ''gigantism'' that ''concentrates all the resources of the nation under a single will.'' The antidote, he says, lies in something that has largely been ignored until now: ''development from below'' and ''inundating the domestic market'' with ''small-scale operations'' and opportunities for self-employment.

Other groups have picked up that banner, urging Mexicans not to count on the Government to solve all their problems. Among them is the National Advertising Council, which has sponsored a popular radio and print campaign with the theme, ''Make the maximum use of your talents . . . Employ yourself.''

''When I lost my job, my uncle taught me carpentry,'' begins one typical ad, spoken in a singsong ***working-class*** accent. ''I learned quickly and joined my friends to set up a little shop. We knew how to use this ability to support our families, and now we are independent. You, like us, know how to do something. You can be your own boss!''

A Growing Effort

Admic, with offices here and in five other cities, has been promoting such self-help efforts since 1979, operating with money supplied by private Mexican businesses, the United States Agency for International Development and other groups.

At first, said Benito Cabello, the group's executive director, the response was tepid. ''It was a time of bonanza'' because of the oil boom, ''and no real thought was being given to generating new employment,'' he said.

But recent years have seen a dramatic increase in the association's activities. Last year, some 3,500 novice small-business people here turned to Admic for advice or attended the courses it offers on accounting, planning, marketing, sales and production.

Since November 1985, the group has operated a $150,000 credit fund, offering loans of up to $400 at slightly below market rates to small-business people who would usually have been turned away by commercial banks. It also has helped its members to organize a wholesale cooperative and warehouse that buys such raw materials as lumber and leather at substantial discounts.

'Real Sense of Solidarity'

''This is a way to create many new jobs with very small injections of resources,'' Mr. Cabello said. ''These are people with real initiative and creativity, and as they gain experience, they have developed a real sense of solidarity and identity with the traditional business community.''

That in turn ''fortifies the private sector as a whole,'' Mr. Cabello added, and encourages traditional businesses ''to recognize that the informal sector is part of the private sector, too.''

The Mexican Government apparently agrees. It has belatedly moved to set up its own program to stimulate the formation and expansion of micro-enterprises.

''Our objective is to promote the economic development of our country, and we welcome any effort along those lines,'' Mr. Gonzalez said. ''By giving greater opportunities to people, you have a larger market, more social stability and diminish the difference between the haves and the have-nots.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Carlos Gil Quintanilla with the clothing he now designs and manufactures in Monterrey, Mexico (NYT/Larry Rohter)

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[***Wind-Carved Land Of Strong Wine And Difficult Love***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K9S-WBV0-TW8F-G2T2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 2, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 5; Column 1; Travel Desk; Pg. 7; NEXT STOP: SALTA, ARGENTINA

**Length:** 1788 words

**Byline:** By DANIEL ALTMAN

**Body**

MENTION Salta to an Argentine, and the response is often the following: ''Ah, Salta the Beautiful.'' That this northern province isn't better known to the rest of the world is an injustice. The road south from the province's eponymous capital to Cafayate, home to a cluster of vineyards, boasts breathtaking scenery, with cliffs of many hues shaped by water and wind. With the addition of tasty food, a rich musical tradition and powerful wines, the place should not be missed.

The city of Salta used to be known only for its colonial charms, like the late-19th-century cathedral whose pink and custard- facade looks down on the orange trees that line Ninth of July Plaza. But modern Salta has carved out a place as the leading city of Argentina's northwest, displacing nearby San Miguel de Tucuman.

Sitting under an umbrella on Balcarce, a street brimming with snazzy cafes and night spots, a local agronomic engineer, Lucas Norris, talked one midmorning in May about how the city and the province have grown. ''The whole area around Balcarce is new, just about five years old,'' he said while sipping strong coffee and fresh orange juice. ''Before, it was half-abandoned, without places like this.''

Mr. Norris gave much of the credit to Juan Carlos Romero, the province's governor since 1995. Mr. Romero's government paved the road to Cafayate and much of the route to Cachi -- where, Mr. Norris said, the views from high in the mountains are even more stunning. Governor Romero has been negotiating with airlines for flights into the city and has helped to get hotels built.

Marcelo Cordova, whose family owns the Vasija Secreta winery in Cafayate, said that Salta used to be a backwater, and less secure for tourists. ''When I went to Cordoba to study, I was thinking, 'How boring Salta is,' '' he said, his mirrored sunglasses reflecting almost as much light as his new Mini parked a few feet away. ''Now, it has everything.''

The new Salta is on show at innovative restaurants like Jose Balcarce, where you can try Lalo Angelina's modern takes on northern staples, including supple llama carpaccio and beef tenderloin in a creamy sauce enriched with quinoa. Salta's new restaurants and bars would give any big city's night life a run for its money, but the city's more traditional spots offer an entirely different -- and more distinctive -- experience.

To start with, you can eat home-style favorites like oven-baked empanadas, tamales, humita (corn paste with cheese wrapped in corn leaves), locro (a stew of meat and corn kernels with chopped scallions) and mondongo (a rich tripe soup flavored with red pepper) at La Criollita. It's a modest place, but the food attracts men in business suits by the half-dozen along with older couples and ***working-class*** families.

The logical next stop is a pena folclorica, or folk tavern. The locals all have their favorites, but everyone agrees that El Boliche Balderrama is unbeatable for pure history. For 53 years, the Balderrama family has presided over a seemingly endless procession of acts in a triangular hall decorated with animal skins as well as photos and caricatures of the great names of zamba, the heartfelt local music inspired by country life. A recent night began with young men dressed as gauchos and women in frilly dresses and knickers, all dancing the zamba. Later, a succession of singing groups took the stage, ranging from a modern sextet to a troupe playing Andean music with indigenous instruments.

The songs were of nostalgia and difficult love, the two great common denominators of Argentine music. The audience was mostly Argentine, too, and mostly from other provinces. But they knew the tunes; they clapped and cheered, and the women waved their napkins like handkerchiefs. The show went on all night.

At the back, behind the bar, sat Juan Balderrama, a round man in his 70's whom everyone calls Don Juan, with not a little deference. The clientele changes with the season, Mr. Balderrama said. There aren't many tourists from the United States, but there are plenty from South America and Europe.

To Don Juan, the spread of Salta's music through tourism has been gratifying. ''I'm very happy,'' he said. ''This is our music -- Argentine, Saltena.'' He also gave credit to the authorities. ''The government has been doing a lot to increase tourism -- cleaning up and putting things in order,'' he said. ''It's not just here in the capital, but also in the interior.''

And what about that interior? An afternoon drive down to Cafayate, about 110 miles down Route 68 from Salta, is an unforgettable experience. The first 30 miles or so take you along a tree-lined two-lane road, passing through tranquil villages with buildings of deep red earth. Then the trees drop away, and the mountains are visible in the distance. About 30 miles later, you enter the land of dreams.

In the Quebrada de Cafayate (Cafayate Ravine), the cliffs and crags come in every color: brick red, pale orange, yellow, white, green, slate blue and rich purple. They appear in stripes and splotches from a few feet across to the size of an entire hillside, like the palette of some celestial painter.

A couple of formations have names, too. The Devil's Throat is an enormous atrium of red and lavender rock whose floor slopes upward at a sharp angle. The echoes inside are stunning, clearly repeating four or five times. At the Amphitheater, another open-topped cavern just a few seconds' drive away, you can meet Octavio Perez, a clean-shaven man of middle age who has been playing his guitar and singing there for eight years.

He took a break to explain the small piles of stones, some of them stacked at precarious angles, along the floor of the Amphitheater. ''People put them here to show the custom of those who were born here,'' he said. Each is a little altar to Pachamama (Mother Earth) of the sort that a farmer might place at the beginning of his land.

THE road continues along the valley, past dunes of fine sand glittering with mica, and ends at the junction with Route 40. There sit three wineries: Bodega El Esteco, Vasija Secreta and San Pedro de Yacochuya; Yacochuya means clear water in Quechua, a dialect of the Incas who first colonized the area over 500 years ago. El Esteco also happens to have a luxury hotel attached to it, the Patios de Cafayate of Starwood's Luxury Collection. At the spa, you can bathe in cabernet or torrontes, the aromatic local white wine.

The wines from Cafayate are strong and flavorful because of the area's microclimate, which can expose the grapes to a temperature difference of over 35 degrees in one day, said Fabian Mirando, an oenologist at El Esteco. Marco Etchart, whose family owns San Pedro de Yacochuya, added that Cafayate wines have an intense color, too: ''The wines of Mendoza may be more refined, but here they have luminosity and power.'' He's not kidding -- a glass of the winery's signature bottling, with 16 percent alcohol, has more kick than a shot of tequila.

Wine has also been a big part of Salta's growth. Gustavo Vasvari, an agronomist at Vasija Secreta, said that ''a worldwide change in consumption'' had increased investment all across the valley. You can see the evidence in every winery: Vasija Secreta has new machines on its bottling line, as does El Esteco, where a new barrel room is waiting to be filled. The winery at San Pedro de Yacochuya, where green parrots flit around in the afternoon sun, dates from only 1999.

The mountains whose water nourishes Cafayate's grapes have given birth to music, too. Jose Pintos plays a suitcase full of Andean instruments in the evenings atLas Tinajas, a restaurant close to Cafayate's main plaza. ''My parents were shepherds'' who believed that playing to the animals improved the quality of their meat, he said. ''Our grandfather played the instruments to us so we would pick up a feeling for the music,'' he added. ''The music was born from the feelings in the heart the come from contact with nature.''

There are still a few herds of goats and sheep in the valley, but wine and tourism are rapidly taking over. With those industries come people like Mr. Mirando, who moved from Mendoza, Argentina's biggest wine region, four years ago. ''Socially, it's a very difficult place at the beginning,'' he said, citing the conservative bent of the town's older families. ''But the people have become accustomed to seeing new faces. Every time, it gets easier.''

DO YOU ZAMBA?

GETTING THERE

Aerolineas Argentinas and other local carriers offer several flights daily from Buenos Aires. Economy fares cost around $200 round trip. The country code for Argentina is 54; the city code for Salta is 387, and for Cafayate 3868.

WHERE TO STAY

Hotel Papyrus (Pasaje Luis Linares 237 in Salta; 422-7067; www.hotelpapyrus.com.ar), a nine-room gem of a boutique hotel, sits perched on the hills overlooking the city. Prices start at 240 pesos in low season (about $80, at 3.14 Argentine pesos to the dollar) and 265 pesos (or $88) in high season (July through November and Easter Week), for standard rooms with modern decor.

Patios de Cafayate Hotel and Spa (junction of Routes 40 and 68 in Cafayate; 421-747; www.starwood.com) comprises a gracious hacienda and a free-standing spa. Its 27 rooms and three suites start at $229.

WHERE TO EAT

Jose Balcarce (corner of Mitre and Necochea in Salta; 421-1628) serves northern haute cuisine. A three-course dinner for two with a nice bottle of local wine costs about 160 pesos.

La Criollita (Zuviria 306, Salta; 431-7342) offers traditional delicacies, with a selection of beers or rather overpriced wines. Two people can try almost everything on the menu, with beer, for a total of 40 pesos.

Las Tinajas (Mitre 25, Cafayate) serves a wide selection of meat and seafood dishes in a casual setting. Dinner for two with fine local wine and Jose Pintos's music comes to around 70 pesos.

MUSIC

El Boliche Balderrama (San Martin 1126, Salta; 421-1542; www.boliche-balderrama.com.ar) provides refreshment, dancing and all the music you can take. Arrive on the late side and pay about 30 pesos a person for drinks and dessert. Octavio Perez can be found in the Amphitheater, a little less than 90 miles from Salta along Route 68 to Cafayate ([*Octavio-anfiteatro@yahoo.com.ar*](mailto:Octavio-anfiteatro@yahoo.com.ar)). Jose Pintos's group plays at Las Tinajas and can be contacted at [*Yerba-altiplano@hotmail.com*](mailto:Yerba-altiplano@hotmail.com).

WINERIES

San Pedro de Yacochuya (421-233; www.sanpedrodeyacochuya.com.ar) is on rural Route 2, a dirt road that branches west off Route 40. Bodega El Esteco (422-184; www.micheltorino.com.ar) is on Route 40 just south of the junction with Route 68. Vasija Secreta (421-850; www.vasijasecreta.com) is practically across Route 40 from El Esteco.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The wild and multicolored landscape along Route 68 between Salta and Cafayate. Dancers in traditional dress at a pena folclorica, or folk tavern. Jose Pintos, right, and Alejo Santos at Las Tinajas in Cafayate. (Photographs by Horacio Paone for The New York Times)Map of Argentina highlighting Cachi.

**Load-Date:** July 2, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Returning Cuban-Americans Reinforce Miami's Hispanic Ties - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MJD0-0017-51R4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 1; Page 8, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1157 words

**Byline:** By LYDIA CHAVEZ, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MIAMI

**Body**

Dr. Rolando Fernandez, 37 years old, left Cuba as a young boy, grew up in Miami's Cuban community and then moved on to seek his fortune in Washington and New York. After eight years ''abroad,'' as he referred to his time in the North, he returned to Miami in 1984. Anywhere else, he said, he feels like he is in ''a foreign land.''

Dr. Fernandez is one of many Cuban-Americans who have resettled in Miami to immerse themselves in a city where the cultural, business and social mores of Havana seem less than 90 miles and 28 years away. Academics and business people believe there are lessons in this return migration.

First, it underscores the likelihood that even if some of the 24,000 immigrants expected to enter the United States each year under the new agreement with Cuba settle elsewhere, most will eventually end up in Miami. Second, and most important, the strong cultural reasons Cubans have for returning to or staying in Miami help to assure the city's growing distinction as one that is distinctly bicultural.

'Common Values and Concerns'

Typical of why Cubans move back here are the reasons given by Angonio Jorge, a professor of political economy at Florida International University, who returned in 1971 after spending nearly a decade elsewhere in the United States. ''I wanted to get back in touch with my Cubannesss,'' he said. ''It's a psychocultural need. You feel more satisfied when you can share common values and concerns.''

The first wave of Cubans arrived in Miami in the early 1960's after Fidel Castro overthrew the government of Fulgencio Batista in 1959. Under a resettlement program intended to prevent a heavy burden of new immigrants on a single community, the Cubans were dispersed around the country, generally with sponsors found through the Roman Catholic Church.

Many, however, returned to Miami's warm climate after one winter elsewhere, and still others continue to return. Lisandro Perez, who heads the sociology department at Florida International University, estimates that 55 percent of all Cuban-Americans live in the Miami area now, as against 51 percent in 1980 and 40 percent in 1970.

Fewer Non-Hispanic Whites

At the same time that the Cuban population has increased here, the non-Hispanic white population has declined, to 666,000, or 37 percent of Dade County's 1.8 million residents in 1987, from 748,000, or 80 percent, in 1960. Officials in the county, which includes Miami, estimates that Hispanic people account for 43 percent of the population now, while 21 percent are black. .

''What happened in Miami is unique in the annals of the American city,'' said Modesto Maidique, president of Florida International University, the largest public university in South Florida. ''There is no precedent in American history of immigrants coming in sufficient numbers to have a major impact on the life of a city, and to do this so quickly that they have not shed their cultural ties.''

Instead of being absorbed by the local culture, the Cubans quickly established their own businesses and have increasingly become a dominant force. Their presence is apparent in everything, from the sweet shots of Cuban coffee in restaurants to the major political offices at the county and city level.

And, increasingly, the sons and daughters of Cuban-Americans who quickly started their own businesses are becoming partners or middle-level executives at previously all-Anglo law firms, banks or architectural offices.

Dispersal of Puerto Ricans

In contrast to the return migration of Cubans to their stronghold in Miami, Puerto Ricans and Mexican-Americans are, to different degrees, dispersing. The percentage of mainland Puerto Ricans who live in the New York metropolitan area, for example, has dropped dramatically, to 44 percent in 1980 from 62 percent in 1970. Of the total number of Mexican-Americans living in the United States, the ratio in Los Angeles has held steady at 16 percent, but the proportion in Texas dropped slightly.

The most striking example of the strength of the Cuban influence here, and how it differs from that of other Hispanic groups in other American cities, is in the pervasive use of the Spanish language.

It is difficult to venture out of Spanish Harlem or East Los Angeles without some fluency in English, but in Miami a resident who speaks only Spanish can move about in Coral Gables as easily as in Little Havana.

''It is possible here to obtain the best of all - to go to the best banks, the best law firms and the best restaurants, and to be attended to in Spanish,'' Dr. Maidique said.

Slow Pace of Assimilation

While assimilation is occurring among Cuban-Americans here, their concentration and presence in every level of society has meant that it has happened slowly, educators say.

''A lot are unaware of how Cuban they are until they go out of Miami,'' said Mr. Perez, the sociologist.

On a recent evening, Andres Gongora, a 45-year-old carpenter, sat in a cafe on Calle Ocho in Little Havana throwing dice with Pablo Martinez, 74.

Speaking in Spanish, Mr. Gongora said he moved to Fort Washington, N.J., in 1980 because he had relatives there. But he said he moved to Miami a year later because ''it just didn't feel comfortable'' in New Jersey.

Close Family Relationships

Mr. Martinez said he moved to Spain after leaving Cuba but found that it was not as familiar as the Miami he read about in letters from family members. He said he took two years of English after arriving in Miami but soon forgot it because he did not use it enough.

***Working-class*** Cuban-Americans are not the only people in Miami who remain firmly tied to their Hispanic heritage.

Typical of the extended Cuban families here is the relationship that Luis J. Botifoll, the chairman of Republic National Bank, has with his three daughters, six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

His daughters visit at least once a day. One, an architect, eats lunch with his wife daily. Another joins his wife for afternoon tea with her children. Nearly five nights a week one of his daughters, a son-in-law and their children come for dinner. On Sunday afternoons the four generations gather at Mr. Botifoll's home.

'A Sense of Belonging'

Rather than fleeing from such obligations, the Cubans revel in them, and the ambiance of the family extends to business. Moreover, the absence of this environment is why many Cuban professionals have returned here.

J. Antonio Villamil, a senior vice president of Southeast Bank, worked for eight years in Washington, Chicago and San Francisco. When the opportunity to return to Miami arose in 1981, he jumped at the chance.

''We don't feel as if we are just one more additional immigrant here because we have a sense of roots, of belonging,'' Mr. Villamil said.

''Business is more personal here,'' he continued. ''Business meetings in San Francisco and Chicago were very Anglo-oriented, straightforward and bottom line. Here you are able to greet people with an abrazo, not the handshake.''

**Correction**

An article on Saturday about Cuban-Americans who live in Miami misstated the distance between that city and Havana. It is 230 miles.  
**Correction-Date:** December 29, 1987, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

Photos of Dr. Rolando Fernandez, a Cuban-American who grew up in Miami (The New York Times/Angel Franco); J. Antonio Villamil, vice president of Southeast Bank. (NYT)

**End of Document**



[***Bomb and Gunmen Kill 11 at Mosque in Pakistan***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-W030-008G-F46S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 11, 1995, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1323 words

**Byline:** By JOHN F. BURNS

By JOHN F. BURNS

**Dateline:** KARACHI, Pakistan, March 10

**Body**

The violence that is tearing Pakistan's largest city apart claimed 11 more lives today when a bomb exploded outside a mosque after Friday Prayers and masked gunmen stormed into the smoke-filled courtyard, loosing volleys of automatic rifle fire at the panicked survivors.

The attack, which wounded at least 22 people, came two days after the execution-style slaying of two Americans driving to work at the United States Consulate. The bombing intensified a feeling among Karachi's population of more than 10 million that the long history of ethnic, religious and criminal violence here, responsible for thousands of deaths in recent years, has taken a sharp turn for the worse.

For all the horror of the bombing, it was just the latest in a series of attacks that have turned Karachi into one of the most dangerous places in the world.

The attack on the mosque, in a ***working-class*** district of east Karachi, was the third in less than two weeks on a gathering of the city's Shiite Muslim minority, who lost 20 people killed in two attacks on Shiite mosques on Feb. 25. This time, the fury of survivors and relatives of the dead was intensified by the fact that several of those killed were small children, boys and girls as young as 5 years old, who gather every Friday outside the mosque to beg for alms.

One survivor of the blast, Mubarak Haidar, said he saw one of the gunmen leveling his AK-47 rifle and firing at a small girl as she fled the turmoil, striking her in the back.

The police appeared to have no leads on the identity of the attackers. At the mosque, weeping relatives blamed the massacre on militant members of the Sunni branch of Islam, which is the majority creed among Pakistan's 120 million people.

But the crowds that gathered after the massacre, including survivors and rescuers with their clothes drenched in blood, directed their fury less at the Sunnis than at the Government of Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto, which like several governments before it has seemed unable to contain the hatreds that have driven the violence here, or to provide even a semblance of law and order.

"Why can't the Government protect us?" the crowds shouted. "Why don't they let us protect ourselves?"

For Ms. Bhutto, who was expected tonight from Islamabad, the capital, the situation posed grave political risks. Ms. Bhutto has been bitterly accused of spending too much time abroad seeking foreign investment in her country, and too little time seeking solutions to the explosive situation in Karachi, which is the main seaport and the largest financial, commercial and industrial center.

Increasingly, influential Pakistanis are saying the violence in Karachi, if left to fester, will ultimately destabilize the country's shaky democracy, inviting either a return to the military rule that has gripped the country for half its 48-year existence or, as many Pakistanis now fear more, a popular swing toward Muslim fundamentalism.

For many in Karachi, the most sinister development in years of mayhem has been the recent emergence of religious extremism as an overlay on the other hatreds fueling the killing.

Even many Pakistanis who share Ms. Bhutto's enthusiasm for foreign investment accuse her of misjudging the situation.

"No matter how many letters of understanding and memorandums of intent she attracts from foreign investors, very little will materialize unless she gets the situation in Karachi right first," said Masood Akbar, an investment banker in Lahore. "If she gets the Karachi situation right, the investments will follow. She has her priorities wrong."

The turmoil in Karachi has vexed governments for at least 30 years, since 1964 riots that gave violent expression to the schism that underlies all others in the city.

When British India was partitioned in 1947, creating India and Pakistan, a huge migration of Indian Muslims changed Karachi's ethnic and linguistic balance. The new arrivals, mostly Urdu-speaking people, overwhelmed a population of 400,000 that had been dominated by native-born residents of Sind Province, of which Karachi is capital.

The split grew wider as the well-educated migrants, known as mohajirs, grew restive at what they saw as discrimination by the native Sind residents, who used their power to reserve government jobs, admissions to college and other privileges for themselves. Many of Pakistan's rulers, including Ms. Bhutto's father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, a wealthy Sind landowner who was overthrown as prime minister by a military coup in 1977 and hanged for an alleged political murder in 1979, were accused of siding with the Sindis.

According to friends, Mr. Bhutto so regretted his handling of Karachi that he said before his execution, "If I had only handled Karachi right, I would never have been in this situation."

The situation facing Ms. Bhutto is more dire. Mohajir-Sindi rivalries have been overtaken by a brutal street war between the main mohajir political group, the Mohajir National Movement, and a breakaway faction known as M.Q.M.-Haqiqi. Their rivalries are compounded by a vicious struggle between drug barons who have profited by the chaos to turn Karachi into a city with an estimated 1.2 million heroin users.

On Thursday, a typical day, 10 people were gunned down. Newspapers said nine of the killings were M.Q.M.-Haqiqi retaliation for the slaying on Wednesday of a notorious M.Q.M.-Haqiqi leader, Mullah Rehmat, known as the Beast of the Night. Following Karachi routine, the killings were carried out by masked men, some riding in stolen cars, others on motorcycles or motorized rickshaws.

The violence has soared on the tide of weapons that flowed into Karachi from the war in Afghanistan in the 1980's, when many of the American-financed Muslim resistance groups turned from fighting Soviet forces to selling weapons. The phenomenon has given rise to the term Kalashnikov culture, which Pakistanis use to describe the lawlessness.

"We are seeing all the after-effects of the Afghan war," said Husain Lawai, a leading Karachi banker, whose journey to work reflects the special hazards that face residents of leafy suburbs like Clifton, where the well-to-do live in high-walled homes protected by armed guards. He uses a different-colored car each day, leaves his home at different times and follows different routes.

In less affluent areas, the terrors are greater. "I get very panicky whenever I see a speeding car or a rickshaw," said Afaq Ahmad, a 54-year-old editor at The Daily News, who approached two Westerners walking the streets of Nazimabad, one of the most violent areas, and urged them to take sanctuary in his home. Unknown to the Westerners, three people had just been killed a short walk away, causing shopkeepers to roll corrugated shutters over their windows. Within moments, what had been a busy shopping district became as still as a morgue.

As the violence has increased, the 30,000-man Karachi police force has virtually abandoned law enforcement, settling for establishing heavily manned traffic checkpoints that give only rudimentary scrutiny. Few in Karachi were surprised when they read that a police detachment commander in the area where the two Americans were slain, Ghulam Ghaus, was arrested for negligence on Thursday after a policeman on traffic light duty reported that Mr. Ghaus, arriving moments after the attack, refused to chase the yellow taxi in which the killers fled, apparently because he feared being killed himself.

Many in Karachi despair not only for Karachi but for Pakistan, believing that the bloodletting strikes at the heart of the principle of Muslim brotherhood on which Pakistan was founded. At the Aga Khan Hospital, the surgeon who signed the Americans' death certificates, Dr. Fazle Rahim, said the violence was a defiance of everything the country was meant to represent.

"In the Holy Koran, there are words to the effect that God cannot help those who are determined to self-destruct," the 45-year-old doctor said.

**Graphic**

Photo: The mother and another relative grieved over the body of a girl who was killed in an explosion yesterday outside a mosque in Karachi, Pakistan. (Agence France-Presse)(pg. 1)

Map of Pakistan showing location of Karachi. (pg. 2)

**Load-Date:** March 11, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Hialeah Park Not Ready to Be Scratched***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MFP0-0017-5050-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 31, 1987, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section B; Page 7, Column 1; Sports Desk

**Length:** 1163 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN CRIST, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** HIALEAH, Fla., Dec. 30

**Body**

There have been recent afternoons at Hialeah Park when it seemed that the flamingos in the infield outnumbered the railbirds in the grandstand. Flamingos and railbirds are both endangered species in Florida these days, as is Hialeah Park itself. All of them, though, look like good bets to escape extinction.

A year ago, the Florida Parimutuel Commission stripped Hialeah of its usual midwinter racing dates and assigned it the slowest part of the season, a November-December meeting. The move insured further business declines for the troubled track, a victim of falling attendance and prestige for more than a decade. Hialeah officials warned that the track might not survive.

A cherished part of the American racing scene seemed close to an end. Hialeah is a lush showplace that for half a century has been synonymous with the road to the Triple Crown races. Each winter, the most promising young horses would be there amid the palm trees and bougainvillea, racing their way into shape for the Kentucky Derby.

The new dates, it appeared, would end all that. Prominent Northern stables vowed they would not return, and Hialeah's traditional menu of important stakes races was wrecked by the new calendar. Derby preps for 3-year-olds became unimportant December dashes for inferior 2-year-olds. The Flamingo, a stepping-stone for such Derby winners as Citation, Northern Dancer and Seattle Slew, would be run 18 weeks before the main event.

It was a formula for disaster, and many Floridians thought this would be Hialeah's last stand. But Hialeah, like an old soldier, refuses to die.

Mixed Picture

The racing, which began here Nov. 11 and ends on Jan. 7, has been better than anyone expected, albeit of varying quality. The first half of each day's card consists of the sorriest contests this side of a state fair, with $5,000 claimers racing for $4,000 purses. As the afternoon wears on, though, glimmers of the old Hialeah return. Many of the trainers who threatened to boycott the meeting are back in their usual stables, and there are plenty of promising 2-year-olds to fuel Derby dreams.

''It's been a very ambivalent meeting,'' said John Brunetti, the 57-year-old real-estate developer who bought Hialeah in 1977 when no one else wanted to operate it. ''The weekends have been surprisingly good, but on the weekdays, we've been dealing with crowds of 5,500. We're in a ***working-class*** neighborhood, and at this time of year that's all we have to draw on.''

Hialeah's location has been the root of its problems. The track first opened in 1925, carved out of swampland a few miles west of downtown Miami, and competed with nearby tents offering alligator wrestling. Redesigned under the ownership of Joseph E. Widener in 1932 as a tropical showplace complete with aviary and aquarium, Hialeah became the darling of Palm Beach winter society. Private railroad cars carried wealthy snowbirds to the front gates.

In the last 20 years, Miami has grown away from downtown to the northeastern suburbs toward Fort Lauderdale. There, rows of high-rise condominiums tower over dog tracks, jai-alai frontons and the area's two other thoroughbred tracks, Gulfstream and Calder.

Hialeah also lies at the other end of a long avenue from the site of the Liberty City riots of a decade ago, and this vague proximity has given rise to the misconception that Hialeah is a dangerous neighborhood to visit. In fact, the small city of Hialeah is cheerful and clean, sparkling if compared with the areas surrounding Aqueduct in New York City or Hollywood Park in Los Angeles.

Best Business in Early 60's

Hialeah's business peaked 25 years ago, when average daily crowds of 20,000 put more than $2 million a day - in 1962 dollars - through the mutuel windows. Earlier this year, running during the peak January-February dates, the respective average figures were 10,782 and $2.03 million. Through the first 42 days of the current meeting, they are down to 7,235 and $1.23 million. The big bettors and affluent patrons are missing: Hialeah has closed its $50-minimum betting windows at this meeting and has stopped selling reserved seats.

Hialeah had permanent possession of the midwinter dates until 1971, when it began to alternate them with Gulfstream. Then, five years ago, both tracks began clamoring for permanent possession of the prime dates. Gulfstream argues that it does better business in the same period and deserves them; Hialeah says it needs help and merits special treatment.

''Hialeah has special qualities, a tradition of 62 years in a historic facility, and if that isn't worth some special consideration, I don't know what is,'' Brunetti said today. ''The figures for all the tracks have always been the highest when Hialeah has the midwinter dates because the other tracks can handle the other dates better than we can. We're more dependent on the winter racing community and the tourists.''

Calder Also Involved

Calder got into the squabble last year, applying for the second most favorable period - the March-April dates - which otherwise fell to Hialeah or Gulfstream in alternate years. The Parimutuel Commission, citing Hialeah's decline and Calder's growth, granted Calder's request and gave Hialeah Calder's usual fall dates.

''I won't run these dates again,'' Brunetti said today. ''I'd seek immediate legislation to change it, or I'd just not run.''

The dates issue, which has become mired in court battles in most years, may be closer now to resolution than before. The leaders of the three tracks at least sat down and met last month at a special conference. Brunetti has proposed that the state buy out Calder's winter permit and split the dates between Hialeah and Gulfstream, giving them both longer winter meetings. Calder would still have racing from May through October.

The most important development of the conference may have been progress toward establishing offtrack and intertrack wagering in the state. That could solve Hialeah's location problem if, for example, suburban patrons could bet on Hialeah's races at Gulfstream or at local betting parlors.

Hialeah's final week of racing is filled with rich stakes events that should help recapture the feeling of seasons past. On Saturday, the track offers the Flamingo for newly turned 3-year-olds. The very best Derby prospects are still on winter vacation, but the race is shaping up as a good one, drawing such legitimate Derby prospects as Cougarized, Blew by Em, Cefis and Fancy Hoofer.

Earlier this month, the North American Graded Stakes Committee, which approves the annual designation of stakes races according to their importance, voted that the Flamingo would retain its status as one of only seven Grade I races for 3-year-olds leading to the Kentucky Derby. That was a sign of confidence, reflecting Hialeah's own. This year's may be a Flamingo of a different color, a bit green around the edges because of its early timing, but the Flamingo, the flamingos and Hialeah itself have survived their toughest season.

**Graphic**

Photo of bettors at Hialeah Park (NYT/Ray Fairall)

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[***Jersey Struggles to Aid Its Homeless Families***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-N4F0-0017-51V9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 27, 1987, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 4; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1177 words

**Byline:** By ERIC SCHMITT, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** ELIZABETH, N.J.

**Body**

Nine months after a landmark court decision expanded the rights of homeless families in New Jersey, county welfare agencies are struggling with a flood of new cases, and in many instances are providing fewer services than before the ruling.

The 10,000 homeless families in New Jersey now have broader rights to emergency shelter, but social workers and advocacy groups say there is a severe shortage of shelter and motel beds.

Many motels will not accept county vouchers or discriminate against families with children, who account for at least half of the homeless.

Competing for Space

Welfare officials, some facing tenfold increases in families, are crossing county lines and competing with each other for available motel space. Many counties have cut back job training, child care and transportation to concentrate on finding people places to live.

''Every now and then we monitor them to see that they're alive and well, but frankly I don't think we've provided many social services,'' said Alan L. Zalkind, the director of citizen services in Essex County, which shelters 425 families, up from 25 before last February.

Rent Costs Outpace Aid

Worst of all, officials say, rising rents, a 2 percent apartment vacancy rate in the state and virtually no low-price housing in many suburbs and rural communities offer scant hope for any long-term relief.

''The shelter situation is very, very tight,'' said the State Commissioner of Community Affairs, Leonard S. Coleman Jr. Against that backdrop, on Nov. 16 the state imposed regulations requiring counties to cut off aid to homeless families after five months.

In the decision last Feb. 3, the Appellate Division of State Superior Court ruled that families could not be denied aid because they had been warned of eviction or foreclosure. It also eliminated the old time limit of three months on such aid.

The new regulations have a silver lining - they allow counties to pay up to three months back rent or mortgage payments to keep families in their homes - but county officials and shelter operators say the rules fail to address the underlying problems of homelessness.

''None of the decisions have come forth to develop new housing or to allow welfare clients to compete in the current housing market,'' said Meryle Asaro, supervisor of social work in Middlesex County, which sheltered as many as 60 families this summer, up from 7 at the beginning of the year.

A single mother with four children, for example, would receive $488 a month in assistance under the rules, Ms. Asaro said. But rents for a family of four in Middlesex start around $600.

Ruling Widens State's Role

There have always been homeless people in New Jersey, but state and county responsibility for them were changed dramatically in February by the Appellate Division's ruling.

Under the old rules, only families who could prove they were homeless as a result of a fire, flood or freeze-out by a landlord qualified for emergency assistance. Even then there was a 90-day limit on aid.

New York State has a 180-day limit for emergency aid to families, but counties routinely apply for extensions; for all practical purposes, there is no limit. Connecticut is expected to lower its limit to 100 days from 180 by January.

The court ruling on the case here, Maticka v. Atlantic City, inundated county welfare agencies with newly eligible families who had been living in parks, automobiles, abandoned buildings or with friends and family.

'The Burden Has Gotten Worse'

In some urban counties, such as Hudson, where the cities are responsible for housing homeless single men and women, the effect was minimal, county officials said. But in most counties in northern New Jersey, where the bulk of the state's homeless are concentrated, the impact was profound.

''The burden has gotten worse,'' said Mr. Zalkind of Essex County, which is spending $1 million a month to shelter the homeless, up from $25,000 before the ruling.

In Union County, welfare officials say in many cases, the demand for shelter is so great and the supply so slim, they tell families to find a place on their own, if they can.

''With their being more streetwise than I am, maybe they can find a place faster than I can,'' said Michael C. Galuppo, the director of the Union County Board of Social Services, which shelters about 220 people, double the number before the Maticka decision.

New Limits May Be Challenged

The number of social workers assigned to helping families find shelter in Union has increased to 20 from 10 a year ago, but ''the extra burden has made it more difficult to provide other services to them,'' Mr. Galuppo said.

With such a housing crunch, state and county officials question the wisdom of new limits on emergency aid, which may face a court challenge.

''It doesn't make any sense to impose time limits if there's nothing during that time to offer families,'' said the supervisor of social services for Bergen County, Linda MacLellan.

The state plans to spend about $27 million this year on the homeless, up from $4 million a year ago, according to the acting director of the State Division of Public Welfare, Marion E. Reitz.

The Department of Community Affairs has proposed to the Legislature a $13.6 million package of programs to rehabilitate housing, add several hundred shelter beds and 400 boarding-room beds.

Looking to Local Groups

Mr. Coleman, however, continues to believe that local communities, with the state's financial backing, can best address the problems.

''We need to work with the institutions already in place - the nonprofits and the churches - to meet the immediate need,'' he said.

Nonprofit organizations, however, cringe at the prospect of tackling the problem without deeper involvement from the state.

''The burden is being borne now by the private sector, but the private sector can do very little in the face of the magnitude of this problem,'' said the executive director of the Interfaith Council for the Homeless of Union County, Karen Olson.

If social workers are worried, the homeless families in ***working-class*** Elizabeth are petrified that new regulations may push them back into the streets.

'I Don't Think We Were Prepared'

''Where do they expect people to go five months from now, since they aren't coming up with solutions?'' said Jean, a 29-year-old mother of five, who asked that her last name not be used because the owner of the motel in which she lives does not permit homeless tenants.

Jean, a third-generation resident of Elizabeth, said that to avoid detection, rather than present an emergency-housing voucher she paid the motel cash - $52 a day - and was then reimbursed by the county.

''I've been looking for a place everyday since August, but the motels tell me I have too many children, and I can't afford the apartment rents,'' said Lillian Tucker, 30, who lives with her five children at St. Joseph's Hall, a Salvation Army shelter here.

County officials can muster little encouragement for the families.

''I don't think we were prepared for this,'' said Mr. Galuppo. ''And if we have a bad winter, I can't see any abatement.''

**Graphic**

Photo fo Lillian Tucker with two of her five children, Noel and Ebony, at St. Joseph's Hall, a Salvation Army shelter for the homeless in Elizabeth, N.J.(The New York Times/Jim Wilson)

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[***Pirate's Bazaar Thrives in Hong Kong***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-W3D0-008G-F24W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1278 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD A. GARGAN,

By EDWARD A. GARGAN,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** HONG KONG, Feb. 26

**Body**

Bill Gates, America's maestro of software, may be having trouble shipping his long-awaited new computer operating system Windows 95, but here in Hong Kong at the corner of Fuk Wa and Kweilin Streets, where sidewalk chefs stir woks filled with squid and kettles simmer with white-skinned ducks, Windows 95 is selling briskly.

"It's the newest thing," said a smiling salesman at the Golden Arcade Computer Center, two stories crammed with shops busily selling pirated computer programs, disks and video games. "This is the latest version, only 300" Hong Kong dollars, or about $40.

Windows 95 has yet to be formally released by Mr. Gates's Microsoft Corporation; its latest release date is set for August. But a copy of the beta, or test, version of Windows 95 is just one of thousands of software programs available here and at dozens of other shops across Hong Kong. Encyclopedias, children's educational games, networking software and popular office software bundles are all on sale at a fraction of the cost of licensed software.

The intellectual property agreement that the Clinton Administration reached today with China addresses only part of the global piracy problem. The Administration has largely ignored the foremost buyers of the 75 million pirated compact disks made by factories in southern China. These include consumers in Taiwan, Thailand and, most notably, the British colony of Hong Kong. Indeed, per-capita consumption of pirated material here dwarfs that of China.

What sets Hong Kong apart from China and other developing countries is the pervasiveness of pirated material throughout all segments of society here, from the back alleys of Kowloon to the executive suites of major companies, according to the police and industry associations. Even more, the sophistication of software that is pirated and, if word among users is to believed, the adeptness with which some commercial software is modified and improved, has created a variety of illegal usage virtually unrivalled anywhere on earth.

One shop displayed a CD-ROM packed with 75 programs, the total value of which would run well into the thousands of dollars if purchased legally; here, this cornucopia of programs was selling for 250 Hong Kong dollars, or about $33. And to lend a tincture of authenticity, the disk carried the printed warning: "Unauthorized public performance, broadcasting and copying of this compact disc prohibited. All rights reserved."

The International Intellectual Property Alliance, a Washington-based trade group that represents industries with copyright concerns, estimates that losses to American companies from copyright infringement average $21.85 for each citizen of this colony, or about $131 million. By contrast, the group asserts that piracy of copyrighted material in China itself is costing American business about 73 cents a person, or $866 million annually.

The alliance compiles data from the movie, software, recording and publishing industries on copyright losses to American companies and submits that data annually to the United States trade representative. The data is then used to determine which countries are placed on a "priority" list, like China, and a series of less severe "watch lists."

"Now Hong Kong has gotten to be a real problem country," said Eric H. Smith, the president of the alliance. "It's getting worse because China is getting worse. CD-ROM's are a new phenomena and this is causing great concern in the software industry. We're saying put Hong Kong on the radar screen."

In a rundown customs building along the Hong Kong waterfront, Tong Wai-ki, a senior inspector for the investigations branch of the Customs and Excise Department, hustled down a flight of stairs with three other officers. They piled into a white van and sped toward the night markets of Hong Kong.

"We're trying to find hawkers with CD's," Mr. Tong said. "Right now, we're looking for music CD's. Usually we find these guys along small side streets. Mostly it's Cantonese and Mandarin pop music we find. It's much more popular than Western music."

Mr. Tong's nighttime sweep, involving nearly a dozen stops at crowded shopping areas and subway stops, is part of a campaign by the Customs Department to stem the tidal wave of pirated CD's streaming across the Chinese border from compact-disk mills in Shenzhen and Guangdong.

"The situation started to get worse in 1993," said Ronny H. K. Tsang, the head of the intellectual property division of the Customs Department. "So last year we escalated our priority on pirated CD's and moved them to the top of our list, more than software."

Last year, the number of music CD merchants arrested by Hong Kong authorities tripled from that of 1993 and more than 200,000 pirated compact disks were confiscated, virtually all copies of popular Cantonese and Mandarin rock artists, local heartthrobs like Anita Mui and Danny Chan. "It seems that the problem is getting worse and worse," Mr. Tsang said.

His officers also regularly raid shops that sell pirated software and video games, though he said that tackling them is far more difficult.

"We've made seizures from the Golden Arcade," he said. "But there are over 1,000 outlets for software in Hong Kong."

Hong Kong's laws against entrapment create a central obstacle to closing down illegal software houses. At shops like the Golden Arcade, no software is actually on display and the plastic CD-ROM cases are all empty. Instead, catalogues listing available software, like Windows 95, layer the counters.

Customers place their orders with a clerk, are given an "official receipt," and told to come back in 15 minutes or so. When they return, the software is then delivered.

Mr. Tsang said the law prohibited his officers from actually placing an order for illegal software and waiting for its delivery. "If we go in and ask for a CD-ROM, it's entrapment," he said. What his men can do, sometimes successfully, is raid warehouses where pirated software is kept. But last year his officers arrested only 38 people for pirated software. So far this year, he said, 15 people had been arrested and 1,307 CD-ROM's confiscated.

For video games, Mr. Tsang's task becomes even harder because the original manufacturers must specifically file copyright complaints against pirates, he said, and that is rarely done.

Mr. Tsang said his task was further complicated by the fact that compact disks and CD-ROM's are not made in Hong Kong but are smuggled across the border from China by organized crime, the so-called triads.

"The majority of CD's are brought in by truck," he said. "But imagine the throughput at the border. It is totally impossible to check all the cargoes coming in. It is impossible. If the Beijing Government controlled these factories, it would control this problem."

Deep in the ***working-class*** housing district of Ngau Tau Kok, Mr. Tong and his three officers were exasperated. They had visited 10 likely sites for sellers of pirated music CD's but had come up empty-handed. Two officers, their radios tucked inside their jackets, sauntered into a small shopping arcade for one last try.

And there, under the glare of fluorescent lights was a clean-cut, bespectacled young man with two cardboard trays of CD's.

"At least we got someone," Mr. Tong said. "This guy has been arrested before, too." After the young man, whose name was not released, was fingerprinted and booked at the local police station, he was freed on bail. "He'll be back," Mr. Tong sighed.

For Mr. Smith of the Intellectual Property Alliance, such cases show why Hong Kong has not stemmed the flood of pirated material. "The penalties meted out by the court are not high enough to deter conduct," he said.

**Graphic**

Photo: Sales have soared in Hong Kong for pirated copies of computer operating systems and video games. Recently, customs agents seized music compact disks from an unidentified street vendor, second from left. (John Giannini for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 27, 1995

**End of Document**



[***London Journal;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X15-SJD0-00RP-K541-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Prophet of Left Is Quitting Office, Not His Calling - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X15-SJD0-00RP-K541-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

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**Byline:** By WARREN HOGE

By WARREN HOGE

**Dateline:** LONDON, July 23

**Body**

Tony Benn has roused a lot of passionate opinions since he joined the House of Commons in 1950, but the one he most fears now is approval.

"It is the final corruption," he said in the basement office of his Notting Hill house packed with the tapes and transcripts of half a century of provocative comment.

Papers hang from where he has stuck them to the ceiling, a habit he picked up in a cockpit as a wartime Royal Air Force pilot. "It's this 'dear old Tony' thing, where they think you're harmless and don't really mean what you say, and they love you."

Last month, in a "Dear Comrades" letter to Labor Party officers in his Chesterfield district, Mr. Benn announced that he would not run for re-election. But he tried to head off notions that he was giving up his role as prophet of Britain's left, giving robust expression to the socialist ideology and trade union economics he has always championed.

"I have no intention of retiring and shall continue to work closely with all those, outside and inside Parliament, who want to see the Labor Party recommit itself to the causes of social justice, democratic socialism and peace," he said.

Instantly the vexing tributes began. Alan Clark, a Conservative Member of Parliament, said: "As a parliamentarian, he's tops. I wouldn't mind having him as president."

Matthew Parris, a newspaper columnist and former Tory Member of Parliament whose district adjoined Mr. Benn's, credited him with "rock-solid intellectual consistency, a single lifelong fight for an unwavering set of beliefs."

John O'Farrell, author of a Labor history, said he had inspired generations of activists. "If there'd been a poster of Tony Benn, we would have had it on our walls, not Che Guevara," he said.

It wasn't always this way. Prime Minister Harold Wilson, in whose Government Mr. Benn served, said he pursued "tomfool issues" and represented "a kind of aging perennial youth: he immatures with age."

Others called him a Communist, a loon, a parlor revolutionary, an upper-class romantic, a calculating populist and "Red Wedgie Benn," a play on his socialist views and his long-discarded full name with the unwanted aristocratic tones, Anthony Neil Wedgwood Benn.

The name he hated most of all was the one he had to change British law to shed -- Viscount Stansgate, the Lord's title he inherited on the death of his father in 1960. In a campaign that first brought him to prominence in public life, he fought for three years to get the legal right to turn down the hereditary title and thereby remain in the House of Commons.

These days Mr. Benn feels out of place in the Parliament he struggled to remain a member of and in the party he began passing out leaflets for as a 10-year-old in 1935. The boisterous Labor assemblage of union leaders, leftist ideologues and people whose workplaces were mines, shipyards and factory floors has now become a disciplined party of middle managers, suburban householders and get-ahead-minded businessmen.

"If guys are having a lousy deal, they want you there to support them, and that's what I've tried to do in Parliament," Mr. Benn said. "But now in Parliament, if you make a speech that doesn't fit, then immediately all the political correspondents say it is a coded attack on the Prime Minister.

"There's no reporting of the argument; instead it's all this personality rubbish and celebrities, celebrities. It's a litmus test of loyalty to an individual, and I literally do think that democracy is being destroyed in the nicest and politest possible way. It has to be revitalized from the outside, and that is why I've made the decision I have."

Punctuating his talk with sips of tea and draws on his pipe, Mr. Benn warmed to the subject of whether a 74-year-old socialist was out of date in modern Britain.

"I know the nature of work has changed; the term ***working class*** is used to mean guys in overalls with dirty fingernails doing manual work," he said. "But actually the class distinction that still matters is the difference between the earners who are 90 percent of the population and the owners who make up 10 percent.

"I know a lot of quite well-paid people who were suddenly thrown out in their 50's, and all of a sudden they realized that all they had to sell was their labor, so the old idea is still very, very relevant."

Mr. Benn said he thought the great struggle of the 20th century had been over the right to vote, but that victory was now being turned back.

"All the power has gone somewhere else," he said. "It's gone to NATO, to Brussels, it's gone to the World Trade Organization, it's gone to Bill Gates and Rupert Murdoch, to people who never get elected, and so we're in a situation where we're far from Parliament or Congress being there to protect people from the external powers, i.e., to control the economy in the interest of the people. Parliament is now there to control the people in the interests of the economy."

His goals are out of fashion in the party that Prime Minister Tony Blair calls New Labor. While others set out in pursuit of a "third way," he sticks to his own well-trod one. He favors increasing income taxes to fund public services, expanding the welfare state, rolling back privatization and restoring full union rights. He opposes nuclear weapons and waging war unless it is approved by the United Nations Security Council.

He is immensely proud of the entry of his 45-year-old son, Hilary, into Parliament in a by-election in Leeds last month even though the younger Benn proclaimed himself a committed New Labor man. He campaigned as a "Benn, not a Bennite," to which his bemused father responded, "Benns move left as they get older."

Mr. Benn's positions in the 1960's and 1970's included stints as postmaster general, Minister of Technology and Secretary for Industry and Secretary for Energy. As a Labor Party officer, he fought for the "true faith" of socialism, helping move the party to the left in the 1970's in a fratricidal war that produced deep internal divisions and kept it from regaining power until Mr. Blair and his self-described "modernizers" moved it back to the center and, not incidentally, to electability.

Mr. Benn was born in London in 1925, the son of William Wedgwood Benn, a Liberal Member of Parliament who later switched to Labor. An Oxford graduate, he last month celebrated the 50th anniversary of his marriage to Caroline Middleton, an American from Ohio. The Oxford park bench where he proposed now sits in their overgrown front yard. The couple have four children and nine grandchildren.

His health is good though he wears hearing aids to correct a condition that he quickly dismisses with an anecdote: "It was a very hot night in Bristol, and there was a heckler. I told him a few times that he should run his own meeting rather than ruin ours, and then I heard what he said. It was 'Can we open a window?' "

He dictates diary entries daily, and he estimates the word count now tops 13 million. He has published seven volumes, and the next one, which he goes out of his way to note will not be the last, will cover the decade 1990-2000 and be titled "Free at Last."

He recently purchased diary pages that carry him past his 100th birthday, and he shows every confidence of being around to fill them in.

"The final entry will be from St. Thomas Hospital," he said. "It will say, 'I don't feel very well today.' "

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

**Correction**

An article on July 24 about the retirement of Tony Benn, a longtime member of the Labor Party, from the British Parliament misstated the family name of his wife, Caroline. In a letter dated Oct. 11, she said it was DeCamp, not Middleton.

**Correction-Date:** October 30, 1999, Saturday

**Graphic**

Photo: Tony Benn, who intends to leave the House of Commons, in his home office, where he hangs papers the way he learned as a wartime pilot. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 24, 1999

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[***Ordeal for Homeless Students in Suburbs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NBF0-0017-514F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 16, 1987, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1128 words

**Byline:** By ERIC SCHMITT, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PEEKSKILL, N.Y.

**Body**

While most of her classmates are still asleep, Tareebia Wakley is up at 6 A.M. each weekday to get ready for a 45-minute bus ride from a motel in Poughkeepsie to Oakside Elementary School here.

''I get tired,'' said Tareebia, who is 8 years old and for more than a year has commuted 35 miles each way from the Dorchester Motel to the neighborhood school that most of her classmates walk to.

School can be challenging enough for most children, but for those of homeless families in the suburbs, the added stress of long bus rides twice a day, homework in crowded motel rooms and no organized after-school activities is creating a class of listless and depressed pupils, educators say.

''It's no secret that these children are more prone to academic, physical and psychological problems because of the situations they're in,'' said Donald S. Rickett, Superintendent of Peekskill city schools.

Lack of Affordable Housing

The problems are particularly acute here in Westchester County, where about half of the 3,660 homeless people the county shelters are children, more than any other community in the metropolitan region outside of New York City.

In this ***working-class*** city on the Hudson River, for example, 60 of the school district's 2,800 children belong to homeless families who live in motels or hotels. Because of lack of space in the county, many families are forced to live in motels or hotels in Putnam, Dutchess and Orange Counties.

With rents starting at around $550 for a one-bedroom apartment and rising every year, and virtually no affordable housing available, the prospects of these Peekskill families finding a permanent home here soon are slim.

The children, however, are still considered city residents and remain the responsibility of Peekskill schools. The county pays for buses and taxis to pick up the motel children around 7:15 A.M. and return them by 4 or 4:30 P.M.

Parents Also Need Help

Educators say they are doing what they can by providing free hot breakfasts, remedial help and psychological counseling. But the plight of the homeless, they contend, is a pervasive social problem whose remedies lie far beyond the schoolyard.

''It's a community problem,'' said Trudie Lee, a social worker at the Oakside school, which has 21 homeless children, more than any other school in the district. ''If we don't help their parents, we can't help the children.''

At first glance, educators, psychologists and social workers say, it is hard to distinguish the motel children from their peers.

''Sometimes they're a little more disorganized and their clothes are disheveled, but there's not one type,'' said James M. Tosto, a psychologist in the Peekskill schools.

Academically, the homeless children fall within the same range as other pupils - from exceptionally bright students who are enrolled in programs for the academically gifted to children who need counseling and remedial help.

More Absences

But over the course of a school year, teachers and district officials said, the motel children are absent from school more frequently and are more likely to need special counseling and other academic assistance.

At Oakside, for example, the homeless children make up about 10 percent of the school population but account for 30 percent of the discipline and academic problems, Mr. Tosto said.

The children's problem, according to educators and social workers, begins at home, in the one or two rooms of a motel where often three or four children and one or both parents all live together.

The quality of the motels varies from the roomy Lakeview Cottages in Mohegan Lake, five miles east of here, which has its own security force, to others where drug sales and domestic fights are common, social workers said.

'Living in One Room'

''Some of these kids are in families living in one room, eating off a hot plate, with no real work space for homework,'' said Vincent S. Burruano, principal at Hillcrest Elementary School, which has 14 motel children.

The children are up early to ride buses or taxis to school. Children as young as 5 or 6 years old often arrive before 8 A.M. and leave as late as 4 P.M. depending on the schedules of older children who take the same bus or taxi.

''I don't like being the last ones to leave every day,'' said Qiana Wirag, a fifth-grader, who with her 5-year-old brother, Lindsey, waited until 4 P.M. today, an hour and 15 minutes after classes ended, before a taxi finally came to take them home to a motel in Mohegan Lake.

''Kids hate the stigma of riding the 'welfare taxis,' '' Mr. Tosto said.

Transportation difficulties abound. Last year, for example, nearly 70 homeless children in the district missed school for two days while cab companies and the county argued over fare payments, according to James M. Zatlukal, Peekskill's deputy superintendent.

And if a child becomes ill, principals said, it can be a logistical nightmare to reach the parent at a motel, and then arrange with the county's Social Services Department for a taxi to take the child home.

Once at school, children with the longest rides are often fidgety in the morning and tired by early afternoon, teachers and principals said.

''Being a child should be a happy time, and for many of these kids it's not,'' Mr. Burruano said. ''They doze off in class and fall behind in their studies. They can't participate in youth programs like scouting because they have to take their buses home.''

In a few cases, homeless children's greatest hurdle is finding a school district that will take them. Recently, a Federal District Court judge in White Plains ordered Peekskill to readmit Demi Harrison, 13, and her sister Sara, 10. The district had told them to leave by Nov. 2.

The sisters lived with their father in Peekskill until mid-October, when a dispute with the landlord forced them to move in with their mother in a motel in Mahopac, N.Y., 20 minutes away.

The Peekskill district said the girls were no longer the district's responsibility and told them to leave school by Nov. 2. Meantime, Mahopac schools said the girls were not their responsibility either because the motel was not considered a permanent residence.

Victims of a legal squeeze, the girls missed five school days until the court order allowed them back.

Educators and administrators here said the problems of the motel children are likely to worsen without permanent relief.

''If something's not done, I can foresee a higher dropout rate for these children,'' Mrs. Lee said.

Nonetheless, most principals and teachers hold out some hope.

''Some of these kids will make it in spite of the conditions they live in,'' said James B. Taylor, principal at Oakside. ''They'll take the experience and consciously or subconsciously say, 'I'm not going to let this happen to me when I'm an adult.' They'll be the survivors.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Qiana Wirag and her brother Lindsey (NYT/Suzanne DeChillo); Kashia Wilson with her brother Rudy and sister Tai (pg. B2) (NYT/Suzanne DeChillo)

**End of Document**



[***Each Room Is a Stage, Every Day Is a Show***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TTX-4BP0-TW8F-G047-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 2, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; TELEVISION

**Length:** 2107 words

**Byline:** By DAVE ITZKOFF

**Body**

THE chef at Benihana was struggling to entertain the customers around his table, but Tracy Morgan wouldn't surrender the spotlight. On a recent Thursday afternoon, Mr. Morgan, the comedian and ''30 Rock'' star, was putting on a show for the gathering crowd -- tourists, office workers, restaurant staff and a pair of NBC publicists sent to keep an eye on him -- his voice booming like thunder amid the clanging of knives and the sizzling of the grill.

Presiding over a dining room he visits two or three times a week, Mr. Morgan, 39, mocked the chef for his gold-capped tooth (''You from down South or something?'' he asked) and chided him for fumbling an egg (''You got girl problems?''); he wished happy birthday to a woman at an adjacent table and updated the staff on his exploits (''Still makin' them babies''); he accused King Kong of racism (''All these black women in the jungle, and he went all that way for one white woman?''), then began to tell a story about his family before crooning a verse of Prince's ''When Doves Cry'' into a reporter's tape recorder.

When they see Mr. Morgan in the flesh, the stunned onlookers who shout ''Yo, Tracy!'' and slap him high-fives expect him to play the buffoon. And no one relishes that role more than Mr. Morgan himself, who has embraced the part on ''30 Rock'' and in public appearances both paid and unpaid.

''I don't have to wait until I'm in some comedy club, onstage with a stool and a water and a mic,'' he explained. ''I'm funny everywhere.''

It's impossible to say for certain if Mr. Morgan's perpetual clowning is an act or his authentic self. But he says, in moments of calm, that his nonstop absurdity is not just a means of achieving attention and fame; it is a mechanism that saved him from a life that should never have led him here and helps him cope with tragedies past and present.

If he couldn't joke around, Mr. Morgan said, ''I'd be dead; my heart would be broken and I would die.'' He's not joking when he says this.

On ''30 Rock,'' Mr. Morgan plays Tracy Jordan, the pampered, impulsive star of a fictitious comedy show. The character is usually depicted as a blissful idiot who uses made-up words like ''fixulate'' and believes that Wikipedia pages can be edited with a screwdriver. Yet the character also adds a dimension of racial comedy to the show, where the joke is often on his Caucasian colleagues: in a recent episode, it was Jordan who had to explain to Jack Donaghy (the pompous executive played by Alec Baldwin) that there is no such minority group as ''blackmericans.''

''There are some people who the audience is just happy to see them, and you can't buy that, and you can't force it,'' said Tina Fey, the creator and star of ''30 Rock,'' who first worked with Mr. Morgan on ''Saturday Night Live'' in the late 1990s. ''He's like a raw piece of wood -- there are scratchy parts, and there are splinters coming off it, but you're seeing its natural beauty.''

Mr. Morgan was even less refined, with a protruding belly and unkempt hair, when he got his first national exposure in the early 1990s on stand-up shows like ''Def Comedy Jam.'' In truculent, profanity-laden routines, he joked to mostly minority audiences about underclass life (''I got five kids -- I claim three for income tax purposes''), and impersonated black and Latin characters from his neighborhood.

Unlike other black comedians who emerged in this era, Mr. Morgan did not try to transcend racial caricatures in his material. But he could hardly be accused of perpetuating stereotypes, either, because he knew firsthand the disadvantaged world he was sending up.

He was the second of five children, raised in housing projects in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, and the High Bridge section of the Bronx. His older brother, Jimmy Morgan Jr., was born with cerebral palsy; his father, Jimmy Morgan Sr., was a Vietnam veteran who developed a drug habit, abandoned the family and died of AIDS in 1987.

In his early 20s, Mr. Morgan's prospects seemed barely brighter: he was married with three sons and living on welfare. But his fondness for making fun of friends and customers at fried-chicken stands got him invited to perform stand-up comedy for local DJs, eventually leading him to the Uptown Comedy Club in Harlem.

In workshops there, Mr. Morgan learned to spin his real-life frustrations into stand-up routines. Among the characters he developed was an obnoxious boy named Biscuit who, Mr. Morgan said, ''was just me as a child, with a chip on my shoulder, because my dad wasn't around.''

''People laughed at him,'' he added, ''but that was me, just putting that angry little boy to bed.''

He quickly graduated from stand-up to a supporting role on Martin Lawrence's sitcom ''Martin,'' playing an upbeat schemer named Hustle Man. And in 1996, he joined the cast of ''Saturday Night Live.''

In seven seasons of ''SNL,'' Mr. Morgan was a formidable supporting player, known for his portrayals of Star Jones, the former co-host of ''The View,'' and an animal enthusiast named Brian Fellow, another in a line of loveable morons. But he resented the absence of minority players on the program and the grim depictions of ghetto life presented in its sketches.

''The perception that our community is 'Oz,' that it's 'The Wire,' that's not how it always is in the 'hood,'' he said. ''There's little girls jumping double-dutch, there's little boys playing skelly, opening up the Johnny pump. There's beauty there.''

Lorne Michaels, the executive producer of ''SNL,'' said that Mr. Morgan's early struggles to break in at the show were not unusual for a new performer but may have been exacerbated by issues of race.

''He had one foot in hip-hop culture and one in 'SNL' culture, and I think he successfully bridged it,'' Mr. Michaels said in a phone interview. ''But I think he did it at great personal expense.'' Having played so many loose-cannon characters on the show, Mr. Morgan may have felt he had to exhibit that same recklessness off-camera, too. ''He had developed a reputation,'' Mr. Michaels said, ''and he spent an enormous amount of time living up to it.''

In particular, the show's environment of all-night writing sessions, after-parties and after-after-parties provided Mr. Morgan with round-the-clock opportunities to consume alcohol. Today, he regards that era as the onset of a drinking problem whose severity he has only recently come to comprehend. As a comedian, he said, ''You can do one of two things: You can be the artist that paints the picture, or you can be in the picture. Once you're in the picture, it's not funny.''

In 2003, Mr. Morgan received his own NBC comedy, ''The Tracy Morgan Show,'' on which Mr. Michaels served as an executive producer. Uprooting his family to Los Angeles put a huge strain on Mr. Morgan, and the show, a conventional ***working-class*** family sitcom, was canceled after four months. His drinking worsened, and he was banned from numerous West Hollywood nightclubs. ''You put Biggie Smalls on, and my shirt is coming off,'' he said.

Two years later, when Ms. Fey and Mr. Michaels were developing ''30 Rock,'' they were undeterred from casting Mr. Morgan in a leading role, believing that he could play a perfect foil to both Mr. Baldwin and Ms. Fey, who plays the harried television producer Liz Lemon.

On ''30 Rock,'' Mr. Morgan can be a mouthpiece for outrageous -- and potentially offensive -- jokes with racial overtones. His character has tried to star in a Thomas Jefferson biopic (after concluding he was descended from Jefferson and Sally Hemings); fled a powerful cabal called the Black Crusaders (a group he believes includes Bill Cosby, Colin Powell and Gordon from ''Sesame Street''); and attempted to take up dog fighting to enhance his bad-boy image.

Mr. Morgan said he saw no deeper agenda at work in these story lines. ''The more politically incorrect the comedy is,'' he said, ''the funnier it's going to be.''

But for the producers of ''30 Rock,'' Mr. Morgan is often an arrow aimed at obsolete but enduring attitudes about race, a compass who points, in particular, at the white characters' superficial understanding of the subject. Robert Carlock, an executive producer on the show, cited an episode in which Ms. Fey's character mistakenly concludes, ''out of really misguided liberal fears and guilt,'' that Mr. Morgan's character cannot read; he lets her believe this as long as it gets him out of work. ''It just feeds into her well-meaning but self-congratulatory liberalism,'' Mr. Carlock said, ''to totally take advantage of her.''

The danger of portraying a clueless character so convincingly is when audiences can't distinguish between the actor and the role. Jimmy Kimmel, the talk-show host and a longtime friend of Mr. Morgan's, said he came upon an Internet video that purported to show Mr. Morgan giving a television interview while he was drunk.

''I watched it,'' Mr. Kimmel said, ''and knew immediately that he wasn't drunk. He's just playing his character, and the local host didn't know him well enough, just didn't understand what was going on.''

Mr. Morgan's drinking problem surely contributed to this perception. After a drunk-driving arrest in 2005 and another in 2006, he was fitted with an ankle bracelet in May 2007 that monitored the alcohol level in his blood; that September he was ordered to wear it for an additional 80 days after yet another drinking infraction.

By then, his ''30 Rock'' co-stars were concerned for his safety, and Mr. Baldwin warned Mr. Morgan that he was putting his career and his life at risk. ''Alec was the only one that really called me, asked me am I all right?'' Mr. Morgan recalled. ''And then he said, 'Don't blow it, son.' ''

Mr. Baldwin, who has seen his brother Daniel struggle with substance abuse, said his intervention was motivated by a deep affection and admiration for Mr. Morgan.

''Performers who are alcoholic and drug-addicted tend to fall into two classes,'' Mr. Baldwin said in a telephone interview. ''Those who are alcoholic and drug-addicted because they really don't have very much talent, and those who are alcoholic and drug-addicted because they have enormous amounts of talent.''

Mr. Baldwin added: ''I'm someone who can deliver a line that is funny, that is written by someone else. Tracy is someone who can just stand there and open his mouth, and he is funny.''

Mr. Morgan says he has been sober for almost a year. But he did not escape unscathed: in January, his wife, Sabina, filed for divorce. ''She said, 'I want off this roller coaster,' '' Mr. Morgan said. ''Because I was acting really unstable. But I'm an artist, and most artists have a vice.''

Last year, Mr. Morgan found that his diabetes, which was first diagnosed about a dozen years ago but which he never took seriously, had worsened. After developing a 104-degree fever on a ''30 Rock'' shoot, he spent a month shuttling between the set and the hospital. Now he checks his blood sugar regularly and injects himself with insulin before meals.

Needless to say, there will be an episode of ''30 Rock'' this season in which Tracy Jordan also learns he is at risk of developing diabetes; it is a satire -- with Mr. Morgan's blessing -- of the perception that blacks are less trustful of doctors than whites. ''There seems to be this possible cultural lapse,'' Ms. Fey said, ''that when the doctor tells you, 'You have diabetes,' you actually have diabetes. You can't eat peanut M&Ms.''

A week away from his 40th birthday, Mr. Morgan says he is a changed man. He is close with his three sons, all college age (or ''making-baby age,'' as he prefers to describe them), and has a girlfriend.

Mr. Morgan's friends say they hope he has reformed, yet that hope is tempered by the knowledge that his lapses are what made him the comedian he is. ''Richard Pryor grew up in a whorehouse,'' said the playwright and filmmaker David E. Talbert, who directed Mr. Morgan in the comedy movie ''First Sunday.'' ''No one would want anyone to grow up there. But would you substitute that to miss out on all the comedy we got from Richard Pryor?''

Mr. Morgan said he knows where a life of misbehavior, pursued in the service of making others laugh, is going to get him. ''You get somebody to crack a smile, that's a beautiful thing,'' he said. ''So I think all comedians are earning their wings into heaven. We're all going to heaven, but everybody's not going to get their wings. Some people are just going to be regular angels. Doing cleanup, janitor work.''

''In heaven,'' he said proudly, ''I'm going to sit on the couch with Oprah.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Tracy Morgan of ''30 Rock'' got his first national exposure in the early 1990s. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY CENICOLA) (pg.AR1)

Top, Tracy Morgan in the pilot episode of ''30 Rock''

above, with Alec Baldwin in a scene from a later episode

below, with Jimmy Fallon in a sketch from a 2002 episode of ''Saturday Night Live.'' (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC LIEBOWITZ

VIRGINIA SHERWOOD

NORMAN NG/NBC UNIVERSAL PHOTO BANK) (pg.AR12)

**Load-Date:** November 2, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Coastal Builders Are Finding Eager Buyers for Their Fortified Houses***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K7M-FGN0-TW8F-G1Y1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section C; Column 2; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1; Let a Hurricane Huff and Puff

**Length:** 1539 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH B. TREASTER

**Body**

On the Gulf Coast of Texas, Jim Hayes is building houses on concrete stilts that he says will shrug off winds of more than 130 miles an hour and will easily survive the worst hurricane flooding. Near Orlando, Fla., modest but striking cottages are being built with safe rooms and ballistic nylon storm shutters. In the Florida Panhandle, Jason Comer is putting up a village of gleaming white mansions with eight-inch concrete walls and heavy, ridged concrete roofs.

After two years of horrendous hurricanes, with more catastrophic weather expected, a few dozen developers and contractors along the Southern coasts, from Texas to the Carolinas, have begun to produce a new generation of houses designed to withstand just about anything that nature can throw at them.

''We're building tanks,'' Mr. Comer said of his upscale development in the Florida Panhandle.

Until now, few buyers have been interested in superstrong houses. Those houses have usually cost far more and often looked more like ugly ducklings than cozy havens. Nor did officials along the Southern coasts generally require builders to fortify their construction. Florida began toughening building codes after the devastation of Hurricane Andrew in 1992, but it has been the exception. Until recently, building requirements were minimal in Mississippi and Louisiana.

But many of the new homes are proving more appealing. Demand has jumped sharply, and insurance companies are even offering policies at a discount in coastal areas where they are otherwise cutting back on coverage.

''People have seen what has happened in Florida, Louisiana and Mississippi and they know that what has happened can happen again,'' said Gopal Ahluwalia, the vice president for research for the National Association of Home Builders.

The new homes are several notches stronger than even the toughest building codes require. And many are being offered at surprisingly low prices. While the villas going up in the Florida Panhandle are selling for up to $5 million, Kristin Beall is offering her three-bedroom, 1,300-square-foot homes near Orlando for as little as $200,000. In Texas, Mr. Hayes is selling some of his stilt houses for $199,000, but his tiny studio model goes for as little as $99,000. He plans to build 140 of those houses and is clearing ground for 300 more equally strong houses that will start at $300,000.

Sales have been brisk. Even without advertising, Ms. Beall is selling her houses faster than she can build them. Nearly 100 customers have signed up for her first 59 houses, she said. Mr. Hayes sold his first 14 houses in a month and has stopped taking orders while he gears up production.

Insurance companies love the new houses. They are offering discounts of as much as 25 percent on premiums at the same time that they are sharply increasing prices for other homes.

''These homes are very attractive to insurers,'' said Robert P. Hartwig, the chief economist for the Insurance Information Institute, a trade group in New York. Entire communities built to higher standards are even more appealing. ''One of the biggest causes of damage is flying debris,'' Mr. Hartwig said. ''When an entire community is built to much higher standards, there is far less debris.''

Chuck Vance, a program manager at the Institute for Business and Home Safety in Tampa, said most of the reinforced houses were going up in Florida. They are also being built in Texas, the Carolinas and several other states.

Mr. Vance's organization, financed by the insurance industry, advocates stronger building codes and certifies homes as fortified -- or built stronger than standard building codes. The institute would like to see stronger houses everywhere in the country. But so far, the greatest demand is in hurricane country.

In focus groups conducted in Florida this year by a company promoting the use of stronger construction materials, potential home buyers ranked safety and durability much higher on their wish list than traditional dream features like granite countertops and cherry wood cabinets.

''They want durable roofs, storm shutters that are easy to put up and screened pool enclosures that can withstand high winds,'' said Ralph V. Roberts, a senior vice president of Worthington Industries in Columbus, Ohio, which sells steel bars and frames that can replace wooden materials in houses.

Pictures of the wreckage in the town of Punta Gorda, on the gulf coast of Florida, came to symbolize the devastating consequences of Hurricane Charley in 2004. Since then, contractors for miles around say, home buyers have been clamoring for reinforcing features.

Russell Garrod, an independent home builder in Punta Gorda and a former president of the local two-county building association, said about half of the nine houses he was building this year would have fortifying upgrades. On one $700,000 home, he said, he is putting in laminated high-impact windows and a heavily anchored sheet metal roof rather than one with shingles. He is also installing a solid concrete storm room.

The extras, he said, will run about $35,000. Mr. Garrod said he also routinely advised putting in more concrete and steel reinforcing bars at a cost of about $300. These are inexpensive steps, he said, that can make a big difference in how well a home holds together in a storm.

Mr. Garrod is building a solid concrete home for his family on elevated land at the water's edge in Punta Gorda. He expects it to be able to handle winds of 200 miles an hour. ''I always tell my customers, 'Here's what I would do for my personal house,' '' he said. ''You can spend a few bucks and I can upgrade, pour a little more concrete, add a little more steel, and you get a stronger house.''

Stronger houses, he said, are going to have higher resale value. ''When people drive by after a storm and don't see anything wrong with it,'' he said, ''I think that's a selling point.''

Ms. Beall, a third-generation home builder, worked with her mother to design her new line of houses. They adapted some of the gabled features of the Craftsman-style houses that were created in California in the early 1900's. The idea, she said, was to provide safe, attractive houses for ***working-class*** families.

''We wanted the design to be architecturally pleasing,'' she said. ''Not look like a fort, but be able to stand up to the weather.''

In Ms. Beall's houses, the walk-in closet doubles as an interior storm shelter. Its walls and ceiling are solid concrete laced with steel rods. The shutters, made of ballistic nylon, offer the same protection as steel shutters or laminated high-impact windows, but cost much less. They are also lightweight and easy to take down and store. Outside, there is space for a power generator, for when the electricity is out. Built-in wiring connects the generator to two power outlets in the storm room and four in the adjacent master bedroom.

Seventy miles southeast of Houston, Mr. Hayes starts building his houses by drilling 10-foot shafts and filling them with concrete and reinforcing rods. Then he extends the 14-by-14-inch concrete columns 20 feet in the air and stabilizes them with a steel-reinforced foundation.

The main living areas consist of rectangular boxes of superstrong laminated wood and interlocking plank floors. Mr. Hayes sets the boxes down about a foot on the concrete pilings and bolts them in place. In a practice that has become standard in South Florida, the roofs and walls are secured with metal straps.

''We're using basic materials,'' Mr. Hayes said. ''But we're doing things in such a manner -- the thickness, the heaviness, the frequency ofthe nailing, the blocking of 2 by 4's -- that it adds an additional rigidity.''

The ridged roofs of Mr. Comer's houses in the Florida Panhandle near Panama City tell the story of his building philosophy. They start with a base of three-quarter-inch plywood nailed to frames strapped to the walls. Then comes a thin sheet of rubberized, waterproof material. Next comes a coating of adhesive foam. Inch-thick concrete tiles are pressed into the adhesive, then screwed into the plywood. The tiles are then covered with a slurry of concrete that fills in all the joints and cracks. Finally, the roof, with foreshortened eaves, gets four coats of waterproof paint to further smooth and seal the surface.

''There's no opportunity for wind to get under the tiles,'' Mr. Comer said.

For many people, the new houses provide a sense of security that no longer feels like a luxury. Melody Dimick and her husband, Barry, bought a perfectly nice retirement home three years ago when they moved to central Florida from Plattsburgh, N.Y. But after taking cover in their closet during Hurricane Charley and being brushed by two more of the four hurricanes that hit the state in 2004, they decided they needed a sturdier house.

''I just felt nervous,'' Ms. Dimick said. ''I sat here watching these huge windows I have in my house thinking, 'Oh, my God, I want smaller windows and I want them covered. I want a house that's prepared for the next time.' ''

The Dimicks have started talking to Ms. Beall about buying one of her houses. And, Ms. Dimick said, they are pretty close to making a decision.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Kristin Beall, a third-generation home builder, is offering fortified three-bedroom, 1,300-square-foot homes near Orlando, Fla., for as little as $200,000. There is ample space and built-in wiring for a power generator. (Photo by Homes by Her)(pg. C4)Chart/Diagram: ''Building Homes to Withstand Storms''A few dozen developers along the southern coasts have begun to build houses intended to survive hurricanes. After two years of destructive storms, demand for the houses is strong. Here is how one developer on the Texas coast is building fortified houses for as little as $99,000.IN FLORIDA, ANOTHER TACKWalls made of concrete blocks, reinforced with extra concrete and steel bars.Concrete roofs. Heavier and more solid, they are much less prone to wind damage.Building a community of superstrong houses helps reduce flying debris and the damage the debris causes.HOUSE FRAMEEvery piece of the wood frame is secured using metal straps. The entire structure is bolted to the columns below.WINDOWS AND SHUTTERSWooden shutters provide a first line of defense. Impact resistant laminated windows, much stronger than regular windows, provide further protection against windblown debris.ABOVE GROUND COLUMNSReinforced concrete columns, each more than a foot square, lift the house 26 feet above sea level. The mezzanine will sit at 18 feet above sea level, high enough to escape storm flooding.GRADE BEAMReinforced concrete beams, 2 feet thick, and a 4-inch concrete slab link the underground support columns and distribute the weight of the house equally.ROOFSecured to the house frame with metal straps. For extra strength each shingle is attached using six long nails.UNDERGROUND SUPPORT COLUMNSSteel-reinforced concrete support columns,18 inches in diameter, are built 10 feet into the ground.(Graham Roberts/The New York Times

photographs by Kurt Lischka/Moon Creek Studios)(Sources by Crown Team Texas, Alys Beach)(pg. C1)

**Load-Date:** June 22, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Rah-Rah Market Claims a Neighborhood***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DHF-6JP0-TW8F-G2S8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 10, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 14LI; Column 2; Long Island Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1604 words

**Byline:** By SELIM ALGAR

**Dateline:** BRIDGEHAMPTON

**Body**

A ***WORKING-CLASS*** black neighborhood is something of an anomaly in the Hamptons, so tourists expecting uninterrupted affluence rubberneck at the clothes lines and small homes in the general vicinity of the Bridgehampton railroad station. The neighborhood, first settled by black farmworkers, landscapers and service workers a century ago, is a short walk from the trendy shops along Main Street, but the socioeconomic distance is vast.

The paradox has not escaped the notice of the voracious East End real estate corps. As buildable South Fork land becomes increasingly scarce, agents and contractors have trained their sights on a neighborhood that to them represents millions of dollars in untapped revenue. And while longtime residents of the neighborhood say they have grown accustomed to the solicitations to sell and move elsewhere over the years, many say the entreaties have become increasingly aggressive and effective.

Black families have been vanishing from streets like the Bridgehampton-Sag Harbor Turnpike, Narrow Lane, Huntington Crossway and Sawasett Avenue in Bridgehampton for decades. But in the past few years, entire blocks once exclusively inhabited by African-Americans of modest means have given way to upscale homes and subdivisions where everyone is white.

''The area is gentrifying at a very rapid rate,'' said Rob Camerino, president of Hampton Country Realty in Bridgehampton. ''I would say it's inevitable that it's going to look very different in a few years. This is becoming a year-round community and demand, especially in the lower end of the market, is very high.''

Gentrification issues dominate conversation among the neighborhood's black residents when they turn out for athletic events at the tiny, mostly-minority Bridgehampton High School or services at the First Baptist Church, a black congregation whose members said it had roughly three times as many active members 15 years ago.

Older residents said the drop in church attendance is an accurate indicator of the community's overall decrease. They estimated that the hamlet's black population was more than 1,000 15 years ago and barely 300 today. There is a creeping sense among the holdouts, said John Wyche, a lifelong Bridgehampton resident, that the old community is ebbing irreversibly toward extinction. ''You have to wonder if any of us will be left,'' he said. ''It seems like we're disappearing.''

Blacks first settled the neighborhood during the early 20th century to work the farms that once dominated the area's economy. As agriculture's role receded, they fanned out into other, mostly low-income professions. While their economic situation remained static or worsened, the Hamptons exploded around them into a pricey resort destination.

''The cost of living is becoming too much for a lot of people and leaving the area becomes their only option,'' Mr. Wyche said.

No street exemplifies this exodus like Sunrise Avenue, a serene block off the Bridgehampton Turnpike that has undergone a striking makeover in only three years. In 2001, all of its 20 property owners were black. Today that number stands at three, and the modest homes that once dotted the stretch have been bought out, torn down and replaced by new versions put on the market for upward of $700,000. The original houses sold for $180,000 to $265,000, according to Southampton Town records.

For many of the sellers, the gentrification of the old neighborhood has been a boon. Several of those who sold jumped at the opportunity to move out of Bridgehampton and begin a new life. Damon Darden sold his property in 2000 for $260,000 and moved to Maryland to start fresh. He said by phone that the influx of cash gave him options that would not have been available to him without the sale. As for any misgivings about having joined the flight of blacks from Bridgehampton, Mr. Darden said that he was ''not the sentimental type.''

Carlyle Turner, a former Bridgehampton school board president, also opted to sell and leave his childhood home. ''It really wasn't a tough decision,'' he said from Virginia, where he now lives. ''Of course it's a little sad to leave your community and all the people there, but the cost of living was too much. I'm glad I was able to sell. It was an opportunity.''

For Bridgehampton's tiny public school, long a victim of white flight, the more recent black flight presents new problems.

With almost all the white parents sending their children to private schools, the district had long been overwhelmingly African-American. But recent demographic shifts have altered its makeup. The district was roughly 90 percent black only 10 years ago, according to the longtime district clerk Joyce Manigault. Today, only 55 percent of the 171 students are African-American.

''The Latino kids have kept our numbers up,'' Ms. Manigault said. ''If it wasn't for them, I'm not sure the school would survive. I can't see how it could.''

Some of the old residents of the neighborhood accuse East End real estate companies of offering lowball prices for land they know will bring big profits. Mr. Wyche said he was offended not only by the prices he was offered for his Sunrise Avenue property, but the manner in which the offers were conveyed.

''They offer you quick cash, cash in your pocket,'' he said. ''It's in a way that suggests you really need the money. They say you could hold out for more money but you wouldn't have the instant cash. That's insulting.''

Mr. Camerino, a 23-year veteran of the South Fork real estate trenches, said that unscrupulous solicitation is not uncommon on the East End. ''You have to understand, that happens at all levels, not just to poor people,'' he said. ''You are going to have people that operate like that in every business.''

Clyde Gambles has found himself mired in a legal battle to prevent the sale of his Sunrise Avenue home. Mr. Gambles originally agreed to sell his Sunrise Avenue property for $180,000 but has since balked after seeing what the new homes were being sold for. Mr. Gambles has also complained that the development company that pursued his property, HDE Properties, falsely represented itself. ''They told me they were just looking to buy this one house to sell to a low-income family,'' he said. ''They didn't tell me that they were actually buying up the whole block.''

HDE Properties is suing Mr. Gambles for breach of contract. The company's lawyer, John Bennett of Southampton, said Mr. Gambles was simply reneging on a signed contract. ''I really don't understand this,'' he said. ''He was represented by a lawyer at all times and agreed on a fair price.''

Mr. Bennett said he had no knowledge of the false representation charge but said that regardless, Mr. Gambles accepted the offered price. ''Let's assume that's true, and I don't know if it is, then how does that harm him?'' he said. ''He agreed to the price and now he doesn't want to got through with it.''

Meanwhile, the sell-off of the old neighborhood continues.

''This is a tough issue,'' said Dennis Suskind, a Southampton town councilman and Bridgehampton resident. ''Our area needs to maintain some cultural diversity. That community has a very long, rich history out here. To see them completely vanish would be a real loss.''

Newcomers to the neighborhood had mixed feelings about its transformation.

Robin Rice has lived in one of the new houses on Sunrise Avenue for a year. Her shingled home sits across from a markedly less attractive structure across the street. Moving onto a street in the midst of such change was a bit disconcerting, she said.

''Sure it was a little strange,'' she said. ''But you get used to it. It's a special block. You feel like you are starting something new, something different. It's already a little community.''

Ms. Rice said she saw nothing unseemly about the overhaul of the neighborhood. ''Those who wanted to sell did and those who didn't stayed,'' she said. ''It may be a bit strange for the people still here, but we are all pretty nice on this block. I don't think that's a problem.''

Clay Sheff spends weekends at his handsome Bridgehampton home only a few blocks from the Bridgehampton-Sag Harbor Turnpike. ''They've cleaned up a lot of the crime in the area in the past few years,'' he said. ''It's definitely changing. I feel like I got in at a good time.''

Mr. Sheff said his property value has increased threefold since he first bought it. As for gentrification, Mr. Sheff said he never felt that he was encroaching on another neighborhood. ''I'm pretty sure they were bought out for a fair price,'' he said. ''I would think they would be happy too. It seems like a good situation for everyone.''

But Bob Marshall, a former English professor at the University of Pittsburgh, said he was saddened by the flight of the black population around the corner from his home.

''We like living in a diverse community,'' he said. ''I don't think we want the area to become totally gentrified. It's good to have different cultures. But I think it's tough to make it in this area now for a lot of people.''

Summer tourists are greeted in Bridgehampton by a sign boasting of the local high school's string of state basketball championships. With several titles over the decades, the basketball team was a source of pride for the black community. But some alumni wonder if the sign is all that will be left of the once vibrant community one day.

Nick Thomas, 26, a standout on two of those state championship squads, considered his 6-year-old son's future. ''Honestly, I can't see him ever putting on a Bridgehampton Killer Bee jersey,'' he said. ''I really can't.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: OLD AND NEW -- Developers are tearing down houses in Bridgehampton's black community and putting up larger ones. (Photo by Doug Kuntz for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

Al Tuths waving to a resident of Sunrise Avenue in Bridgehampton's black community. Mr. Tuths has been trying to buy the resident's home. (Photo by Doug Kuntz for The New York Times)(pg. 7)

**Load-Date:** October 10, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Spain: A Land of Problems and Progress***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-N2F0-0017-50NN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 30, 1987, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section D; Page 8, Column 1; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1166 words

**Byline:** By PAUL DELANEY, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MADRID, Nov. 29

**Body**

Before last month's stock market plunge, Spain's economy was zipping along in Europe's fast lane.

It was deemed the best-performing market in the region, though it had been near the bottom in most categories. But it was, and still is, a vibrant, promising economy coming off a long, indulgent, expensive, protectionist binge under the 40-year dictatorship of Francisco Franco that guaranteed something for everybody.

The post-Franco hangover still hurts: The cure remains strong as the Socialist Government continues to take steps to modernize the economy that are crucial in preparing Spain for full status in the European Community in 1992. At that time the country's merchants and products will no longer enjoy protection and will be in direct competition with those of other Community members.

Despite the market woes, there is general agreement here that the future looks good. Dozens of interviews with officials, academics and people on the street show general optimism but with these provisos: if industry is modernized and streamlined, if productivity increases, if the quality of goods improves to compete with those of the rest of Europe and if the Government can guide the country through wrenching changes with little social and political damage.

A Decade of Catching Up

''We have an economy that has been catching up over the past decade, after democracy was restored -catching up with years lost while we concentrated on solving political rather than economic problems,'' said Guillermo de la Hesa, secretary of state for finance. ''And we're very pleased with the way things are going.''

He and others here are certain that leaders in Washington, Tokyo and Bonn will perform the necessary economic surgery to avert a worldwide recession in the wake of the stock market collapse.

''I'm sure they will act responsibly,'' said the tall, bearded Socialist.

Spain's statistics look impressive. The growth rate this year is about 4 percent, compared with 3.5 percent last year, and is forecast at 4 percent for 1988. The gross domestic product rose 3 percent last year from 1.5 percent in 1985. Production was up 3.5 percent in 1986 and is at 4.3 percent so far this year. Employment grew 2.4 percent last year after declining nine-tenths of 1 percent in 1985.

In addition, domestic demand is projected to grow by 6.5 percent in volume this year, compared with 6 percent last year, while gross capital formation is expected to rise 14 percent in volume and 9 percent more next year.

Stubborn Unemployment

On the other hand, there is a downside that takes on greater prominence in the wake of the stock market plunge. The unemployment rate, particularly among the young, who make up 40 percent of the population, is still more than 20 percent.

Inflation had been slowing - under 5 percent annually - until September showed a jump to nine-tenths of 1 percent, or an annual rate of nearly 11 percent. But the Government says its projection of 5 percent inflation for all of 1987 is still on target. And this year's trade deficit of $11.3 billion is twice as big as last year's.

In addition, wages in Spain are lower than the European Community average. The nation's economy depends heavily on tourism, which fuels a $25.5 billion budget surplus that would dwindle immediately, or perhaps disappear altogether, if the Government chose - or were forced - to wipe out the trade deficit and pay the state debt. Forecasters say the surplus will turn into a deficit next year.

Further, there are serious problems from the past binge that have been delayed or will be felt as Spain is fully integrated into the Community. The Franco legacy was a host of subsidies for outmoded plants and industries, such as steel, coal mining and shipbuilding, and a list of benefits for individuals that would make a Socialist proud if they were affordable.

Program of Restructuring

Getting rid of these costly subsidies comes under the heading of restructuring and reconversion.

The administration of Prime Minister Felipe Gonzalez is trying to do just that and has suffered politically as a result. For much of the first half of the year, there were almost daily demonstrations and strikes against austere economic policies that encourage the shrinking of some industries and general belt-tightening. The policies have been both applauded as necessary and effective and criticized as placing too much of a burden on the ***working class*** and being right-wing capitalist solutions, contrary to Mr. Gonzalez's Socialist principles and campaign promises.

Monica de Oriol E. Icaza, who teaches economics at Madrid's Complutense University, describes herself as an optimist, but she has some questions about the economy's performance.

''How one evaluates the changes depends on who's doing the statistics,'' she said. ''Officials say things are great, but people in the street say no. The boom just has not reached all the way down. The schools are not better, unemployment is still high and so is underemployment. The tax rate is still too low even though it was raised recently.''

A Union Leader Protests

Nicholas Redondo, secretary of the General Workers Union, recently broke with the Government over economic policies. The union, Spain's largest, is closely aligned to the Socialist Party, and he was once the leading candidate to head the party until he moved aside in favor of Mr. Gonzalez. He resigned his Socialist parliamentary seat last month rather than support the party's budget.

In an interview prior to his break and before the market collapse, Mr. Redondo said 1987 would likely be the last year of labor peace with the administration. In separate interviews, he and his counterpart, Marcelino Camacho, of the Communist-dominated Workers Commissions Union, along with other figures from the left, accused Mr. Gonzalez of handling problems too much like Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, dismantling the state-controlled economy too fast.

They also accused the Government of not keeping promises, such as those to produce more jobs. Administration officials agree that some promises have not been kept, but they assert that the policies have been correct and that problems could not have been solved any other way.

Creating Jobs Is Difficult

''It's true - we haven't done it the way we promised we would,'' commented the Labor and Social Security Minister, Manuel Chaves. ''And maybe we overpromised when we said we'd create 800,000 jobs. We misjudged the capacity of the economy to create jobs.

''It's quite possible we failed to take into realistic account the country's poor economic state at the time. We learned immediately that it was impossible to apply strict Socialist measures, carrying out radical policies the way Francois Mitterrand tried and failed as soon as he became Prime Minister of France.''

Mr. Chavez concluded, ''It may not be consistent with orthodox Socialism, but we are convinced if we hadn't done it the way we did, we wouldn't be able to meet our greater aim of Socialist solidarity.''

**Graphic**

Graph showing Spain's decrease in inflation and increase in Gross Domestic Product (NYT)

**End of Document**



[***A Hard-Working Island With a Leisure Class***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K6B-MV30-TW8F-G210-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 16, 2006 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 6; HAVENS Vinalhaven, Me.

**Length:** 1744 words

**Byline:** By SAM HOOPER SAMUELS

**Body**

IT takes a certain determination to visit the island of Vinalhaven, Me. Once you've made it to Rockland, halfway up the Maine coast along slow, winding Route 1, you're still a 75-minute ferry ride away. The ferry fits only 16 cars, and reservations are limited, so it's not unusual for motorists on a busy summer day to wait in line for two or even three of the six daily ferries to depart before securing a place on board.

Once you're on the island, though, you are immediately aware of its natural beauty. It's a place of rocky shorelines, dense forests of pine and spruce, swooping sea birds and quiet, secluded coves.

''I have found peace there that I don't seem to find in other places,'' said Norma Jean Kruger, a retired spinner and weaver from Windham, Me., who bought a house on the south part of the island two years ago.

Once a major source of granite, now a thriving lobstering community, Vinalhaven has been a retreat for summer people for about 120 years. Like most who own second homes on the island, Ms. Kruger vacationed on Vinalhaven for many years before buying. She would stay at the island's one motel or rent a cottage for weeks at a time. Slowly, inexorably, the place grew on her like mussels on a rock.

''When I found this house, I had the sense I belonged,'' Ms. Kruger said. ''I called my husband on the mainland and said, 'Can you get to the island?' The house was advertised for $229,000. I offered $229,500 and got it. It hadn't been on the market for two weeks.''

Ms. Kruger's modest two-bedroom is in the heart of the island's one village, within walking distance of the ferry, so she can leave her car on the mainland. She and her husband, John, often travel separately. While he attends a variety of Elderhostels, she repairs to what she calls ''my haven in Vinalhaven.''

At the opposite end of the island, and the opposite end of the housing spectrum, Wanatha Garner is applying the finishing touches to a new house she affectionately calls the Barn.

Indeed, Ms. Garner, an architect living in Brooklyn, originally intended it to be a working barn. She is clearing some 30 acres of forest to realize her lifelong dream of raising sheep and dairy cows. But the ocean views from this structure were too good to waste on livestock, and so it has been refitted for human habitation, complete with a soaring ceiling and a wraparound deck. (Ms. Garner wouldn't disclose the cost of the property or the house.)

The house, though, proudly retains its barnlike roots. The hayloft has been converted to a mezzanine with several rooms. The post-and-beam frame is exposed, showing off intricate lap joints and wooden pegs.

Ms. Garner too spent many summers on the island before getting her own place. She rented a house from a friend, and her children learned to swim in the quarries.

''Having three children of varying ages, Maine has been wonderful,'' Ms. Garner said (they range from an 11-year-old to a college senior). ''It was like summer camp, and I got to go along.''

The Scene

Vinalhaven is proud to be a ***working-class*** community first and a recreational retreat second. The town's 1,276 full-time residents include 279 lobstermen and stern men (the second person on a lobster boat) but only 18 waitresses, according to figures supplied by the town. Main Street has one motel, a grocery store, a video rental store, a few retail shops and four restaurants, two of which are open summers only. At the Surfside, a no-frills place with a fine view of the harbor, breakfast is in full swing by 5 a.m., and you can enjoy fish cakes, eggs and an earful about the latest lobster catch or the price of plywood. No credit cards accepted.

In short, Vinalhaven's scene is no scene. There is no movie theater on the island. No swimming pool. No golf course.

The pleasures of the island, though, are wholesome, plentiful and family-friendly. Parkland abounds, with miles of trails through forests and along the shore. Lane's Island, across a bridge from downtown, has a 40-acre preserve managed by the Nature Conservancy with tide pools, rocky and pebble beaches and granite bluffs. Several old granite quarries are now swimming holes (one quarry is decidedly clothing optional).

On summer weekends, cyclists swarm the island for a day on its winding, hilly roads, many of which are unpaved. Sailing enthusiasts use Vinalhaven as a base, while canoeists and sea kayakers explore its hidden inlets and coves.

Pros

Aside from scenic splendor, the island has a strong, tight-knit community feeling that is inclusive of summer people -- to a point. Year-round islanders draw a strong distinction between folks ''from here'' and ''from away,'' but it's by and large a friendly distinction, residents say.

''Of all coastal Maine, the relation between the year-round people and the summer people is the healthiest on Vinalhaven,'' said Wesley Reed, a real estate agent. ''You could ask any islander what they think of summer people, and they kind of scowl. But they all have summer people who come over for dinner.''

Cons

Nearly everything on the island arrives by ferry, which makes supplies sometimes short and prices usually high. There's only one gas pump on the island, and regular unleaded recently went for $3.41 a gallon. When that went dry, motorists had to wait a day for the next shipment. Until a new underwater cable was recently laid from the mainland, electricity used to be unreliable; now it's just expensive, about double the mainland price.

One hidden cost of owning a summer home is hiring a winter caretaker. The caretaker's job can be as simple as checking the place every few days, or as complicated as tending livestock and performing major repairs. The basic service typically runs $50 to $100 a month.

The Real Estate Market

Housing stock on Vinalhaven runs from a $100,000 cottage to multimillion-dollar properties with many bedrooms and significant acreage and hundreds of feet of shoreline. In a typical year, more than half the properties sold go to summer people, Mr. Reed said.

Not surprisingly, proximity to the sea commands the highest prices.

''The shoreline doubles or triples the value of a house,'' said Bob Watts, a caretaker who maintains properties for many summer homeowners. ''There's shoreline, deep-water shoreline, view of shoreline, glimpse of shoreline and away from shoreline.'' Deep-water, which allows the owner to moor a boat on the property, is the most desirable and costliest.

Prices have risen slowly but steadily in recent years. The market is so small, real estate professionals say they have difficulty identifying trends. One property may sell within weeks of being listed, while a similar one languishes on the market far longer.

''I had one property that sat on the market for four years, and then had multiple offers,'' Mr. Reed said. ''It had plenty of exposure. It was on a 15-acre lot with gorgeous distant views of the ocean, a 180-degree panorama of the bay and deeded access to a dock.''

The best bargain on the market today may be undeveloped land. Virginia and Richard Quick, a lawyer and a psychiatrist, both retired, from St. Louis, are part of a wave of summer people who've opted to build rather than buy a house.

''We found 21 acres, mostly wooded, with a little cove that's quite accessible,'' Ms. Quick said. This year, they're completing a four-bedroom cottage with a large, open living room, wide views of the ocean and an antique wood-burning cooking stove they brought over from Belgium. Now that they have retired, they hope to go from spending weeks at a time on the island to spending months there. These summer people have even come in the winter.

''We were here last March,'' Ms. Quick said. ''It was beautiful to watch the sunset casting pink fingers over the 12 inches of snow.''

LAY OF THE LAND

POPULATION -- 1,276 full-time residents. In summer, the population roughly triples.

SIZE -- The island is about six by nine miles, about 15,000 acres. Manhattan has about the same land mass but more than a thousand times the population of Vinalhaven.

WHO'S BUYING -- Families, retirees, painters seeking visual inspiration and well-heeled urbanites in search of an isolated retreat. Twenty years ago, most buyers came from Massachusetts. Now they come from farther afield, including New York, Washington, Georgia, Texas and the Midwest.

GETTING THERE -- Take Route 1, the coastal road of Maine, to Rockland. From there, the ferry leaves six times a day and takes 75 minutes (ferry information at 207-596-2202, www.state.me.us/mdot/opt/ferry/maine-ferry-service.php).

WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING -- The Tidewater Motel on Main Street is basic and comfortable (207-863-4618, www.foxislands.net/twmotel). The motel is built right over an old mill chase that once provided power to a gristmill, and it treats guests to the sight and sound of rushing water right below their balconies. Summer rates start at $120; off-season rates start at $72. In the heart of the town's residential area are a pair of bed-and-breakfasts, the Payne Homestead (207-863-9963, www.paynehomestead.com), and the Libby House (207-863-4696). Summer house rentals, from $850 to $3,500 a week, can be arranged through Vinalhaven Island Rentals (207-594-6321, www.vinalhavenislandrentals.com).

THREE FOR SALE

The Offshore Neighbors Have Big, Snapping Claws

Information on properties was supplied by the listing companies.

WHAT: 3-bedroom house

HOW MUCH: $215,000

This 1,000-square-foot house was built in 1916 and has cypress woodwork and floors. It has one bathroom. The property is less than a quarter-acre. Agent: George Harrison, Harrison Realty, 207-863-4987; www.midcoast.com/harrison.

WHAT: 2-bedroom house with guesthouse

HOW MUCH: $350,000

This Craftsman-style bungalow is on 1.2 wooded acres with views of a working lobster harbor. The main house is 1,400 square feet and has one and a half baths, a combined living room and study and a wood-burning stove. There are also a guest cottage and a workshop. Agent: Lorraine Walker, Vinalhaven Realty, 207-863-4474; www.vinalhavenrealty.com.

WHAT: 5-bedroom house

HOW MUCH: $995,000

This 3,500-square-foot house is on a small island connected to Vinalhaven by a bridge. The property is 0.42 acres, with 113 feet of waterfront, and is adjacent to 45 acres of conservation land. The house has a wraparound deck, cedar siding, two and a half bathrooms and ocean views. Agent: Wesley Reed, Jaret & Cohn Real Estate, 207-863-2554; www.jaretcohn.com.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: AT WORK -- A lobster boat loaded with traps heads into the harbor at Vinalhaven, Me., where lobstering is the main occupation. (Photo by Herb Swanson for The New York Times)Map of Maine highlighting Vinalhaven Island.

**Load-Date:** June 16, 2006

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[***UPSTATE: Yesterday's Retreats; Where Summer Just Isn't What It Used to Be***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46DC-G1N0-01CN-H42H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:**  By DAN BARRY

**Dateline:** GREENVILLE, N.Y., July 24

**Body**

People around here can recite the names as though they were family. There was the Dellwood, down in Roundtop. The Mohican House, over in Acra. The Pleasant View, not to be confused with the Pleasant Acres, and the Pine Crest, not to be confused with the Pine Springs. There was the Breezy Knoll and the Alberta Lodge and, of course, the Jolly House.

With brochures featuring swimming pools that looked larger than Lake George, these resorts lured the sweat-glistened of downstate to the cool mountains of Greene County: the less-familiar Catskills. While Jewish vacationers flocked to the borscht belt to the southwest, the Italians and Germans and Irish created their own enclaves here, where the staples were ziti and sauerbraten, not borscht. They offered cheap escape -- hayrides and boccie, shuffleboard and step dances -- and, as the people here say, they did some business in their day.

But dusk has fallen on their day. Now, a meandering drive through the Greene County hills in midsummer, once the height of the resort season, becomes a kind of archaeological expedition into the recreational habits of a distant civilization. In deserted, weed-strewn lots, rusted neon signs promise nightly entertainment, as wildflowers sprout from the cracks of bone-dry pools. Some resorts have been converted into cheap apartments; others have become retreat centers for religious organizations.

Then there are the ones that have simply vanished, leaving former guests to wonder whether the good times they remember were real or imagined.

Some family-run ethnic resorts continue to operate. German-Americans gather in Roundtop, Irish-Americans frequent East Durham, and here and there are resorts catering to Italian-Americans. The most successful have learned to provide nonstop activities to a generation of guests not content with a book, an Adirondack chair and the croaking lullaby of tree frogs.

But for every resort still ringing a dinner bell, there is a Pleasant Acres. In 1927, the Sausto family opened a modest boarding house in Leeds that by the early 1970's had become a 160-room resort, with a loyal clientele of ***working-class*** families from Long Island, New Jersey and the five boroughs. Many Italian-American families passed on the Pleasant Acres experience -- a week in July, two in August -- like some cherished heirloom.

Last summer, though, was the last for Pleasant Acres. Joseph Sausto, the founders' grandson, said that factors known in the resort industry as the three A's -- air-conditioning, airlines, and assimilation -- mortally wounded his business. Air-conditioners replicated the cool of the mountains, airline deregulation made trips to Disney World more affordable, and time blurred ethnic distinctions.

There is also the setting, he said. Greene County, two hours north of New York City (with no traffic), offers verdant mountains, bracing creeks and the Rip Van Winkle legend; the thunderclaps actually do sound like celestial bowling. But beyond the tired look of its villages, it has no ocean, no major tourist attraction -- other than a 69-year-old game farm -- and no viable plans for a casino. The Pataki administration and the State Legislature hopscotched the county last year when they announced plans for casinos in western New York and the Catskill counties of Sullivan and Ulster.

So, Mr. Sausto said, he sold the 90-acre property -- everything from its Boccie Tavern to the map of Italy hanging on its main building's wall -- to the operator of a Jewish boys' camp. And for the first time in his 41 years, his summer nights do not ring with the sounds of others on vacation.

"We talk about it all the time," he said. "But tastes change."

The stories behind many of Greene County's blue-collar resorts follow the Sausto paradigm: immigrant grandparents moved to the country, built a cabin or two, invited acquaintances to escape the sweltering city -- and a family business was born. The Italians gravitated toward Cairo, the Scandinavians gathered in Greenville and the Jews who didn't go to the borscht belt headed to Tannersville.

The resorts advertised in the ethnic newspapers of New York City and churned out postcards by the thousands. Raymond Beecher, the 86-year-old county historian, flipped through old postcards kept in the county archives the other day, pausing occasionally to ponder some long-gone resort's attempt at distinction. The Mountain Spring Farm boasted that it was "The nearest thing to Ireland," while Mannell Acres bragged that "Our German-American table is well supplied."

Although there were certain constants, like swimming pools, the resorts had distinct personalities. The Pine Springs in Freehold had a kind of finger-snapping swagger, with nightclub acts and house bands. The Shepard Farm in Greenville, though, frowned on alcohol consumption. ("Those depending on stimulants for their fun should select a hotel where beer and liquors are sold," advised one of its brochures. "We do not have a bar and cater only to guests who do not require it.")

These personalities were not always pleasant. Up until the 1930's, a few resorts circulated brochures expressing a preference for gentiles.

Who knows when the decline began? Maybe it was when the Rose Haven in Acra burned down three decades ago, never to be rebuilt; all that remains is a weed-tangled sign, "Orchestra -- Cocktail Lounge," and the ghost of a pool. Or maybe it was when the Sugar Maples in Maplecrest closed its doors, leaving a complex of shuttered buildings that still dominates the hamlet. The expectations of customers changed. ("They wanted drastic things," said Donald Teator, the Greenville historian and a former resort bartender. "Like their own showers.") Longtime customers began coming for just the weekend, and then not at all. The magic evaporated somehow from the come-hither neon signs along Routes 23 and 32.

"Greene County sort of slipped back," said Gunther C. Ohm, a county legislator. "It is what it is. You see the people passing through, slipping up toward Saratoga or Lake George."

Nonprofit religious organizations from New York City and New Jersey have bought a few resorts, stirring some local resentment, because a few places seem to continue to operate as resorts even after they are bought by tax-exempt groups. "That's a problem," acknowledged Peter Markou, the county's director of economic development. "But if somebody's not making it, they have every right to sell."

The trend is jarring for those with long memories. The finger-snapping place called Pine Springs is now the Miracle Mountain Christian Resort, owned by the Salvation and Deliverance Church of Harlem. Its brochure says that the resort is open to Christians of all denominations and offers the standard getaway accommodations -- from a fitness center to V.I.P. suites with Jacuzzis.

But focusing on a niche market does not guarantee success, said Cam Mills, the on-site manager. "Nobody does mom-and-pop stuff anymore," he said, standing at the edge of the quiet, deserted resort. "No one does picnics anymore. We've got a pool, but Disney has a pool."

There are still resorts that are generations old sprinkled throughout the mountains, including here in Greenville. The Sunny Hill resort has a golf course now, and arranges trips to tourist attractions well outside Greene County. Baumann's Brookside offers Sunday morning table tennis, Wednesday evening marshmallow roasts and Friday night costume parties.

And the Balsam Shade is in mid-blur of yet another summer. There, in a sun room, Jyl and Len DeGiovine paused to consider the odd nature of their business, which is to create excitement daily in a slumbering Catskills county.

"I'll run the climbing wall for the guests, and she'll run the boccie tournament," said Mr. DeGiovine. "I'll take them white-water rafting, and she'll take them to Saratoga."

This is the life that Mrs. DeGiovine, 48, has always known; her grandfather, Burdette Griffin, opened the Balsam Shade in 1935. But maintaining the business has become harder in recent years. She and her husband have expanded their season to nearly six months from four, she said, and are always hunting for new ideas. A few years ago, for example, they started an August balloon festival.

"We're making it," she said. "But we worry."

Outside, thunder rolled through the foothills and rain slashed against the windows. Inside, children dashed about the lobby, waitresses set out silverware for a spaghetti dinner, and the DeGiovines reminisced about how the nightclub at Pine Springs used to rock. How the guests at the Shepard used to hide their beer in the toilet tanks. How the Colonial Manor became The Love of Jesus Family Center. How one very popular resort never recovered from a fire.

"That poor place," Mrs. DeGiovine said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: They were cool refuges from the sweltering city: the Grand View, the Mohican House, Rose Haven, and, above, Sugar Maples. But with air-conditioning and cheap flights to Florida, who needs a lawn chair in the Catskills now? (Photographs by Chris Ramirez for The New York Times)(pg. A1); When the Sugar Maples closed its doors, it left a complex of shuttered buildings in Maplecrest, N.Y. In Greenville, weeds sprout in the pool of the old Beverly House. Some resorts have been converted to camps. (Chris Ramirez for The New York Times)(pg. B7)

**Load-Date:** July 31, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Critic's Notebook;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PWT0-0017-54VC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***How Good Is Jackson's 'Bad'?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PWT0-0017-54VC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JON PARELES

**Body**

COMMERCIALLY, it's so far, so good for ''Bad,'' Michael Jackson's sequel to ''Thriller.'' Radio stations are reporting a surge of requests, particularly for the title song. ''It's a heavy-reaction record,'' said Andy Dean, music director of WPLJ-FM in New York City. ''It's living up to the hype, and it looks like a No. 1 record to me.'' The CBS television special on Monday, ''Michael Jackson - The Magic Returns,'' dominated the ratings for its half-hour time slot.

At record stores, a huge first-day demand for the record has dropped to steady sales. Vinnie Cavazos, a clerk at Tower Records, said that while the initial frenzy over ''Bad'' didn't last as long as the demand for Bruce Springsteen's live album or the Beatles' ''Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band'' compact disk, the album continues to sell well. MTV is already getting requests for a video clip it hasn't played yet, the ''Bad'' video directed by Martin Scorsese.

Right now, however, it seems that Jackson fans are responding primarily to a promotional blitz, with the catchy, danceable music of ''Bad'' running a distant second. The inevitable question - will ''Bad'' outsell ''Thriller,'' the best-selling album to date? - isn't likely to be answered before 1989. ''Thriller,'' released in December 1982, sold huge quantities for more than a year. ''Bad'' has a handful of potential hit singles, and Mr. Jackson's first tour on his own, which begins next week in Tokyo, should extend its shelf life for quite some time.

But will it make it to that rarefied, tens-of-millions-selling level? I have some doubts. Those doubts revolve around an aspect of the album that barely interests radio stations or imagemongers: the lyrics.

The albums that ''Thriller'' displaced as the world's best-sellers -Carole King's ''Tapestry,'' Fleetwood Mac's ''Rumours,'' even the soundtrack to ''Saturday Night Fever'' -all offered something more than listenable or danceable hit singles, although they were well-stocked with those. Ditto for albums in the next-lower rung of sales, such as Bruce Springsteen's ''Born in the U.S.A.,'' Prince's ''Purple Rain'' and Pink Floyd's ''Dark Side of the Moon.''

They're all well-produced, rich-sounding collections of songs that stick in the ear. But they also have lyrics that try to go beyond typical pop sentiments, and those lyrics found a response outside the usual pop audience. At least glancingly, lyrics on those albums address daily life (Mr. Springsteen's ***working-class*** tragedies and the Bee Gees' ''Stayin' Alive''), mystical aspirations (''Purple Rain'') and, especially, shared fears (Pink Floyd on lunacy, Ms. King on loneliness, Fleetwood Mac on escalating lovers' quarrels).

The best songs on ''Thriller'' were magnificent paradoxes. They proclaimed Mr. Jackson's pinpoint control of his music, as their video clips proved he could defy gravity with his dancing. At the same time, their lyrics expressed open terror of just about everything, from the one-time dance partner pressing a paternity suit in ''Billie Jean'' to the evil-minded gossips in ''Wanna Be Startin' Somethin,' '' from the movie in the song ''Thriller'' (written by Rod Temperton, not Mr. Jackson) to the entire outside world in ''Beat It.'' Those songs, not fluff like ''P.Y.T. (Pretty Young Thing)'' were the hits that made ''Thriller'' a world-beater; along with Mr. Jackson's stage and video presence, listeners must have identified with his willingness to admit terror.

''Bad'' is much more guarded, its lyrics retreating behind pop and rock convention. ''Speed Demon'' is about driving too fast; ''Bad'' seems to be dedicated to the proposition that ''bad'' means good if it's repeated often enough. ''Liberian Girl,'' with its half-hearted exoticism, could be a Lionel Ritchie love song. ''The Way You Make Me Feel'' and ''I Just Can't Stop Loving You'' say nothing more personalized than their titles, except for a peculiar disclaimer in the spoken introduction to the latter song: ''A lot of people misunderstand me/That's because they don't know me at all.''

There are a few songs that get marginally stranger. In ''Dirty Diana,'' a groupie grabs a pop star as he protests, ''You'll never make me stay/So take your weight off me''; in the last verse, as he calls home, Diana grabs the phone and proclaims, ''He's not coming back/Because he's sleeping with me.'' The music reprises the rock of ''Beat It''; the lyrics change a generalized paranoia to a star's fear of temptation. ''Smooth Criminal,'' which will be the next video clip, has the singer finding a murder scene and babbling, ''Annie are you O.K.?'' It, too, reduces the overall terror of ''Thriller'' to a single incident.

And then there's a truly odd song, ''Another Part of Me,'' which brings garbled messianic tidings:

We're takin' over We have the truth This is the mission To see it through The album's other message song, ''Man in the Mirror'' (not by Mr. Jackson) is pure pabulum, suggesting that the way to make a better world is to change oneself.

But except for ''Another Part of Me,'' the lyrics on ''Bad'' don't approach what would seem to be going on in Mr. Jackson's head. While the album was repeatedly postponed, the hints that emerged from Mr. Jackson's bunker grew increasingly strange: the plastic surgery that has lent him a cleft chin and exaggerated cheekbones, the offer to buy the Elephant Man's remains, unconfirmed (but widely reported) rumors that he was hoping to tour behind a Plexiglas shield to repel the germs of the crowds. As a public figure, Mr. Jackson is downright disturbing, as fearful as the persona he wrote about on ''Thriller.''

Even in the video clip for ''Bad,'' surely the way he wants to have himself presented to the public, he looks skittish and desperate. The story line has Mr. Jackson returning from prep school to his old, slum neighborhood, where he no longer fits in with his old buddies. The video clip suggests that it's better to be an effete yuppie than a hoodlum and that no other options are available.

What's disappointing about ''Bad'' is that it doesn't give any sense of the singer behind the songs. Mr. Jackson, who seems increasingly obsessed with controlling everything from his public image (no unposed photographs, no interviews) to the germs on the wind, demonstrates his craft on ''Bad,'' but barely gives a hint of why he takes the trouble. He seems to have decided that what sold ''Thriller'' was its glossy surface rather than its obsessional subtext; now, he's improved on the surface while cutting back on more worrisome thoughts. Yet blockbusters past have been works of obsesssion. By playing it safe, Mr. Jackson may well have denied us his best work and himself his best commercial prospects.

The, Uh, Um Lyrics

One of the goofy pleasures of ''Bad'' is its meticulous lyric sheet. Like the inner sleeve of ''Thriller,'' it painstakingly reproduces almost everything Mr. Jackson sings, including every repetition of a chorus and, even better, most of Mr. Jackson's wordless interjections.

Speed Record

Mr. Jackson has probably set one a speed record already with ''Bad'': shortest time for bending a song to a commercial. At the end of the CBS television special that introduced the video for the song ''Bad,'' there was a cola commercial; its tag was the synthesizer line from ''Bad.'' Now, today's hit is today's jingle.

**Graphic**

Photo of Michael Jackson

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[***Gephardt's Star Rises in '96 Scenarios***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V3D0-008G-F0G4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1235 words

**Byline:** Richard A. Gephardt

By RICHARD L. BERKE,

By RICHARD L. BERKE,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Dec. 25

**Body**

In the latest manifestation of unease among Democrats, some are quietly talking up the Presidential prospects of a man who lost his party's nomination in 1988 and is about to become the leader of the most discredited group of politicians in town these days: House Democrats.

He is Richard A. Gephardt, a Congressman from St. Louis who was elected by his colleagues to be the House minority leader in the next Congress.

While no prominent Democrat is publicly making the case for Mr. Gephardt, he is the subject of a behind-the-scenes chatter on Capitol Hill among Democrats who fear that President Clinton's popularity will not rebound and believe that Mr. Gephardt would be a logical alternative should the President decide not to seek re-election -- whether by his own choice or because he is forced into early retirement.

This is the thinking of the Gephardt partisans: Having run for President, Mr. Gephardt is far better known and will get more attention than Thomas A. Daschle of South Dakota, who will be the Senate minority leader next month.

Moreover, they say, Mr. Gephardt will become only more visible as the foil to the new House Speaker, Representative Newt Gingrich, Republican of Georgia. And Mr. Gephardt has long been popular among ***working-class*** Democrats, a constituency that Mr. Clinton seems to have lost.

While some Democrats suggest that Vice President Al Gore would be the likely alternative should the President falter, others, like Representative Thomas J. Manton, a Queens Democrat, are not so sure. "I don't know if some of the animosity toward Clinton has rubbed off on him," Mr. Manton said of Mr. Gore.

But Mr. Manton, like most of Mr. Gephardt's allies, said he fully expected Mr. Clinton to get his party's nomination in 1996.

Mr. Gephardt, who was among a handful of Democrats who considered a Presidential run in 1992 when Mr. Clinton's campaign seemed to be coming apart, also dismissed the scenarios.

"All of this rumoring is just part of politics," he said in an interview on Friday. "People always discuss things in terms of what exists today will exist a year and a half from now. I don't buy it. I think Clinton can win the Presidency again in 1996."

But more than anyone else, Mr. Gephardt invited the speculation when he upstaged Mr. Clinton by announcing his own proposal for a middle-class tax cut just two days before the President went on national television with his own announcement. Suddenly, Mr. Gephardt was viewed as the Democrat who is the biggest threat to Mr. Clinton, supplanting Senator Bob Kerrey of Nebraska, an unsuccessful contender for his party's nomination in 1992.

One prominent Democrat who is advancing Mr. Gephardt's case, speaking on the condition of anonymity, put it this way: "If there's a Whitewater legal problem and an opening for the nomination, you'll probably see a Kerrey-Gore-Gephardt scenario in which I think Gephardt's a favorite. He's run before and he's got a constituency and a fund-raising base separate from the Administration."

In the interview, Mr. Gephardt insisted that he had cleared his speech on tax cuts with the President. But some Administration officials were clearly miffed, particularly when Mr. Gephardt advocated an agenda that "will come from America's houses, not the White House."

While one White House official said that he had known about the speech in advance, he added, "That doesn't excuse lines in the speech."

Another Democrat close to the White House said of Mr. Gephardt: "I'm suspicious about what he's up to. You get out in front of the President by 48 hours with a tax cut proposal -- and that raises some question about what his short-term and long-term motives are."

But to the less suspicious, there is also a logical explanation for the strategy of Mr. Gephardt, who was first elected to Congress in 1976, the same year voters sent Jimmy Carter to the White House: that he and other House Democrats want to work with Mr. Clinton but not be viewed as being in his pocket.

"I wouldn't assign any Machiavellian thoughts," said Representative Ronald D. Coleman, a Texas Democrat close to Mr. Gephardt. "We in the Congress have our view of the kind of tax cut that can work."

Acknowledging the whispers about Mr. Gephardt's taking on the President, Brian Lunde, a former executive director of the Democratic Party, said: "I don't want to be seen as fanning the flames, but we have a tendency to turn on our own Presidents and eat them alive. And there's this undercurrent of concern about the President."

Still, for all the reasons that Mr. Gephardt could be an obvious alternative to Mr. Clinton, there are as many reasons why he would not be. One is that Mr. Gephardt, 53, represents the very group that so many voters resoundly rejected in November: House Democrats.

And many former Gephardt aides have gone to work at the White House, including George Stephanopoulos, a senior adviser to the President, so the Congressman cannot turn to them for support. Another Gephardt loyalist, Terry McAuliffe, has become finance director of the Democratic National Committee and is expected to play that role in a Clinton re-election campaign.

In the view of many Gephardt supporters, the best thing that he could do for Democrats, and for his own career, is to help his party regain control of the House in 1996.

Meanwhile, the quiet talk about a Gephardt candidacy in 1996 persists. Some Democrats said that while Mr. Gephardt was not nervy enough to take on a sitting President directly, he might be positioning himself just in case Mr. Clinton bows out.

"Gephardt will not be the first person to challenge the President in 1996; that's just a given," Mr. Lunde said. "But there is this theory out there that Gephardt or Kerrey may be the second challenger to the President. They will get themselves in the Robert F. Kennedy position. It wasn't McCarthy who benefited from challenging President Johnson; it was Kennedy."

In the 1968 Democratic primary in New Hampshire, Eugene J. McCarthy, an ardent opponent of the Vietnam War, surprised President Lyndon B. Johnson by winning 42 percent of the vote; four days later, on March 16, Robert F. Kennedy announced that he was running for the nomination. After Mr. Kennedy was assassinated in California three months later, Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey went on to win the Democratic nomination -- and then lost the election to Richard M. Nixon.

The challenge for Mr. Clinton may be whether he and his advisers can trust Mr. Gephardt enough, and are confident enough, to work closely with him.

"Nothing could be more self-defeating than for the Clinton Administration to begin looking at other formidable Democrats as adversaries," said Representative Robert G. Torricelli, a New Jersey Democrat who is a strong Gephardt ally. "This is a real test for the White House in whether they reach out and include the Gephardt operation in planning their Presidential operation."

As aggressively as Mr. Gephardt dismisses the talk of a President Gephardt, there is little doubt that he still has designs on the White House.

Asked if he was more qualified to be President now than in 1988, he most assuredly said yes. "Obviously," he said, "I have learned a lot about issues and Congress in the five or six years since 1988. I hope it qualifies me to be a better minority leader."

And to be President? "I figured out a long time ago," he replied, "you can deal with one thing at a time."

**Load-Date:** December 28, 1994

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[***AS DEADLINES HIT, ROLLS OF VOTERS SHOW BIG SURGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DG4-TTS0-TW8F-G1WX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By KATE ZERNIKE and FORD FESSENDEN

**Body**

A record surge of potential new voters has swamped boards of election from Pennsylvania to Oregon, as the biggest of the crucial swing states reach registration deadlines today. Elections officials have had to add staff and equipment, push well beyond budgets and work around the clock to process the registrations.

In Montgomery County, Pa., the elections staff has been working nights and weekends since the week before Labor Day to process the crush of registrations -- some 32,000 since May and counting. Today is the deadline for registering new voters in Pennsylvania, as well as Ohio, Michigan, Florida and 12 other states, and election workers will go on mandatory overtime to chip away at the thousands of forms that have been arriving daily.

To help in the effort, the Montgomery office has also added 12 computers, 15 phone lines and 12 workers from other departments -- as well as one of the technicians whose usual job is fixing voting machines at the warehouse.

Across the county line in Philadelphia, overtime and weekend duty began in July to deal with what is now the highest number of new voter registrations in 21 years. The office says it is still six days behind the flow, and the last two days have brought about 10,500 new registration forms. At 204,000, the number of new registrations has already surpassed that of the last big year, 1992, which had 193,000.

''The vote was so close four years ago, people are now thinking, hey, maybe my vote does count,'' said Joseph R. Passarella, the director of voter services in Montgomery County. Al Gore won in Pennsylvania in 2000 by 204,840 votes.

Officials across the country report similar patterns.

''Everything we're seeing is that there has been a tremendous increase in voter registration,'' said Kay Maxwell, president of the League of Women Voters. ''In the past, we've been enthused about what appeared to be a large number of new voters, but this does seem to be at an entirely different level.''

Registration numbers are impossible to tally nationwide, and how many of the newly registered will vote is a matter of some debate. But it is clear the pace is particularly high in urban areas of swing states, where independent Democratic groups and community organizations have been running a huge voter registration campaign for just over a year.

The parties have been registering voters as well, with Republicans especially active in critical states in an effort to counter the independent groups.

In Cleveland, the Cuyahoga County Board of Elections has spent $200,000 on temporary workers this year to deal with a wave of 230,000 new registrations, more than double the number in 2000. The number of registrations in Tallahassee, Fla., is up 20 percent since the presidential primary in March. And St. Louis is reporting the largest growth ever in potential new voters.

''We are moving toward having the largest number of registered voters in the history of St. Louis County,'' said David Welch, one of the directors of elections.

Las Vegas added 3,000 to 4,000 voters a week in 2000 but is doing triple that this year, forcing the office to hire 30 additional workers. The elections director said he was getting 3,000 new cards a day last week.

Eight states reached registration deadlines over the weekend, and registration will end in 31 states by the end of the week. New Jersey's deadline is today, New York's Friday. The registration deadline in Connecticut is Oct. 19. Six states allow registration on Election Day.

A coalition of nonpartisan groups called National Voice announced last week a push for an additional 200,000 registrations in the last days. Project Vote, the nonpartisan arm of the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now, which claims more than a million registrations in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Washington and other states, planned to have its largest force of paid workers on the streets over the weekend registering people to vote.

These nonpartisan community groups, as well as Democratic organizations like America Coming Together, have driven most of the increase, registration officials say. In Florida and Ohio, Republicans have mounted moderately successful campaigns that have increased registration in suburban communities.

But the huge gains have come in areas with minority and low-income populations. In some of those areas in Ohio, new registrations have quadrupled from 2000. President Bush won in Ohio in 2000 by 165,019 votes.

It is harder to say what is driving the registration increase in Montgomery County, which is still considered ''a Republican town'' even though it went for Mr. Gore in 2000 and Bill Clinton before that. One of the wealthiest counties in Pennsylvania, it has had a lot of new building in recent years. But it also has ***working-class*** communities and is about 10 percent minority, and the community organizations say they have worked hard to register people here.

Some people registering have lived here for years but have not voted.

''I've been too lazy,'' said Kurt Saukaitis, 43, who was registering at the county office. He and his new wife, Candy, both have 16-year-old sons. ''The thought of a draft is scary,'' Mr. Saukaitis said.

He works at an aerospace factory that was bought recently by a company on the West Coast, creating economic anxiety among its workers. ''All that money spent on Iraq, then old people can't buy medicine,'' he said. ''Figure that out.''

Bob Lee, the administrator for voter registrations in Philadelphia, said: ''I think voter registration would be high even if this weren't a battleground state. Just because people have a very high interest in this election.''

The big unknown is whether the new registrations will result in higher turnout. Election officials say some of the big groups seem to be signing up anyone on the streets to reach quotas, with half-filled-out forms suggesting something less than true enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, registration officials are expecting frantic deadline days; offices in Philadelphia and Miami-Dade County, Fla., will stay open until midnight. Matt Damschroder, the elections director in Columbus, Ohio, will post workers on the street outside the building to take registrations.

''Almost to an April 15, I.R.S. post office type of operation,'' Mr. Damschroder said. ''We're expecting that it's going to be folks coming in by the truckload.'' He has had 12 people working around the clock in 12-hour shifts, six days a week, to keep up with the flow, but he is still two days behind.

Jacksonville, Fla., has hired 14 people since August, putting everyone on seven-day workweeks, 12 hours a day. Oregon's deadline is not until Oct. 12, but the state elections division has started sending registration cards to the counties daily instead of weekly to keep up with the pace of applicants. Marion County, which includes Salem, has tripled its staff, from 4 to 12.

In rural areas and in nonswing states, the picture is less extreme. The three employees in the elections office in Putnam County, Ohio, said they were handling new registrations with no problem. In largely uncontested South Carolina, Greenville County officials said the pace was about what it was in 2000, and in California, which has traditionally backed the Democratic candidate in presidential races, registrations in Los Angeles County were actually running below the level of four years ago. Yet in suburban Cook County, Illinois, outside Chicago, workers processed 46,000 registrations in September, the biggest monthly total since 1992.

Many elections offices said they had increased their overtime budgets in anticipation of a healthy increase in registration this year. But, as Michael Vu, the director in Cuyahoga County, said, ''I don't think 100,000 extra voters was in anyone's plan.''

Registration campaigns are usually reserved for August and September of election years. This round, the wave started early, with independent groups organizing in crucial states like Ohio last year. During the spring and summer, partisan and nonpartisan groups sent out hundreds of paid workers, and many swing states showed unusually early swells in registration in March, April and May.

There was some question whether the August and September peaks would be lower as a result, but elections officials in many places reported that their September numbers were higher than normal.

Ms. Maxwell, of the League of Women Voters, noted that surges in registration have sometimes dissolved in disappointing turnout. But last year in the Philadelphia mayor's race, independent groups that registered thousands of new voters claimed their turnout was nearly as high as that in the rest of the electorate. Steve Rosenthal, the Democratic chief executive of America Coming Together, said 44 percent of the 85,000 voters his organization registered last year turned out, compared with 49 percent over all.

Republicans, who have also shown huge success with face-to-face turnout campaigns in recent elections, say their voters are more committed and will be easier to get to the polls than Democrats.

Although many election officials reported backlogs, none said they would fail to get all the new voters on the rolls in time to vote on Nov. 2. But with so many new voters on the rolls, the election officials are starting to worry about what happens at the polls. Unfamiliarity with voting procedures, confusing ballots and faulty technology were largely to blame for Florida's election fiasco in 2000.

''It's going to be insane,'' said Tim Dowling, who was opening registration forms in Philadelphia. He corrected himself: ''It's already insane. It's been nuts since June.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Dyan Corsner, registrar for Montgomery County, in Norristown, Pa., with boxes of voter registration applications waiting to be scanned. (Photo by Ryan Donnell for The New York Times)(pg. A1)

With the help of temporary employees, the Clark County Election Department in Las Vegas processed about 30,000 registration forms last week. (Photo by John Gurzinski for The New York Times)

A Montgomery County, Pa., worker sorts voter applications. Some 32,000 have come since May. (Photo by Ryan Donnell for The New York Times)(pg. A20)Chart: ''Registration Jump In One County''Cumulative number of new voter registrations in Clark County, Nev., from the beginning of the year to the end of September, in thousands.Graph tracks number of new voter registrations in Clark County, Nev., since Jan. 2004.(Source by Clark County Election Department)(pg. A20)

**Load-Date:** October 5, 2004

**End of Document**



[***A Small Start At Beachfront On Rockaway - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WSF0-008G-F0SW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 25;  Column 2;  Metropolitan Desk;  Second Front; Column 2; ; Second Front

**Length:** 1191 words

**Byline:** By DAVID FIRESTONE

By DAVID FIRESTONE

**Body**

Ever since Mayor John V. Lindsay's urban-renewal bulldozers pushed over its crumbling summer cottages in the late 1960's, a vast tract of land in the Arverne section of the Rockaway peninsula has remained desolate, its weeds blowing in the ocean breeze along two miles of some of the best urban beachfront on the East Coast.

For a quarter century, every mayor since Mr. Lindsay has tried to redevelop Arverne, the largest tract of city-owned vacant land in New York. But none has been able to overcome a combination of economic and social problems that have made the 307 acres of Arverne in Queens one of the greatest planning and development challenges in New York City.

Now the administration of Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani is taking its turn at returning the area to life, and typically, its approach is very different from the broad plans of its predecessors.

Rather than prepare a detailed master plan for each of the tract's more than 75 square blocks, the administration wants to start small, proposing 180 two-family town houses on three blocks at the western edge of the tract in the hope of spurring development on the rest. The city would pay for about $ 9 million in street and sewer costs, while private developers would build the market-rate houses with their own financing, possibly beginning next year. The project's modest scale, along with its reliance on private developers for the unsubsidized housing, is an indication of how the administration will try to manage the expensive task of redevelopment at a time when both budgets and political philosophy mandate a sharp decrease in the role of government. While Deborah C. Wright, the city's Commissioner of Housing Preservation and Development, says it is not necessarily typical of all of her department's plans, she said Arverne demonstrated how her agency was evolving into a "catalyst" to bring the private sector in contact with public opportunities.

"We're under a lot of pressure here at the city to try to help the private sector create the units, as opposed to us being the engine driving development in the city," said Ms. Wright, who was a member of the New York City Housing Authority in David N. Dinkins's administration. "Every area of operation is shifting to less government in the sense that private actors out there are perfectly capable of doing a lot of what we have historically viewed as our role."

But relying on private developers means that there has to be a profit incentive and a market, and that has proven to be a huge obstacle, due to the size and nature of Arverne.

Over the years, a series of developers has jousted with the tract and walked away in defeat, unable to overcome the city's declining economy and the surrounding neighborhood's blighted reputation. In addition, because the area was formerly dotted with ramshackle bungalows, there are few usable water or sewer mains, adding to a developer's costs.

There have been plans to build casinos, hotels, theme parks and stacks of high-rise public housing on the site. Most recently, in 1991, Oceanview Associates of Manhattan, a partnership led by Forest City Ratner Companies, gave up on a plan to develop all 307 acres with a $ 1.5 billion project of 7,500 apartments, as well as shopping malls, recreation centers and parks. The company said the downturn in the city's real estate market damaged the prospects for the project.

As a result, the city has decided to make just a few blocks available for developers, hoping that the reduced risk will make it easier to entice builders and lenders. The blocks are near the intersection of Beach 74th Street and Rockaway Beach Boulevard. The request for bids is to be made in the spring.

"The strategy is not to just say, sorry, the market is not there for the entire project and not do anything," said Ms. Wright. "Instead, it's an approach of saying, let's get something started. In this portion, we can kick-start some progress."

One of the debates that long held up any progress on the development -- whether to include any subsidized units for low- or moderate-income residents -- has been settled. After residents and politicians said the peninsula already had more than its fair share of public housing units, the city agreed that only full-price housing would attract the kind of residents needed to improve the depressed economy of the Rockaways.

Each of the 180 town houses to be built would cost about $ 210,000, according to Vollmer Associates, the planning consultants hired by the city, and each would also contain a rental unit that would rent for about $ 750. Considering the income that the owner would get from the renter, each buyer would have to earn about $ 60,000 a year to afford a town house, the consultants said in a report given to the city a few weeks ago.

According to figures compiled by the city, there are about 4,000 units of public housing on the peninsula, which is about a quarter of the borough's public housing stock. There are also 6,000 beds in adult homes and nursing homes. Jonathan L. Gaska, district manager of Community Board 14, said the neighborhood convinced the city that was enough.

"We want to bring in ***working-class***, middle-class people," Mr. Gaska said. "Right now, roughly 30 percent of the youth here are under the poverty level, and we want to skew that. Rockaway needs people who will add to the tax base and will spend dollars here."

But will middle-class buyers want to move to an area known for its high-rise public housing projects and vacant land, much of which is likely to remain vacant for some time after the first phase is completed? Some neighborhood residents, such as Lew Simon, are not convinced. Mr. Simon, who runs a local Democratic political club and is a lifelong resident, said the area was too depressed to attract buyers with money and suggested the city build a hotel or resort on the site instead.

The consultant's report, however, predicted that the houses would sell, and proponents of the plan agree, noting that the tract is between two desirable boundaries, the A subway line and the Atlantic Ocean beach, complete with a well-maintained boardwalk.

"That's the kind of housing that sells in this borough as soon as it's built," said Claire Shulman, the Queens Borough President. "They will buy these houses. You have a resort area, an hour from Manhattan, where you don't have to take off early on Friday to get to your beach house. The water is a magnet to draw people there."

Peter Travis, a local developer who was formerly chief operating officer of Forest City Ratner, predicted a strong interest by developers in the project. The housing market is better than it was when Forest City dropped out, he said, and the smaller scale will allow a larger variety of developers to build.

"I think a lot of people in the city would like to live at the beach," said Mr. Travis, managing partner of Washington Square Partners, a firm he said might consider bidding on the project. "And it's a great beach. I've always thought it was one of the great secrets of New York City, that you could take the subway to a beach that's the equivalent of one of the great beaches of the world."

**Correction**

An article on Sunday about redevelopment plans for the Arverne area of the Rockaways in Queens misstated the given name of the managing partner of Washington Square Partners, a development company. He is Paul Travis, not Peter.

**Correction-Date:** January 12, 1995, Thursday

**Graphic**

Photo: Crumbling summer cottages were bulldozed in the late 1960's to create a 307-acre tract of cleared land in the Arverne section of the Rockaway peninsula. The land, with two miles of beachfront, is the largest tract of city-owned vacant land in New York. (Keith Meyers/The New York Times) (pg. 31)

Map shows the location of Arverne urban renewal area. (pg. 31)

**Load-Date:** January 8, 1995

**End of Document**



[***CORPORATE ABUSES GIVING DEMOCRATS A CAMPAIGN ISSUE - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:468S-K6J0-01CN-H349-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 14, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 1; Column 6; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1617 words

**Byline:**  By ADAM NAGOURNEY

**Dateline:** BOISE, Idaho, July 13

**Body**

From scouring the voting records and business backgrounds of Republican opponents to preparing television advertisements promising to "hold corporate executives accountable," Democrats are moving to turn the battle over corporate governance to their advantage this fall. The focus on Wall Street has given a jolt of energy to a party that just a month ago was casting around for issues to emphasize in the midterm elections.

At the same time, the White House is confronting what is apparently the end of the lock-step support it has enjoyed from Congressional Republicans for the last two years. Republicans are moving sharply to distance themselves from Wall Street and President Bush, embracing Democratic proposals concerning corporate abuse and offering tough words against corporate malfeasance.

"To corporate C.E.O.'s, and the accounting firms that audit their companies, let me be very clear," Representative Mike Ferguson, Republican of New Jersey, said this week, "if you violate the public trust, if you flush down the drain the retirement security of millions of Americans, you will -- and you deserve to -- go to jail."

Mr. Ferguson, a freshman whose seat is being challenged by Democrats, and who voted against legislation proposing criminal penalties for corporate malfeasance, made the remarks at a Congressional hearing, then shared them in a newsletter he mailed to constituents.

Democrats, particularly, are rushing to seize the issue by staging forums, news conferences and town hall meetings intended to spotlight corporate abuses, and they are raising the topic as governors of both parties are gathered here this weekend for their annual meeting.

In Jackson, Miss., Representative Ronnie Shows, a Democrat, held an "accountability town hall" today at the Mississippi Agriculture and Forestry Museum -- not far from the Clinton headquarters of WorldCom, which has been under investigation since it disclosed that it improperly accounted for $3.8 billion in expenses.

In Minneapolis on Thursday, at the very moment that Mr. Bush was speaking on behalf of the Republican challenger to Senator Paul Wellstone, Mr. Wellstone was distributing a statement noting the "turmoil caused by the ongoing accounting scandals and concern over the president's ability to respond to them" and asking, "Who will Minnesotans trust to be a watchdog for investors and consumers?"

Democrats are inspecting the backgrounds of Republican candidates for links to discredited corporations and examining the records of incumbents for votes that can be portrayed as lax on corporate abuse. They are preparing scripts for television advertisements featuring Senate candidates promising to "protect jobs and pensions" and stand up for "people who work hard and play by the rules," an official who has reviewed the scripts said.

"I think it's going to be a very big deal," said Stanley Greenberg, a Democratic pollster tracking the issue. " People are angry."

The issue of corporate abuse and its potential effect on the coming elections was a refrain among officials gathered here today at the National Governors Association.

Democratic governors said they were confident that it would help the party make significant gains in the Congressional elections this fall.

At least one Republican governor, Frank Keating of Oklahoma, acknowledged that this was possible. "If Republicans appear to be resisting legitimate reforms because big business doesn't wish them, or Republicans appear to be avoiding reforms because they were a part of that business excess, I think Republicans could be hurt very badly," Mr. Keating said in an interview.

"I think Republicans are dealing with it fairly, but I don't think they are dealing with it with the sense of urgency that I would," he added.

A Democrat, Howard Dean of Vermont, today assailed Mr. Bush for naming Harvey L. Pitt the chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, saying, "That was his single worst appointment that was made, because it signaled permissiveness."

The maneuvering by Republican candidates and their advisers underscores lingering concerns that the party is particularly vulnerable on this issue. As both parties noted, Republicans have long been associated with big business. The links have included positions the party has taken in Congress, the source of their biggest soft-money contributions and the number of former chief executives in the Bush White House.

Still, for all the signs of Democratic confidence, and corresponding anxiety on the Republican side, it remains far from certain that the Democratic Party can gain the advantage its leaders are hoping for again. Party officials acknowledged that there were serious risks and complications in trying to turn this issue to their advantage.

For one thing, this is a topic for which blame is difficult to assess, and party differences on related issues like fund-raising and the images each party has sought to project are not as sharp as they once were.

A report issued on Thursday by Democracy 21, a group advocating changes in campaign financing, found that corporations contributed $636 million in soft money to Republicans over the last decade while giving $449 million to Democrats.

The election is about four months off, and if recent history is any guide, this issue could disappear with the end of summer, particularly if the economy improves and the stock market rises. Democrats, in particular, given their history, need to be careful about making political moves that might be portrayed as undermining Wall Street.

"Half the American people are in the stock market," said Bill Carrick, a Democratic consultant.

The nation has come a long way from the days when a Republican president, Calvin Coolidge, declared that "the business of America is business," while Democrats held themselves out as the protectors of the ***working class***.

Bill Clinton moved the Democrats to the center in 1992 in large part by challenging the notion that his party was antibusiness, and a number of Democrats are now expressing concern that overheated populist rhetoric by candidates could strike voters as opportunistic and unravel what Mr. Clinton accomplished.

"This could play into the worst stereotypes of the Democratic Party: that we engage in class warfare, that we favor big government, that we engage in the politics of resentment," said Senator Evan Bayh of Indiana. "Most Americans would prefer a more positive approach."

Senator Joseph I. Lieberman of Connecticut said, "Having re-established ourselves in the 1990's as a party of economic growth, it's very important that, as we respond to this, we don't overreact so that we become an antibusiness party again."

While Democrats are moving to spotlight ties of Republican candidates to business, many have found themselves standing on the same corporate stage. In North Carolina, Erskine B. Bowles, who was Mr. Clinton's White House chief of staff and is now running for Senate, was attacked last week as a Wall Street insider -- by a fellow Democrat challenging him for the nomination -- because he is an investment banker.

Similarly, Republicans, in pushing back, were quick to note that Terry McAuliffe, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, turned a $100,000 investment in Global Crossing, one of the companies that has emerged as a symbol of corporate wrongdoing, into an $18 million profit after the company went public.

"I suspect that even though people blame the Republicans more than the Democrats for this, there is the sense that everybody sort of swims in the same murky waters in Washington," said David Axelrod, a Democratic consultant based in Chicago. "I suppose there's a point where people will reject kind of excessive moralizing on this. But to me, that is a small danger for us. I think the real danger is on the other side."

Several Republicans argued that the issue would have little punch in the fall if the economy and the stock market are in good shape.

"If consumer confidence stays high," said William McInturff, a Republican pollster, "and the economy rebounds and the stock market stays stable, the Democrats are going to lose anyway. That's where we were in late May and early June. They started this because they are losing the cycle. Everything else they tried didn't work."

But even Republicans acknowledged that the issue of corporate malfeasance could prove effective if, come October -- when most voters are first beginning to focus on Congressional and Senate races in their states -- the economy and the stock market are down, and Americans believe the nation is heading in the wrong direction.

Democrats said they believed that if that were to happen, voter distress about corporate behavior would give new force to their plans to revive attacks on Republicans proposals to link Social Security and retirement plans to the stock market.

Should they indeed be a central topic this fall, corporate abuses could be an unusually effective issue for Democrats, because this is likely to be an election with a relatively low voter turnout. The voters who are most vulnerable to disruptions in the stock market are older Americans approaching retirement whose pension and retirement accounts are tied to stock performance. Not incidentally, older voters are the ones who tend to go to the polls in off-year races, even when there is no compelling issue driving the election.

"Too many people have lost too much money to ignore all that has happened," said Frank Luntz, a Republican pollster. "When you have a third of people in their early 50's and their early 60's saying their retirement has now been delayed because of the market, you've got an angry segment of the election. And they are voting."

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

**Correction**

An article on Sunday about efforts by Democrats to use corporate wrongdoing as a campaign issue misstated the location in some copies for a meeting on corporate accountability held by Representative Ronnie Shows of Mississippi. It was in Jackson, Miss., not Clinton.

**Correction-Date:** July 17, 2002

**Load-Date:** July 14, 2002

**End of Document**



[***The Green Cliffs of Dorset***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7YHV-6801-2PBB-21T2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 23, 2010 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section M2; Column 0; T: Travel Magazine; Pg. 103

**Length:** 2243 words

**Byline:** By DAVID AMSDEN

**Body**

It was easy, for a brief delusional moment, to feel as if I were among the very few people on Earth to discover Mudeford Spit, a sandbank jutting off Dorset county in the south of England. Getting there, for starters, was no easy task. Though sailboat or sea kayak might provide the most direct mode of transport, being among the nautically impaired meant having to resort to a not unpleasant combination of automobile, ferry and bicycle -- I did not encounter a single human during my circuitous two-hour journey through dune grass and groves of wild raspberry bushes. Once I arrived, I found myself meandering along the most charmingly eccentric stretch of beach I've ever seen: a half-mile crescent surrounded by water (the crystalline calm of Christchurch Harbor to the north, the infinite whitecaps of the English Channel to the south) and peppered with salt-bitten beach huts the size of camping tents. It was late August, the height of vacation season, yet aside from a woman in a bathrobe walking her poodle along the shore this morning, the place was splendidly deserted. Taking it in, I couldn't help but revel in my sense of accomplishment: here, on my first day in Dorset, no less, I'd stumbled upon an idyllic swath of coastline that even the British, it seemed, had managed to overlook.

Then I made small talk with the poodle walker, who politely shattered my little fantasy. Mudeford Spit, she explained, is widely considered to be one of England's premier vacation destinations. The beach huts, which can measure a mere 150 square feet and often have no plumbing or electricity, have become some of the most prime real estate in the country, fetching more than $200,000 when they hit the market -- a price per square foot that makes real estate in the Hamptons seem almost reasonable. Anyone interested in renting one for the summer, meanwhile, must be willing to take part in what has become a masochistic annual tradition glibly chronicled by the major newspapers: aspiring vacationers arrive in the dead of winter and set up camp outside the local real estate offices with the hopes of securing a key. ''I was second in the queue this year!'' the poodle walker noted proudly, describing how she and her husband kept warm with the help of a portable grill. ''It's rather absurd, I know.''

She then smiled and gestured out to the sea; a morning fog had been burned away by the sun, exposing, in the distance, the mystical brown smudge of the Isle of Wight. ''But once you're here, it's absolutely worth it. You feel like you're in on a secret.''

Over the next few days, as I ambled across Dorset's nearly 60 miles of jaw-dropping coastline, I would come to think of this feeling -- or, more precisely, this illusion -- as an apt description of what makes the area so uniquely appealing. Though it's only two hours southwest of London's center, Dorset is best understood as the countryside equivalent of a fringe urban neighborhood on the cusp of gentrification. Unlike nearby coastal counties like Devon and Cornwall, both well known for their dramatic cliffs and funky communities and excellent surfing, Dorset has long been considered a quainter, more traditional destination: a place for families, for fishermen, for amateur geologists interested in fossil hunting along its famed Jurassic Coast. Not exactly hip, in short.

Recently, however, Dorset been undergoing a quiet transformation, attracting gourmet grocers and hoteliers and London chefs at the forefront of locavore cuisine. Anyone who wants a break from the exclusive rusticity of the huts on Mudeford Spit, for instance, can now head across the harbor to the Captains Club Hotel, a four-star operation with a restaurant serving highbrow spins on classic English fare, a day spa and a lobby filled on weekends with cocktail-sipping businessmen.

One rainy morning, I drove to Weymouth, a lively fishing village surrounded by chalk-white cliffs that lies along the middle of Dorset's coast. Historically visited by ***working-class*** families, Weymouth is poised to change radically in the near future when it becomes the center for sailing events during the 2012 London Olympics. The weather had cleared when I arrived -- the English weather, of course, is famously fickle, capable of displaying all four seasons in the span of an hour -- and I took a walk along the pier and spoke to a fisherman who that morning was only able to catch tangles of seaweed and was happy to take a break to chat.

''Oh, it's exciting, sure, all that's happening here,'' he told me, pointing toward the blue waters of the harbor; in the distance I could see the southern end of Chesil Beach. (This stretch of storm-smoothed pebbles served as the setting of Ian McEwan's 2007 novel.) Alongside the dozens of windsurfers that afternoon were countless construction crews working furiously to put up glistening new structures for the Games. ''This is going to be a different place when the Olympics come,'' the fisherman added, sounding, like more than a few locals I made conversation with, both thrilled and vaguely concerned. ''Change is good, I suppose. We're just not used to it around here.''

Weymouth was without question an adorable little town, with its seaside slot machines and cockeyed streets lined with chip shops and dilapidated pubs. Still, after the remote tranquility of the Mudeford area, I found Weymouth to be a bit overrun by tourists. And so on a friend's tip, I decided to drive on toward the town of Lyme Regis on the far western border of the county. ''Take the coastal road,'' my friend advised. ''It takes three times as long, but you'll be blown away.''

Indeed, the 30-mile drive took two hours, thanks partly to the hilly cliff side that taunted me with its share of hairpin turns, but mainly because I found myself stopping every few miles to get out of the car and gawk at my surroundings. Noting the beauty of the English countryside is a bit like pointing out that a supermodel is gorgeous -- it's something you know before you witness it firsthand -- yet I realized here that no amount of Google Images searching or Jane Austen reading could quite prevent me from being completely bowled over by it. As the weather changed, so did the color of the cliffs, morphing, chameleon-like, from white to sea green to slate gray in a matter of minutes; and the hills to the north were dotted with cattle and sheep, each one looking like it had been carefully positioned by a set designer. The journey was so stunning that I was convinced nothing that came after would be able to compete.

Then I arrived in Lyme Regis.

It was initially a deceptive little village, Lyme Regis, seemingly interchangeable with any number of towns in Dorset. The streets are narrow and twisty, the roofs shingled, and were it not for the presence of automobiles, you'd have the sensation of having been transported back a few centuries in time. But as I made my way up Pound Street, one of the main thoroughfares, I began to see that something subtle has taken place in here, a slight shift in the mood and sensibility that is a relatively recent phenomenon. The people walking the streets, in their Barbour jackets and designer hiking boots, had the unmistakable sheen of city denizens doing their best to appear at ease outside their natural habitat. And the shops, from the Town Mill bakery to the organic Good Food Store and Cafe, were clearly designed to appeal to the weekender's vision of country life. The arrival of such places, I eventually learned, owe much of their debt to a celebrity food activist and television personality named Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall, who in 2006 took over the nearby River Cottage at Park Farm, putting the Lyme Regis area on the map as a destination for urban foodies.

More recently, another well-known chef, Mark Hix, opened the Hix Oyster and Fish House, an outpost of his London restaurants. Perched on a small hill affording panoramic views of the town and coastline, the restaurant is widely considered to be among the finest in Dorset. When I called for a reservation, I was informed that it was booked for the rest of the summer. When I begged for a table at any hour, the manager finally acquiesced with a table by the kitchen.

Upon arrival, I learned that I had heard the manager incorrectly over the phone. He hadn't offered me a table by the kitchen but, rather, had set up a stool at the countertop in the kitchen, located in the basement. This was more than fine as I was offered samples of every dish prepared, from the cuttlefish and ink stew with ''hedgerow'' garlic to the Lyme Bay crab curry served out of the shell. I also listened to the chefs gossip about recent celebrity diners like the artist Tracey Emin and the New York chef April Bloomfield.

After the meal, I was invited for a cocktail out on the balcony with the manager, Jonathan Jeffery, who relocated to the area from London a year earlier.

The next day I joined Jeffery at the opening of a new restaurant in town, where we met Mary-Lou Sturridge, a fellow London transplant. Sturridge, who had once run London's ultra-exclusive Groucho Club, was in the process of opening up a hotel in the area, presumably the sort of place that would serve as more incentive for people like them to make the journey from London.

On my last day in Dorset, I made my way back to the eastern part of the county to visit Sandbanks. The town sits along a sliver of a peninsula that pokes into Poole Harbor, which, depending on whom you talk to, is reputed to be either the largest or second largest natural harbor on the planet. What can't be argued is that it is a startlingly beautiful place: the extreme shallowness of the water -- its average depth is only a foot and a half -- gives it the same aquamarine hue found in the Caribbean. The area has long been known among hard-core windsurfers as having some of the most prime conditions in the world, and during the economic boom at the beginning of the last decade, it became the destination of choice for wealthy Londoners looking for a second (or third or fourth) home to add to their portfolios. Over the years, a number of soccer and cricket stars moved in, hiking up prices to the point where, in 2008, Sandbanks was christened ''Britain's golden Riviera'' by the BBC.

Upon arrival, it was hard to understand what all the fuss was about. Was it pretty?

Of course it was. But unlike the rest of Dorset, which has a splendid time-warp quality, Sandbanks is far more reminiscent of, say, Miami: Bentleys and Benzes jockeyed for position at stop lights, and the homes were mainly charmless, newly built mansions hidden behind intimidating hedges. After about five minutes, I was longing for the less tarnished version of Dorset found in places like Lyme Regis, and I was informed I could find it a few minutes away, via a ferry ride and quick drive to Worth Matravers, an awesomely named speck of a village known for its ancient pub and endless hiking trails with some of the most dramatic views of the sea to be found in Dorset.

It had been sunny when I arrived, but now a fog had descended onto the area, making it impossible to see 15 feet ahead. Hoping the fog would lift, I stopped for a pint at the Square and Compass, a 234-year-old establishment that, so far as I could see, constituted the only business for miles. After a few drinks, the fog had only grown denser; the views, I realized, would have to wait for another trip. But as I set out, I found that the omnipresent mist, rather than detracting from the area's mystical spirit, only intensified it. As I spent a few hours hiking through deserted countryside, I was surprised to notice that appearing out of the fog like figures in an Andrew Wyeth painting were herds of cattle and sheep. The wind was mild that afternoon, but it was clear to me that such stillness was a rarity in the area: the trees had taken to growing at strange angles, having been blown for centuries by intense gusts. I had now reached the English Channel and was standing on the precipice of an alarmingly high cliff. People had been here before, of course. But in that moment, I felt I was the only person on Earth to know about it.

ESSENTIALS: DORSET, ENGLAND

Lyme Regis Alexandra Hotel is superbly located and offers the ideal mixture of the town's quaint past and its more polished future. Pound Street; 011-44-1297-442-010; doubles from about $185. Hix Oyster and Fish House is arguably the best restaurant in all of Dorset; it's quite small, so book ahead. Cobb Road; 011-44-1297-446-910; entrees $20 to $75.

Mudeford For luxury accommodations, head to the Captains Club Hotel in Christchurch, a four-star operation on the banks of the River Stour. Wick Lane; 011-44-1202-475-111; doubles from $350. For those wanting to feel as if they've left civilization behind, the Black House offers apartments at the end of the secluded and idyllic Mudeford Spit. 011-44-7855-280-191; theblackhouse.co.uk; a unit that accommodates four people in summer starts around $710 for one week.

Weymouth Perry's restaurant features inventive dishes like venison with spicy carrot puree and grilled sea bass with cumin and coriander carrots. 4 Trinity Road; 011-44-1305-785-799; entrees $15 to $30. Take a drive out to the Isle of Portland, where the views of the harbor are among the most stunning in Dorset. Regardless of the weather, make sure to take a walk along Chesil Beach.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Think of England: Left: Dorset's Jurassic Coast attracts geologists from all over the world. Above: the ramshackle shacks in Mudeford Spit command record prices. (M2 103)

Coastal living: This page, clockwise from top left: Mudeford Spit, just off the coast of Dorset

the crystal blue waters and breezy gusts at Sandbanks make it a popular spot with windsurfers

the Square and Compass pub in Worth Matravers. Opposite, from far left: the town of Lyme Regis feels the same as it did several centuries ago

the colors of the landscape change frequently

Dorset's chalky white cliffs have recently become more populated with weekenders. (M2 104

M2 105)

Rock of ages: The Jurassic Coast's limestone arch is one of the most popular attractions in Dorset. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MASSIMO VITALI) (M2 107)

**Load-Date:** May 23, 2010

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[***Bitter Harvests***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:468S-K6F0-01CN-H2M5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 14, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 10

**Length:** 1493 words

**Byline:**  By Rand Richards Cooper; Rand Richards Cooper is the author of "The Last to Go: A Family Chronicle" and a collection of stories, "Big as Life."

**Body**

THE WHORE'S CHILD

And Other Stories.

By Richard Russo.

225 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $24.

READING a collection of Richard Russo stories is a bit like watching a home-run hitter try to lay down a squeeze bunt. What makes Russo such a supremely enjoyable novelist is the big swing he takes at small-town America: his sprawling novels keep large ensemble casts in play, making room for the hopes and delusions of even the most minor characters. Russo excels at drawing the whole arc of people's lives across the decades. Towns have a life cycle too, and Russo likes to catch his late in the game, then let you know how they got there -- like the "long, gentle decline" of Empire Falls, "almost imperceptible without the benefit of time-lapse photography."

Russo's novels themselves are like small towns: friendly and with a spaciousness his readers comfortably inhabit. Short fiction, on the other hand, is less about inhabiting than visiting. A story deals not in entire lives but partial ones, not in the genial but the terse. So what happens when this most expansive of contemporary writers leaves the sunny, broad Main Street of the novel for the dark alleys of the story?

"The Whore's Child" abjures Russo's typical ***working-class*** settings and protagonists in favor of professors and writers caught in the drift of late middle age, worried about illness and physical decline and experiencing deep ambivalence about marriage. By and large, the stories are harsher and more somber than one expects from Russo. An exception is "The Mysteries of Linwood Hart," a wryly affectionate depiction of a dreamy 10-year-old boy taking in the enchantments of the physical world -- and the disenchantments of the human one -- against the backdrop of his parents' tempestuous marriage. In tone and structure, the story recalls Evan S. Connell, whom Russo has publicly admired, in his Mr. and Mrs. Bridge mode.

More often, though, this collection brings to mind a far bleaker writer, Richard Yates, whom Russo has praised (in a foreword to Yates's collected stories) for "his relentless, unflinching investigation of our secret hearts." One story in particular, "Monhegan Light," could have been written by Yates.

The narrative follows a Los Angeles cinematographer named Martin and his much younger girlfriend to an island off the coast of Maine, where Martin confronts the renowned painter who for 20 years was his late wife's secret summer lover. The painter produced a series of paintings of Martin's wife, one of which has been sent to him, spitefully, by his sister-in-law, who facilitated the affair. Martin visits the painter out of a vague desire to prevail morally and ends up chastened instead -- forced to acknowledge, in the beauty of the man's portraiture, his own failure to love his wife.

The setup is pure Yates in its concoction of sexual and artistic jealousy -- the would-be artist cuckolded and rebuked by a real one -- and its thorny ironies. The sister-in-law's malicious gift of beauty is planted like a bomb in Martin's new relationship, so that as he lies in bed alongside his sleeping girlfriend, he realizes he doesn't love her, knowing "it was his destiny, no doubt, to sell her short as well." It is a perfect Yatesian sentiment, self-deception yielding to an explosion of bitter self-knowledge.

Yates was a kind of prose laureate of failure, and Russo's stories insistently fish for failure beneath the surface of outwardly successful lives. He's particularly concerned with failures of imagination. In the superb title story, an elderly nun confounds a creative writing class with an account of her hard past, which she herself doesn't fully comprehend until she is brought to a "terrible recognition of the willful lie she'd told herself over a lifetime." In "The Farther You Go," a daughter disastrously envisions happiness in an attempt to replicate her parents' marriage. In "Buoyancy," an aging literature professor on an island vacation stumbles with his wife onto a nudist beach and cruelly (and mistakenly) imagines her "on the verge of tears, feeling humiliated and old."

Perhaps the biggest failure of imagination in these stories involves marriage itself -- "Flawed concept, I always thought," as the painter in "Monhegan Light" observes. Affairs occur here and there, but the real betrayal is committed by those who avoid infidelity because it might bring the deep loneliness of their marriage to crisis. Thus they convert faithfulness into a kind of betrayal, making a coward's truce with their ambivalence.

All this failure makes for a fairly dismal picture. As a novelist, Russo habitually turns glaring faults of character into comic tours de force, reveling in the vanities of human nature. The stories in "The Whore's Child" offer little of this sort of relief; again and again, they turn mordant where the novels would round off into mirth. In "Poison," a successful 50-year-old writer, anticipating the envy of a boyhood friend come for a visit to his island vacation home, makes sure that his wife prepares a not-too-ostentatious meal: "Whereas lobster for each of us would have been a conspicuous display, ill suited to the reunion of the sons of mill workers, the lobster sauce, served over pasta, signifies a sophistication that is nonetheless mindful of who we are." In a Russo novel, this kind of strategizing would be ripe for comedy, but the story plays it earnestly.

"I love the shape and structure of good short stories, the fact that they can be experienced whole," Russo once remarked in an interview. But compression is not his strong suit. A novelist's genial expansiveness can turn a story talky and slack: "He would have concluded that she was genuinely incurious except that sometimes, if he'd been particularly evasive, she'd pose a follow-up question, days or even weeks after the fact, as if it had taken her all that time to realize he'd not been terribly forthcoming." Limited third-person narration -- Richard Yates's forte -- is not Russo's preferred stance, and at times we feel his omniscient narrator trying to wedge his way in, resulting in overexplicitness or melodrama: "It was foolish and arrogant, he had to concede, to think you could imagine the truth of another human life, to penetrate its deepest secrets. . . . What, in the end, could he know of her heart?"

It's fascinating to contemplate how a different form produces a different writer -- in Russo's case, a less funny one. The short story alters the tragicomic balance that is a hallmark of his novels, darkening it, making for a different sound and feel and attitude toward his characters -- edgier, because, well, they're in a story, and characters in stories are always closer to the edge.

Take, for instance, the scene in "Buoyancy" where the professor squints along the shoreline, seeing figures apparently naked but "too far away to be, as his replacement might put it, 'gender specific.' " The moment sparkles with comic potential -- the "replacement" being the gender-politics specialist who has pushed the professor into retirement -- but it doesn't go that way, ending instead with a forlorn reflection on the lapsed passion of marriage: "How long, he tried to recall, since they had made love?" In a Russo novel, the antecedent scenes with the younger colleague would be given at length, and the professor's predicament set among those of the rest of the characters, among their parade of vanities. A novel is inherently social, while the story, as Frank O'Connor argued, is for renegades, exiles, outlaws and crazies.

Russo is not a writer who astonishes by virtuosity -- you never ask, "How did he do that?" -- and when all is said and done, I wish he'd found a way to leave things more implied than stated. At the close of "The Mysteries of Linwood Hart," on the day of his parents' giddy reconciliation, Linwood visits his father's dingy exile apartment for the first time and understands that "it was as perfectly real as every place else in the world, which was large beyond imagining." It's a nice way to suggest a small step out of childhood, but Russo doesn't leave it at that. As if to label the narrative "coming-of-age story," he has the boy look at the rumpled bed his parents have slept in and intuit "in the tangle of sheets at least part of what made the world go round." And there's still more: "It was into this entirely different world that Linwood Hart now fell asleep, sadly grateful that he was not and never had been, nor ever would be, its center."

If anyone can get away with overwriting, it's Richard Russo, but you can't help thinking the story would be better with some of this left out. Still, it's a charming performance, one that succeeds through its author's sure grasp of paradox: that to imagine the limitations of your imagination is to begin to comprehend the world beyond childhood. How shrewd of Russo -- and how lovely -- to close his book by turning a failure of imagination inside out.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Ray Bartkus)

**Load-Date:** July 14, 2002

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[***Aix Journal;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-P3D0-0017-50K7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Blight of Hate Creeps Over a Political Landscape***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-P3D0-0017-50K7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 12, 1987, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 4, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1110 words

**Byline:** By JAMES M. MARKHAM, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** AIX-EN-PROVENCE, France, Oct. 6

**Body**

Across a lovely stretch of southern France best known for its sunshine and beaches, unlovely racist sentiments have seeped into the mainstream of political debate as France gears up for a presidential election next spring.

It is here in the south of France that dense concentrations of Arab workers from North Africa have turned whole neighborhoods of cities like Marseilles and Toulon into replicas of Oran or Casablanca - alien and frightening to the French, or at least to many of them, It is also here in the south that thousands of so-called pieds noirs, French citizens who settled in North Africa but were uprooted by decolonization, came to remake their lives. Twenty-five years after Algeria achieved its independence, one-time pieds noirs have flocked to the National Front of Jean-Marie Le Pen, an ex-paratrooper who demands a crackdown on Arab immigration.

The abrupt emergence of the National Front has upended the political checkerboard of the south, provoking widespread desertions from the Communist Party, once the repository of disgruntled ***working-class*** protest votes, and obliging the traditional parties of the right to accept the ultrarightist group as a coalition partner in a regional council based in Marseilles.

What the Gas Chambers Meant

Moreover, Mr. Le Pen and his partisans have effectively fixed the issue of racism - and most recently, anti-Semitism - on the national agenda. A proclaimed candidate for the presidency, the burly Mr. Le Pen touched off a political storm last month by asserting that the Nazi gas chambers were ''a minor point'' in history.

Aside from its moral implications, the assertion looks to have been a spectacular political blunder and nowhere more than in the National Front's southeastern bastion, where Christian and Jewish pieds noirs have traditionally coexisted in considerable harmony. As many as 600,000 Jews live in France and about 110,000 of them reside in the southeast - perhaps 70 percent of them originally from North Africa.

Pascal Arrighi, a member of Parliament who is the Front's leader in the south, has sought to limit the damage from the ''minor point'' dispute. In an interview, he said that neither the Front nor Mr. Le Pen was anti-Semitic and expressed ''esteem and respect for the Jewish community.''

But the controversy has thrown the Le Pen movement on the defensive and given its foes in various localities the hope of checking its rise. One such place is Aix-en-Provence, a gracious city of 150,000 renowned for its annual musical festival, where the Front cornered 21 percent of the popular vote in last year's parliamentary elections.

First the Arabs, Now the Jews

In the cavernous basement of his shoe store, Desiree Guigui, a 44-year-old Socialist member of Aix's conservative-controlled city council, said his party was ''very worried'' about Mr. Le Pen's revisionist outburst. A Jew who left Algeria in 1962, Mr. Guigui conceded that his concern was a personal one as well.

''I don't think that Le Pen brought out this 'minor detail' point unconsciously,'' Mr. Guigui said. ''He is a racist. It started with the Arabs -and now it's the Jews. He wants to rally the people who are for the white race, for France. It reminds you of Hitler.''

A few blocks away, at the National Front's modest headquarters, Dominique Gajas, a Corsican who grew up in Morocco and who directs an influential municipal development agency, tried to dismiss the controversy as ''a Parisian affair'' that had been blown up by the press and by Mr. Le Pen's enemies.

About a fifth of Aix's population is pied noir in origin - roughly the Front's score in last year's election. But politicians here say that one of the most striking aspects of the election was the direct transfer of votes and loyalties from the Communist Party to the Front; one of the Front's most conspicuous ward leaders is a former Communist.

The Disappointed People

At his high-ceilinged law office on the Place des Precheurs, Yves Kleniec, who quit the Communist Party this year, described the Front electorate in Aix as ''people disappointed with the Communists and racists, who have found someone who promises to do something about unemployment.''

''There is a bit of xenophobia in each Frenchman, and it is easy to excite him,'' Mr. Kleniec said. ''But I have to say that even those of us who try to overcome this racism are confronted with a provocative attitude by young Moslems. And when you come out of city hall, you do have the sense of being in an Arab medina.''

Solicitous of Aix's reputation as a city of music and thermal baths, planners have over the years encouraged the settlement of most of its 12,000 foreign residents in outlying high rises, where drugs and petty crime are endemic. Yet the very heart of the city, where housing is old and cheap, is an Arab ghetto, where unemployed men lounge about in front of the Hotel de Ville or sip bitter coffee in Arab-owned cafes.

Last month, Aix lurched briefly into the national spotlight when a local jury of nine citizens and three judges gave a wrist-slap sentence of 10 months' imprisonment to a French policeman who had killed a 17-year-old Algerian in Marseilles during a routine automobile check.

It's Worse in Marseilles

Larbi Talha, an Algerian scholar at the National Council of Scientific Research, said he was so ''revolted'' by the verdict that he did something out of character, and attended a protest demonstration near Marseilles. But it was indicative of the quiescent mood of Aix's Arabs that there was no demonstration here.

''Racism is not as visible or as violent here as in Marseilles,'' Mr. Talha said. ''But there are cafes on the Cours Mirabeau where Arabs don't go since they know they won't be served, and, after a young Algerian was killed two years ago by a gang from Marseilles, young Arabs make sure they don't go out alone at night.''

The fears of one community mirror the fears of another: Frenchmen here complain about Arab drug addicts stealing car radios or snatching women's purses. At city hall, an aide to Mayor Jean-Pierre Peretti della Rocca - himself a former military officer in Algeria who was jailed for plotting against de Gaulle - talked casually about the need to ''chase'' the Arabs from the center of town.

At the smoky, cramped offices of the Association for the Support of Immigrant Workers, Baghdad Amara, a bearded Moroccan, recalled that the French had originally invited the Arabs to come and fill labor shortages. ''There are a lot of workers who lost their youth and their health here,'' said Mr. Amara, hugging his short jacket in the cold room. ''And now the French say they don't want us anymore and we should go home.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Arab immigrants (Henry Ely)

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[***Newcomers Chafe as a Biker Hangout on L.I. Gentrifies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D97-JNX0-TW8F-G2R7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 11, 2004 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1; Heavy Metal Thunder on Main Street

**Length:** 1538 words

**Byline:** By MICHELLE O'DONNELL

**Dateline:** GREENPORT, N.Y.

**Body**

Bob Laub sat at a table at the Harbourfront Deli here, railing against stereotype.

Mr. Laub, 53, is a tattooed, 6-foot-5 limousine company owner with a deep bass voice who keeps house for his 81-year-old father. His tricked-out Harley-Davidson was parked across the street. A thin gold loop shone from his left lobe and, in lieu of a pocket or a pocket protector, he had clipped a ballpoint pen to the round collar of his faded Captain America T-shirt.

Mr. Laub said the problem in society, meaning Greenport, population 2,020, was all the stereotyping. ''Unfortunately, whether you want to be stereotyped in life, you are,'' he said. ''All it takes is one group pulling into town with leather jackets.''

All summer long, groups of motorcycling enthusiasts (Mr. Laub loathes the term ''bikers'') have been roaring into Greenport to wend their way down Main Street to Claudio's Clam Bar on the wharf. And in the wake of exhaust and noise, rattled nerves and the car alarms that wail as they pass, the old question of who is welcome and who is not has surfaced in Greenport, pitting neighbor against neighbor, and reminding everyone in this small village on the North Fork of Long Island that the issues of gentrification have not entirely been resolved.

''I can't tell you how many times I've had to close the door on a beautiful summer day,'' said Rachel Maceiras, the owner of Verbena, a store in the heart of the village, which sells Votivo candles and the Alexis Bittar Lucite jewelry that Samantha wore on ''Sex and the City.''

Ms. Maceiras moved to Greenport in 1999 from Park Slope, Brooklyn, which she said had been ''ruined by progress.'' She is one of several residents who were drawn to Greenport's authentic atmosphere as a fishing village, although the last two fish-processing plants closed half a dozen years ago. These newcomers have spruced up faded wooden storefronts and helped revive a tourist economy.

But she has learned that the picturesque village of her dreams has long been a stop on a well-traveled route favored by weekend motorcycle riders like Mr. Laub, some of them known to gun their engines as they ride down Main Street in a kind of mechanical primal scream.

Ms. Maceiras and other merchants believe that the police for Southold, the town that includes Greenport, should set up a permanent noise checkpoint in the village to discourage the revving, if not the motorcyclists altogether. The riders accuse them of class profiling. But many merchants counter that some of those astride the bikes are not blue-collar riders, but doctors and lawyers weekending as motorcycle warriors.

This summer, at temporary checkpoints, the police issued dozens of summonses for noise violations, overwhelmingly citing motorcycles over cars. The riders complain that they are being unfairly singled out, but the police say that the motorcycles are simply louder than cars.

Riders say the action has caused some of them to rethink riding through Greenport, and locals with the Harley Owners Group, known as HOG, have canceled a planned trip through the village.

But other longtime residents say the hordes of motorcyclists fit well with what they say is the village's diverse past. Newcomers are drawn to Greenport, which has strong blue-collar roots, because they like the gritty streak it has retained, a quality they find lacking in the Hamptons.

''The bikers are a metaphor for Greenport's diversity and tradition of tolerance,'' said the motorcyclists' most prominent supporter, David Kapell, a local real estate broker who is Greenport's mayor. If Greenport were to lose the motorcyclists, Mr. Kapell said, it would lose one of its last links to its storied past as a melting pot, with one of Long Island's oldest black populations and one of its oldest synagogues.

In Mr. Kapell's estimation, the complaints about the bikers are an ominous sign of intolerance. ''Now we decide we don't like the motorcyclists so we're going to profile them,'' he said. ''Who's next?''

Jan Kirwan, who moved to Greenport from Chelsea, in Manhattan, with her partner to run a tea shop on Main Street, said the sheer numbers of motorcycles can overwhelm a small village.

Next door, at Curran's Irish Shop, Sue Curran said that merchants used to rise early on weekends and park their cars tightly together on Main Street so motorcyclists who could not find parking would be dissuaded from staying, but that the merchants tired of waking early every weekend.

''As people come in here, they try to get away from the suburbs, and they want the village to be pristine,'' said Troy Gustavson, co-owner of the Times/Review Newspapers, publisher of The Suffolk Times, which has written frequently about this issue over the last year. ''It's a function of the gentrification of Greenport. It's happened all over the North Fork.''

Marty Dick, the president of the eastern Suffolk chapter of American Bikers Aimed Toward Education, or Abate, said he has seen a growing number of motorcyclists who are middle-aged professionals able to afford motorcycles costing $25,000 to $30,000 to live out an ''Easy Rider'' fantasy on the weekends.

''Yuppies -- I'll call them that -- are getting in the swing of things because it's the popular thing to do,'' Mr. Dick said. ''That's the attitude, that freedom, that excitement, that wind in your hair. It's not the loudness; it's the freedom.''

And then there is Claudio's Clam Bar. In 1987, when Greenport was largely considered an eyesore, a retired Suffolk County police officer named Jerry Tuthill put four tables on a pier and drew up a menu of clams, clam chowder, hot dogs and beer. He called it Claudio's Clam Bar after Claudio's, the old Greenport restaurant owned by his wife's family, and hit something like the restaurant lottery jackpot.

Today, the Claudio's franchise in Greenport consists of Claudio's, Crabby Jerry's restaurant, Claudio's Clam Bar and Sweet Temptations Ice Cream. The clam bar draws a couple of hundred motorcyclists on weekends.

This day, Mr. Tuthill, tanned and dressed in a Tommy Bahama shirt with the tooth of a mako shark he caught hanging from a thick gold chain around his neck, showed off his clam bar.

It sits at the end of the wharf, which, essentially, is an expanse of asphalt, an ideal setup for drivers of two wheels or four. The wharf, perched at the edge of Greenport Harbor, stares down the lush greenery of Shelter Island just across the harbor.

''It's great,'' Mr. Tuthill said of Greenport. ''It's another Hamptons. In another four or five years, we'll be right there.''

That kind of talk can unleash a maelstrom in Greenport -- as much as a revved motorcycle engine. Not too long ago, Mr. Gustavson wrote in The Suffolk Times that Greenport could learn a few things from Sag Harbor, setting off a torrent of letters from Greenport residents who want their village to retain all the ***working-class*** flavor that they said Sag Harbor had lost.

Mr. Laub, the motorcyclist, who has lived his whole life in Greenport, does not understand their fears. ''Everyone used to say, 'All the village needs is a fresh coat of paint,' but that's not the case,'' he said. ''You can't have a Dumpster out there with a dog chained up to it,'' he said, nodding his head in the direction of the wharf. ''You have to maintain it from both sides.''

Mr. Gustavson said the motorcyclists would help the village retain its flavor. He described a sublime afternoon when he experienced what he calls the ''quintessential Greenport moment.'' He was sipping a glass of wine at an outdoor table at Ile de Beaute, a French restaurant on Main Street, when a dozen Harley-Davidsons suddenly came roaring down the street, spewing exhaust and drowning out the voices of his companions.

Mr. Gustavson, 58, loved it. Himself the owner of a ''big old-man comfortable bike,'' a 1200 cc BMW, he said: ''That's the great thing about Greenport. You've got people dining in a French restaurant and 10 Harley-Davidsons roaring up the block.''

Motorcyclists say the roar of their bikes is a safety issue. They buy their bikes with standard exhaust pipes, then replace them with pipes that have less baffle inside to create a loud noise that alerts car drivers to their presence on the road.

At Maximum Motorsports in Riverhead, where a $37,000 American IronHorse was recently sold to a pediatrician, Dean McNamara said the tone of the motorcycle was one of the most important features to riders. ''Nobody wants to ride a moped,'' he said. ''That's the excitement.''

For years, a slogan used by some motorcycle associations was ''Loud pipes save lives.'' It meant that drivers in cars who might not see a motorcyclist would be able to hear the bike as it approached. But now the American Motorcyclist Association has added another slogan for its members: ''Loud pipes risk rights.''

Mr. Dick of Abate said he thinks the newer riders are unaware of motorcyclists' long struggle for acceptance and are the ones who rev their engines going through town. ''An experienced rider has respect,'' he said. ''My whole life is driven by respect. If I'm going to blast through town and set off car alarms, they're not going to want me there and they're not going to want any other motorcycles.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Spruced-up storefronts draw tourists.

Claudio's Clam Bar in Greenport, N.Y., draws bikers, including Marty Dick, president of a bikers' group chapter. (Photographs by Kirk Condyles for The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Mayor David Kapell said kicking the bikers out of Greenport would sever one of the village's last links to its storied past as a melting pot. (Photo by Kirk Condyles for The New York Times)(pg. B2)Map of Long Island highlighting the location of Claudio's Clam Bar: The founder of Claudio's Clam Bar says Greenport will be another Hamptons. (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** September 11, 2004

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[***JOURNEYS; 36 Hours Concord, Mass.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:465B-HBS0-01CN-H24B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 28, 2002 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 4

**Length:** 1479 words

**Byline:**  By DAVID A. KELLY

**Body**

CONCORD is no Colonial Williamsburg. Although it was the birthplace of both the Revolutionary War and the Concord grape and home to an impressive collection of 19th-century literary and intellectual powerhouses, it's got things on its mind besides reliving the past. While downtown Concord has historic houses, funky West Concord is an eclectic tie-dye village with fabulous bakeries, a brewery, a five-and-dime straight out of the 1950's and a famous pottery store (the Potting Shed, known for its reproductions of Dedham pottery). Concord has learned to thrive on an ever-shifting combination of old and new, respecting the past while relaxing with a latte. As Emerson said, "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind."

DAVID A. KELLY

Friday

6 p.m.

1) Alfresco Dinner

Dating from 1716, the Colonial Inn (48 Monument Square; 978-369-9200) in the center of Concord is the place to start your tour. Relax on the inn's long front porch with a glass of wine, the cold shellfish platter ($23) and a great view of Monument Square and Concord's historic buildings. The Village Forge Tavern in back is about the only evening entertainment in town, with great jazz and music nightly (no cover).

8:15 p.m.

2) Ghosts of the Past

Want to learn about the ghostly apparition that lingered near the the bed in Room 24 of the Colonial Inn? Or where Thoreau spent time in jail? Hear the stories you won't find in history books by taking a two-hour evening ghost walk around the town (and cemeteries) with Beyond Twilight Tours (978-621-6673; adults $12; Thursday to Sunday; reservations for the 2 p.m. tours on Saturday and Sunday are suggested).

Saturday

8 a.m.

3) Tea Cakes Shop

Over the South Bridge, across the Sudbury River, and two miles down Main Street is West Concord. A mixture of ***working-class*** neighborhood, eclectic stores and bohemian attitude, it also retains a strong sense of community and a couple of great bakeries. Concord Teacakes (59 Commonwealth Avenue; 978-369-7644) offers tantalizing scones, coffee cakes and desserts. Try one of the chocolate, gingerbread or lemon tea cakes ($3.95) or the currant scones ($1.25) with clotted cream. Or take a molasses-laden Emily Dickinson Raisin Brandycake ($12), based on her black cake recipe, home with you.

9 a.m.

4) Battle Road

The Minute Man National Historical Park (978-369-6993) stretches along the road (Route 2A) leading into Concord and approximates the route of the British soldiers to the North Bridge, to confiscate arms, and their retreat from the sniping of the burgeoning colonial resistance. Part nature and part history trail, the 5.5-mile Battle Road Trail traverses fields, forests and wetlands as it passes historic sites, like the spot where Paul Revere was captured. To save time, watch the film at the visitors' center (it's actually worth seeing), drive to the Hartwell Tavern at the top, and walk west from there. Within one mile you'll go from the historic Battle Road through fields and forest and onto a boardwalk that crosses over wetlands. Look for the stone walls in the forest section -- they're the same ones that the minutemen ran by on their way to ambush the British at Bloody Angle.

11 a.m.

5) Concord Museum

Finish your Battle Road tour by stopping at the Concord Museum (200 Lexington Road; 978-369-9609; Monday to Saturday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, noon to 5 p.m.; admission is $7 for adults, $3 for children 17 and under), housed in a two-story colonial-style brick building built in 1930 specifically for the museum. See a lantern hung in the North Church the night of Paul's Revere ride; the bed, desk and chair from Thoreau's cabin at Walden Pond; and the original study where Emerson wrote his famous essays. Look for the small interior courtyard with flowers and benches for a quiet place to take an outdoor break.

Noon

6) Picnic Lunch

Buy a picnic lunch from one of the many downtown sandwich shops and relax on the grass in Monument Square. Enjoy a free wine tasting at the Cheese Shop (29 Walden Street; 978-369-5778; wine tasting on Saturday only) and assemble a lunch from the wide assortment of cheeses, ready-made soups, brioche and sandwiches. Or follow the wall with benches and flowers down Anderson's Alley to Main Streets Market and Cafe (42 Rear Main Street; 978-369-9948) for a turkey wrap with cranberry horseradish ($5.95) or a grilled panini sandwich ($5.95). After lunch, browse in the many jewelry, clothing and art galleries along Main and Walden Streets. Lois Venooker, owner of the Artful Image (16A Walden Street; 978-371-2353), gives an enthusiastic tour of wearable art (luxurious burnt-velvet robes) and storable art (intricate three-dimensional sculptures with storage compartments). For dessert, stop at the Sally Ann Food Shop (73 Main Street; 978-369-4558) where you will find that the apple turnovers ($2) with crystallized icing, delicate pastry and cinnamon apple chunks are an edible art.

2 p.m.

7) The Houses

Clustered just east of the village green along Lexington Road lie the homes of three famous American writers that gave Concord its literary reputation: Ralph Waldo Emerson (the Emerson House, built in 1828-29), Nathaniel Hawthorne (the Wayside, built in 1717) and Louisa May Alcott (Orchard House). The families of these writers (along with Henry David Thoreau) formed the nucleus of Concord's literary society from the 1840's through the 1880's. Although the Orchard House (399 Lexington Street; 978-369-4118; admission is $7 for adults, $4 for children 17 and under) is in the middle of a restoration of its foundation, don't miss the upstairs room where Alcott wrote most of her novel "Little Women" and its sequels, with the wooden half-moon desk that her father built for her. Look for the white lilies painted on a nearby column and the picture of the owl, both drawn by her sister May. Eighty percent of the furniture in the 1858 Colonial farmhouse (created by connecting two houses built in the 1600's) is original and belonged to the Alcotts.

4 p.m.

8) Boating to North Bridge

At the South Bridge Boat House (496 Main Street; 978-369-9438), you can rent a canoe or kayak by the hour or day ($10.50 an hour for canoes, $12 an hour for kayaks; open 9 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. on weekends). Paddle down to Fairhaven Bay, which Thoreau gazed at from the nearby cliffs, or upstream to the North Bridge and the site of the first battle of the Revolution. Beach the canoe and get out to see the famous "Minuteman" statue, then make your way up the winding stone path to the visitors' center to see the dioramas.

7:30 p.m.

9) Longfellow's Way

A trip to Concord wouldn't be complete without a visit to Longfellow's Wayside Inn in Sudbury (Route 20; 978-443-1776; reservations suggested), upon which he based his book "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Located on 106 acres of forest and fields, the Wayside is America's oldest operating inn and still offers 10 guest rooms for weary travelers, including one that is supposedly haunted. Don't miss the Wayside Inn lobster pie ($22.95) with chunks of lobster in light cream and a bread-crumb crust, or the potent Coow Woow ($4.50), made of rum and ginger brandy and proclaimed to be America's first (and possibly strongest) mixed drink.

Sunday

9 a.m.

10) Legends of Sleepy Hollow

Start your day with a morning walk in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery (Route 62) and go directly to the back of the cemetery and Authors Ridge, which contains the graves of Thoreau, Hawthorne, Emerson (the large block of rose quartz) and the Alcotts all within a hundred feet or so; as well as the nearby graves of Ephraim Bull (the inventor of the Concord grape), Daniel Chester French (the sculptor renowned for the Lincoln Memorial) and Margaret Sidney (of the Five Little Peppers children's books).

10 a.m.

11) On Walden Pond

Walden Pond (915 Walden Street; 978-369-3254; $5 parking fee) is both the local swimming hole and the idealized solitary retreat of Thoreau. Take the 1.7-mile circular hiking trail to Thoreau's house. Many visitors bring a stone, some with messages painted on, to contribute to a nearby pile. For even more solitude, continue around the trail to Fairhaven Bay and the cliffs that Thoreau frequently visited.

THE BASICS

Visiting Concord

Concord is a half-hour northwest of Boston, and four and a half hours from New York City. There's no taxi service in Concord, so drive or take a commuter train from Boston and walk to most of the sites. The Colonial Inn (48 Monument Square; 978-369-9200), right on the common, is Concord's oldest inn. The smaller, cozier Hawthorne Inn (462 Lexington Road; 978-369-5610) is across from Orchard House. Other alternatives are the Burlington Marriott (1 Mall Road; 781-229-6565) or the Best Western Concord (740 Elm Street, 978-369-6100). Lastly, if you want to sound like a local, say CON-kurd, not CON-cord, THA-row instead of tha-ROW, and ALL-cut instead of all-COT or AL-cot.

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

**Graphic**

Photos (Photographs by Jodi Hilton for The New York Times) Map of Massachusetts highlights Concord.

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[***Broadway***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R500-0017-547F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 21, 1987, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1146 words

**Byline:** Enid Nemy

**Body**

Cyma Rubin's New Musical

Theater people are usually thought of as temperamental and mercurial, and they are, they are. They are also unsurprisingly stubborn and surprisingly patient. Even after years of nothing on stage, when their friends are embarrassed to ask them what's going on.

As of now, those who know Cyma Rubin can feel free to ask - her new musical, ''Mike,'' based on the flamboyant life of the producer Mike Todd, will have its world premiere March 30 at the Walnut Street Theater in Philadelphia. Then, the plan is to take the $1.1 million musical on to Broadway -more money, of course, but what's money if Philadelphia works.

Mrs. Rubin, producer of the hit ''No, No, Nanette,'' actually announced the birth of this show more than three years ago, when she signed contracts with the librettist Thomas Meehan (''Annie''), the composer Mitch Leigh (''Man of La Mancha'') and the lyricist Lee Adams (''Applause''), who has also contributed to the book. The hope then was that it would be ready for the following season, ''depending on how fast they write,'' Mrs. Rubin said. But, what with this, that, various commitments and sometimes conflicting schedules, the years flew by.

Now, the project is apparently set, although the name, ''Mike,'' is still considered a working title. Martin Charnin (''Annie'') has been signed to direct, and arrangements have been completed with Bernard Havard, executive director of the Walnut Street Theater, for a four-week run.

''It's a real fast-paced Broadway musical in the truest sense of the word,'' Mr. Charnin said. ''It re-creates an era of neon and energy, when Broadway wasn't as refined as it ultimately became. It was a Broadway that wanted to entertain and Mike Todd spent his whole life simply trying to do that.''

Although the show grew out of a biography of his father written by Michael Todd Jr. and his wife, Susan McCarthy Todd, the musical will concentrate on a single year, 1948. However, according to Mrs. Rubin, none of the material of the Todd shows will be used. ''It will be a new tapestry,'' she said, with major production numbers and such new songs as ''Waiting in the Wings,'' ''The Man I Married,'' and ''Lindy's.'' There's also a song called ''Class,'' a quality Todd always admired.

Fifth Year of 'La Cage'

What's happening tonight? A lot of things that don't fit in this column, and the 1,671st performance of ''La Cage aux Folles,'' marking the beginning of its fifth year.

Jim Dale's Quiet Life

What a wonderful life, living it up like a Broadway star - like Jim Dale, for instance. It is pretty wonderful because Mr. Dale is doing what he's happiest doing - packing them in every night at ''Me and My Girl.'' But as to living it up, forget it. They do better in Kansas, Wisconsin and North Dakota.

''If anything, I live it down, not up,'' Mr. Dale said. ''I don't go out after the show, and if I use too much energy during the day, I haven't much left at night. I spend my days doing paperwork and shopping, and my weekends in the country.''

In fact, when Mr. Dale joined the show in June, he did plan to live it up a little with the cast. He arranged for soft drinks and boxes and boxes of cookies, had them all stored underneath the skirt of his long dressing table, and turned the reception area of his sumptuous dressing room into a cast meeting place - a wonderful way to get to know his fellow actors better, he thought. Just one thing went wrong. Although the cast members used, and use, the room, they're so considerate of his privacy that they leave when he exits the stage.

Mr. Dale said that although many of his onstage actions look improvised, they are anything but -''never, never, unless it's an accident,'' he said.

''There's no use doing something that is Jim Dale being clever,'' he said. ''It's better to prepare, plan and rehearse to make it look improvised. It takes more time, but when it works, it really works.''

Laughs From Anger

Anyone who has taken part in the swinging life of a large city in the last decade has encountered that new social arbiter - the bouncer, the man who decides who will enter the portals of the momentarily fashionable discos and clubs. Now there's a play called ''Bouncers,'' by John Godber, due here Sept. 17 after a successful London run. It's about Britain's ***working-class*** youths, their moral outrage and their desperate desire to have a good time, which doesn't sound exactly comedic, but Ron Link, the director, describes it as one-third each of the Marx Brothers, John Osborne and Monty Python. You can take it from there, at the Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane (420-8000).

A Look at Three Last Days

It's been a subject of controvery almost forever and it's been in the forefront of the news since a key Supreme Court ruling last April rejected one of its last major challenges. The death penalty isn't a pleasant topic, but William Inge's rarely produced play ''The Disposal'' is both drama and comedy, and it opens Sunday at the Jan Hus Theater. Mr. Inge, author of ''Come Back Little Sheba'' and ''Picnic,'' took a day in the life of three condemned men awaiting electrocution to illustrate society's lack of respect for human life. The Montana Theater Company presentation will play an irregular schedule (information 663-7873) until Sept. 15, with the Sept. 13 performance a benefit for Amnesty International. The theater is at 351 East 74th Street.

A Red Hot Mama

Who was Sophie Tucker? Well, a lot of us know, and even admit to knowing. But for the underprivileged, who haven't a clue about the legendary entertainer, there will soon be a pleasant way to find out. ''The Last of the Red Hot Mamas,'' billed as a brassy new musical with a ragtime beat, will open Oct. 29 at the Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 East 14th Street. It will, that is, if Sophie wasn't really the last of the red-hots - the producers are looking for someone to play the role.

Byronic Benefit

If there's anything that appeals to the fashionable, it's a glamorous benefit, and if there's anything that appeals even more, it's an intellectual glamorous benefit. Bound to be a ''10'' in that category are the two performances scheduled for the Pierpont Morgan Library Sept. 21 and 22. That's when Derek Jacobi will portray Lord Byron in the English Chamber Theater's production of ''Byron: Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know.'' The black-tie gala Sept. 21 with reception and dinner is $1,000. The following night, with reception only, tickets are $250. The library is at 29 East 36th Street. Information: 685-0008.

Pintauro Plays

The Glines, perhaps best known as the original producer of ''Torch Song Trilogy'' and ''As Is,'' will have its new production - ''Wild Blue: A Collection of Short Gay Plays'' - opening Sept. 4 at the 47th Street Playhouse, 304 West 47th Street. The plays, by Joseph Pintauro, deal with a number of aspects of gay life. (Telephone: 869-3981.)

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***Lead Dust in the Wind Withers Mexican Children***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WKF-6500-007F-G137-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JULIA PRESTON

By JULIA PRESTON

**Dateline:** TORREON, Mexico

**Body**

The mothers who live in the cinder-block houses just downwind from a towering lead-smelting plant have begun describing their children by numbers.

Alfredo has 71, his mother said anxiously of the 3-year-old. Norma Angelica, a 6-year-old who is always battling a fever or stomach ache, has 42. And Claudia Elena Arellano found out that her spindly daughter Jazmin, also 6, has the highest numbers of anyone. The girl's tests came in at 100.4.

The numbers are not school grades and a high score is no boon. They measure the amount of lead in their blood, and Mrs. Arellano's little girl, with 10 times the level considered safe by international standards, has a clear case of lead poisoning.

After living for decades with grit from the great smelter blackening their walls and crackling under their shoes, the ***working-class*** families living near the plant have discovered that their children are contaminated with dangerous levels of lead.

Recent tests of children from one corner of the neighborhood were so high that authorities ordered 393 families to be evacuated and their houses demolished, in what has become one of the most severe environmental emergencies Mexico has ever faced.

But the crisis around the plant of Met-Mex Penoles S.A. de C.V. has marked a shift in Mexico's response to big industries that impose hazards on surrounding communities.

Where once environmentalists' warnings were dismissed, the lead epidemic among children here has moved state and federal health and environment officials, not to mention the local press and the bar association, to admit they were complacent and start demanding that the company either run "clean" in accordance with newly tightened rules, or close down.

The 98-year-old installation, which now employs as many as 5,000 workers, was always regarded as the central pillar of progress in this rambling industrial city. The huge plant of Met-Mex Penoles is the largest producer of refined silver in the world. Once isolated in the desert, the smelter expanded while the city encircled it. In the 1970's the federal Government sold parcels of a sandlot it owned on one edge of the plant, allowing a new community, Colonia Luis Echeverria, to spring up.

The smelter has long had a program to monitor the health of its workers. Executives acknowledged, though, that they never paid attention to the people dwelling just beyond the plant's high walls. And Government regulations never required it.

But last year the contamination was uncovered when a pediatrician, Dr. Manuel Velasco, noticed that many of his young patients who lived near the plant were anemic and began testing them for lead. At the same time a local toxicologist, Dr. Gonzalo Garcia Vargas, completed a study that showed that the children had alarmingly high lead levels.

Just inside the smelter's walls, not 100 yards from the kitchens where mothers fry tacos for family dinner and the dirt patios where toddlers scuttle, huge mounds of lead-laden dirt wait to be refined. Swirling winds from the desert skim dust off the piles and blow it on the houses. Experts concluded that the children have swallowed lead that settled over the years into the soil, onto the furniture, even into their clothes.

Of 1,518 children from the community tested in recent weeks by public health officials, 92 percent had lead levels that were considered unsafe. They included at least 210 children with levels that call, under internationally accepted codes, for emergency medical treatment.

As the results came in, horror seized the community. Little by little the parents learned that lead could be especially damaging to their children. Prolonged exposure could have permanently weakened their muscles and even dimmed their intelligence. But the families cannot be sure because no tests for long-term effects have yet been done.

Dalila Zamarron, who is 25, recalled her odyssey from one specialist to another trying to find an explanation for her daughter Norma Angelica's chronic ailments. The doctors' diagnoses ranged from typhoid fever to sinusitis, but their cures never worked. Now Mrs. Zamarron wonders how much of the problem was lead.

What is more, the little girl is repeating kindergarten again this year, after failing for the second time to pass into first grade.

"She's slow," Mrs. Zamarron said, her voice hoarse with sadness. "She's definitely slow."

The community is determined to make Met-Mex Penoles pay for the damage. Aided by local lawyers, about 125 families have joined in civil suits against the company seeking compensation for any disabilities the children are found to have.

Met-Mex Penoles has made no attempt to deny its pollution. The company quickly dispatched street-sweeping trucks to dust the community's avenues and teams of workers to vacuum contaminated houses. It paved the yards of several nearby schools, set up a mobile clinic to deliver medicines and agreed to put $6.6 million in a trust fund to pay for cleanup and medical costs. The company is also building a vast roof to cover the mounds of dirt now believed to have been the prime source of lead dust.

"Their attitude has been, 'Tell me what to do and I'll do it,' " said Antonio Azuela de la Cueva, Mexico's Attorney General for Environmental Protection. Mr. Azuela shut down one-half of the plant's production while more rigorous systems for monitoring emissions are put in place.

But there are limits to what the company executives will do. On one hand they argue that the contamination came from dust that fell from the plant decades ago. In a full-page ad it took out in major national newspapers, the company asserted that modern machinery installed since 1970 had reduced toxic emissions "to levels which represent no risk to the population."

On the other hand, company physicians maintained that the children's lead levels present only a short-term crisis and can be readily fixed with mineral supplements and special diets. "We know that the children who grew up there might end up with some kind of lasting problem," Dr. Edmundo Mesta, a company physician, said. "But right now we are not contemplating that scenario."

Met-Mex Penoles is part of the Mexican conglomerate Grupo Bal S.A. de C.V., which also includes Palacio de Hierro, a chain of chic department stores. The group's chairman, Alberto Bailleres, has remained aloof from the events in Torreon. Yet in a speech on May 20 at a top Mexican university, which gave him an honorary doctorate, Mr. Bailleres reminded students that "showing solidarity and appreciation for our fellow human beings is an unavoidable moral obligation."

The Government response, though forceful, was slow and confused in coming, aggravating the community's distrust. On May 5 state officials ordered the evacuation of part of the neighborhood but left it to the company to carry it out.

Met-Mex Penoles initiated a program to buy the houses in the evacuation area. But most of the residents are tenants, not homeowners. They soon began to receive notices from absentee landlords demanding that they vacate so the owners could sell. Yet neither the company nor the state government have offered the families a new place to live.

"This is not an evacuation, this is an eviction," said Maria Dolores Guillen, a community leader.

Still, the case that has caused most alarm was Mrs. Arellano's. On March 9, weeks before she learned of Jazmin's lead poisoning, Mrs. Arellano gave birth to twin girls. One was healthy but the other, Marlen, was born without eyes and with her tiny head swollen with liquid, a condition known as hydrocephalus. The baby's lead levels were low. But her blood tests revealed an even more toxic poison in her veins: arsenic.

A study published in April by a team of researchers from the Dartmouth Medical School and the University of Cincinnati found exceptionally high levels of arsenic dust around the plant. Experiments on animals have demonstrated that fetuses exposed to arsenic were sometimes born without eyes.

"I hope this episode ends with the company in operation without hurting the people," Mr. Azuela, the Attorney General for the Environment, said. "But I haven't made up my mind. There is no technical certainty that it will work out that way."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Families like Claudia Elena Arellano and her four daughters, who live downwind from a lead smelter, suffer symptoms of lead poisoning. Mounds of lead-laden dirt wait to be refined at the Met-Mex Penoles plant in Torreon. Winds blow dust from them into a neighborhood where children tested by public health officials had lead levels considered unsafe. (Photographs by Keith Dannemiller for The New York Times)

Map showing the location of Torreon: Grit from a lead-smelting plant covers a neighborhood in Torreon.

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[***The Playwright Of the Moment Cracks Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D9G-15V0-TW8F-G1VX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ERIK PIEPENBURG

**Body**

WHY can't anyone seem to write more than one successful play in a row? Every year in New York, it seems, people in the theater business -- including, yes, those who write about it -- collectively pin their hopes on one playwright: a writer who, it is hoped, won't simply be a one-hit wonder but will build a steady career of smart, popular work.

The most recent example was Richard Greenberg, whose baseball drama, ''Take Me Out,'' won the Tony for best play in the spring of 2003, and whose period piece ''The Violet Hour'' was a crashing disappointment in the fall of 2003. Before that, Suzan-Lori Parks's highly anticipated ''Topdog/Underdog'' won the Pulitzer Prize in 2002, while her play ''. . . A'' (a title rendered mainly in ellipses to avoid a word unprintable in a mainstream newspaper) failed to draw consistent capacity audiences the next year. Earlier, it was David Auburn, whose ''Proof,'' which won a Pulitzer and a Tony, ran on Broadway for more than two years starring several big-name actresses and has been adapted into a film with Gwyneth Paltrow. But Mr. Auburn's subsequent play, ''The Journals of Mihail Sebastian,'' turned out to be a somewhat modest affair, a one-man portrait of a Bucharest intellectual and Holocaust survivor during World War II.

This season's candidate may be Bryony Lavery, who managed to draw sizable audiences as well as critical acclaim last season for ''Frozen,'' a play with a darker-than-dark premise about the mother of a kidnapped and murdered young girl coming to terms with the perpetrator of the crime. The show, produced by the MCC Theater, wasn't a hit exactly -- after transferring to Broadway, it closed in less than four months -- but it left some producers thinking: if that's what she can do with violent, sadistic behavior, how many seats could she fill with a comedy?

The answer will start emerging on Wednesday, when Ms. Lavery's play ''Last Easter'' begins previews at the Lucille Lortel Theater for an Oct. 7 opening. It stars the witty actress Veanne Cox and Jeffrey Carlson, who returns to a drag role after crossdressing last season in the Boy George musical, ''Taboo.'' And it truly is a comedy, a lively work that might just allow Ms. Lavery the kind of follow-up success that has eluded her predecessors.

Except for one tiny, complicating detail. It's a comedy about cancer.

Ms. Lavery acknowledges that ''Last Easter'' is dark -- but humorously so. ''I wanted to do something that would make people laugh all the way through,'' said Ms. Lavery, a mop-headed, blue-eyed 56-year-old woman with a mischievous smile that suggests a mix of private school headmistress and women's prison matron.

''Last Easter'' is far from the prolific Ms. Lavery's first shift in tone. Although it is the first of her plays to have a world premiere in the United States, she has had many others produced in her native England. And that is in addition to a long career that has included playing Tinkerbell in a London production of ''Peter Pan,'' writing a biography of Tallulah Bankhead and creating a cabaret act with the elusive playwright Caryl Churchill (whose own new play, ''A Number,'' which begins previews at New York Theater Workshop in November, is another highly anticipated work of the New York season). Among Ms. Lavery's other scripts is a play titled ''Discontented Winter: House Remix,'' in which the role of a latter-day Richard III can be played by a boy or girl; a theater piece set outdoors in early-19th-century England that requires a large choir (''Precious Bane''); a historical lesbian romance (''Her Aching Heart''); a comedy about Alzheimer's disease (''A Wedding Story''); and a tale, written for young adults, about a Chinese emperor who dies and is buried with his many concubines, who are alive (''More Light'').

''Last Easter'' is about a group of people who work in the theater. After discovering that one of their number has cancer, they make a pilgrimage to Lourdes from London to find a miracle cure. But because they are a cynical bunch, once they reach the holy site -- depicted minimally by a clutch of wheelchairs and fog -- their discomfort at the sight of so many ailing people leads to wisecracks and show tunes.

''Did I miss something crucial I could have done? Been? Did I somehow invite this? Was it my fault? Note the past tense,'' says June (Ms. Cox), as she ponders her battle with ''the mighty C.''

Like several of Ms. Lavery's previous works, ''Last Easter'' describes how family can be defined by a kiss and not by blood, how same-sex attraction can be as fleeting as it is fixed, how illness can hurt those unafflicted by it and humor those dying from it.

''I think it's a play about how miraculous life is,'' Ms. Lavery said recently, over a glass of water in a hotel bar in Midtown Manhattan. ''I wanted to let the characters delight us in all their inconsistencies and their bravery as well. They're such an unlikely bunch of saints because they do, in my view, great things for their friends. They're so loving.''

Several days after Ms. Lavery arrived in New York from London, still feeling the effects of jet lag, she attended a read-through of ''Last Easter,'' sitting at a table in a rehearsal studio on West 42nd Street with the cast and Doug Hughes, the director. She eagerly worked out questions of tone and translation (the proper use of the word ''tart'') like a child impatiently awaiting a candy reward, and seemed buoyed by the intensity and attention.

It was another important New York moment for a woman who grew up in Dewsbury, a small ***working-class*** mill town in northern England. Her father was the principal of a college for nurses, her mother a homemaker who brought up four children.

As humanistic as many of her plays are, when it comes to discussing her personal life, Ms. Lavery is barely forthcoming. Although a number of her works have explored themes of homosexuality, particularly the coming-out process, Ms. Lavery appeared uncomfortable when the subject turned to her own sexuality.

''I don't talk about it much,'' she said with a strained smile. ''It's sort of a tiresome question.''

Her marriage to a man ended in separation (he later committed suicide), and she eventually came out as a lesbian. ''I've been straight and I've been gay and now I'm retired,'' she said with a laugh. ''I've had enough.''

Speaking about her characters, she said: ''If I identified with one more than another, I really wouldn't be doing my job. I have to invest each one of them with the potential to be whole, rounded characters. They all have some of my faults because that's what I'm exploring.''

Parts of ''Last Easter'' were influenced by a trip Ms. Lavery made to Lourdes, a site she found so saturated with the ''overwhelming hope'' of so many people that, she said, ''the place could hardly bear it.'' But in the play, instead of searching for the miraculous in water and prayer, the characters discover, after much drinking and talk of sex, cancer cells and death, that hope and peace don't require the divine.

''There are miracles every minute of the day,'' Ms. Lavery said. ''And if we spent time looking for those, rather than the miracle of recovery from an illness, it would be great. I have more wonder in a human being than in any grand religious being.''

Some critics have found Ms. Lavery's works graceful and affecting; others have dismissed them as overly sentimental. The plays have been applauded as ''magical'' (''Precious Bane'') and chided for ''leaving too much unexplored'' (''More Light'').

In England, and to a lesser degree in the United States, Ms. Lavery received some of the best reviews of her career for ''Frozen.'' Calling it ''striking'' and ''extraordinary,'' one London critic said the play's power ''lies in its ability to change hearts and minds.''

American reviewers, however, criticized Ms. Lavery for what they said was the play's storytelling approach. One critic wrote that she achieved her results through exposition that ''stops just short of charts and graphs.'' Others have faulted her for what they said were the emotional distances separating the author, her characters and the audience.

In his New York Times review, Ben Brantley found ''Frozen'' ''humane and intelligent,'' and said the New York version, which starred Brian F. O'Byrne, Swoosie Kurtz and Laila Robins, was ''more wrenching'' than its London counterpart. But, he said, Ms. Lavery ''overworks the poetic conceit of her title'' in a script that ''does not avoid the cliches of sentimental domestic best sellers.''

For someone with an almost obsessive need to write, it would seem that reviews of any kind would be irrelevant or extraneous. Not so.

''I deal with it as a woman of no character at all and no moral fiber,'' Ms. Lavery said. ''I go to pieces. If it's a bad review, I plan several letters rebutting it, which I never send. Then I tear down the critic's sensibility and ability to understand. Then I plot a hideous revenge. Then I get over it.''

''I've discovered,'' she continued, ''that after 10 years, a bad review becomes funny. Once, a critic said one of my works was 'piffle.' Now it's the only review I can remember.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bryony Lavery is following up ''Frozen,'' her dark drama about the mother of a murdered girl, with ''Last Easter,'' a dark comedy. (Photo by Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)

Clea Lewis, left, Jeffrey Carlson and Florencia Lozano lifting Veanne Cox in a rehearsal of ''Last Easter.'' (Photo by Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)(pg. 7)

Laila Robins and Brian F. O'Byrne in ''Frozen'' last February. (Photo by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 8)

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[***Brooklyn's Home To the Gentry And the Not-So - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TKG-6HM0-TW8F-G16P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Correction Appended**



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**Body**

WITH its sedate, leafy streets, fine old homes and churches, lush gardens and lofty harbor views, Brooklyn Heights feels like a staid patrician neighborhood where time has stood still since the 1800s. But more has gone on there than its quiet streets and house-proud gentry let on. ''The myth of the white-gloved ladies is that this was always a genteel neighborhood,'' Jim Schmitt, an avid student of local history who has lived in Brooklyn Heights since 1976, said as we walked around there recently. ''Absolutely not.''

The Heights, roughly from the Brooklyn Bridge down to Atlantic Avenue and from the riverfront over to Cadman Plaza West and Court Street, has been home to immigrant and itinerant workers, hookers and muggers, artists and eccentrics, a prominent Communist, a comic-book superhero and a famous burlesque queen. Now, it's a few minutes from Manhattan by subway, or a walk across the Brooklyn Bridge, or by water taxi to Fulton Ferry Landing.

Brooklyn Heights was farmland before Robert Fulton's regular steam ferry service at that landing made commuting to Manhattan easy in 1814. Soon after, enterprising Heights property owners (remembered today in street names like Pierrepont, Remsen, Hicks and Middagh) began to sell off plots for new homes, advertising the area to Manhattan's wealthy as ''the nearest country retreat.'' The oldest houses still standing date from the 1820s, including 24 and 56 Middagh Street and 25 Cranberry Street. Over the following decades well-to-do businessmen and professionals lined the grid of new streets with homes and mansions of brick and stone in all the popular 19th-century styles.

The opening of the Brooklyn Bridge in 1883, and the advent of subway service in the 1900s, ended the neighborhood's gilded age of exclusivity. With the docks below it and the Navy Yard to the north, a lot of streets, especially in the north Heights, were given over to rooming houses, storefronts, machine shops and factories. An El rumbled over Fulton Street (now Cadman Plaza West), where trolleys also ran past rows of tenements. Waves of ***working-class*** immigrants poured in, with a healthy sprinkling of bohemians.

Many of the old patrician families fled. Their large homes were subdivided into apartments, boarding houses or pocket hotels. The magnificent Herman Behr mansion at 82 Pierrepont Street, for example, has been the Palm Hotel, a bordello and housing for Franciscan monks. Bars and rowdy taverns crowded the streets, prowled by sailors and ruffians from down by the water.

Mr. Schmitt, the superintendent for several buildings in the Heights, has lived at 58 Middagh Street for 32 years. The plain brick structure, now apartments, was built in the 1890s as ''a workingman's boarding house, which is what today is called an S.R.O. hotel,'' he explained, standing on the front steps. ''It was itinerant dockworkers, ship workers, laborers, factory workers, mostly single men and a good deal of them with criminal records,'' he said, which placed the house on the 84th Precinct's list of troublesome addresses.

Frank Santos, a retired woodworker, has lived in the north Heights all of his 80 years. He was born and raised in a 16-family tenement at 8 Hicks Street, on a block later demolished to make way for the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. His father was a cabinetmaker from Spain. Their neighbors were Italian, black, Greek, Jewish, Irish, Chinese. Many worked in nearby factories, including the large Squibb pharmaceutical plant (now with a Jehovah's Witnesses' Watchtower sign); the Brillo factory and Robert Gair box factory in Dumbo; and the Peaks Mason Mints factory at Middagh and Henry Streets.

''My mother used to get up on a chair to light the gas lights in the kitchen,'' he recalled. ''For the other rooms we used candles. Who the heck was going to go climbing over beds and all that to light the gas?''

The tenement had only cold running water. ''In the wintertime you took a bath once a week on Saturday night to go to church on Sunday,'' he said. ''In the summertime the Fire Department used to bring out these sprinklers. You brought your soap and towel and took a shower right in the street.''

Mr. Santos attended the Assumption Roman Catholic elementary school, which was in the quaint redbrick schoolhouse (originally built as P.S. 8) next door to the Peaks Mason Mints factory. ''My mother-in-law used to work at the factory,'' he said. ''At break time we used to go out in the yard, and they would throw candy down. Mason Mints, Dots, Black Crows.'' Both buildings are now residential.

Starting in the first decade of the 20th century the neighborhood also became the world headquarters of the Jehovah's Witnesses. They bought numerous properties in the Heights in addition to the Squibb building, including the lavish Hotel Bossert at Montague and Hicks Streets; the Venetian-looking Leverich Towers at Clark and Willow Streets; and the Standish Arms (at 169 Columbia Heights), fictional home of Clark Kent (in Metropolis) and the setting for Willy Loman's adulterous affair in Arthur Miller's ''Death of a Salesman.'' (Miller lived in several places in the Heights, including 31 Grace Court, which he sold to W. E. B. Du Bois, and 155 Willow Street, with his second wife, Marilyn Monroe.) Recently, the Witnesses have begun to sell some holdings.

In midcentury Truman Capote, who had a basement apartment in the big yellow house at 70 Willow Street, described the decrepit fringe of the neighborhood as an area where ''seedy hangouts, beer-sour bars and bitter candy stores mingle among the eroding houses.'' The city planner Robert Moses declared much of Brooklyn Heights a slum in the 1940s and proposed to obliterate it by laying his new Brooklyn- Queens Expressway straight through the middle of it. The Brooklyn Heights Association of homeowners, hanging onto the old elegance in the neighborhood's core, fought for an ingenious compromise. The expressway was built in two tiers along the cliff facing the water, and its pedestrian esplanade, known as the promenade, opened in 1950 above it. Norman Mailer, who had a walkup at 142 Columbia Heights until his death in 2007, took in the sweeping views of New York harbor from the promenade.

Moses did lop off a large section of the neighborhood's northwest corner for the expressway. Mr. Santos was a teenager when the city bought all the buildings on the last blocks of Hicks Street and demolished them. Where his family's house stood is now a busy on-ramp.

''You just had to get out,'' he said. ''Everyone scattered. It ruined the neighborhood.''

The last block of Middagh Street was also razed, including No. 7, a house where W. H. Auden, Carson McCullers, Benjamin Britten, Paul and Jane Bowles and Gypsy Rose Lee lived together in various combinations in 1940-41. Among their guests were Salvador and Gala Dali, Lotte Lenya, Aaron Copland and Leonard Bernstein. They mingled with rough characters from down on the waterfront, including a pimp named Snaggle-Tooth and a barrelhouse piano player called Ginger-Ale. When the group moved out, the novelist Richard Wright moved in.

Other writers associated with the Heights include Walt Whitman, Hart Crane, the novelist James Purdy and horror writer H. P. Lovecraft, who described 169 Clinton Street, where he had an apartment in the 1920s, as ''unwholesome'' and ''furtive.''

Shakespeare and Dante's sculptured heads adorn one of the neighborhood's most handsome buildings, the 1881 brick and terra cotta home of the Long Island Historical Society, now the Brooklyn Historical Society, at Pierrepont and Clinton Streets. Its architect, George B. Post, incorporated modern steel pillars and suspension techniques he saw being used on the Brooklyn Bridge. But bowing to Victorian tastes, he hid the pillars behind ornate wood veneer, which still adorns the society's beautiful research library.

Now lined with stroller-mom cafes and lunch-crowd restaurants, nearby Montague Street gives no hint of its wilder side. Bertram D. Wolfe, a founder of the Communist Party of the United States of America, lived at 68 Montague Street in the 1930s. High up in No. 62, the painter and underground filmmaker Marie Menken and her husband, the poet Willard Maas, gave notoriously wild parties attended by Andy Warhol and Edward Albee. Kenneth Anger stayed there while making his seminal underground film ''Scorpio Rising.'' Menken played the mother in Warhol and Paul Morrissey's 1966 film ''Chelsea Girls.'' Albee is said to have used Menken and Maas as his inspirations for the squabbling couple in ''Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?''

Today Montague Street is home to Joe Coleman, an artist who moved there in 1994 after 20 years in the East Village. A painter known for his meticulously detailed portraits of serial killers and other nightmarish imagery, Mr. Coleman and his wife, Whitney Ward, live in an apartment that he calls the Odditorium. Wax figures of Charles Manson and the serial killer Richard Speck, John Dillinger's death mask, a bullet from Jack Ruby's pistol and a letter from the cannibal Albert Fish share the Ripleyesque space with some of Mr. Coleman's paintings.

''The East Village that I came to know and love doesn't exist anymore,'' Mr. Coleman said. ''I like it much better here. In the East Village they're destroying all the beautiful old buildings. So escaping here seemed comforting.''

From Montague and Court Streets it's a brief walk up to the broad expanse of Cadman Plaza Park. In the early 1960s, despite local opposition, Robert Moses destroyed several square blocks of old buildings to create the park and line its western edge with high-rises. One of the demolished buildings, which stood near the stop of the A and C subway lines, was the shop where Whitman's ''Leaves of Grass'' was first printed in 1855.

To ward off further destruction the neighborhood successfully lobbied to be designated the city's first historic landmark district in 1965. Hundreds of old homes and other buildings were saved, and a process of regentrifying began.

It didn't happen overnight. The Hotel St. George complex, which at its height dominated the square block between Henry and Hicks Streets and Clark and Pineapple Streets, was originally renowned for its grand ballrooms and a huge salt-water swimming pool. By the 1970s it housed a topless bar called Wild Fyre, and its elderly residents were preyed on by muggers.

''The crime was pretty bad back then,'' Mr. Schmitt recalled. ''For a long time it was kind of dicey walking around anywhere at night. Now you feel absolutely safe, but before the late '80s you looked over your shoulder coming home from the subway.''

Mr. Schmitt noted that as far back as the mid-1800s Whitman went to Middagh Street to meet sailors. In the 1970s and '80s, Mr. Schmitt recalled, muggers attacked gay prostitutes who met clients every night at the corner of Middagh and Columbia Heights.

Now children play in the nearby Harry Chapin Playground, named for the songwriter who grew up in the Heights and died in 1981. There's no brass plaque marking the spot where Auden, Snaggle-Tooth et al. once cavorted just across the street.

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

**Correction**

The Weekend Explorer column on Oct. 3, about Brooklyn Heights, where the playwright Arthur Miller lived, misstated two aspects of his connection to the neighborhood. While he spent time there with Marilyn Monroe, his second wife, he did not live there with her. And while the name of the hotel where Willy Loman has an adulterous affair in ''Death of a Salesman,'' the Standish Arms, is the same as that of a former hotel in Brooklyn Heights, the setting for the hotel in the play is Boston, not Brooklyn Heights.

**Correction-Date:** October 23, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: A snowy day in Brooklyn: Children playing at the Brooklyn Heights Promenade in 1976. It opened in 1950.(PHOTOGRAPH BY NEAL BOENZI/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Stone work on the exterior of the Brooklyn Historical Society.

Truman Capote lived in the basement of 70 Willow Street, above. Arthur Miller also lived on Willow for a time. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUBY WASHINGTON/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. E36) MAP Map details area of Brooklyn Heights. (pg. E36)

**Load-Date:** October 3, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Barcelona Tidies Up For 1992 Olympics, And the People Win***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RG30-0017-50P4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1178 words

**Byline:** By GRACE GLUECK, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BARCELONA, Spain

**Body**

As with any city undergoing a face lift, Barcelona has friends who think it's beautiful the way it is.

Yet in the eager hands of its post-Franco planners, this bustling metropolis is undergoing an enormous physical renaissance. When the Olympic Games open here in 1992, a far-reaching municipal program will have created or rehabilitated more than 200 parks, plazas, streets and smaller amenities and commissioned or reconstructed more than 50 works of sculpture.

The bold esthetic refurbishing stems from a master plan to correct decades of neglect, building speculation and even destruction of some older areas. In the catalogue for a show called ''The Barcelona Plazas'' at the Spanish Institute in New York last April, Barbara Rose, the art critic, cited the project as ''the most challenging urban design program in the world today.''

The rehabilitation covers the entire metropolitan area - north to south, from the new Velodrome, the bicycle race track at the foot of Collcerola Mountain, to the waterfront quay known as El Moll de la Fusta; and east to west, from El Fossar de la Pedrera, a park commemorating victims of Franco's forces after the Civil War, to the Via Julia, a new promenade that enhances an area of nondescript of buildings hastily put up by developers. The boulevard boaststhe work of young Catalan sculptors, among them Sergi Aguilar, whosetowering Minimalist triangle serves as a juncture for the boulevard's two sections.

Focus on Neighborhoods

''Our idea of urbanism is not to impose a utopian plan on the city,'' said Oriol Bohigas, the architect who heads Barcelona's planning corps. ''Nor do we want the kind of monumental undertakings developed by the Franco regime. We believe in working with specific projects, real elements in actual neighborhoods.''

The municipal authorities in Barcelona could not provide an exact breakdown of expenditures, but according to figuressupplied by the Mayor's office, the total spent for construction and improvement of parks, plazas and public spaces from 1983 to 1987 amounts to more than $50 million.

''The sum is not as important as it seems, because in traditional public works we have spent much more,'' Mr. Bohigas said. ''In the past the budget was used to develop large-scale projects that served as monuments to the former regime. Now we use it for things like gardens that are cheap by comparision.''

In this sports-minded city, the planners' biggest undertaking is the complex of Olympic facilities. But they see the games as far more than athletic events. Apart from the arena being built on Montjuich, a hill in the eastern part of the city, there will be an Olympic Village on more than 87 acres near the sea. It was designed by Mr. Bohigas and Lluis Cantallops to transform the run-down area of Pueblo Nuevo and increase the city's limited access to its oceanfront.

''Mr. Bohigas and his team have undertaken a daring engagement, to build a series of urban spaces of high design quality throughout the city, especially in the most decayed areas,'' said Barcelona's mayor, Pasqual Maragall.

Foreign Artists Also Used

For esthetic contributions, the city has been generous in commissioning not only Spanish artists but also those of other countries. Among the participants are some well-known American sculptors, including Richard Serra, Bryan Hunt, Ellsworth Kelly, Beverly Pepper, Claes Oldenburg and Roy Lichtenstein.

Richard Meier, the American architect, has been asked to design a new contemporary museum and to redo the plaza it will face as part of a revitalization of Las Ramblas, one of Barcelona's loveliest promenades. And Gae Aulenti, the Italian designer, will redo the interior of the National Palace, a kitschy relic of the 1929 World's Fair that now houses a museum of Catalan art. Last year, at the behest of Mr. Bohigas, the famous Barcelona Pavilion, also built for the World's Fair - by Mies van der Rohe - was reconstructed from scratch.

From Tiny to Big

The projects in which contemporary sculptors are participating range from the tiny Plaza de Sants, the end of a major boulevard that now boasts a massive semiabstract sculpture of a bicycle rider by Jorge Castillo, to such full-scale recreation areas as the Parque de la Espana Industrial, a post-modern extravaganza designed by Luis Pena Ganchegui, a Basque architect, and built on the site of an old textile mill near the central railroad station. A terraced composition of waterfalls includes a dragon sculpture by Andres Nagel that serves as a water chute for children, and a ''woods'' with various species breeds of trees shelters works by -among others - Anthony Caro, the English sculptor.

Tribute is also being paid to the work of earlier artists. One of the grandest of these is the memorial by the turn-of-the-century Catalan sculptor Josep Llimona to Dr. Bartolome Robert, a former Mayor of Barcelona. A symbol of Catalan unity, the sculpture was dismantled during the Franco regime. Now the city's Socialist government has restored it to full glory and placed it on the remodeled Plaza Tetuan.

From Quarry to a Park

The planners believe that what they call the monumentalization of Barcelona enhances the residents' sense of place by adding to the distinctive identity of each neighborhood, In the ***working-class*** barrio of Carmelo in the northern part of the city, an old stone quarry has been made into the brand-new Parc de la Creueta del Coll (Park of the Little Cross on the Hill). It contains a man-made lake, a plaza and promenade terraces. Ellsworth Kelly's elegant Minimalist sculpture ''Totem,'' made of rusted steel, stands poised at the park's entrance, and Eduardo Chillida's ''Elegy for the Water,'' a powerful concrete claw suspended by cables, hovers over the lake. A multicolored construction by Roy Lichtenstein, more than 50 feet high, is to stand on the crest of a mountain that forms part of the park's backdrop.

The renewal program goes back to 1979, when the new Socialist administration, then headed by Mayor Narcis Serra (now Spain's Minister of Defense), took office.

''In Franco's last days, a master plan was developed, by architects and engineers not belonging to his political structure, and it was quite good,'' Mr. Bohigas said. ''What we did was to give it a more modern and democratic thrust. For instance, we saw the city not in terms of a centralized, systematic plan, but as a series of neighborhoods.''

The American Role

The participation of American artists began in the early 1980's when Joseph Helman, a partner in the Blum Helman Gallery of New York, met Xavier Corbero, a sculptor who is one of the major participants, contributing an ''island'' composed of organic marble forms to a pond in the Plaza Soller. The two discussed the idea of American artists working in Barcelona, and vice versa. Mr. Helman proposed the name of Richard Serra, whose work is shown at Blum Helman. Barcelona's mayor, no relative, was introduced to Serra's work, and enthusiastically approved. A pair of the artist's famous curving walls now adorns the Plaza de la Palmera in a northwest barrio.

**Graphic**

Photo of a concrete sculpture by Eduardo Chillida, titled ''Elegy for the Water,'' has been placed at a lake in a park in the Carmelo section of Barcelona as part of the refurbishing of the city. (La Vanguardia/F. Catal-Roca)

**End of Document**



[***Issues of Race and Pollution Trouble L.I. Town***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-XB00-008G-F0JN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PETER MARKS,

By PETER MARKS,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW CASSEL, L.I.

**Body**

For years, residents of this predominantly black and Hispanic ***working-class*** community have held their noses, shut their windows and tried hard not to dwell on the smells and the unsightliness of the 170-acre industrial site just across the railroad tracks.

The putrid odors from the chemical plants and garbage-transfer stations and fish processing factories make some people sick. But they are so taken for granted in New Cassel, directly downwind of the plants, that few residents lodge complaints. In fact, Nassau County health officials say, a vast majority of complaints have come from wealthier, primarily white communities upwind of the plants like Salisbury and South Westbury, where the smells are not nearly so intense.

But now, the people of New Cassel are suddenly transfixed by the sources of the odors. A recent report by a public-interest research group detailed several environmental hazards, from air pollution to toxic waste to groundwater contamination, in the industrial area, and revealed what many residents say they had not known: Since 1988 their suburb's industrial zone has been on the state's Superfund list, awaiting cleanup.

John Addison, president of a New Cassell citizens group, the Progressive Civic Association, said the information in the report, gleaned from the state's own documents, stunned him. "I was awestruck by the literature," he said. "We never as a community acknowledged with any understanding how serious the issue could be. We've been in the dark for years."

The report, prepared by the New York Public Interest Research Group, criticized state environmental officials for failing to inform residents of the potential hazards at their doorsteps and for not taking quick action against the polluters. This has angered the community's civic leaders, who think that the slowness of the cleanup reflects New Cassel's second-class status in a predominantly white, suburban county. But the report has also inspired introspection among the community's leaders, who have begun to wonder if the apathy of New Cassel's residents also contributed to the state's slow response.

"I have to say, I feel that it's because we're African-Americans here," Mildred Little said, explaining why she thinks there has been no cleanup. But Ms. Little, who has lived in New Cassel since 1957 and serves on the Town of North Hempstead's zoning board, also said it is difficult to get residents to protest, because many feel so disenfranchised. "A lot of people do not speak up," she said.

A growing number of minority groups across the country have been arguing that when it comes to living in areas contaminated with industrial pollution, black, Hispanic and American Indian communities bear a disproportionate share of the burden. Last year, the Federal Environmental Protection Agency reported that higher percentages of blacks and Hispanics than whites lived in areas polluted by dust, soot, carbon monoxide, ozone and emissions from hazardous waste dumps.

Environmental groups say some studies have shown hazardous waste sites in white and wealthier communities are attended to more quickly by the Government than those in minority and poorer communities. Patricia Williams, counsel on solid and hazardous wastes for the National Wildlife Federation, said low-income and minority communities lack the political and economic influence to get swift action.

"You have poor communities that are not necessarily focused upon," Ms. Williams said. "They aren't the fund raisers, they aren't the people with the PAC's. They're not on the front lines of attention."

State environmental officials deny that they have dragged their feet on the New Cassel site. Although the state first designated it as a Class 2 hazardous waste site -- meaning that it presented a "significant threat to the public health and environment" -- in 1988, officials say the complexity of finding the source of the contamination has prolonged the investigation of the New Cassel industrial area, one of 570 Class 2 sites in the state.

Chemicals found underground at the site have been identified as trichloroethane and tetrachloroethane, degreasers used by many of the dozens of companies in the industrial zone. The problem, officials say, is trying to determine which of the 129 properties in the zone is the source.

"This is not a typical site where you have one industry and one owner," said Michael O'Toole, director of the Division of Hazardous Waste Remediation for the State Department of Environmental Conservation. "Under the state's Superfund law, we can't use Superfund money unless we make efforts to identify the responsible parties."

Last year, the department hired an environmental consultant to determine the origins of the underground concentrations of pollution. A draft report identifying several of the concentrations is to be submitted by the consultant this month and released to the public in December, Mr. O'Toole said.

So far, the state has spent $250,000 on the New Cassel investigation, he added.

But what troubles residents like Mr. Addison, a mortgage banker who was raised in New Cassel and moved back here with his family a decade ago, is that until the report by the New York Public Interest Research Group, he knew nothing about the extent of the problem. He is not sure who is at fault: the state for not doing a better job of spreading the news, or the community, for not doing a better job of looking after itself.

Still, Mr. Addison said, New Cassel is at a severe disadvantage in trying to protect its interests. According to the 1990 Census, the per-capita income in the hamlet, where 66 percent of the 10,200 residents are black and 20 percent are Hispanic, is $12,918. That is about half the Nassau County average and about one-third less than the state average.

The economic and social pressures of daily life in New Cassel leave its residents little time to consider the long-terms health effects of what might be produced in the industrial area, Mr. Addison said: "We've always been the community that is last to know. It's almost like being punched in the arm too much. You come to accept the pain."

Ludovic Blain, who prepared the 54-page report for the New York research group, said New Cassel's experience fits a pattern for several minority communities around the state that are near industrial and hazardous waste sites, including Wyandanch on the Island and a black neighborhood in Albany. Whether the phenomenon -- and the Government's response to it -- is evidence of racism or lack of influence is a matter of conjecture, he said.

"It's difficult to prove," Mr. Blain said. "But just like when a car hits you, the intent is secondary as far as you are concerned. The issue here is whether these communities can control the character of their neighborhood, and get the resources to make that happen."

In recent weeks, meetings organized by Ms. Little and the public interest group in New Cassel's community center have drawn dozens of residents as well as the area's representatives in Albany. What residents would like, Ms. Little said, is for the state to hire a local ombudsman, someone from the community who could insure that residents are apprised of what is happening in the industrial area, and keep the pressure on environmental officials to pursue the cleanup.

Mr. Addison said he was skeptical that the state's indifference to New Cassel would change. The only time he ever sees politicians, he said, is before Election Day. "The political atmosphere is, 'Here in September, gone in November,' " he said with a sigh.

**Load-Date:** November 12, 1994

**End of Document**



[***A Star Without a Charm Offensive***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PJV-F360-TW8F-G0KN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By CARYN JAMES

**Body**

CLIVE OWEN'S latest film was directed by that master of moodiness, Wong Kar-wai, and lasts all of 20 seconds. In a commercial for Lancome's new men's fragrance -- shown on television outside Britain and the United States but easily found online -- he strides down a hall, a suggestive expression on his face, to embrace a beautiful woman. That's it. Yet this stylized minifilm captures some elemental aspects of his career.

There is, obviously, the movie-star handsomeness. But there is also his pattern of working with top directors, and above all his minimalist acting style: so much emotion on his face, so little visible movement. That subtle approach, nuanced so the slightest glance registers with the camera, has shaped his finest, deepest work: in 2004 as a jealous, manipulative doctor in Mike Nichols's ''Closer'' (he got an Oscar nomination for that), and last year as the disaffected alcoholic who helps save the human race in Alfonso Cuaron's visionary ''Children of Men.''

And arriving almost back to back, his two new full-length films create a moment that highlights his immense versatility.

''Shoot 'Em Up'' (opening Friday) begins with an image found in several of his movies, as well as the Lancome spot: an extreme close-up of his eyes, shrewdly hinting at surprises to come. Here the camera pulls back and reveals him to be a rumpled guy sitting on a bench munching a carrot, which he soon uses as a lethal weapon, stabbing a villain through the throat. And if a cartoonish action movie can find a way to exploit his looks, how much easier for ''Elizabeth: The Golden Age'' (opening Oct. 12), in which he plays a seductive Walter Raleigh opposite Cate Blanchett as the middle-aged Elizabeth I. Wrenching a line furiously out of context, the film's trailer has her take one look at him and say, ''Well, well'' in a way suggesting that it's Elizabethan for ''Ooh-la-la.''

We met in a downtown cafe when he was in New York a few weeks ago. His greenish eyes are wider than they seem on screen, as if he is perpetually surprised; he talks fast, in a casual, friendly way. But one quality sets him apart from most actors and offers a clue to his minimalist approach: He does not need to charm everyone who crosses his path, just as he does not need his characters to be loved on screen.

''The worst piece of advice I was ever given by somebody, a long, long time ago, was 'Clive, it's all about likability,' '' he said. Who advised that? ''I'm not telling,'' he laughed, but ''I remember going, what a ridiculous thing to say about acting.''

Even now, ''I'm fearless about that,'' he said. ''I don't go into my parts wanting the audience to like me. I'm much more interested that they understand and believe me.''

His fierce refusal to play the likability game is a huge asset artistically. Even his heroic characters have the depths and shadows of real men. And without an easily pegged persona, he carries little baggage to the screen. If Tom Hanks is the Nice Guy and Jack Nicholson the Devilish Guy, Clive Owen is whatever guy he happens to play.

But that slightly chilly relationship with the public may also account for the one thing missing from his career: a megahit, a ''Bourne''-size franchise to call his own. In last year's remake of ''The Pink Panther'' he even had a cameo mocking rumors that he was in line to be the new James Bond. Steve Martin, as Inspector Clouseau, walks into a casino where Mr. Owen, urbane in a tuxedo, introduces himself: ''Boswell. Nigel Boswell,'' he says. ''Agent 006. Know what that means?''

'' 'Course I do,'' says Clouseau. ''You are one short of the big time.'' (Mr. Owen has always said he was never approached for Bond.)

''Shoot 'Em Up,'' the first splashy action movie he has had to carry, is decidedly un-Bond-like, a grittier, more youthful film. His character, known only as Smith, delivers a baby in the middle of a shootout and, with the help of a breast-feeding prostitute, protects the boy from killers. This is not the career choice of someone calculating the next big thing at the multiplex.

The Looney Tunes carrot sets the tone for violence that is playfully over the top, yet Mr. Owen portrays Smith with utter realism. ''I wouldn't have liked to have done that film nodding all the time, saying, 'It is ridiculous, you see, it's ridiculous,' '' he said. ''I have always thought cinema audiences are pretty sophisticated,'' and the heart of screen acting is ''communicating something as economically and concisely as you can.''

Michael Davis, the film's writer and director, said: ''He would come to me and say: 'You don't have to have the character say so much. You're going to see it on my face. Why don't you change these three sentences to these three words?' ''

''The Golden Age'' proves he can play a traditionally dashing romantic hero: in a central scene Raleigh tells Elizabeth about discovering land, describing his adventure in veiled sexual terms. But ''Shoot 'Em Up'' seems more typical: it comes from the part of him drawn to thornier types.

He gives what may be his most moving performance as one of those unheroic heroes in ''Children of Men.'' His character, Theo, is a onetime idealist recruited to help the first woman to become pregnant in 18 years escape groups trying to exploit her.

''I usually have a very strong instinct when I read a script,'' he said. ''I really wasn't sure about doing that film because the character is so apathetic. You're playing somebody who's depressed and cynical and so reluctant.'' He continued, ''I just wasn't sure I saw my way into that.'' Even now he can only say, ''I felt very strongly that there just had to be an overwhelming sadness about the guy.''

He is clearly better at acting than at dissecting how he does it, and Mr. Cuaron laughed knowingly when told that his star was vague when talking about their process. ''The thing you have to know about Clive is that he's not an intellectual in the way he approaches his character,'' he said by phone. ''He's completely instinctual. He may analyze the thing later and say, 'I understand why he does that.' ''

Mr. Cuaron can describe the subtlety of the performance, though. ''He knew there was a physical heaviness to the character reflecting the spiritual heaviness,'' he said. At the start, ''his shoulders are completely dropped, and every single muscle of his face is as if it were absolutely without gravity. As he's recovering his faith, the muscles in his face get stronger.''

''Children of Men'' was disastrous at the box office, but Mr. Owen shrugs off flops as well as fame. His early success taught him how fraught stardom can be. In 1990 he was the lead in a still-entertaining television series, ''Chancer'' (never shown in the United States and just released here on DVD), playing an ambitious, shady former banker. In Britain he became what George Clooney was to ''ER.''

Every actor has his standard life story, and the Clive Owen saga became well known in Britain then. Nearly 43 now, he comes from the ***working-class*** town of Coventry, one of five brothers reared by his mother and stepfather. At about 12 he was the Artful Dodger in a school production of ''Oliver!'' and knew instantly, unshakably -- with the same unanalyzed instinct he brings to his roles -- that he wanted to be an actor.

Just a few years out of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts he got ''Chancer.'' The tabloid press came sniffing around and tracked down his father, who had left the family when Clive was 3 and hadn't seen him since. ''I was naive, and they threw every kind of tabloid newspaper into my trailer,'' he said of the reporters. ''I didn't realize you could say no, you could be discerning about who you spoke to. So anybody could come and grill me about my family. It just wasn't very pleasant.''

Looking back, ''I never understand anybody that sits there and talks about the really important things in their lives in the media like that,'' he said. ''And so it just made me protective.''

By 1998 and his American breakthrough in the independent film ''Croupier,'' he had figured out how to guard the line between the private and the public Clive. A dozen years ago he married Sarah-Jane Fenton, who had played Juliet to his Romeo on tour with the Young Vic. He shields their daughters, now 10 and 8, from the spotlight and the paparazzi with un-Hollywood-style common sense. ''You just don't take them to places where you're obviously going to be photographed,'' he said.

That may help explain why the lack of megastardom doesn't bother him. ''There's no part of me that is hankering for, that feels the need for that,'' he said. Well, what else would someone in his position say?

Patrick Marber, who wrote the theater and film versions of ''Closer'' and directed Mr. Owen in it on the London stage, said, ''Like any actor, I'm sure he'd love to be a big box-office success.'' But he added: ''He's genetically incapable of spending three months making a movie that he thinks is rubbish, and some actors can do that cheerfully. It's not because he's so moral, but he'd hate himself, and it would bore him.''

Becoming the male face of Lancome isn't the move of someone snobbish about his art, but didn't anyone suggest it might not be the best career maneuver? ''No,'' Mr. Owen said, seeming amused at the idea, ''no one did.'' (Of course arty commercials have been good to him; in 2000 ''The Hire,'' a groundbreaking online series of short films for BMW, paired him with directors like Ang Lee and John Woo.)

However ambivalent he may be about fame, he is the undisputed star of his next films: a political thriller directed by Tom Tykwer (''Run, Lola, Run''), ''The International,'' and a drama about a widower with two sons, ''The Boys Are Back in Town,'' for Scott Hicks (''Shine''). And he has taken control of a project with the potential to become his franchise: he is executive producer and will star as Philip Marlowe in ''Trouble Is My Business,'' based on a 1939 Raymond Chandler story. He chose a Chandler piece that hadn't been filmed before, he said, because ''the last thing I need is to be compared to Humphrey Bogart.''

Or maybe that absence of the typical actor's craving to be loved means he'll never get the blockbuster. Chatting about Robert Altman, who directed him in ''Gosford Park,'' he said: ''Altman told me that he never wooed an actor. He'd talk to them, and if they needed a bit of wooing, he'd have to back off, because he was never going to promise them things that he couldn't deliver.''

That anecdote seems to reflect something fundamental to his career, so a week later on the phone I asked about it and his uningratiating screen style. ''It's fundamental only in the way that people ultimately respect honesty more than they do charm,'' he said, which sounds direct but may be slyer than it seems. Because, on second thought, that comment is quite charming in its honesty.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Three faces of Clive Owen: as himself in New York, top

as a man of action in ''Shoot 'Em Up,'' above

and as Walter Raleigh, with Cate Blanchett, in ''Elizabeth: The Golden Age.'' (PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAURIE SPARHAM/UNIVERSAL

SARA KRULWICH/THE NEW YORK TIMES

JAMES DITTIGER/NEW LINE CINEMA)(pg. 9)

**Load-Date:** September 2, 2007

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[***THE 1994 CAMPAIGN: COMPTROLLER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V420-008G-F0M9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***London Brings an Edge to the G.O.P. Ticket***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V420-008G-F0M9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 31, 1994, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B;  Page 5;  Column 1;  Metropolitan Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 1207 words

**Byline:** Herbert London

By IAN FISHER

By IAN FISHER

**Body**

Herbert London is a professor who speaks like a preacher, a high-volume conservative raised on a rigid code he jokingly calls Jewish Calvinism. He has more than a little edge in his manner, which comes through in forums like his appearance on a call-in show in Syracuse the other day on WHEN-AM radio, which concerned reducing taxes, trimming welfare and, most important, restoring dignity to "the forgotten New Yorker."

"You have this huge seductress called government," he barked into the microphone on a campaign swing through central New York. "People want the services but they don't want to pay the taxes. You can't run a society in that fashion. It creates the politics of resentment."

The appeal -- soaked in bile for big government and social spending -- to the middle and ***working class*** was the staple of Mr. London's driving but unsuccessful four-year run for governor. Now, he is the Republican candidate for comptroller -- a consolation spot with much less scope -- but his oratory is the same: New Yorkers' dreams have been destroyed by free-spending Democrats.

And yet, even as he attacks the Democrats, Mr. London has devised a campaign strategy that does not spare his own party. After pummeling the head of his ticket, State Senator George E. Pataki, last month for not releasing a detailed tax-cutting plan, he issued a blistering news release last week, calling for Mr. Pataki to "lead or get out of the way."

His outrage at the G.O.P. helped prompt the Staten Island Borough President, Guy V. Molinari, who is also Mr. Pataki's New York City campaign chairman, to say he will vote for Mr. London's opponent, H. Carl McCall, the Democrat who was named comptroller last year.

Beyond the internecine anger, Mr. London is finding his conservative beliefs, especially his opposition to abortion rights and further gun control, at the heart of Mr. McCall's strategy against him. And it has again raised a worry that some in his own party expressed as Mr. London chased hungrily after the nomination for governor: Is he too far to the right in a heavily Democratic state where even many Republicans lean to the center? He recently seemed caught in a net of his own making as he has faced criticism that he had exploited tensions between blacks and Jews in his campaign advertising and oratory.

When he talks about Mr. McCall, who is black and has a long record in support of Jewish causes, Mr. London often raises issues that might inflame Jewish voters: Most prominently, his campaign released to news organizations a television ad, not yet on the air, that asks the question, "Kill the Jews?" as it refutes what it says were lies Mr. McCall spread in his own rather strong attack ad.

Saying that Mr. McCall is the true extremist in the race, Mr. London, 55, says there is nothing extreme about his own views or tactics. So far, the two candidates are roughly even in the polls, with many voters still undecided.

Yet Mr. London, a tall and articulate man who was for 20 years the dean of the Gallatin Division at New York University, clearly feels vulnerable to the charges of Mr. McCall, who is outspending Mr. London 5 to 1. He has begun to promise that if elected, he would not impose any ideas on the state except his fiscal ones. He reminds anyone who asks that the job he is running for has little influence outside of investing state pension money and auditing state and local governments.

"I cannot offset the tremendous war chest of my rival Carl McCarl," he recently told supporters in the ballroom of the Hotel Syracuse. "But what I can do is rely on my friends to spread the word: I am not the devil incarnate. I am not here to create great despair in your lives. I am not about to change the way in which you conduct your personal lives."

Who Herbert London is, what he believes and why he is on the Republican ticket this year explains much about politics in New York State. In many ways, Mr. London is the ticket's token radical, an outsider who has forced his agenda on the party by his brains, perseverence and cultivation of a small but loyal political base.

Mr. London was born in Brooklyn, the grandson of Eastern European immigrants and the son of solid Democrats (his father was a Socialist for a time). Mr. London remembers growing up in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, and later in Kew Gardens Hills, Queens, with a closeness of community that he saw dissolve as he grew older. Specifically, he remembers that many of the people who moved into their neighborhood were on welfare.

"I always think about my dad because I think there are a lot of people like my father who could never understand why there were a growing number of people in our society who were feeding out of the public trough," said Mr. London, who is married and has three daughters. "He paid his taxes and never derived any benefits from government. That's why I refer to him as the quintessential forgotten New Yorker."

He graduated from Columbia College and after a brief career as a semi-pro basketball player and rock musician -- one of his 14 books is a history of rock 'n' roll -- he earned a doctorate from New York University, where be became a professor and dean and drifted toward conservative politics. He has over the years opposed abortion, even in cases of incest and rape; advocated eliminating the personal income tax; said there is too much gun control; argued for scaling back welfare and eliminating home relief for people who are able to work, and talked about experimenting with school vouchers.

He ran for New York City Mayor in 1989 and found an audience for his ideas the next year when he ran for Governor on the Conservative ticket, coming in a close third to the Republican candidate, Pierre A. Rinfret. In the four years since, he has traveled the state relentlessly, visiting all 62 counties and developing a following.

His grass-roots support in a state rocked by the recession made him a serious contender during the Republican convention in May, when he attacked Mr. Pataki by calling him "unelectable" and "Alfonse Pataki." Ultimately, Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato and other Republican leaders denied him the governor's slot but pushed him toward the comptroller job in order to avoid splitting the anti-Cuomo vote. He accepted, though he had earlier sworn he had no interest.

Mr. McCall has accused Mr. London of using the comptroller race as a stepping stone, but he insists it is the job he wants. He says he sees the role as ideal for insisting on lowering spending and cutting taxes. He says he wants to "inject himself" into the budget process, forcing responsible, on-time fiscal plans. He says he wants to re-evaluate government on all levels, including overlapping local governments.

"I think of the comptroller's office as a think tank," he said. "There is no reason why the comptroller can't use his office to come up with ideas that would allow municipalities and even the state government to consider ways of saving money.

"That doesn't mean it's going to be approved legislatively, but there is no reason why you can't use the office as a bully pulpit," he said. "I think it is fair to say the comptroller can be a catalyst."

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NEXT: A profile of Comptroller H. Carl McCall, the Democratic nominee.

**Load-Date:** October 31, 1994

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[***THE 1994 CAMPAIGN: MASSACHUSETTS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V440-008G-F0N2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In a Bitter Campaign Season, a Candidate Rejects the Politics of Cynicism***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V440-008G-F0N2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1227 words

**Byline:** Bob Massie

By SARA RIMER,

By SARA RIMER,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Oct. 16

**Body**

In a year when many political challengers are resorting to negative, poll-driven campaigning, Bob Massie, a 38-year-old Episcopal minister and Harvard Divinity School teacher, has been waging a no-frills, no-sound bites, no-polling crusade against cynicism.

Though Mr. Massie, a Democrat, is running for the low-visibility job of lieutenant governor in a race that has been all but ceded to the incumbent Republican ticket, he has moved people like Rob MacLean.

"When I heard him speak, I was stunned," said Mr. MacLean, 23, who works for the state Turnpike Authority, describing Mr. Massie's speech at the state Democratic Party's convention in June. "He was talking from the heart. It was like a new voice. It gave me hope that things could actually turn out for the good."

It was not the usual political speech. Mr. Massie, a former teacher at the University of Cape Town in South Africa, told of being inspired by the advent of democracy in South Africa. He spoke of standing in a church courtyard in Cape Town on the last day of the elections last spring and hearing on the wind "the sound of thousands of people laughing, shouting and singing." It was, he said, "the sound of freedom breaking forth, of a democracy, against all odds, being born."

Mr. Massie, a political novice who has raised a relatively paltry $115,000 for his effort, started out with no money and no backers, and ran against the advice of all political consultants. Nonetheless, he has come farther than even his closest supporters predicted.

Helped by the endorsement of the editorial page of The Boston Globe ("Massie's candidacy promises an integrity of head and heart that doesn't come along often these days," the editorial said), he won the Democratic primary in September, beating a prominent, two-term state legislator, Marc Draisen, who had the party's backing.

And though Mr. Massie is infected with H.I.V., the virus that causes AIDS, his condition has not been a factor in the race, other than that some voters say it makes his message all the more compelling.

Mr. Massie has hemophilia, a chronic blood disease, and was infected with the virus 15 years ago through a blood transfusion. He does not have AIDS, and neither his wife, Dana, nor their children, Sam, 7, and John, 5, carry the virus.

One of the people Mr. Massie consulted about his candidacy last year was Jim Spencer, a veteran of some 30 political campaigns and widely regarded as a savvy organizer. "I told him, 'Listen, there's no way you can do this,' " Mr. Spencer recalled. "You're looking at half a million, a million dollars.' I'm into encouraging people to run for office, but this was not the office. I told him, 'This is impossible.' "

Mr. Spencer said he wanted to spare Mr. Massie. "I could see he was a really good, committed guy," Mr. Spencer said. "I felt if he got involved in the process, he'd get so eaten up, spit up and chewed out he probably wouldn't even vote again."

Nonetheless, Mr. Spencer signed on as Mr. Massie's campaign strategist -- for $2,000, payment deferred.

With three weeks until the election, Gov. William F. Weld and his Lieutenant Governor, Paul Cellucci, are outspending Mr. Massie and his running mate, Mark Roosevelt, by 50 to 1, and lead in the polls 3 to 1. (In Massachusetts, although candidates seek their parties' nomination for governor and lieutenant governor individually, the nominees run in the general election as a ticket.)

The race has not generated wide voter interest, lopsided as it is in favor of the well-financed Republican ticket and overshadowed by the tight contest between Senator Edward M. Kennedy and his Republican challenger, Mitt Romney. Nor has there been any of the rancor that has characterized so many other races. For one, Mr. Massie is not that kind of candidate, and the others have kept to issues like crime, the economy, welfare and taxes. Debates are set for later this week.

In a way, Mr. Massie says, his life, defined by adversity and uncertainty, has prepared him for this race.

His childhood struggles with hemophilia were documented by his parents, Robert and Suzanne Massie, in their book "Journey" (Knopf, 1973). Suffering from excruciatingly painful bleeding joints, Mr. Massie had 496 transfusions from the time he was 6 until he was 12, and had to use leg braces and a wheelchair.

Eventually, he proved wrong the doctors who had told him he would never walk, though he has arthritis and must limber up each morning with a hot bath. But his vigor on the campaign trail belies the physical hardships he has known.

"You cannot escape pain," Mr. Massie said in a recent interview at his row house in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of Somerville, near Boston, where his sons mark off their father's campaign stops on a map on their bedroom wall. "Life is painful. There is loneliness, anxiety and fear -- fear of rejection, fear of deprivation, fear of death. Learning to cope with those fears -- and living a life of joy in the midst of all that -- is a great challenge."

On leave from his teaching post, Mr. Massie has been campaigning seven days a week, driving around the state in a battered station wagon (the car is featured in the one Roosevelt-Massie television commercial now on the air). He takes with him his five-string banjo, which he plays at campaign stops, and a book of essays by Vaclav Havel, the playwright who became President of the Czech Republic.

Mr. Massie said he had been inspired by Mr. Havel, who was jailed as a dissident by the Communist regime of the former Czechoslovakia, and by Nelson Mandela, who survived decades as a political prisoner to become President of South Africa.

"Tremendous new things can take place," Mr. Massie said in the interview. "A lot of what the world is lacking is hope. Hope is the vehicle through which we transform things. If Nelson Mandela didn't have hope in 27 and a half years in prison, he had nothing. The apartheid regime, with all its weapons and money and all its buildings, didn't have any hope and it collapsed."

Mr. Massie, who has degrees from Princeton University, the Yale Divinity School and the Harvard Business School, helped found a homeless shelter in New York City before moving to Massachusetts. He has also written a book about United States-South Africa relations that he said would be published next year.

In speeches, in which he talks of the struggles of his poor and immigrant Somerville neighbors, he gives this definition of the Massachusetts Commonwealth: "A community in which the strong protect and nurture the weak, in which we can create institutions and spaces open to all, in which the bounty we inherited from our ancestors is held by us in trust until it is time to pass it on."

Michael Goldman, one of the Democratic consultants who tried to discourage Mr. Massie from running, said he wished Mr. Massie's campaign had more money. "There is a sense out there that we're looking for people like him," Mr. Goldman said. "He has a great story to tell. He could be an extraordinarily interesting candidate. But there's no fairness to politics, and politics is run on dough. They don't have the dough to put out the story."

Mr. Massie says he intends to campaign right up to Election Day. "To those who say the unexpected can't happen and the outcome of boldness is sure defeat," he said, quoting from a stump speech, "I say, 'Behold the unexpected.' "

**Graphic**

Photo: Bob Massie, the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, brings a different style to the campaign trail, playing the banjo at stops and talking frankly -- supporters say inspiringly -- about "living a life of joy" despite his hemophilia and infection with H.I.V. (Steve Rose for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 17, 1994

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[***Amanda Burden Wants to Remake New York. She Has 19 Months Left. - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55P2-5721-JBG3-61MM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 20, 2012 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 2708 words

**Byline:** By JULIE SATOW

**Body**

AMANDA M. BURDEN, in a sheath dress, impossibly thin and with a blond bob reminiscent of the ''Mad Men'' '60s, wore a serene smile as she oversaw a recent public hearing in a drab hearing room near City Hall.

''Today, I am thrilled to vote on the department's latest sustainability initiative,'' said Ms. Burden, the director of the New York City Planning Department, her clipped diction and sophisticated dress contrasting with the worn-out rug and metal chairs of her surroundings. Ms. Burden was referring to Zone Green, ''the most comprehensive effort of any city in the nation,'' she said, to use zoning to spur environmentally efficient building.

It is the latest effort by Ms. Burden to transform the face of New York. Since 2002, when she was appointed to head City Planning, she has overseen the wholesale rezoning of the city, with 115 rezoning plans covering more than 10,300 blocks; by the end of her administration, the department is expected to have rezoned about 40 percent of New York, an unprecedented number.

On Ms. Burden's watch, the Brooklyn waterfront has been transformed from a landscape of derelict industrial structures to one of glossy condominiums and parkland, the abandoned elevated railroad track that runs through Chelsea has been converted into the popular High Line park, and the once-desolate Hudson Yards neighborhood is poised for a rebirth as a commercial and residential hub.

''I like to say that our ambitions are as broad and far-reaching as those of Robert Moses, but we judge ourselves by Jane Jacobs's standards,'' Ms. Burden said.

''Creating fine-grained open spaces in combination with remaking the city's land-use blueprint is what I'm most proud of,'' Ms. Burden added, perched on a seat at the enormous round table that dominates her well-worn second-floor office at 22 Reade Street, zoning maps on the wall behind her, a photo of the Williamsburg-Greenpoint waterfront in Brooklyn propped in the corner.

Her fans say that Ms. Burden is a visionary who will leave behind a much-improved city. ''There is no question that under Amanda's leadership, New York has experienced a renaissance,'' said Vin Cipolla, president of the Municipal Art Society of New York, ''with more development of parkland, waterfront and infrastructure over the last 10 years than in the 100 years before it.''

But critics say that the sum total of Ms. Burden's ambitions will be a gentrified city that no longer has a place for ***working-class*** New Yorkers.

''The overall effect of the city's rezonings has been incredibly dramatic in terms of the creation of expensive, market-rate housing and typically middling at best in terms of affordable housing,'' said Andrew Berman, the executive director of the Greenwich Village Society for Historic Preservation.

Now, in Year 11 of Ms. Burden's likely 12-year tenure, she is pushing through her final priorities, which could affect the way New Yorkers live, work and play well into the 21st century and long after she and Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg have left office. Among those current efforts are plans to rezone West Harlem in Manhattan, Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn and a key stretch of Fordham Road in the Bronx. The most sweeping final act may be the redevelopment of millions of square feet of office space along Park Avenue and surrounding Grand Central Terminal that proponents say is antiquated.

MS. BURDEN could have had a far different destiny. The former Amanda Jay Mortimer has a family tree populated with enough notable names to fill a small library. She is the daughter of the Standard Oil heir Stanley G. Mortimer Jr. and the fashion icon Barbara Paley, a k a Babe, and the stepdaughter of William S. Paley, founder of CBS.

When she was a sophomore at Wellesley, she left college to marry Carter Burden, a descendant of Cornelius Vanderbilt (his mother was the former Flobelle Fairbanks, an actress). Ms. Burden was an ''it girl'' of the go-go 1960s, with The New York Times fawning over her ''chestnut mane of Alice in Wonderland hair'' and going on to say that she and Mr. Burden were not merely ''known,'' but ''idolized, rhapsodized, fantasized and utilized.'' The fashion designer Halston called her ''the most beautiful girl going,'' and at 22, Ms. Burden bested Jacqueline Kennedy to top the New York Couture Group's Best Dressed List.

After divorcing Mr. Burden in 1972, she had a brief marriage to Steven J. Ross, who ran the communications giant Warner Communications, and has been squired around town by, among others, Senators Edward M. Kennedy and Christopher J. Dodd and the newsman Charlie Rose.

But Ms. Burden eschewed much of the trappings of that life -- ''It's horrible, really, the socialite thing; it's like some kind of tattoo you can't rub off,'' she once told a reporter -- to become an urban planner. Graduating from Sarah Lawrence College with a degree in animal behavior in 1976, she began working for William H. Whyte, the eminent urban planner and author of ''The Organization Man,'' analyzing underused public spaces in the city.

In the early 1980s, she worked for the forerunner to the Empire State Development Corporation, eventually moving to the Battery Park City Authority, where she established the master plan for that development and oversaw the design of its public spaces. While at Battery Park, Ms. Burden earned a master's degree from Columbia University Graduate School of Architecture, Planning and Preservation, writing her thesis on recycling urban garbage. It was awarded best in her class.

In 1990, Andrew Stein, the City Council president, appointed Ms. Burden to the City Planning Commission, the department's policy-making body. In 2002, when Mr. Bloomberg, her Upper East Side neighbor, assumed office, he appointed her director of the department, though she was not the obvious choice. Ms. Burden had supported Mark Green, Mr. Bloomberg's opponent, in the mayoral race, and Daniel L. Doctoroff, then deputy mayor, wanted Alexander D. Garvin, then chief planner for the Lower Manhattan Development Corporation, to run City Planning.

''I know this is a once-in-a-lifetime job,'' she said. ''Mike Bloomberg gave me an irreplaceable opportunity, and I appreciate it every day.''

Ms. Burden, who had a somewhat tumultuous relationship with Mr. Doctoroff -- he acknowledged in an earlier interview that the two clashed ''from time to time'' -- shares some of her accomplishments with him. His failed attempt to bring the 2012 Olympics to New York, for example, helped pave the way for the rezoning of the Hudson Yards and the Williamsburg-Greenpoint waterfront, among other projects.

Ms. Burden, who is also chairwoman of the City Planning Commission, is known for her laser focus on detail, and no project is too small for her attention. When an old concrete piling and makeshift pier at Stuyvesant Cove Park, a sliver of green along the East River from 18th Street to 23rd Street, was threatened with demolition, ''I contacted Amanda and asked for help,'' said Mark Thompson, chairman of Community Board 6, whose district covers the area. ''She actually came down, sat at the site, realized why we loved it, and decided to save it.''

''Amanda's background as a planner really allows her to get down to the granular level, street by street, and understand how this impacts a neighborhood,'' said Julie Menin, the chairwoman of Community Board 1, which covers Lower Manhattan. She has worked extensively with Ms. Burden.

''When you go into a meeting with her,'' Ms. Menin said, ''you know exactly where she stands. She doesn't rely on staffers to inform her.''

But that attention to detail has also received criticism. Ms. Burden's belief in contextual zoning, for example, under which new developments in a neighborhood are required to be in the height and style of surrounding structures, leads to ''profoundly conservative building,'' said Julia Vitullo-Martin, a senior fellow at the Regional Plan Association and director of its Center for Urban Innovation. ''New York's greatness as the dominant skyscraper city of the 20th century was the result of bold building, but the local zeitgeist has switched from big and bold to keeping everything small, nondescript and similar to everything else in the neighborhood.''

It has also become common under Ms. Burden's leadership for developers and their architects to have to negotiate their designs with City Planning. ''Development has become a game of second-guessing,'' Ms. Vitullo-Martin said. ''What will Amanda think of my project? What will I need to compromise on?

''There really doesn't seem to be any true as-of-right development anymore,'' she added, referring to the ability to build without obtaining permits or other approvals.

Take Tower Verre, planned for the West 53rd Street site next to the Museum of Modern Art. Designed by the Pritzker Prize-winning architect Jean Nouvel, the building was originally designed in 2007 with a spire rising 1,250 feet, rivaling the Empire State Building. Nicolai Ouroussoff, then The Times's architecture critic, predicted it would be ''the most exhilarating addition to the skyline in a generation.'' Ms. Burden, however, balked at the design presented to her, and demanded that Mr. Nouvel lop 200 feet from the top. The project stalled. Last year, Mr. Nouvel and the developer Hines filed new plans that were in keeping with Ms. Burden's guidelines, although construction has yet to begin.

Ms. Burden, who spends her leisure time walking the city, boating or birding, argues that ''good design is good economic development, and I know this is true.'' She unabashedly calls the administration ''pro-development,'' and points to the High Line, which the city says has generated $2 billion in private investment in the area and has created 12,000 jobs. ''What I have tried to do, and think I have done,'' she said, ''is create value for these developers, every single day of my term.''

But others say it merely created a boom market for real estate without any real benefits for the local community. ''The High Line didn't create any new affordable housing, only condominiums for the rich, and the park itself has no open spaces for kids, but is more something for tourists to walk through,'' said Miguel Acevedo, president of the tenants' association at the Robert Fulton Houses, an affordable-housing development in the neighborhood.

Ms. Burden argues that gentrification is merely a pejorative term for necessary growth. ''Improvement of neighborhoods -- some people call it gentrification -- provides more jobs, provides housing, much of it affordable, and private investment, which is tax revenue for the city,'' she said. On her watch, the administration has undertaken financing 165,000 units of affordable housing by 2014, of which more than 130,000 have been built, and has created projects like Via Verde, the handsome, eco-friendly subsidized development in the South Bronx. ''We are making so many more areas of the city livable,'' she said. ''Now, young people are moving to neighborhoods like Crown Heights that 10 years ago wouldn't have been part of the lexicon.''

FOR developers, the clock is ticking. Though the Bloomberg administration won't leave office for 19 months, most projects that require rezoning or other Planning Department approval can take at least 18 months to get through the process. And the administration's overall friendliness to development means that most builders with projects on the drawing board are scurrying to get them passed before the term's end, rather than face the uncertainty of the next administration. (Ms. Burden could stay on as the head of the Planning Department if the next mayor wanted her to, though she has given no indication that she plans to stay.)

Adding to developers' urgency is a market that appears to be on an upswing after years of sluggishness, and the desire to avoid getting mired in the coming city election year, when there is greater likelihood that projects could become politicized.

First, the projects must be certified, which involves conducting extensive environmental studies, including analyzing traffic patterns and air quality. Some projects take years and several iterations before they are certified. Projects then enter a seven-month public review, in which City Planning, the local community board, the borough president and usually the City Council hold public hearings and provide comments. During the public review, projects are often further modified, but it is rare that a certified project doesn't pass the public review.

One project that is on the fast track is the rezoning of Midtown East, which broadly runs between 40th and 57th Streets east of Fifth Avenue. Ms. Burden and her team are preparing a study they hope to release in June that could ease height restrictions in the area.

The buildings in Midtown East, especially those along Park Avenue, have an average age of 68 years, far older than London, at 60 years, and business centers like Shanghai, at 10 years. The area's current zoning has severe height limitations, and in fact, many of today's skyscrapers were grandfathered in when a new zoning resolution was passed in 1961. This means that if today's building owners were to tear them down and build anew, they would have to build smaller.

''That is a nonstarter,'' said Steven Spinola, the president of the business group Real Estate Board of New York. ''No developer will willingly tear down a building and replace it with something smaller.'' Under current zoning, for example, the Empire State Building would have to be rebuilt at less than half its height.

Mary Ann Tighe, a chairwoman at the brokerage firm CBRE and chairwoman of REBNY, said she hoped new zoning would double current height limits, and provide a tax incentive for developers. But even with modifications to height restrictions -- they are unlikely to be doubled -- it would take years before buildings could be emptied of tenants and rebuilt. ''It isn't like all of a sudden all these landlords will tear down their buildings and the neighborhood will be a huge construction zone,'' Mr. Spinola said. ''This is a long-term process that will take form over the next 10, 20, even 30 years.''

Ms. Burden said: ''There hasn't been any new investment in this area for a long period of time, while at the same time, this is the premier business district in the entire country. It has the cachet, which we must always keep, the majesty of Park Avenue, which must always be maintained.''

But while she hopes a new zoning plan will maintain this, she said, ''we know for sure that there are certain buildings that aren't going to survive over the long term in terms of accommodating a contemporary corporation.''

As for the affected community, Mr. Thompson of Community Board 6 said, ''we are interested in how a rezoning would impact residential neighborhoods like Turtle Bay.''

''What we don't want is for a 40-story skyscraper to be towering over a 4-story town house,'' he added.

While Ms. Burden still has much to do in her nearly 600 days remaining in office, she is taking a reflective look at her accomplishments. ''We have tried to diagnose the DNA of each neighborhood; I have spent a lot of time in the streets, talking to communities,'' she said.

The hundreds of rezonings Ms. Burden has overseen will shape the city for decades to come. As the city grows and shifts, her vision is of single-family homes and more suburban spaces outside the center, while allowing for greater density to be clustered around transit hubs throughout the five boroughs -- 87 percent of new housing, she notes, is within a 10-minute walk of the subway.

''New York is a city of neighborhoods,'' she said. ''And I'm hopeful that what we have done is ensure in the next 15, 20 years, as the city grows, the identity of these neighborhoods will remain intact.''

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

**Correction**

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction: Because of an editing error, an article last Sunday about Amanda M. Burden, New York's City Planning Department director, misidentified, in some editions, the official who appointed her to the City Planning Commission in 1990. It was Andrew Stein, then the City Council president -- not Mayor David N. Dinkins.

**Correction-Date:** May 27, 2012

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: IN CONTROL: Amanda M. Burden, New York's City Planning Department director, is inYear 11 of a likely 12-year tenure. (PHOTOGRAPH BY EMILY BERL FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MB1)

'IT GIRL': Ms. Burden during her heyday as a socialite in 1966. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN ORRIS/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

MAJOR PROJECTS: Clockwise from above: Amanda M. Burden at a planning commission hearing

a rendering of Tower Verre, whose designers went back to the drawing board after Ms. Burden balked at the initial plans

the East River State Park in Brooklyn

and a rendering of the Hudson Yards project. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIBRADO ROMERO/THE NEW YORK TIMES

JEAN NOUVEL

MICHAEL KIRBY SMITH FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

DBOX) (MB6) MAP: Planning for the Future: By the end of the Bloomberg administration, New York's City Planning Department will have rezoned nearly 40 percent of the city. Shaded areas represent where zoning has changed since 2002. (Source: New York City Department of City Planning) (MB6)

**Load-Date:** May 27, 2012

**End of Document**



[***IN JERSEY CITY, 2 SIDES TO A REJUVENATION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-SRS0-0017-51NR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 21, 1987, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 4; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1202 words

**Byline:** By ELIZABETH NEUFFER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** JERSEY CITY

**Body**

As the evening rush hour fell on Journal Square, commuters carrying trenchcoats and canvas tote bags spilled out of the PATH train from Manhattan and hurried past the cracked window of the Five Corners Bakery.

To the clerks who once stood behind the bakery's cash register, the well-tailored silhouettes outside symbolized the rising fortunes of Jersey City.

But the bakery itself could serve as symbol. For more than 50 years, the landmark weathered the city's fall from prosperity, its race riots and its shuttered factories. Now that renewal has arrived, surging south from neighboring Hoboken, the Five Corners has closed, sold for development.

As boarded-up brownstones are transformed into gleaming town houses and as apartment and office complexes rise out of abandoned lots once choked with weeds, there are those born and bred here who say the changes sweeping this city of 222,000 people herald its rejuvenation.

''When I was a young guy and went to New York, they used to wonder where I was from,'' said Thomas F. X. Smith, who was Mayor from 1971 to 1977. ''Now they're talking about Jersey City - and with good reason.''

Yet others will tell you - with the certainty that marks them as native - that what distinguished their city will be irrevocably lost.

''It's not the town that I knew,'' Deborah McGrath said. ''It's altogether a different city. It's a changing world. Maybe we don't fit. And maybe we don't want to fit.''

What is at risk, many born and bred here said, is a way of life in which babies were teethed on Democratic politics and lives were measured by mayoral administrations, in which legends were created by Mayor Frank (I Am the Law) Hague and the numbers runner Joseph (Newsboy) Moriarity.

It was a ***working-class*** and insular world in which neighbors knew one another, nicknames such as ''Mousie,'' ''Beansie'' and ''Harry the Hat'' were greeting enough, and Jersey City was not just a place, but an identity.

''You're always from Jersey City,'' said George Brummer, 31 years old, the third generation of Brummers to run the family's ice-cream parlor on Grand Street. ''I look for the future in Jersey City. But Jersey City can never be what it was.''

The city many remember, of course, began to slip away as long ago as the 50's, when the decline of the railroads put an end to the city's industrial heyday. As many of the Poles, Irish and Italians who had worked in its factories and made it a bastion of Democratic politics left for the suburbs, new generations of blacks, Hispanics and Asians moved in.

But for those who stayed, whatever their race or nationality, the developers and renovators who have restored downtown neighborhoods such as Hamilton Park and Van Vorst Park, and are now moving into such racially mixed areas as Lafayette, signal even greater change.

As property prices soar and apartments are converted to condominiums by the hundreds, those who weathered the city's ups and downs are worried they cannot afford its future.

Concern for Older Residents

Last year an estimated 40 percent of all conversions in New Jersey were carried out here. In the last five years rents have doubled.

Older residents living on fixed incomes are particularly concerned. Some 14 percent of the population was older than 62 in 1985.

''I don't like being uprooted, but I guess I would have to move out of Jersey City - and I've lived here all my life,'' said Blanche Dohrmann. She does not qualify under a state law that protects tenants over 62.

Mrs. Dohrmann said she could not afford to buy the two-bedroom apartment on Duncan Avenue where she has lived 30 years. She pays $500 a month rent. The insider price when her building is converted to condominiums will be $131,000.

But it is also feared that the young professionals and the upper middle class who make up the latest wave of immigrants will not join in the proud civic life. Last year, when a luxury development on the Hudson waterfront advertised itself as Newport City, residents took that as an affront.

''Newport City - it was like they were ashamed to say they were in Jersey City,'' said Mayor Anthony R. Cucci, one of many born and raised here who demanded the development call itself Newport.

Newport, with 9,500 apartments, will provide Hudson County with a 1,000-slip marina and a shopping mall. But residents still point to it as typical of developments that threaten the businesses and the small-town air.

Pockets of Gentrification

''Newport is an enclave,'' charged Milton Filker, a tenant organizer and president of Council 52 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees.

The developer of Newport, Richard LeFrak, said, ''We are not building a world unto itself.''

Others characterize the newcomers who live in the gentrified pockets as interlopers.

''They can get to New York in 10 minutes,'' the vice president of the Citizens' Committee for Hudson County, Marge Westling, said. ''They're not interested in Jersey City. For them, it's not a city. It's just a place to sleep.''

Despite the city's reputation for corruption and graft, natives said it was politics that set it apart. Even the last mayoral campaign revolved around the effect that newcomers - and gentrification - would have.

Newcomers and Transformation

''From the outsider's perspective, politics might be a dirty word,'' Philip Feintuch, 49, a native, said. ''But it's not a dirty word to those in Jersey City. That's what a Jersey Cityite lives and breathes on.''

Not all residents see the changes as negative. Those who remember when industries such as Dixon Crucible fled the city point to the promise of new jobs, tax revenue and housing. Others who have watched the first wave of newcomers lovingly transform derelict neighborhoods welcome them as a new breed of Jersey Cityites.

'' My hope is that the newcomers will become oldcomers,'' said Morris Pesin, an old-timer at 75 and director of the Cultural Arts and City Spirit programs.

For Alison McKernan, whose family owns Lee Sims Inc., a chocolate store on Bergen Avenue that sends homemade chocolates to former Jersey City residents around the world, the browsers in the store hold forth the prospect of restoring her neighborhood.

'A Walking Street'

''I remember when the street was a walking street,'' she said. ''My father used to leave the door open. Pete, Joe, Charlie - you knew all the merchants around. It's possible that type of neighborhood setting might be lost. I think it's the yuppies that may bring it around again.''

The newcomers said they did play a role in the city's life.

''It's not a question of old Jersey City mentality against newcomers,'' said Richard James, president of the Downtown Coalition, a group of 4,000 homeowners that has joined with longtime residents in fighting for increased police protection and for historic preservation in their neighborhood.

Others find the world of Jersey City defended by old-timers difficult to penetrate.

''They have almost a xenophobic attitude toward strangers,'' said Sue Bohn, who moved here almost 12 years ago. ''Everybody seemed to have a nun in their family. Everybody seemed to have someone in prison. Everybody seemed to have friends who were cops. How close to New York - but how completely different.''

**Graphic**

Photo of the Newport devolopment (NYT/William E. Sauro)

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[***PROFITING FROM THE AURA OF TWAIN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-S5K0-0017-54KG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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

**Length:** 1134 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT O. BOORSTIN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** ELMIRA, N.Y., June 25

**Body**

It's about 875 miles from here to the muddy waters of Mark Twain's Mississippi River. But as the great man himself might have counseled, let's not let a little distance spoil the fun or profits.

Welcome to Elmira, a ***working-class*** city of 35,000 at the heart of New York's Southern Tier and - as the signs posted at every conceivable entrance and street corner remind vistors -''Mark Twain Country.'' No, there hasn't been a mistake. This is only a tale of slightly inflated civic pride, of a city that has staked its claim to its most famous sometime resident and is aiming to make the most of it.

''There are some people who say, 'Gee, I'm tired of hearing about Mark Twain,' '' said the Mayor of Elmira, Stephen J. Fesh Jr. ''But they don't recognize that you need to sell, sell, sell.''

A Twain Sales Pitch

Last week, in a geodesic dome converted from a hockey rink to a theater-in-the-round, Elmira added to its sales pitch. The curtain went up on an original Broadway-scale biographical tribute to Twain, an extravaganza of singing, acting and dancing that promoters hope will become a permanent summertime draw.

The ''Mark Twain Drama,'' as it is called, moves from the author's narrative of his life to scenes from the books he wrote in Elmira, shifting from family discussions in the parlor of Quarry Farm to a singing Huck and Jim floating down a dry-ice induced Mississippi.

Even without the dramatics this city, as its competitors from Hannibal, Mo. (Twain's boyhood home) and Hartford, (his winter home) happily concede, has plenty to offer.

It was up at Quarry Farm on East Hill here, in a tiny octagonal study designed by his sister-in- law, that Twain wrote all or most of ''The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,'' ''Huckleberry Finn,'' ''The Prince and the Pauper,'' and ''Roughing It,'' to name a few.

Then, as now, Elmira had a river, plenty of freckle-spotted boys who would rather fish than whitewash a picket fence, and a goodly supply of Yankees who would look mighty uncomfortable plunked down in King Arthur's court.

Drunkard, Jailbird, Deadbeat

But young Sam Clemens first came here in the summer of 1868 in search of a different kind of inspiration: a young, refined woman named Olivia Langdon. Her parents fussed and his references (''a drunkard, a jailbird, a deadbeat'') did not help, but eventually they were married.

For almost 30 years, Twain and his family would return to summer at Quarry Farm. In the morning he would repair to the study and - after writing no fewer than 2,600 words a day - return in the evenings to read his day's work to the family.

''I haven't piled up manuscript so in years,'' Twain wrote a friend while scrawling away at ''Huckleberry Finn.'' ''And I shall like it whether anybody else does or not.''

Like the journalists who walked up East Hill to question and be verbally abused by Twain, for decades tourists who somehow discovered this city's ''Mark Twain connection'' made brief pilgrimages here.

They visited the study (transplanted in 1952 to the downtown campus of Elmira College), Quarry Farm (now home to the college's Center for Mark Twain Studies) and the idyllic site in Woodlawn Cemetery, where Sam Clemens was laid to rest in 1910.

Elmirans were happy to have the extra dollars but did little to advertise their famous summer resident. In the 1930's they even rejected spending $5,000 to save the Langdon family's downtown house - a one-story brick shopping center now occupies the site.

But despite its residents best efforts, by the early 1980's Elmira had earned a national reputation. It had nothing to do with riverboats, jumping frogs or little boys in straw hats. Instead, as one after another of Elmira's manufacturing companies went bankrupt or fled, and unemployment hovered above 12 percent, the city became a prominent symbol for the Northeast's decline.

Ranked sixth among the nation's most economically distressed areas, Elmira was dubbed the buckle of the Rust Belt.

Professional Boosters

Then professional boosters came riding into town.

''I was looking for every straw that might represent a hope to pull this area out of distress,'' said Robert W. Bivens, a congenitally optimistic man brought up from Louisville, Ky., to help the three counties of Chemung, Schuyler and Steuben.

Mr. Bivens, the director of a regional chamber of commerce called Southern Tier Economic Growth, advocated economic diversification, which meant tourism, which meant Mark Twain.

''I was surprised to find that the connection - I don't like the word exploited - had not been developed, had not been tastefully recognized,'' he said.

Nearby Corning had its glass works (with 500,000 annual visitors, the state's third most popular tourist attraction), Watkins Glen had its race track. But Elmira, strategically situated on Route 17 midway between New York City and Niagara Falls, was only living off the scraps.

''Sometimes when you're too close to something,'' said the president of the Chemung County Chamber of Commerce, Larry A. Bowman, ''you may not recognize the value.''

In proclaiming itself ''Mark Twain Country'' and moving to capitalize on its connection, Elmira certainly had company.

Twain, after all, was a constant traveler, a man claimed by Hannibal, Hartford, and a dozen other cities around the United States.

For the moment, however, the competition seems friendly.

''Certainly Elmira was an inspiration for him to get the writing done,'' offered a polite Henry Sweets, curator of the Mark Twain Boyhood Home and Museum in Hannibal. ''I think the whole world is the rightful home of Mark Twain.''

The curator of the Mark Twain Memorial in Hartford, Marianne Curling, also wished Elmira luck. ''If they can build a county or area economy on this that's successful, that's great,'' she said.

Blessed or not by the ghost of Twain, Elmira's economy has staged a remarkable reversal in the last two years.

Unemployment has fallen to about 4.5 percent and companies, led by a joint venture between Japan's Toshiba Corporation and Westinghouse to produce color television tubes, are returning to the Chemung River Valley.

''Mark Twain did his best work in Elmira,'' reads a magazine advertisement put out by Mr. Bivens's group. ''Shoichi Saba plans to do the same.'' Mr. Saba is the chairman of Toshiba.

Such efforts have been picked up in the community, which boasts a Mark Twain golf course, a Huck Finn motel and the Becky Thatcher room at the downtown Holiday Inn.

''Elmira,'' reads a real estate agent's sign under a caricature of the trademark white hair and moustache, ''A Great Place to Live.''

Dr. Darryl Baskin, director of the Center for Mark Twain Studies, said that Sam Clemens would probably approve, so long as there was some taste involved.

''He was a man who was into promoting himself,'' he explained, ''Mark Twain was an image that he marketed.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Eleanor and Ken Tompkins visiting grave of Mark Twain (NYT/Michael Okoniewski); Photo of room at Quarry Farm, where Mr. Twain wrote (NYT); Photo of Mr. Twain on porch at Quarry Farm (Elmira College Center for Mark Twain Studies) (Pg. B2)

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[***NEW YORK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RWF0-0017-54B1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IMAGES OF THE JEWISH SOJOURN IN GERMANY IN THE LIGHT OF ITS TRAGIC OUTCOME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RWF0-0017-54B1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 12, 1987, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1155 words

**Byline:** By JOHN GROSS

**Body**

BY CURRENT STAND-ards, the exhibition ''Jews in Germany Under Prussian Rule'' is plain fare, a series of black-and-white montages that puts the emphasis on solid, point-by-point information. The New York Public Library at Fifth Avenue (where it can be seen through Aug. 22, before returning to West Germany), seems an appropriate home for such a show: Its effect is very much that of a picture book that has been cut up and hung on the wall.

It is easy to imagine a bolder presentation of the same theme - one making use of film, music, artifacts, models, dioramas, color (or even colorization); one, for that matter, with a snappier title. But judged on its own terms, the exhibition is an undoubted success - intelligent, well balanced, compact; and there is a good deal to be said for its sobriety. At least you never have the feeling that fancy design techniques are getting in the way, smoothing out everything in their path.

And after all, the pictures tell an inherently dramatic story, a story of great achievements and great tragedy. Many of them, humdrum in themselves, acquire drama from their historical context; many others are eloquent in their own right.

Perhaps the oddest image of all, and certainly one of the most pungent, occurs in the section devoted to Moses Mendelssohn, the 18th-century scholar and philosopher who served as intellectual ambassador from Judaism to the Enlightenment (and vice versa). It consists of 20 life-sized porcelain monkeys; they were acquired by Mendelssohn over the years, in response to Frederick the Great's decree compelling his Jewish subjects to mark their family celebrations by buying ware from the royal porcelain works.

A quizzical allegory of the Jewish condition in Germany at the time? It seems more than likely. Elsewhere the images portray that condition in innumerable changing shapes, from the medieval statue of a blindfolded figure representing the Synagogue at Bamberg cathedral to Hermann Tietz's great department store on Alexanderplatz in turn-of-the century Berlin; from a florid patriotic memento that shows Jewish soldiers celebrating Yom Kippur at Metz during the Franco-Prussian War to a poster for one of Max Reinhardt's early cabarets.

Most of all, there are faces - actors, doctors, bankers, scholars, scientists, feminists, politicians, musicians, rabbis, men and women of very different generations, persuasions, walks of life: too many faces to take in at one time, but faces that between them give you a powerful idea of the flavor and temper of German-Jewish society, of both its diversity and its common or interrelated traits.

Every so often, too, you find yourself pausing over a particular face, pondering or letting your imagination play. And one of the great virtues of the exhibition is to draw attention to relatively unknown figures - unknown outside Germany, at least -who were as significant in their time as many better-remembered names.

Julius Moses, for example, Social Democratic spokesman for health affairs in the Reichstag during the Weimar Republic. A physician, he made his mark before World War I as an advocate of birth control, in particular as a means of taking some of the pressure off ***working-class*** women, and found himself being denounced in consequence by Rosa Luxemburg for ''bourgeois quackery.'' Was he so very wrong? Was Rosa Luxemburg so very right?

So many notable men and women have been included in the exhibition that it comes as something of a shock to realize how many have also been left out. The psychoanalytic movement is nowhere to be seen, for example, although by the 1920's Berlin was arguably (setting aside Freud himself) a more important center of analysis than Vienna. And where, say, is the chemist Fritz Haber, who played such an influential role in German science - not least, alas, through his work on poison gas during World War I?

To point to the gaps is not so much to offer a criticism as to underline how extraordinarily productive and multifaceted Jewish life was in Germany before Hitler - how much of a success story it was, in spite of all its attendant strains. It would have been hopeless to have aimed at comprehensiveness within the scope of a mere thousand or so items.

Within its limits, too, there is little new that the exhibition can tell us about the final chapter of the story -not, at any rate, in its direct portrayal of atrocities. In earlier, pre-1933 sections, on the other hand, we are every so often stopped short by learning the eventual fate of an individual, and the full enormity of what happened dawns on us all over again.

The distinguished dermatologist (born 1861) and the athlete who won Germany's first medal for gymnastics in the 1896 Olympic Games - did they really both perish in Theresienstadt (where Julius Moses also died, incidentally)? Those three leading actors, that fine-looking woman who was a pioneer in child care - were they really murdered in Auschwitz? It all seems quite mad.

Laughter and Forgetting

A new and illuminating glimpse into the Nazi abyss comes from an unexpected quarter. In his latest book, ''Cracking Jokes'' (published by Ten Speed Press of Berkeley, Calif.), the noted folklorist Alan Dundes examines a number of sick-humor cycles and joking stereotypes. Much of the American material that he analyzes will probably be familiar to most of his readers, in broad outline if not in detail; what may come as a revelation, however, is the existence of a large corpus of sick jokes about the Holocaust in contemporary West Germany.

With the assistance of two German colleagues, Thomas Hauschild and Uli Linke, Mr. Dundes has assembled some of these stories, reproducing them in the inimitable original as well as in English translation. Most of them make merry with the ideas of gassing, burning and reducing to ashes.

Mr. Dundes has some shrewd comments about the psychology underlying this material and about its social implications. What neither he nor anyone else can say for certain is how widespread and how persistent the jokes in question are, although the circumstances under which they were collected seem to suggest ''fairly widespread'' and ''fairly persistent.'' And he quotes from a German poet, Ulrich Otto Berger, who wrote as far back as 1966: ''The folk speech of today knows how to tell more than one joke about Auschwitz.''

At any rate, I don't think Mr. Dundes is wrong to draw attention to the whole phenomenon, as some critics claimed when he first published his findings in the journal Western Folklore. The very crudity of the jokes, the fact that they are the kind of thing you wouldn't want to put on show in an exhibition, gives them unusual value as evidence. They bring out with peculiar force an aspect of the Holocaust that seems to me to be almost always underrated when attempts are made to set it in broad historical or ideological context - that one of the great driving forces behind it was malicious joy.

**Graphic**

Photo of Moritz Daniel Oppenheim's ''Purim''

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[***A Mall Comes to a Black Township***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-XK80-008G-F0CD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1267 words

**Byline:** By BILL KELLER,

By BILL KELLER,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** SOWETO, South Africa, Oct. 23

**Body**

Late last year, a group of white executives from Sanlam Properties, a leading South African development company, piled into a mini-van and rode into terra incognita, the sprawling black metropolis of Soweto.

As Jacobus A. Swanepoel, Sanlam's regional manager, recounts that journey, it is tempting to imagine a carload of cartoon capitalists with dollar signs ringing in their eyes -- ka-CHUNG, ka-CHUNG. Soweto, impoverished, alien, oppressed, battle-torn Soweto, suddenly seemed a land of untapped opportunity.

The first result of that trip materialized here on Sept. 29: the biggest and most modern shopping center any black township has ever seen, complete with a family steakhouse, a triplex cinema, automated teller machines, an appliance store, clothiers, and the ne plus ultra of suburban life in South Africa, a gun shop.

At the mall's heart is a vast air-conditioned Shoprite supermarket that has brought some Soweto shoppers close to joyous tears. After years of commuting to stores on the periphery of the black enclave, or paying the inflated prices of tiny township convenience shops, they have discovered in the wide aisles and sale prices of Shoprite an equality nearly as satisfying as the one conferred by last April's elections.

Soweto, which once appeared to white business as a ghetto teeming with squatters and bristling with political upheaval, all at once acquired a more alluring identity: a city of more than three million consumers without a grocery store, appliance dealer or clothing outlet of national stature.

But the new interest of white retailers has generated a bitter outcry from some black businessmen in the townships. They complain that after decades of weathering the strains of an apartheid ghetto, black entrepreneurs are being bulled aside by the economic power of white outsiders who have discovered gold in black townships.

"I feel like a man on a bicycle who's been overtaken by a jet," said Paul Gama, chairman of the black-controlled Blackchain Ltd., which owns three modest and struggling grocery stores in black townships.

Max M. Legodi, head of the Greater Soweto Chamber of Commerce

and Industries, which speaks for hundreds of small retailers in the township, was sympathetic. "All these years we had no access to capital, no access to credit," he said. "We were not able to gain expertise in business management. We did not have relationships with suppliers to buy in bulk. We could not do business in white areas."

These men argue that white entrepreneurs moving into the "emerging markets" of black townships should be obliged -- by political pressure, if not by law -- to take local partners, as do many foreign companies that come to South Africa.

Until now, most white businesses have shunned black townships. Whites were prohibited by apartheid law from owning township property. Then, after the repeal of that barrier in June 1991, the townships seemed too turbulent to be worth the risk.

Instead, Sanlam and other developers built huge indoor malls on the outskirts of Soweto, forcing township residents to come to them.

A mini-van taxi ride from Soweto to one of these malls cost the price of half a gallon of milk or two loaves of bread, and it ate up most of a morning, but as Alfred Hlatchwayo observed over his basket of groceries in the new Shoprite, "it was that or do without."

Now that the April elections have restored political peace, developers have turned to the townships with a more open mind. Following the lead of gasoline station and fast-food chains, which moved in earlier with franchise outlets, banks, developers and retailers are now scouting hungrily.

"If you look at the strategic plans of most of the larger firms, you see that they have their eye on the townships," said Johan Jacobs, marketing director of the South African Chamber of Commerce and Business.

Soweto's shopping mall was developed with capital from Sanlam, which historically catered to white Afrikaners, but the mall's success suggests that foreign investment could follow into the neglected townships.

Mr. Swanepoel said Soweto had grown ripe for business at a time when most white suburbs are already saturated with retail stores.

True, Soweto has poverty and crime. In some neighborhoods there is scarcely a plot that does not house several extra families in backyard lean-tos. But there are also large ***working-class*** and middle-class neighborhoods, and pockets of real affluence.

Dobsonville, the neighborhood where the new shopping center is situated, is stable and economically mixed.

Sanlam Properties, a subsidiary of South Africa's second-largest insurance company, the Sanlam Group, is the country's largest developer of shopping centers. Mr. Swanepoel said the company had two other township projects near announcement, including a mammoth "hyper mall" in another part of Soweto, and another half dozen on the drawing board.

The company entered Soweto on political tiptoes. It assembled a committee of 40 local organizations to review its plans. It created a trust fund to train local entrepreneurs. It plans to sell 49 percent of the project as shares to local investors.

Several of the 68 stores in the new mall are occupied by locally owned businesses, like Sam Poane's health club, Percy Machaba's cafe and Mumsy Khoza's butcher shop. Most of the others have black managers and clerks, so that Mr. Swanepoel boasts that the center has created 600 permanent jobs.

Mr. Legodi of the Soweto chamber of commerce applauded Sanlam for its diplomacy, but said black businesses resented the fact that the Shoprite supermarket chain, which has no connection with the American supermarket chain of the same name, had not enlisted black partners in the store that is the centerpiece of the project.

"We feel that appointing a few black faces in Shoprite doesn't give you a passport to come in and exploit the emerging black market," he said.

Mr. Gama pointed out that his Blackchain stores had remained in business, without laying off workers, despite political violence that scared away customers and drove the company repeatedly to the brink of bankruptcy. He fumed at the thought of white companies now reaping the dividends of the struggle.

"White businesses know the devastation of apartheid won't leave them any competition," he said. "It is a walkover for them."

Whether businesses should be required to team up with black capitalists when tapping black markets is now a topic of heated negotiation in business groups and within the Government. Major business groups generally favor such joint ventures, although they are opposed to enforcing them by law.

Among shoppers here, Shoprite is described in euphoric terms as an emblem of the new democracy. There is scant sympathy for the little convenience stores, called spazas, that have traditionally supplied the townships with high-priced staples.

"It's bad for the owners of the spaza shops, but it's good for us," said Johanna Sekobo, a high school student who was part of the lunchtime siege of schoolchildren at what everyone calls "the center."

Indeed, the initial dismay of the spaza owners has already been tempered by realism. Some are now adjusting to the giant competitor down the street by focusing on after-hours business or selling more specialized stock, like beer by the case, or by cutting prices.

"My customers have all gone to Shoprite," said Phora Mmolawa, with a genial shrug, from behind the steel grate of her spaza near the new shopping center. "I'll have to change to something else. But I'm happy. It brings something new to our township. I haven't been yet, but I am going to be a customer."

**Graphic**

Photo: The first shopping mall in the black township of Soweto has delighted its residents who once traveled to shop in white areas. A Soweto homemaker and her children inspected the meat counter in the mall's supermarket. (Greg Marinovich for The New York Times)

Map of South Africa showing location of Soweto. (pg. D17)

**Load-Date:** October 26, 1994

**End of Document**



[***TV MINISTRY SCANDALS LAMPOONED IN SOUTH - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-T2S0-0017-552R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 1; Page 1, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1151 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** ATLANTA, May 1

**Body**

All across the South's Bible Belt, country music radio stations these days are freely lampooning the troubles of television evangelists. On many stations the most requested song is ''Would Jesus Wear a Rolex on His Television Show?''

''Would Jesus be political if He came back to earth?'' the song by Ray Stevens goes, ''have His second home in Palm Springs and try to hide His worth?''

On radio talk shows and in taverns, in country music lyrics and truck stops across the country, the recent tales of sexual adventure, big salaries and profligate spending at the PTL television ministry have provoked a lot of smirking, a reaction that has upset the evangelists.

''I don't ever remember a time when people driving trucks, talking on CB's and sitting in restaurants were having such a heyday ridiculing all that is Christian,'' said the Rev. Jerry Falwell, the fundamentalist Baptist who took over in March as head of the PTL television ministry, which is based in Fort Mill, S.C. ''National credibility for the cause of Christ, in my opinion, is at an all-time low.''

Today, in Palm Springs, Calif., the Rev. Jim Bakker, the evangelist about whom so much of the controversy has swirled, made his first public appearance since the scandal became known and declared he would not fight to return to PTL, whose new leadership banished him earlier this week.

''Without a miracle of God, we will never minister again,'' said Mr. Bakker, who was joined by his tearful wife, Tammy Faye. He also used the occasion to deny again allegations of his involvement with homosexuality, wife-swapping and the use of prostitutes.

''We hope all of the people we love so much will forgive us and help us to go on,'' he said, adding that he was writing a book. ''We'll be telling our side of the story.''

Mr. Bakker, the boyish-looking founder of PTL, touched off the scandal last month when he admitted having an adulterous affair seven years ago with a church secretary.

But in subsequent weeks the PTL saga grew into a much more labyrinthine scandal, replete with tales of cover-ups and hush money paid to silence the secretary, of luxury cars and million-dollar salaries drawn from the contributions of tens of thousands of faithful viewers.

Coupled with the recent reaction to the Rev. Oral Roberts's well-publicized plea that contributers give $4.5 million by the end of March or God would call him home to heaven, the PTL scandal has only seemed to confirm, rightly or wrongly, the worse suspicions some have about the television ministries.

Jeffrey K. Hadden, a sociologist at the University of Virginia who is the author of a book on television evangelists, is not surprised.

Wide U.S. Reaction Perceived

''Among the evangelical community itself, there is mostly embarrassment,'' said Mr. Hadden. ''But in larger secular America, there are a lot of people who, deep down in their hearts, always suspected that some of these evangelists were really Elmer Gantry come to life, transferred from the revival tent to the television studio.''

Mr. Hadden was referring to Sinclair Lewis's fictional preacher who seduced women, drank whisky and used fraud and theft to prey on innocent believers.

Among the faithful, there are those who say they are still sticking by Jim and Tammy Bakker, although they concede they are taking some teasing.

Bob Landwerlen, a PTL supporter who lives in rural Armuchee, Ga., told a reporter how another man sidled up to him at a recent civic club luncheon and asked: ''Well, what y'all gonna do about Jim and Tammy Faye?''

''We're praying for them,'' Mr. Landwerlen said he responded. ''What are you doing?''

Fears About Contributions

But for Mr. Falwell, the credibility problems of television ministries are more than just a cause for spiritual reflection. There are financial considerations too.

''Out there in the general public, there's the inability to write that check because a lot of faith has been shattered,'' said Mr. Falwell, predicting that over the coming year, all 110,000 of the nation's fundamentalist and evangelical churches would feel some dropoff in revenue.

In solemn reflection, Mr. Falwell and other evangelists say it is time for repentance. ''This is a confession from Jerry Falwell,'' he said this week, addressing more than 250 reporters gathered at the PTL complex in Fort Mill. ''The overall media ministry of Christ in America has not been as open and as accountable as we should be.''

Mr. Falwell was among seven new members named to the board of the directors after Mr. Bakker's resignation. One of those, former Interior Secretary James G. Watt, said today in Wyoming that he was resigning, but he did not give his reasons. Earlier this week, another new member, Rex Humbard, also resigned.

In pleading for contributions on a PTL broadcast today, Mr. Falwell promised to account for every penny, adding, ''We're trying to spiritually, theologically, collectively with our business practices, put our house in order.''

'A Lot of People Feel Let Down'

But Mr. Falwell and his fellow ministers may not have an easy time regaining their viewers' trust. B. J. Williams, of country station WYAY in Atlanta, said she thought a lot of people felt let down by what happened.

''We are in the middle of the Bible Belt, and most of our country people really like Jim and Tammy,'' she said. ''But now I think they are feeling deceived. The calls defending them, saying they love them still, have really dwindled.''

Mr. Hadden said it was the disclosures about big money and financial manipulations, rather than sex, that struck home among the largely ***working-class*** audiences that follow the television ministries. ''One itty-bitty sexual indiscretion was forgivable,'' he said. ''But now these stories about the big bucks, that's a different thing.''

The point was underscored by an editorial cartoonist at the newspaper in Columbia, S.C., who recently drew a panel suggesting that PTL, which stands for Praise the Lord or People That Love, really ought to read, Pay the Lady.

Another measure of the impact the scandal has had among blue-collar Southerners is the proliferation of country and Western songs that Nashville labels are turning out on the theme.

Van Mac, of WOKK in Meridian, Miss., said he had counted about a dozen songs coming in recent days.

They include, ''The PTL has gone to hell, so where do I send the money?'' by the Rev. Needmore and the Almighty Bucks, and ''Poverty-Stricken TV Christian,'' by Bobby Goodman.

The Ray Stevens song is the most requested, however. At WKNZ, a country station in Collins, Miss., a town of 3,000 people, John Gatlin, the station manager, said his disk jockeys were getting so many requests for the song that they had to play it every hour and a half.

''What's funny is this is the Southern Baptist Belt, yet I think people love this song,'' said Mr. Gatlin. ''I think a lot have come to realize over the years that what the song says is true.''

**Correction**

An Atlanta dispatch last Saturday. and an accompanying set of lyrics, about the lampooning of television evangelists by country-music radio stations, misstated the authorship of a song titled ''Would Jesus Wear a Rolex?'' The song was written by Chet Atkins and Margaret Archer and not by Ray Stevens, who recorded it.  
**Correction-Date:** May 6, 1987, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

Photo of Tammy and Jim Baker (AP) (Page 32)

**End of Document**



[***Tenafly Journal;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-XPG0-008G-F363-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Suit Says Cheerleaders Are Just Too Loud***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-XPG0-008G-F363-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** New Jersey Weekly Desk

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**Length:** 1186 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER WEITZMAN

By JENNIFER WEITZMAN

**Dateline:** TENAFLY

**Body**

A NOISY dispute has broken out between cheerleaders who attend schools in the ***working-class*** community of Bergenfield, and some residents of Tenafly, its mostly white-collar neighbor. The contention is over the noise made by 5- to 12 year-old girls practicing cheers on Pony Field, which abuts a row of houses in Tenafly.

The girls, some of whom also play soccer games in the field, say the noise seems just about right to them. Not surprisingly, the homeowners think differently.

Carrying signs reading "Children Have Rights Too," a band of children gathered with their parents, coaches and other supporters on a recent rainy Saturday morning, and headed toward the home of Anthony Zalley in Tenafly. Mr. Zalley is the only resident on Buff Road to file formal charges protesting the noise. "Mr. Zalley Makes 85 Girls Sad," read another sign. In the distance, faint whistles were heard from a nearby soccer game.

Members of the Bergenfield Police Athletic League are protesting Tenafly's efforts to move the cheerleading program to a site closer to Bergenfield. But Tenafly is trying to reinforce a 1966 judgment, agreed upon by both towns and the athletic league, which limited the time allowed on the field. Tenafly residents say that they don't want to stop the children from having fun, but that the noise and the overhead lights are intrusive.

Parents from Bergenfield saythere is another reason they object to moving to a different playing field. Since the league consists of youngsters who attend six different elementary schools and one middle school, players and cheerleaders often become friends with children from all over.

"It's a great melting pot for children to interact with all kinds of different ethnic groups and religions," said Mimi Parente, director of the cheerleading program.

According to Mr. Zalley's lawyer, Evan Turtz, Tenafly has been locked in a legal dispute against Bergenfield and the athletic program since January.

Residents say the noise from Pony Field has became so loud at times that they often turn on their air-conditioners to drown it out. Mr. Turtz said some people have even stopped using their decks, forcing them to stay indoors even in the sweltering heat.

The judgement was reached nearly almost 20 years ago after several Tenafly residents complained about the bright lights from the athletic league's baseball program. Since then, the league has added several new programs, including soccer and cheerleading, and the homeowners think the expansion has violated the earlier agreement.

Under the direction of Judge Arthur Lesemann of Bergen County Superior Court, the two towns and the athletic league reached an agreement in May about when the park could be used. What they couldn't agree on is where to put the cheerleaders.

It was suggested that the cheerleading program use the two other fields farther away from Tenafly's border. But the athletic league refused to yield.

"PAL wouldn't go along with having to move the cheerleaders," said William Dimin, a lawyer representing the Police Athletic League and Bergenfield. "That would essentially wipe out the program."

The cheerleaders did try to accommodate the residents by moving to an adjoining parking lot, the change didn't work out and they eventually went back to the field.

"It was just horrible," said Kara Lopes, a cheerleading coach. "We just didn't enjoy the game when cheering from the parking lot. We couldn't do the cheers and we couldn't see the field." Lisa Sgambati, another cheerleader coach, said her team "shouldn't have to shout from the parking lot with a bunch of cars."

James Logan, the lawyer for Tenafly, said the issue would be decided by the courts.

"I thought this matter was settled after the mediation," Mr. Turtz said. "It is such a shame property owners have to bear the brunt of the fields."

"It is frustrating for Tenafly residents because Bergenfield has other fields," he continued. "Tenafly residents are not against kids and are in favor of the program, but want to find a reasonable solution."

Mayor Charles F. McDowell of Bergenfield said: "It is just a matter of sitting down with Tenafly and changing the court injunction to make it updated. I'm sure this will be worked out." He said that in 1966 there were between 200 and 300 youngsters involved in the athletic league's program. Now there are 1,600 children enrolled.

"It is time for change," he added.

Gary Lopes, director of division five soccer, said that Bergenfield had one of the biggest sports programs in Bergen County, and that there was no more room in the community to build new fields. He said there were about 500 children in the soccer program and 85 cheerleaders. They use the field two nights a week from 6:30 to 8 P.M., and Saturdays from 10:30 A.M. to 5 P.M., from August through mid-November. They used to play on the field five nights a week.

"We tried to negotiate with Zalley," Mr. Lopes said, "but I wish he would leave us alone. We agreed to put trees up to block the noise, move the fields and bleachers, cut the hours the kids are on the field and even move the cheerleaders into an adjourning parking lot so their voices would carry away from his house. But it is still not good enough."

Ms. Parente noted recently that Bergenfield's slogan is "We Care." "Bergenfield prides itself on being a caring town whose parents, besides working their regular jobs, are there to support the children in school and in sports," she said. "We want to teach them those old-fashioned standards like respect and leadership because society needs it. We need to start somewhere with youngsters when they are still young."

Frank DiStefano, the father of Diana, 8 1/2, and Danielle, 6 1/2, said the children were involved in a good program. "It is just not right for one man to stop these kids from playing or cheering," he said. "We are talking about little children who need these benefits. Just give them the benefit of the doubt."

Mr. DiStefano said he wanted to ask Mr. Zalley why he bought a house right next to an active field if he didn't like noise.

Joseph LaPorta, the father of Lauren, 6, and Samantha, 3, said he worried about what the ramifications would be s if Mr. Zalley won his lawsuit.

Heather Bauza, an 8-year-old cheerleader, said the whole situation "doesn't make me feel right."

Charlie McLaughlin, director of the soccer program, said, "We just want our kids to have fun and have a bright future." He added that the activities were a great substitute for some of the others things children can get drawn into, like violence.

Mary Ann Wohlgemuth, a former cheerleading coach, said: "There should be no reason for this. Cheerleading shouldn't be singled out."

Diana Edwards, the mother of Bryant, 10, and an 8-year-old cheerleader named Stephanie, said she would stand up for her children's rights. "Stephanie didn't want to play soccer, so this is the only alternative for her to get involved in a group activity," she said. "Cheering is something she can look forward to and can make her proud to be part of a sport I thought to be a good compromise. As parents, we want our kids involved, and he is taking that away."

**Graphic**

Photos: A resident of Tenafly has filed suit against Bergenfield cheerleaders, contending they make too much noise. At top and right, a recent demonstration by cheerleaders and their families. (Photographs by Steve Berman for The New York Times)

Map of Tenafly and surrounding area.

**Load-Date:** October 17, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Elegant Resort Faces an Inelegant Battle Over Gambling***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W4V-W5R0-007F-G1T8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 1, 1999, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 18; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1347 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL JANOFSKY

By MICHAEL JANOFSKY

**Dateline:** WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. Va., March 26

**Body**

The paradox of a luxury resort in a ***working-class*** county has always been apparent here in southeastern West Virginia. But now it is fueling a political fight, pitting the values of rural Christian fundamentalists against a life style of golf, aromatherapy and finger bowls with breakfast.

For the second time this century, the Greenbrier is planning to expand. Almost 90 years ago, the owners built a golf course that helped turn the stately hotel into one of the nation's best-known resorts, a favorite of the rich and the famous.

Now, as it faces financial uncertainty because of a dwindling number of visitors in the winter, expansion plans are under way again. This time the owners want to convert a once-secret bomb shelter built under the hotel for the use of Congress in the event of a nuclear war into West Virginia's first casino, for the exclusive use of the Greenbrier's guests.

Proponents say the casino would generate new jobs and tax revenue that are desperately needed in West Virginia, one of the poorest states in the nation. A study for the Greenbrier by West Virginia University says the casino would pump an additional $34 million into the local economy.

But building another golf course at the resort might be easier.

Led by local church leaders who regard gambling as evil, many residents of Greenbrier County are vowing to defeat a county referendum that would allow the casino to open, no matter what economic benefits it might generate.

Even guests at the Greenbrier, who now pay as much as $645 a night at the peak of the golf season, say they are not sure casino gambling belongs at a place so genteel that signs posted outside elevators at night ask for quiet, saying, "It's sleepy time down South."

"When I walked in here for the first time I thought I was stepping back in time, it was so elegant," said Becky Belew, a lawyer from Stuart's Draft, Va. "If you allow gambling to come in here, you would somehow diminish that."

The casino's leading opponents are less concerned with elegance than decadence. For years, they say, they have cherished the 672-room hotel as a good neighbor and the chief economic engine of Greenbrier County. The hotel staff grows to 1,600 during peak seasons, making it, by far, the largest employer in a three-county area. And jobs pay well. Even dishwashers can earn $10 an hour.

But opponents fear casino gambling will usher in a new era at the Greenbrier, which is owned by the CSX Corporation, a holding company primarily engaged in transportation operations and based in Richmond. Many say they fear that a casino would attract "the wrong kind of people" and fuel addictions to gambling, causing many to lose far more than they can afford.

"I love the Greenbrier," said the Rev. Patricia Jarvis, a vocal opponent of the casino who is pastor of the the United Methodist Church in Lewisburg. "I am certainly in favor of anything that strengthens it. But I don't think this is the way. You look around where gambling is a part of the landscape, and you see it has ruined the moral texture of the place."

The Rev. Mark Flynn, pastor of the Trinity United Methodist Church in nearby Ronceverte, said: "My intention is not to prevent people from having a good time. My intention is to prevent a large out-of-state corporation from setting up shop in my county to prey upon people who have a problem."

Objections by religious leaders are all the more striking in that only paying, registered guests of the Greenbrier would be permitted inside the casino. After rebuffing the hotel's lobbying efforts for five years, state lawmakers this month passed a narrowly written bill that bars outsiders from entering and prohibits the management from offering free rooms as a lure to well-heeled guests the way hotels in Las Vegas, Nev., and Atlantic City do.

The legislation would also channel a large portion of the casino's revenue to the state: 52 percent of the money from slot machines and 37 percent from gaming tables. Greenbrier County would get 4 percent of the gross revenue, the town of White Sulphur Springs 2 percent and the remaining six towns in the county would share another 2 percent.

Gov. Cecil H. Underwood, a pro-business Republican who is facing re-election next year, is expected to sign the bill soon.

But state lawmakers left final approval to voters in Greenbrier County as a concession to those who oppose gambling in general and fought the legislation on the ground that the state has all the gambling it needs in three horse racing tracks, a dog track and a lottery.

County officials predict that the referendum will go before voters next year, giving both sides time to plot strategy in what could become a bitter and costly fight.

Already, the fight is under way. Some church leaders have begun preaching against gambling in their Sunday sermons. At Ms. Jarvis's church, which opposes even raffles and Bingo, officials have circulated fliers that quotes the church's Book of Discipline, which says: "Gambling is a menace to society, deadly to the best interests of moral, social, economic and spiritual life, and destructive of good government. As an act of faith and concern, Christians should abstain from gambling and should strive to minister to those victimized by the practice."

Mr. Flynn said some religious leaders in the county had met with a political consulting firm in Clarksburg to discuss fund-raising in an effort to counter what they expect will be a hard fight from the Greenbrier for passage of the referendum.

Their instincts are good.

Ted J. Kleisner, president of the resort, said he would try to persuade county residents who might never see the inside of the casino that its potential economic benefits to the region outweigh concerns over gambling. If opened, Mr. Kleisner said, the casino would eliminate the off-season layoffs that leave as many as 800 hotel employees without jobs for three months of the year.

Mr. Kleisner also said he was sensitive to the tastes of typical guests, and promised that the casino would have none of the garishness of Atlantic City or Las Vegas and that building it in the former bomb shelter, a distant wing from the main lobby, would keep it far from children.

Aside from its potential status as the only legal casino in West Virginia, the Greenbrier gambling hall could become the only one ever built in a bunker to provide protection against nuclear war.

Constructed under utmost secrecy in the cold war, from 1958 to 1961, the bunker was designed to accommodate members of the House and Senate and their staffs for an indefinite period to assure that the legislative branch of the Federal Government could function in case of attack.

The bunker was fully maintained through 1992, when its presence was disclosed in a Washington Post magazine article. As a result, Congress voted to end its budget, and the bunker was closed in 1995.

Over the years, parts of the bunker were routinely used for hotel functions, although guests never knew their real purpose. The House and Senate chambers, for example, often served convention groups, and the staff meeting area became the hotel exhibition hall, which is where the casino would be built.

For now, it is unclear how the referendum vote might go. Both sides say they expect a turnout of about 40 percent of the county's 16,100 registered voters. But rather than break along party lines -- there are now 11,500 registered Democrats and 4,600 Republicans -- many county residents say the deciding factors are more likely to be moral and economic.

Eugene W. Walker, who owns a furniture store in Rainelle, Harold Hinkle, who owns a one-chair barber shop in Rupert, and other entrepreneurs in the county predicted that the casino would help put more people to work. "I'm all for it," Mr. Walker said.

But others are struggling with the choice. In her small flower shop in the tiny town of Rupert, Karen Patterson said she was in favor of more jobs but did not hesitate to sign a petition circulated by her church condemning the casino.

"As far as business-wise, it's good," she said. "But as far as Christian-wise, it's bad."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Harold Hinkle, top, a barber in Rupert, W. Va., says a proposed casino at the Greenbrier resort, lower right, would create jobs. Nearby towns like Lewisburg, left, need more jobs. But some residents say a casino would attract undesirable people and fuel gambling addictions. Ted J. Klesiner, president of the resort, in the underground chamber where the casino would go, hopes to people will see its advantages. (Photographs by Justin Lane for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 1, 1999

**End of Document**



[***COUNTRY MUSIC IS ROAMING FAR FROM ITS ROOTS - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-SP30-0017-50BN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 15, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1110 words

**Byline:** By JON PARELES

**Body**

COUNTRY MUSIC LEFT HOME long ago. It took its heritage -Celtic ballads and fiddle tunes, backwoods hymn-singing and square-dancing, Western swing's echoes of jazz and blues, hints of Cajun and Tex-Mex music, the twangs of down-home singers and guitarists - and moved out of the South and West, reaching listeners and performers from Canada to Great Britain to Nigeria. It's no longer a home-grown idiom, made by and for country folks; it's a recognized, exportable musical style. Paradoxically, it seems that the farther country travels, the more resonant it becomes.

The Nashville Establishment has until recently been doing everything in its power to turn country music into a bland division of pop, easy-listening with a drawl. Only lately has a ''new traditionalist'' movement in Nashville got around to stripping arrangements back down to string bands and honky-tonk rhythm sections. But while Nashville got stodgier and more formulaic, raw country was being rediscovered everywhere else.

From a distance, country means plain-spoken lyrics, basic music and unmistakable roots - ideas that appeal to bands with an ear for the mythic. For Kristi Rose, a Kentuckian who relocated to New York, and for K. D. Lang, from Edmonton, Alberta, country offers a myriad of ironic nostalgia trips. For the Mekons, from Leeds, England, it brings hard-drinking characters and ***working-class*** solidarity. And for the Meat Puppets, from Phoenix, it suggests lost highways and wide-open spaciness.

Ms. Rose loves the artifice of 1950's honky-tonk - the yelps and mini-yodels, the clipped and stretched words that suggest raging emotion barely controlled. She has a big-little-girl voice, with an unabashed twang that recalls Brenda Lee and the rockabilly singer Wanda Jackson. She also has a sly sense of humor, and she can dance on the fine line between parody and sincerity - especially on stage, where she gestures like a Grand Ole Opry diva.

On their debut album, ''Some People'' (Rounder 9002, LP and cassette), Ms. Rose and her band, the Midnight Walkers (named after a Patsy Cline song, ''Walkin' After Midnight'') crank up their honky-tonk with New York's speed and crunch, moving into Western swing and rockabilly and jump-blues; they also rev up ''The Battle Hymn of the Republic'' (a long way from ''Dixie''). While Ms. Rose's own songs honor the musical conventions of honky-tonk, the lyrics show off a lusty, modern persona - someone who declares she is looking for a ''Weekend Romeo'' and, in another song announces, ''Last night we didn't make love, we made history.''

Ms. Lang also looks back to Patsy Cline, whose photograph was on the cover of the 1984 debut album by K. D. Lang and the Reclines, ''A Truly Western Experience'' (Bumstead Records BUM 86, Canadian import, LP only). Her voice is rich and husky, with sultry swoops and a controlled breathiness she learned from Cline; for special effects, she can also reach into a clear soprano register. Ms. Lang dabbled in performance art before committing herself to country singing, and she makes her genre-skewing intentions clear with ''High Time for a Detour,'' one of the songs on her American debut album, ''Angel With a Lariat'' (Sire 25441-1, LP and cassette). She is fascinated by country's ambiance and artifacts - square dances, citizens'-band radios, cowpoke talk - but she's no throwback. Her better songs leapfrog through free-associations while bending standard country forms, skipping beats as they go. Most of ''Angel With a Lariat'' proceeds at a gallop, and Dave Edmunds's production often pushes a little too hard, but Ms. Lang shows a quirky intelligence and a memorable voice.

The Meat Puppets are as calm as Ms. Lang is frenetic. On the new ''Mirage'' (SST 100, LP and cassette), they greet all tidings, good and bad, with bemused disbelief. And no wonder: ''I lost my mind a couple of gals ago,'' Curt Kirkwood sings matter-of-factly in the bluegrassy ''Confusion Fog,'' ''I left behind, never saw it go.''

The three-man band began as a fast-and-loud hard-core group, but has gradually reclaimed an economical, easy-rolling rock with plenty of Southwestern twang. It's country-rock that's closer to the garage than the barn; ''Mirage'' is built on a recurring, minimalistic guitar line, and when the Meat Puppets start kicking, as in ''Leaves'' and ''I Am a Machine,'' they recall early Talking Heads, and they even bash out the hardcore-speed ''Liquified.'' But most of the time, Mr. Kirkwood's delivery stays relaxed.

True to the title of ''Mirage,'' Mr. Kirkwood's songs tend to be about what's not there - things like answers, reasons, connections. ''The Mighty Zero'' is a list of absences: ''Nothing goin' on/But I got no time to lose.'' In a way, Mr. Kirkwood has carried country's stoic detachment to one logical conclusion: an absurdist's shrug. ''You climb the walls, you might as well,'' he sings in ''Quit It.'' But while the lyrics suggest disengagement, the music is well made and winning; it strolls up, says ''howdy'' and settles in.

The Mekons are at the other end of the country-punk spectrum - impassioned and messy. In a low-key 10-year anticareer, the Mekons have sounded like a punk band, a British-folk band and now a quasi-country band. They've been following instincts, not fashion; the more the Mekons learned about country music, the more it fit into their own ideas of down-to-earth storytelling and anyone-can-play-it music.

With wheezing accordion and fiddle and plinking mandolin alongside distorted electric guitars, the Mekons' first American album, ''Honky-Tonkin' '' (Twin/Tone TTR 87113, LP and cassette), links country and Celtic music, amateurishness and precision to capture an outlook that's simultaneously bleak, jaunty, defiant and boozy. ''We can be sure that in the end/ The dregs will taste the same,'' declares a lurching waltz, ''Spit.''

Traditional country music directly addressed terrors that most current pop, including country, never touches - death, unending hard times, self-destructive drinking and womanizing - and the Mekons have tapped country's clear-eyed fatalism while finding its British equivalents; when they evoke a train whistle, it's on the Sheffield train.

Just about everything the Mekons sing about - romances, communities, economies - is falling apart, and the music also sounds like it's about to crumble. But it never does; the beat is solid, the singing rough-hewn but heartfelt. Like the Mekons's 1985 ''Fear and Whiskey'' and their 1986 ''The Edge of the World'' (British imports on the Sin label), ''Honky-Tonkin' '' hurls a shot glass at oncoming collapse. Hank Williams, who wrote ''Honky-Tonkin,' '' would understand.

**Correction**

A picture caption on the recordings page of the Arts and Leisure section on May 24 with an article about the rock group the Mekons misidentified the member of the group shown on the right. He is Kevin Lycett, not Jon Langford.  
**Correction-Date:** June 7, 1987, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

Photo of Tom Greenhalgh and Jon Langford (NYT/Ebet Roberts)

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[***WESTCHESTER GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-SV20-0017-53T6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Eleanor Charles

**Body**

BLOOMS AND TROPHIES

The New York Botanical Garden's annual orchid show has been extended from three to five days but it is still the shortest show on the schedule, running this year from Thursday through next Monday under the glass dome of the Conservatory. It is the only show in which the plants are supplied by hobbyists, commercial growers and orchid societies worldwide. More than 40 exhibitors have made the journey, carrying their delicate cargos of flowers. ''The purpose of the show is the competition,'' said Pares Mallis, publicist for the Botanical Garden. Judging is done the day before the opening.

Thousands of blooms will be displayed individually and in natural woodland settings, while their growers anticipate the reward of a trophy from the American Orchid Society, the Mayor of New York (for the best orchid grown in the city), the New York Botanical Garden, the All Japan Orchid Society or from givers of the numerous other prizes.

Those who would like to try growing their own orchids can attend a series of demonstrations and lectures by experts in the field. A film titled ''The Many Worlds of Orchids'' will be shown two or three times daily, and a wide selection of orchids will be for sale.

Admission to the show is $2.50; students, the elderly and children 6 to 16 years old pay $1.25. Children younger than 6 will be admitted free and the show is free to all from 10 A.M. to noon Saturday. For a complete schedule of lectures, other information and driving directions to its location in the Bronx, call 212-220-8777.

SINGLE-RING CIRCUS

The Big Apple Circus will set up its 1,980-seat, red-and-white tent on the north field of Westchester Community College for eight performances Thursday through next Sunday. The old-fashioned, European-style circus with its single ring has earned a reputation for close-up intimacy with its audiences. ''No one is more than 50 feet from the action,'' said Howard Wahlberg, the circus publicist. Twenty-five performers, two elephants and eight horses are celebrating the 10th anniversary of the circus this year.

Among the more unusual acts is one by Koma Zuru, a Japanese topspinner who balances a number of tops on his arm, on the edge of a paper fan and on the tip of an 800-year-old Samurai sword. His skill springs from a family tradition stretching back eight centuries.

The Ariz Brothers are acrobats who in one giant leap from a prone position stand three-high on top of each other. They also do one-arm handstands - bouncing. Dolly Jacobs performs in the air on the Roman rings and other acts include trapeze artists, tight-wire walkers and equestrians.

Performances are scheduled at 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Thursday and Friday, 12:30 and 4 P.M. Saturday, and 11 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. next Sunday. Tickets cost $8 to $15, depending on location. Children younger than 2 are admitted free. Call Ticketron or Teletron for reservations.

VISIONS OF COMMUNITY

The Pelham Art Center Gallery will be devoted to an exhibit titled ''Visionaries of Westchester: Developers of the County's Suburban Communities,'' through July 4. Eight large panels and display areas containing photographs, drawings, plans, models and other materials, trace the work of seven men and one woman who laid the foundations for various suburban communities.

John Stevens is credited with making Mount Vernon the first planned suburban development in the United States. In 1850 he organzied the Industrial Home Asociation through which he purchased 367 acres of land for $75,342.50 in what was then called Eastchester. His idea was to build homes that ***working-class*** families could buy in ''the country,'' within commuting distance of New York. The houses were on quarter-acre lots and land was set aside for schools. The area was later renamed Mount Vernon after George Washington's country home.

Larchmont Manor was developed by Thompson J. S. Flint in 1872. He formed the Larchmont Manor Company and built homes for New York businessmen of moderate income between the Boston Post Road and Long Island Sound. A 6-acre park on Horseshoe Harbor was designed and built for residents of the manor and a horse-drawn trolley was operated for the convenience of commuters between their homes and the Chatsworth Avenue railroad station.

Benjamin L. Fairchild built homes in Pelham Heights and the village of Pelham for business and professional men in 1889, and included one for himself. William Van Duzer Lawrence, the financier, turned Prescott Farm in Bronxville into little villas for artists and theater people in that same year, including a casino and sports club for the use of the residents.

The purchase of 232 acres in Ossining by Walter Law in 1890 enabled him to build a planned estate community and the Tudor style Briarcliff Lodge, which was the first hotel in the county. Clifford B. Harmon sold part of his own land to the railroad for the purpose of building a station to serve commuters who purchased the homes he built on the rest of his property around 1907. He brought trainloads of prospective buyers up from New York at his own expense and sold one of the first homes to Lillian Nordica, a Metropolitan Opera Company prima donna.

Elizabeth Stevenson, one of the first American female architects developed 20 homes in Croton on 15 acres of property she had inherited in 1900, and Frank Lloyd Wright built three homes in the Usonia section of Pleasantville, demonstrating his concept of architecture as an indigenous part of the natural landscape.

The center is at 155 Fifth Avenue in Pelham. Hours are from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Tuesdays through Fridays, and from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Saturdays. Admission is free. In conjunction with the exhibit, a children's architectural work shop and Toonerville trolley rides are scheduled from 1 to 3 P.M. May 31. Admission will be $15. Call 738-2525 for more information.

FOCUS ON CENSORSHIP

Censorship and the Constitution are the subject of a free talk by Jeremiah S. Gutman, director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, 7:45 P.M. Tuesday in the Greenburgh Public Library. ''One tends to think that one's own times are more dramatic than anyone else's,'' said Mr. Gutman. ''I can't think when the first amendment has been under greater stress than now,'' he said, noting particularly court cases in Tennessee and Alabama, where judges have approved the exclusion from the public schools of books that Mr. Gutman said ''fail to refer to and extol religion,'' adding: ''Parents have been given the right to extract their children from classes in which ideas are expressed with which the parents disagree. Inevitably that will result in censorship of what adults may read or hear.''

The Meese Commission and its efforts to prosecute small pornographers are also a subject of concern to Mr. Gutman. ''I have confidence that we will reject this kind of pressure and survive it, but the main reason that will happen is not some magical property of the American people but organizations such as the American Library Association, the American Civil Liberties Union and teachers' and professional organizations that stand firm against these things.'' The library is at 300 Tarrytown Road in Elmsford.

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[***Another Top 100 List: Now It's Nonfiction***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WC1-VRD0-007F-G382-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DINITIA SMITH

By DINITIA SMITH

**Body**

"The Education of Henry Adams," the weighty but evasive autobiography about growing up in a famous Presidential family (Adams never mentions his wife's suicide) tops the list of the 100 Best Nonfiction Books written in English during the 20th century as selected by a panel of the Modern Library, a division of Random House. The publisher issued the results yesterday at the Book Expo America convention in Los Angeles.

About a quarter of the list is represented by Random House imprints, including the choices for second- and third-best books, William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" and Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery."

Last year, when the Modern Library named its top 100 novels of the century, with 59 Random House imprints, it was criticized for its voting methods. This year, the voting was more scientific, said David Ebershoff, the Modern Library's publishing director. "The books were evaluated on literary and intellectual merit," Mr. Ebershoff said.

Each book was rated numerically by the judges, made up of the Modern Library's editorial board. After an initial vote on 900 titles, the panel voted again when the books had been winnowed down to 300 titles. Random House hired a statistician, Albert Madansky of the University of Chicago, to shrink the list to 100 books based on each title's numerical ranking.

Predictably, perhaps, critics outside the panel took issue with some choices. "Obviously, the judges fared well," said Thomas Bender, a professor at New York University and the author of "New York Intellect" (published by the Random House imprint Alfred A. Knopf). Five judges have books on the list: Shelby Foote's, "Civil War," Stephen Jay Gould's "Mismeasure of Man," Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s "Age of Jackson," Elaine Pagels's "Gnostic Gospels" and Edmund Morris's "Rise of Theodore Roosevelt." Judges could not vote for themselves; but to forestall their natural discretion, Mr. Ebershoff said, he had nominated all the judges' books.

Other judges were: John Richardson, Charles Johnson, Carolyn See, Caleb Carr, A. S. Byatt, Vartan Gregorian, Jon Krakauer and Christopher Cerf, whose father, Bennett, owned the Modern Library, which became part of Random House.

Mr. Bender also noted that one book, James George Frazer's "Golden Bough," was first published in the 19th century, in 1890, with other volumes following in the 20th century. Frederick Jackson Turner's famous essay "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," the lead essay in his book "The Frontier in American History," was also first published in the 19th century, in 1893.

"There is kind of an under-representation of the social sciences" in the Modern Library list, Mr. Bender continued. He criticized the absence of Clifford Geertz's "Interpretation of Cultures," David Riesman's "Lonely Crowd," Hannah Arendt's "Human Condition" and Daniel Bell's "Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism."

Another critic of the list was Camille Paglia. "I burst out laughing when I saw how many of the committee's books ended up on the list," Ms. Paglia said. "Please." She called it "an act of shameful narcissism."

But Ms. Paglia approved of Frazer, Rachel Carson, Virginia Woolf and James Baldwin. She did not agree with some of the 13 female authors selected.

But then, some of the judges did not agree with the final choices, either. "Why William Appleman Williams, for God's sake?" asked Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., adding, "I'm not a great Virginia Woolf enthusiast."

Still, Mr. Schlesinger said, "I think the first 10 are quite defensible."

Another judge, Ms. See, argued that Dr. Benjamin Spock, the popular pediatrician, should have been chosen. "But these guys would never read it," Ms. See said. "I'm still brooding about it."

The committee's sole black member, Mr. Johnson, said he was "very pleased with the African-American representation," which amounted to six books.

Morris Dickstein, a professor of English at Queens College and the City University of New York Graduate Center, who was not on the panel, approved of the "strong criterion of good writing." He liked "Samuel Johnson" by Walter Jackson Bate, and Richard Ellmann's "James Joyce." But Mr. Dickstein said he found the list "a little geriatric and a little male."

Mr. Dickstein asked, "How could you have a list like that without 'The Feminine Mystique' " by Betty Friedan? He also regretted the absence of "The Organization Man" by William Whyte Jr. and books by Hunter S. Thompson and Norman Mailer. Still, he said, "anything that encourages reading and promotes good books is fine."

Here is the Modern Library's 100 best nonfiction books of the 20th century.

1. "THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS," Henry Adams\*

2. "THE VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE," William James\*

3. "UP FROM SLAVERY," Booker T. Washington\*

4. "A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN," Virginia Woolf

5. "SILENT SPRING," Rachel Carson

6. "SELECTED ESSAYS, 1917-1932," T. S. Eliot

7. "THE DOUBLE HELIX," James D. Watson

8. "SPEAK, MEMORY," Vladimir Nabokov

9. "THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE," H. L. Mencken

10. "THE GENERAL THEORY OF EMPLOYMENT, INTEREST AND MONEY," John Maynard Keynes

11. "THE LIVES OF A CELL," Lewis Thomas

12. "THE FRONTIER IN AMERICAN HISTORY," Frederick Jackson Turner

13. "BLACK BOY," Richard Wright

14. "ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL," E. M. Forster

15. "THE CIVIL WAR," Shelby Foote\*

16. "THE GUNS OF AUGUST," Barbara W. Tuchman

17. "THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND," Isaiah Berlin

18. "THE NATURE AND DESTINY OF MAN," Reinhold Niebuhr

19. "NOTES OF A NATIVE SON," James Baldwin

20. "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS," Gertrude Stein\*

21. "THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE," William Strunk and E. B. White

22. "AN AMERICAN DILEMMA," Gunnar Myrdal

23. "PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA," Alfred North Whitehead and Bertrand Russell

24. "THE MISMEASURE OF MAN," Stephen Jay Gould

25. "THE MIRROR AND THE LAMP," Meyer Howard Abrams

26. "THE ART OF THE SOLUBLE," Peter B. Medawar

27. "THE ANTS," Bert Hoelldobler and Edward O. Wilson

28. "A THEORY OF JUSTICE," John Rawls

29. "ART AND ILLUSION," Ernest H. Gombrich

30. "THE MAKING OF THE ENGLISH ***WORKING CLASS***," E. P. Thompson

31. "THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK," W. E. B. Du Bois\*

32. "PRINCIPIA ETHICA," G. E. Moore

33. "PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION," John Dewey

34. "ON GROWTH AND FORM," D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson\*

35. "IDEAS AND OPINIONS," Albert Einstein\*

36. "THE AGE OF JACKSON," Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

37. "THE MAKING OF THE ATOMIC BOMB," Richard Rhodes

38. "BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON," Rebecca West

39. "AUTOBIOGRAPHIES," W. B. Yeats

40. "SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION IN CHINA," Joseph Needham

41. "GOODBYE TO ALL THAT," Robert Graves

42. "HOMAGE TO CATALONIA," George Orwell

43. "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN," Mark Twain

44. "CHILDREN OF CRISIS," Robert Coles

45. "A STUDY OF HISTORY," Arnold J. Toynbee

46. "THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY," John Kenneth Galbraith

47. "PRESENT AT THE CREATION," Dean Acheson

48. "THE GREAT BRIDGE," David McCullough

49. "PATRIOTIC GORE," Edmund Wilson

50. "SAMUEL JOHNSON," Walter Jackson Bate

51. "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X," Alex Haley and Malcolm X

52. "THE RIGHT STUFF," Tom Wolfe

53. "EMINENT VICTORIANS," Lytton Strachey\*

54. "WORKING," Studs Terkel

55. "DARKNESS VISIBLE," William Styron

56. "THE LIBERAL IMAGINATION," Lionel Trilling

57. "THE SECOND WORLD WAR," Winston Churchill

58. "OUT OF AFRICA," Isak Dinesen\*

59. "JEFFERSON AND HIS TIMES," Dumas Malone

60. "IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN," William Carlos Williams

61. "CADILLAC DESERT," Marc Reisner

62. "THE HOUSE OF MORGAN," Ron Chernow

63. "THE SWEET SCIENCE," A. J. Liebling

64. "THE OPEN SOCIETY AND ITS ENEMIES," Karl Popper

65. "THE ART OF MEMORY," Frances A. Yates

66. "RELIGION AND THE RISE OF CAPITALISM," R. H. Tawney

67. "A PREFACE TO MORALS," Walter Lippmann

68. "THE GATE OF HEAVENLY PEACE," Jonathan D. Spence

69. "THE STRUCTURE OF SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTIONS," Thomas S. Kuhn

70. "THE STRANGE CAREER OF JIM CROW," C. Vann Woodward

71. "THE RISE OF THE WEST," William H. McNeill

72. "THE GNOSTIC GOSPELS," Elaine Pagels

73. "JAMES JOYCE," Richard Ellmann

74. "FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE," Cecil Woodham-Smith

75. "THE GREAT WAR AND MODERN MEMORY," Paul Fussell

76. "THE CITY IN HISTORY," Lewis Mumford

77. "BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM," James M. McPherson

78. "WHY WE CAN'T WAIT," Martin Luther King Jr.

79. "THE RISE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT," Edmund Morris

80. "STUDIES IN ICONOLOGY," Erwin Panofsky

81. "THE FACE OF BATTLE," John Keegan

82. "THE STRANGE DEATH OF LIBERAL ENGLAND," George Dangerfield

83. "VERMEER," Lawrence Gowing

84. "A BRIGHT SHINING LIE," Neil Sheehan

85. "WEST WITH THE NIGHT," Beryl Markham

86. "THIS BOY'S LIFE," Tobias Wolff

87. "A MATHEMATICIAN'S APOLOGY," G. H. Hardy

88. "SIX EASY PIECES," Richard P. Feynman

89. "PILGRIM AT TINKER CREEK," Annie Dillard

90. "THE GOLDEN BOUGH," James George Frazer

91. "SHADOW AND ACT," Ralph Ellison

92. "THE POWER BROKER," Robert A. Caro

93. "THE AMERICAN POLITICAL TRADITION," Richard Hofstadter

94. "THE CONTOURS OF AMERICAN HISTORY," William Appleman Williams

95. "THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN LIFE," Herbert Croly

96. "IN COLD BLOOD," Truman Capote\*

97. "THE JOURNALIST AND THE MURDERER," Janet Malcolm

98. "THE TAMING OF CHANCE," Ian Hacking

99. "OPERATING INSTRUCTIONS," Anne Lamott

100. "MELBOURNE," Lord David Cecil

\* Published, or soon to be published, by the Modern Library.

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

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[***Driver's Seat***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5FNY-KM61-DXY4-X4MK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By CHARLES SIEBERT

Charles Siebert is a contributing writer. His last cover story for the magazine was about legal ''personhood'' for animals.

**Body**

Even before Rory McIlroy could walk, he was envisioning the shots of his dreams. The story has been related to him countless times: how back in the early 1990s, his father, Gerry, then a bar manager at the local golf club in Holywood, County Down, Northern Ireland, would put his 18-month-old son -- in his father's daily care while his mother, Rosie, a night-shift worker at a nearby 3M plant, slept -- in a pram and wheel him a half-mile or so from the McIlroys' small, red-brick house on Belfast Road to the club, its 18-hole course on the outskirts of Belfast nestled into a tiered wooded hillside. When his day shift ended, Gerry, an avid golfer, would bring his son out to the range, set his pram just behind the practice tee and swat out buckets of balls before his transfixed toddler.

Gerry would hit balls and Rory would just sit there looking, his head going back and forth following the swing and the ball's flight. ''I often think to myself of those early days of him just sitting there doing that,'' recalled Holywood Golf Club's former pro and current general manager, Paul Gray, when we met in Northern Ireland in November. ''There's a lot to be said for kids who see something that they want but can't get yet. I often wonder if that's what did it.''

Golf is woven deep into the McIlroy makeup, as it is for many in Northern Ireland. Rory's grandfather, Jimmy, a crane repairman near the Belfast docks where the Titanic was built, was one of the best players at the Holywood Golf Club, and he encouraged his three sons, Gerry, Colm and Brian, to play as well. Of the three, Gerry would emerge as the clear standout, an excellent scratch golfer who won a number of club tournaments and once shot a course record in nearby County Donegal.

Shepherding little white spheres along hushed green Holywood fairways with holes named Nuns Walk and Abbot's Wood might seem a world away from the longstanding Troubles between largely Catholic Northern Irish nationalist groups and Protestant British loyalists. But that violence struck home with the McIlroys, as it did with almost everyone in the region. One night in November 1972, McIlroy's great-uncle Joseph, his grandfather Jimmy's brother, was gunned down at the age of 30 in the kitchen of the home he shared with his wife and four daughters, one of the few Catholic families who dared to move into the predominantly Protestant area of east Belfast. By 1989, however, the year Rory was born, tensions had begun to ease, and somehow all the disparate strains of McIlroy golfing talent now were allowed to fully flourish in the newest arrival.

Around age 3, he turned his father's head with 40-yard drives. Inside, on too-rainy days, he took to chipping golf balls into the open door of the family's front-load washing machine. (It's a skill he would later perform in 1999 on a popular Northern Ireland TV talk show, with his parents sitting in the studio audience.) At 4, he hit a drive that cleared the 60-or-so-yard wooded gulch that separates the tee and the fairway on No. 13 at Holywood, a hole known as the Valley. He studied a golf-technique video by Nick Faldo, a six-time major champion, and went to bed each night with a club in his hand to learn through muscle memory the now lesser-used interlocking-pinkie grip that he still employs to this day. By 7, he'd become Holywood's youngest-ever member.

''I remember when he was a little kid,'' Paul Gray said, ''we'd all be back up here, looking down from the clubhouse window at him out there still practicing for maybe five hours, hitting balls or pitching around the green until dark.''

There's a video from those days shot by McIlroy's longtime golf coach, Michael Bannon: his 8-year-old pupil, club in hand, standing out on the practice green of the club. ''Hey,'' you can hear Bannon asking at the start, ''what you shoot today?''

''Eighty-six,'' a squeaky-voiced figure says, looking up from his ball, a pair of protuberant ears framing a wide-smiling, cherubic face.

''Good man. When's your birthday? In another month? Good man. Let's see you swing the club, then.''

It's there already: the same sweet, full-sweeping parabola, nothing withheld, the club wrapped all the way back around its fully torqued wielder, his own head nearly swallowed in a self-imposed half-nelson. As you watch, all the parallels with McIlroy's boyhood idol, Tiger Woods, come to mind: each was an only-child prodigy who putted and drove golf balls before agog TV-talk-show hosts and audiences. They were singularly driven wunderkinds who possessed that same quiet self-confidence that moved a 9-year-old McIlroy, who had just claimed the 1998 Doral-Publix Junior Golf Classic in Florida (among the scant few titles Woods never won), to sit down one morning at home and fashion a decidedly double-edged fan note to his childhood hero, then holding the world No. 1 ranking. No one can recall the note's precise wording, but its general thrust, as Brian McIlroy, Rory's uncle and godfather, paraphrased in an email, put Woods on notice: ''I'm coming to get you. This is the beginning. Watch this space.''

When I met McIlroy, now the world's No. 1 golfer, in New York in December, I asked him about the letter. ''A lot of those memories have kind of blurred together,'' he said somewhat sheepishly. ''But, yeah, it went something like that.''

McIlroy's ''Tiger letter'' most likely never got to its intended addressee, but by now its message surely has. McIlroy has already won the U.S. Open, the British Open and two P.G.A. Championships, becoming just the third golfer, after Jack Nicklaus and Tiger Woods, to win four majors by the age of 25. The only major he hasn't won is the Masters, which starts April 9 in Augusta, Ga. A victory there would give him a career grand slam -- a feat accomplished by only five other golfers, and by only one younger than McIlroy: Woods.

The matchup in Augusta between the former and current world No. 1's will most likely not come to pass, with Woods sidelined by a balky back. It is uncertain whether Woods will ever regain a semblance of his former mastery, just as it is unknown whether McIlroy, or anybody, could ever be the next Tiger Woods. Woods hasn't notched a victory in 20 months, yet he has still won an astounding 26 percent of the tournaments he has entered (Jack Nicklaus, an 18-time major winner, won 12.7 percent). Woods has also played an unparalleled part in elevating pro golf to a multibillion-dollar-a-year industry and spawned a new global generation of superb golf athletes, making it all the more unlikely such a transcendent figure could ever emerge again. All of which makes McIlroy's rise to the top of his sport that much more intriguing.

Rory McIlroy ''could turn out to be the best player in the world in his time,'' Gary Player, a nine-time major winner, said in 2009 after McIlroy closed out his first Masters appearance at age 19 with six birdies and four pars on his last 10 holes. ''This young man is brilliant,'' Player said. ''His theory side, his swing, is better than Tiger Woods's.'' Before McIlroy's U.S. Open victory in 2011 at Congressional Country Club in Bethesda, Md., Ernie Els proclaimed him good enough to ''change golf history.''

Comparisons with the likes of Nicklaus and Woods seem at best woefully premature, even when they come from the two golf legends themselves. In the wake of that same 2011 U.S. Open, Woods acknowledged that McIlroy, then 22, had a better swing than he did at that age. Nicklaus capped off McIlroy's fourth major, last year's P.G.A. Championship at Valhalla in Louisville, Ky., by proclaiming, ''Rory has an opportunity to win 15 or 20 majors or whatever he wants to do.'' And yet in a mind-bendingly precise and difficult sport like golf, there are qualities and essences, far more subtle and, in the end, more substantive than mere victory totals, that define greatness.

Pro golf is in many ways better viewed today on TV than on the course. With sophisticated camera work, computer simulation, slow-motion-swing and shot-tracer technology, TV viewers are able to engage in the physical arc of individual shots and to appreciate what finely tuned outdoor pool sharks pro golfers essentially are, playing the angles, cushions and caroms of vast, undulant tables with 18 ever-shifting and often sinisterly sequestered pockets. We duffers wield the most forgiving grade of clubs, designed to tolerate and adjust for our errant strikes. Pros play blades, clubs with smaller and yet more powerful sweet spots, their double-edged dynamism yielding both greater rewards and greater rebukes.

McIlroy uses these clubs to play a particularly audacious game. ''When you play full-throttle aggressive all the time the way guys like Rory do, the slightest mistakes get magnified,'' McIlroy's avuncular caddie, J.â€‰P. Fitzgerald, explained when I caught up with him after the Honda Classic in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., in February. McIlroy had a forgettable couple of wind-and-rain-swept days that would ultimately leave him at seven over par and send him to his nearby home for the weekend -- the first time he missed a cut in the United States since the 2012 U.S. Open.

Still, the benefits of television viewing aside, following McIlroy around at the tournament did give me my first up-close feel for the force and grace of his game. He has a rare knack for hitting majestic shots with fairway woods -- as well as those with 2- and 3-irons, clubs most pros long ago eschewed for hybrids -- that fly absurdly high and far and yet land as softly as a green-side flop shot. With a driver, he's a wizard of the controlled whale, a swing as singularly lovely to watch as a Roger Federer one-handed backhand and yet so unbridled -- McIlroy's club head speed has been clocked at close to 125 m.p.h. -- that, as McIlroy's uncle Brian put it to me: If you or I were to try to take a swing like that, we'd fall flat on our faces.

''There's a lovely zip to it, isn't there,'' McIlroy's coach, Michael Bannon, said to me one morning last November, the two of us staring at Bannon's computer screen at the Bangor Golf Club, in Northern Ireland, where he and McIlroy have worked together over the years. A slight, soft-spoken presence who seems better suited to a university library than the rugged links of Northern Ireland, Bannon, a longtime pro at Holywood before moving up the road to Bangor, had just slipped in a DVD of an 18-year-old McIlroy hitting drives into a net in the club's swing room, the thwack of each explosive strike often ripping the rubber tee away from the carpet, Bannon told me.

Eddie McCormack, a talented amateur golfer from Galway, knows intimately the power -- literal and psychological -- of that swing. In 2005, McCormack, who was 32, lost a head-to-head battle to the 16-year-old McIlroy in the final round at the Irish Amateur Close Championship. In a story McCormack later related in a biography written by Justin Doyle, a reporter at the The Irish Sun, he said his plan going into that Sunday showdown had been not to look at the young phenom.

''I held true to my plan and did not look at his play until it was nearly over,'' McCormack said. ''But I could hear his ball striking, and I had never heard, and have still never heard to this day, anything like it. I'll put it this way: The sound of his ball striking is amazing. It's the sound of the whack that he makes. It's crisp, clean and it is perfect. It is the same on every single shot he makes.'' He then added, ''If there were 20 players striking the ball, and you were blindfolded, you would unquestionably know the sound of Rory's strike.''

In all the early videos Bannon showed me of McIlroy as a boy, the other aspect of his play that he pointed to was the ever-present smile on his face when he was out on the course with a club in his hands. ''By the time Rory was 8, he was a golfer,'' Bannon said. A young lad happily going about the business of becoming great. ''He could hit the ball low, high, left to right, right to left, and he loved to tell people, 'Look, watch this shot.' Or if somebody was playing a shot, he'd join in and say, 'I can do it better than you, watch me.'â€‰''

McIlroy said that turning his life over to golf was his own idea. ''I'm lucky that it's not something that's forced,'' he told me in New York. In town on a promotional tour, he met with me in a lounge at Golf & Body NYC -- a Midtown Manhattan indoor country club featuring computer-simulated whackable fairways. The diminutive 5-foot-9, 160-pound dynamo who once launched a 436-yard drive was now comfortably clad in faded bluejeans, a hooded gray sweatshirt, sneakers and a curl-crushing woolly gray hat, looking for all the world like any scruffy, slightly sleepy teenager just mucking about in his room. ''It's just something that comes very naturally,'' he said. ''I think as well I enjoy my own company. I enjoy solitude. Taking myself off for a couple of hours, and it's just me and my thoughts.'' He paused. ''It clears my head, and that's something I've had since I was a kid,'' he said, smiling. ''It's the environment I feel the most comfortable in. I don't know why.''

McIlroy's parents quickly recognized their only child's special talent. Gerry tended the golf-club bar in addition to a job cleaning out lockers and scrubbing toilets at a local rugby club, and Rosie worked extra shifts at the 3M plant to amass the funds necessary to send Rory to tournaments and golf clinics in Europe and the United States, an expense that would greatly increase after McIlroy decided at 15 that he would leave school to devote himself full time to golf. But Gerry's greatest contribution may have been the decision he made when Rory was 7 to take a step back from his son's golf education.

''I remember the day he did it,'' Bannon told me. He brought Gerry and Rory to the back of the shop. ''Rory was playing with a set of golf clubs that were far too long for him. They were up under his arms. I cut a big chunk off the top of them.'' He put on new grips and then handed the clubs back. Gerry said: ''That's O.K. I'm handing him over to you. That's it. You look after him.''

''I think it was very smart of my dad,'' Rory told me. ''Because you could envision, down the road, me trying to be coached by my dad. It just gets to that stubborn teenager: Dad trying to tell him something, teenager doesn't listen.''

In the swing room at Bangor Golf Club, Bannon showed me a recent video of McIlroy hitting balls out on the range just a few weeks earlier in Dubai, the 20 pounds of muscle he has added in the past five years now fully apparent in his thighs and upper body. Since 2010, McIlroy has been working out five times a week, 90 minutes a day, under the close supervision of his British trainer, Dr. Stephen McGregor, a fitness consultant for the Manchester City soccer club and formerly for the New York Knicks.

Bannon pointed to his computer screen and described how McIlroy's body now has the ability to absorb the power he creates with his swing and maintain perfect balance. But he noted that the pattern and the essence of the swing had never really changed.

''The flow,'' he said. ''Or his personality, which comes out in the swing. It has a graceful flow to it. It's still there. He doesn't adjust that. I told his dad when Rory was quite young that I'd try to create a swing that fit him, that suited that personality.''

When I asked McIlroy how he would characterize his personality, an initial hesitation seemed to indicate that he really doesn't devote a lot of time to pondering such matters. Then he sat forward a bit.

''I guess probably what Michael is trying to say is that we have always felt my golf game, and my ball striking and my swing, matched up with how I am as a person,'' he said. ''It's free-flowing, it's go-with-it, it's simple, uncomplicated. And we always had this struggle, because my putting never matched up to my swing. It didn't come as naturally.'' He continued: ''My putting got very static and sort of technical, and I would analyze it a lot, and there would be a lot of rigid movement, and that's not me. That's not the way I am as a person.''

McIlroy's ascendance since turning pro in September 2007 at age 18 has been both swift and at times a bit streaky, marked by jaw-dropping, blow-away-the field victories and sudden, dizzying skids. And yet he has always been able to rebound from the down stretches and regain that chest-protruding, quick-striding gait he gets when he's really playing well. ''His moxie,'' as Jack Nicklaus characterized it. ''He's got a little swagger there,'' Nicklaus said. ''It's a little bit cocky but not offensive.''

At the 2011 Masters, he shot an opening-round 7-under-par 65 that made him the youngest player to lead that tournament after the first day. Going into his final round that Sunday on the cusp of his first major with a four-stroke lead, he'd been making headlines not only for his brilliant play but also for his entirely carefree demeanor, yakking it up on the fairways with his talented contemporaries Jason Day and Rickie Fowler, talking about cars and boats. But by the close of that last day, he'd lost the tournament with an 80, tying the Masters record for the worst final round after holding a 54-hole lead. Looking pale and blinkered before a bank of reporters, he gamely announced: ''I'll get over it. I'll have plenty more chances, I know that. It's very disappointing what happened today, and hopefully it will build a bit of character in me as well.''

Just two and a half months later, in the U.S. Open at Congressional, he decimated the field by eight strokes with a record-breaking aggregate score of 16 under par. The next year, he cemented the No. 1 ranking with his first P.G.A. Championship, another record eight-stroke victory. But by the 2013 season, the requisite ravages of ''standing in the hall of fame'' -- as the soundtrack to McIlroy's Omega watch ad proclaims -- would soon present themselves.

With worldwide tournament commitments on the European and P.G.A. Tours, he was spending increasing amounts of time away from his home base and from Bannon, shuttling between his homes in Palm Beach Gardens and Dubai. He also was caught up in a contentious legal battle (recently settled out of court) with his former management company, Horizon Sports Management, over what McIlroy viewed as an unconscionable contract that he was coaxed into signing, and had trouble adjusting to a change of equipment after signing a new endorsement deal in January with Nike reportedly worth $200 million.

At the end of 2013, McIlroy sat down with Bannon; his caddie, Fitzgerald; and his trainer, McGregor, and they all decided he needed to, as McIlroy put it, ''look back to move forward'' and return to some semblance of his old routine.

''When I used to live at home in Northern Ireland,'' he told me, ''I'd get home on a week off between tournaments, and I'd see Michael maybe three mornings a week. That was the work I was doing, and all of a sudden I didn't have that anymore, and we needed to find some sort of way to incorporate that back into my life.''

McIlroy said he actually had to plead with Bannon, who was reluctant to spend too much time away from his wife and kids in Northern Ireland, to join him, Fitzgerald and McGregor on tour. ''Michael,'' he told him. ''I'm the world No. 1. What else do I have to do?''

Last spring, with Bannon along on tour, McIlroy took the BMW P.G.A. Championship in England, his first victory in 18 months. It came just days after he ended his three-year on-and-off-again relationship with the tennis star Caroline Wozniacki, in what she described as a brief phone call just days after mailing invitations to a planned November wedding in New York City.

''The problem is mine,'' McIlroy said in a public statement later. ''The wedding invitations issued at the weekend made me realize that I wasn't ready for all that marriage entails.''

He then went on to claim his first British Open, becoming only the seventh player to win that tournament leading wire to wire, and then managed to grind out a victory in the final round of the P.G.A. Championship at Valhalla after being three strokes behind Rickie Fowler with only nine holes left to play. ''Probably what I was most proud of last year was how I played that back nine at Valhalla,'' he said. ''It was a different way to win, and I proved to myself that I could do it.''

If you ask people in Northern Ireland why that tiny place and the Republic of Ireland have produced so many good golfers, you'll invariably hear about the ways in which the region's weather and hardscrabble links courses force a golfer to learn a greater resilience and variety of shots. But there is, too, in the steely resolve McIlroy often exhibits on the golf course, a deep-rooted link to the very Troubles from which he and the other so-called children of Clinton emerged largely unscathed. McIlroy had just turned 9 when the Good Friday Agreement that the Clinton administration helped to broker was approved, and he's deeply appreciative of the relative peace and stability in which he and his career were able to thrive.

Driving around Belfast one afternoon last November, McIlroy's uncle Brian headed into a predominantly Catholic section of Belfast known as the Holylands, just a few blocks from Queens University, and came to a stop before a nearly 40-foot-high brightly colored mural on the side of a set of two-story, ***working-class***, brick rowhouses on Damascus Street: a portrait of Rory McIlroy at the apogee of that full-flourish swing.

''In years gone by, the sides of those houses would have been painted with sectarian murals and flags and all that sort of stuff,'' McIlroy said when I mentioned the mural to him in New York. ''So it's very symbolic.'' He thought for a moment. ''You know my generation, we don't care about any of that stuff.''

McIlroy met Bill Clinton for the first time in 2013 in Dublin. They played a round of golf. ''Man loves a mulligan,'' McIlroy said, then paused for effect: ''No, I mean on every other shot. But, hey, he's the president.'' They had dinner that night. McIlroy told me that at one point he stood up and thanked Clinton for making his country a better place to grow up. ''I think for me it has kept me very grounded,'' he said. ''I'll never forget where I'm from.'' He said that Northern Ireland will always be home even when he's living somewhere else. ''I'll always gravitate back toward home-home as I call it. There's home, and there's home-home.''

When I was in New York with McIlroy, we were driven in his limo to an afternoon fund-raising event in Jersey City for the Rory Foundation, the charity McIlroy established for children's causes around the world. As McIlroy sat in the far back doing an interview with the British press by cellphone, his chief of staff, Sean O'Flaherty, opened his laptop to show me a breakdown of Rory's 2015 schedule: a swirl of golf, business and philanthropic commitments that leaves McIlroy only about 18 days a year to himself.

Next week's Masters is obviously paramount now in McIlroy's mind. When I brought it up and the larger question of how many majors he hopes to win in his career, he spoke of the period back in 2012 just after he achieved his first No. 1 ranking.

''I struggled for a few months,'' McIlroy recalled. ''I was like: This was my goal. What do I do now?'' He went on to talk about an early lesson his father taught him about not being content with success, having to always embark on the next journey and never stagnate. ''I could sit here and say I want to win the Masters and the U.S. Open. O.K. that's a goal. But for me the interesting thing is how do I achieve that. I have to get better at a 60-yard chip shot; I have to get better at turning the ball over from right to left; or my fairway wood play has to get a little better. All the little things that add up to that ultimate outcome.''

Golf at his level, McIlroy told me, increasingly becomes about mind, emotion and course management. Look at 60 pro players on a driving range, he said, and it's hard to tell them apart. Everyone hits the ball great, strikes it well. It's just the minute differences, making good decisions, deciding when to be aggressive. ''All those sorts of things,'' as he put it, ''that come with experience, knowing yourself, knowing your game.''

Bannon had spoken in Northern Ireland about the way McIlroy closed out last year. He said it confirmed what he always felt about McIlroy and his game: that he has guts and determination and can be ruthless on the golf course.

''The way he came down the stretch at Valhalla,'' Bannon said, ''you can see he's not afraid of much. I can't say the others fell apart. He conquered them.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/04/05/magazine/rory-mcilroy-has-the-best-swing-in-golf.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/04/05/magazine/rory-mcilroy-has-the-best-swing-in-golf.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (MM36-MM37

MM39)

McIlroy in Orlando, Fla., for the Arnold Palmer Invitational, a tuneup for the Masters. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP MONTGOMERY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM40)

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**Body**

JUST don't cry. That has been Sister Nora McArt's mantra. She has been unflappable in her 42 years at St. Martin of Tours Elementary School in the Bronx, braving the gang fights, racial unrest and crack wars that were waged outside the school and convent in the Crotona neighborhood. No matter the mayhem, she had to be calm for the children.

Until now.

The sight of old textbooks lining the hallways elicits a sniffle. A teacher's hug leaves Sister Nora dabbing at her eyes. And forget about the kindergarten graduation, which left her speechless when she beheld the nine youngsters sitting before the altar in blue caps and gowns.

''We are honored to have with us the future college graduates of ...'' She paused, bit her lip and looked at the children. Her voice cracked. ''Of ... 20 ... 27.''

Sister Nora praised them for learning about God, reading and respect.

''We look forward to hearing about the progress they make as they continue their educational journey ... elsewhere.''

She made it, barely. The ''elsewhere'' was the killer, as it has been since January, when Sister Nora was told the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York had decided St. Martin's would close after 86 years. Pleas and plans to save the school were received and rejected. Wednesday was the school's final day.

Most of the 104 students at St. Martin's will be scattered to other Catholic schools. The nine lay teachers on the faculty may not be as lucky -- more than 250 teachers are already unemployed throughout the cash-strapped archdiocese, and schools are retrenching.

St. Martin's is among 26 archdiocesan elementary schools closing this month because of the shrinking enrollments and ballooning deficits the Catholic school system has been experiencing for decades. The archdiocese says its closings are the first step in reorganizing and strengthening its remaining schools -- even though teachers at St. Martin's and other schools wonder if the shutdowns only foretell the demise of urban parochial education.

In 1961, the archdiocese had 212,781 students in 414 elementary and high schools. This year, including the schools that are closing, there were 79,782 children at 274 schools.

Before the advent of charter schools, these schools helped generations of immigrant children become Americans and professionals. They continued to propel Latino and African-American children into the middle class after the tumult of the 1960s, when drastic changes washed over both the church and urban America. They were also the source of religious vocations.

Sister Nora, 66, has not had much time for reflection. Much of her time this month was spent running between her office and the classrooms, closing accounts and guiding teachers through the uncomfortable rituals of throwing out books, clearing out classrooms and taking down crucifixes and statues of saints.

''The teachers and I try to hide our feelings from the kids,'' said Sister Nora, who became principal in 2006. ''But when we're in the faculty room, it's another story. We go from anger to resentment to mourning, and back to anger. I just don't know where we're going. What's going to happen to the church? Nobody's thought that far ahead -- not just the parish, but the church in general in New York.''

This school has long been a sanctuary amid uncertainty -- as it was for me starting in 1964, when my parents fled Hunts Point for the safety of Crotona. The fires followed a few years later, and we moved away in 1969. But I still took two buses from Morris Heights -- past blocks reduced to rubble -- until I graduated.

Forget the cheap jokes about ruler-swinging nuns gliding through the aisles in full-length habits. For those of us who saw our neighborhood almost vanish in smoke from arson or crack pipes, Sister Nora stands as a reminder of the sacrifices made happily and gifts given freely by women religious. Through word and deed they taught us the works of mercy: to feed the poor, clothe the naked and educate the ignorant.

To comfort the afflicted.

And now -- 40 years after I walked down the aisle clutching my diploma -- I returned to fulfill a final work of mercy: to bury the dead.

St. Martin's, named after a fourth-century soldier who cut his cloak in half to clothe a beggar, opened in 1925 to serve the children of Italian and Irish ***working-class*** parents. During its heyday, almost a thousand pupils packed its 24 classrooms, even into the 1960s, when racial slurs and Molotov cocktails were hurled on the streets over the influx of Latinos and African-Americans in the neighborhood. It was a haven when abandonment and arson almost destroyed the area in the 1970s, and when crack and guns claimed lives in the '90s.

Childhood haunts often seem smaller in later years. But the school and its neighborhood feel more spacious -- and that's the problem. Many residents fled during the blight of the '70s, while others were pushed out by the city to make room for a hospital that was never built. Fewer children were left to draw from, and many of the parents who remained had precarious jobs that disappeared in sour economic times, making it impossible to cover the $3,300 annual tuition.

Five years ago, the archdiocese placed St. Martin's on a list of endangered schools. About 70 students were withdrawn by parents who worried that they would have nowhere to go the following academic year. Although the school won a reprieve, its finances were taken over by archdiocese officials. Sister Nora and her faculty feel as if they never had a chance after that.

But the demographic and economic pressures closing in on parochial schools go well beyond St. Martin's, said Timothy J. McNiff, superintendent of schools for the archdiocese. The era when thriving congregations could support large schools staffed by nuns is long gone, taking with it the very concept of a parochial school.

With higher costs and fewer students, the archdiocese can no longer subsidize schools running on a deficit. St. Martin's, Dr. McNiff said, is expected to post a $397,000 deficit this year.

A plan to address the schools crisis -- which first required closing the weakest ones -- will now examine creating regional schools.

''The parish-based school is not a model that works in many of our parishes,'' Dr. McNiff said. ''We are having to change the governance structure and business model so that we do not have to continue the next few decades enduring the death of a thousand cuts.''

CHRISTINE ALTSCHULER sat in what was her first-grade classroom in the late 1950s. Now, as a first-grade teacher, she had taken lunch breaks with her colleagues in the same room.

''You know what I'll miss?'' Mrs. Altschuler, 58, asked. ''The kids. As a first-grade teacher, I've seen them grow through eight grades. I've taught entire families.''

She struggled to explain her feelings.

''I can't tell you what this school means to me,'' she said. ''I really can't. It's my past. My present. But it won't be my future.''

Though two other current teachers also attended the school, neither had roots that rivaled Mrs. Altschuler's. Three generations of her family taught or studied there. Her father, Alpine Gori, graduated in 1933 with the first class to go through all eight grades.

Mrs. Altschuler graduated from the school in 1966 and returned to teach in 1991 as a favor to her mother, Albina Gori, who was the school's receptionist for 41 years, many of them with Sister Cecilia McCarthy, now 92, the principal from 1967 until 2001.

Mrs. Altschuler's mother -- Mrs. Gori, to hundreds of school kids -- had a way about her, persuading her to come to the school over the years to take pictures at a bazaar, or to videotape a Christmas pageant. Twenty years ago, Mrs. Gori called her daughter with an urgent request.

'' 'Sister Cecilia needs you to volunteer as a teacher,' '' Mrs. Altschuler recalled. '' 'I told her you could do it. You have to.' ''

Mrs. Altschuler smiled.

''And years later, I wound up doing the same thing to my daughter,'' she said, laughing. ''I called her up one day and said, 'Sister needs you to teach!' ''

Samantha Altschuler, now 28, joined her mother in 2009 -- replacing a popular teacher who had fallen ill -- and most recently taught reading and social studies to the upper grades. They commuted together from their home in Throgs Neck, making the pain of the last few months bearable.

As long as nobody discussed homework.

In recent weeks, the teachers asked students to write essays about their memories of the school. One wrote about the day a friend tossed a boomerang out the window. Another told of feeling as if no one knew he existed, until he made new friends at the school. Alexis Lewis, a seventh grader, insisted that Sister Nora was not as strict as others thought.

''I think she just wanted to push us and prepare us for the real world,'' Alexis wrote. ''When my sister passed away, out of the kindness of her heart she contacted every archdiocesan school in the Bronx and politely asked for their prayers.''

Crotona felt like the suburbs when Sister Nora arrived in 1969. She had come from her first teaching assignment, at St. John Chrysostom, near the infamous Fort Apache police station in the South Bronx. She moved into a convent that was home to 14 other nuns and a German shepherd named Pepper.

Today, Sister Nora lives alone in the run-down building.

She and her two sisters grew up in the Yorkville neighborhood of Manhattan, where her father drove a beer-delivery truck. He died when she was at Cathedral High School in Turtle Bay, where she first encountered members of the Dominican order from Sparkill, N.Y. She liked their easy manner and rapport. She joined the order in 1963, a year after graduating.

''There were 56 of us when I got to Sparkill,'' she recalled. ''The mother general called us her Joyful Mysteries.''

Not long after she arrived at St. Martin's, Sister Nora's order adopted reforms that allowed members to pursue careers beyond teaching or child care. Others left with the upheaval that swept the church after the Second Vatican Council. From her entering class, only six women remain in the order.

''We only have one novice right now at the motherhouse,'' Sister Nora said. ''The older nuns call me the Kid. There are going to be significant changes in religious communities. Life is not going to be the same because of the lack of vocations.''

With St. Martin's closing, Sister Nora will teach English at an immigrant services agency run by her order in the west Bronx. Her stipend will be $16,000 -- half what she received at the school -- and there will be no benefits. ''But at least I'll be working with people in need,'' she said.

ALL through the spring, few people associated with St. Martin's would confront the inevitable. Students wished aloud that they could redo the school year. Teachers forgot to start their annual vacation countdown. For many, there was nothing to look forward to beyond unemployment.

Zahriymar Lassalle, 31, who taught second grade, has seen the institutions that first educated and then employed her slowly vanish. Her grammar school, St. John Vianney, in the east Bronx, is closing this year, while St. Simon Stock, near Fordham, where she taught for a year, has downsized. She earned tenure this year at St. Martin's.

Her prospects are slim.

''It's just too much of a risk to be teaching in Catholic schools,'' Ms. Lassalle said. ''Honestly, I feel they are going to disappear, little by little. The economy is bad, and the people who can't afford it are not getting the help they need. And the price keeps going up. And in neighborhoods like this, it's difficult to keep the kids in Catholic school.''

Upstairs, Antonio Soto, 51, led his eighth-grade science class through a lesson on the elements, mixing goofy enthusiasm with unshakable confidence.

''Come on!'' he said, sitting among his students. ''Let's recite the first 20 elements.''

The class tore through the list.

''Some high school teachers won't think you can do that,'' Mr. Soto said. ''But you do. And when they ask you, 'Where do you come from?' Tell them. You're from St. Martin of Tours.''

Chika Amaefule, 42, a parent, knows public school would ease the burden on her family's budget -- she and her husband work to put their four children through Catholic school. And while she is aware that some charter schools offer more programs, that option is not enough to put her at ease.

''There is opportunity in public school, but there are a lot of distractions,'' said Ms. Amaefule, who is from Nigeria. ''Some things they allow in public schools are disruptive. There is discipline in Catholic schools.''

THE devotional nooks flanking the sanctuary in St. Martin of Tours Church reflect the changes in the neighborhood: old wooden statues of St. Isaac Jogues and St. Anthony stand alongside newer paintings of Our Lady of Guadalupe and La Virgen de la Altagracia.

The pews reflect the changes, too. At the final graduation at St. Martin's, on June 18, the church was cavernously empty.

Mr. Soto played ''Pomp and Circumstance'' on a keyboard as the faculty and 14 final graduates filed up the center aisle. Sister Nora kept her composure as she welcomed the crowd and then read the names of the graduates.

Ginikanwa Amaefule, the oldest of Ms. Amaefule's children, took top honors.

Less than an hour later, they emerged, hugging and taking pictures.

Doris Tacinelli, 53, a teacher at St. Martin's for 29 years -- 22 in kindergarten -- stood off to the side, her big sunglasses hiding red-rimmed eyes. Angel Pagan, his blue graduation robe shimmering in the sun, hugged her. She had been his teacher when he first came to the school.

''I still can't believe it,'' Ms. Tacinelli said as the boy walked away. ''I've done this so many years. I keep saying it's just another summer, but it's not.''

Four days later, the sky was as bruised and gray as the mood inside the school, where misty-eyed teachers offered final words of encouragement and praise, while movers hauled filing cabinets downstairs.

As a school, the children trudged uphill on East 182nd Street to the church, where they knelt and offered thanks for St. Martin's, their teachers and their friends. They spoke of wisdom, grace and remembrance. Then the church's pastor, the Rev. Cosme Fernandes, blessed them.

Reluctantly, Diomara Perez, 26, and her third-grade class returned to the school, where they huddled together one last time. Jeremy Lacayo, who had once told Ms. Perez he wanted to be a priest, sat slumped over his desk. Enaya Martinez, an impish girl who dreams of writing, cried inconsolably.

''I want you to be the best, best of the best in your new schools,'' Ms. Perez said brightly.

They rose and offered a final prayer, then turned and slowly filed out. Lorena Chacon was the last to leave. She stood in the front of the empty, unadorned room, her eyes wide in wonder. Her face was a portrait of pain and puzzlement.

She walked away sobbing.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: MOVING ON: Sister Nora McArt, above right, principal of St. Martin of Tours, and Lydia Cruz, left, the secretary, with students who received gifts on graduation day. At left, computer equipment was removed as the school prepared to close its doors. (MB1)

SAYING GOODBYE: Diomara Perez, a third-grade teacher, and her students, from left, Jeremy and Walter Lacayo and Enaya Martinez, consoled one another.

DEVOTION: Clockwise from above left: Doris Tacinelli, a teacher for 29 years, leading her kindergartners in prayer

Sister Nora McArt, the principal since 2006, with Sister Cecilia McCarthy, the principal from 1967 to 2001

and Lydia Cruz, the school secretary, carrying home a religious statue that had been in her office for many years. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES ESTRIN/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MB6) MAPS (MB6)

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[***THATCHER'S CAPITALIST REVOLUTION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-SKB0-0017-53DH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Howell Raines; Howell Raines is The Times's London bureau chief.

**Body**

ON THE DAY AFTER PRIME MIN-ister Margaret Thatcher called a general election for June 11, she appeared in the House of Commons wearing a black dress and the icy expression of contempt she reserves for gazing upon Socialists. The ''right honorable gentlemen'' of the Labor opposition were howling like a football mob. ''Frit, Frit, Frit,'' they chanted at one point, taunting the 61-year-old Prime Minister with a colloquialism for ''afraid.''

Mrs. Thatcher did not look ''frit.'' If anyone seemed edgy, it was the man sitting across from her, on the opposition front bench. Neil Kinnock, a balding man with a freckled scalp and a nose like a knife blade, leaned forward, twining his fingers together. In the United States, his political style would be likened to that of a bantam rooster. A cocky son of the Welsh ***working class***, he is a fighter, a bit of a strutter, and a great talker.

In the 15 minutes set aside for questioning the Prime Minister, Mr. Kinnock sprang to his feet and addressed Mrs. Thatcher across the low table separating the Labor and Conservative benches: ''In the general election, will the Prime Minister debate with me face to face on television?''

Mrs. Thatcher rose slowly. ''I fear,'' she said, ''such a debate would generate more hot air than light.''

The words hit Mr. Kinnock squarely in his reputation for verbosity. His colleagues tried to save him by picking up their chant of ''Frit, Frit,'' but it was no good. Like a boxer sent reeling across the ring and into the ropes, he was finished for the day. He made another pawing swing at the debate issue, and Mrs. Thatcher haughtily brushed it away: ''The right honorable gentleman will find his own platform. I shall not give him one.''

In Britain, political encounters tend to be fast and rough. After my years of covering American campaigns at every level from courthouse to White House, this struck me immediately as a defining difference between the two political cultures. No matter how much of a ''gentlemen's club'' Parliament may have been in the past, in the Age of Thatcher there is no sliding by on personal charm, good bloodlines or a firm grasp of the obvious. And the exchanges require detailed knowledge as well as a mean wit.

Exposed to the factual grilling on policy questions that Margaret Thatcher faces every Tuesday and Thursday in the House of Commons, the average American President would be fried into a curlicue. Imagine, for example, how Ronald Reagan would fare if twice a week he went before Congress to field questions on contra aid, arms control and other issues.

Since she became leader of the Conservative Party in 1975, Margaret Thatcher has helped give modern British politics a one-beat rhythm of attack, attack, attack, and she thrives on it. She has a firm campaign platform: an eight-year tenure at No. 10 Downing Street during which she says Britain has been ''transformed'' from a nation taking a kind of masochistic pleasure in its own decline into what she calls a ''property-owning democracy'' that ''commands respect abroad.'' And she has a message as smoothly compact as the business end of a ball-peen hammer. ''My long-term goal,'' Mrs. Thatcher said as the 24-day campaign commenced, ''is to see an England free of socialism.''

Her opponents say this actually understates what Mrs. Thatcher is aiming for with her self-described ''radical manifesto'' for a third consecutive term, unprecedented in this century. She is proposing to extend the free-market principles of her first two terms into fields such as education, rental housing, inner-city redevelopment and the National Health Service.

THROUGH MEASURES SUCH AS financing schools according to their ability to attract students, Mrs. Thatcher says, she simply wants to assure better social services for the ''consumers,'' or taxpayers. But, in effect, she is also asking for a mandate to extend Thatcherism from economic issues into the field of social policy. And if a fourth or fifth term is needed, Mrs. Thatcher says grandly, ''I hope to go on and on.''

Labor on the left and the centrist Alliance - Social Democrats, led by Dr. David Owen, and Liberals, under David Steel - are warning that this amounts to an attempt to turn back the clock on the welfare state and put in its place an ''American-style enterprise culture'' with a more tight-fisted approach to payments for the poor, elderly and unemployed. ''The system that Margaret Thatcher wants to return to was wrong, wretched and brutal,'' warns Mr. Kinnock. Her re-election, he adds, will recreate a Britain ''where everybody can either stand on their own feet or live on their knees.''

MRS. THATCHER IN-spires such apocalyptic visions because she is a polarizing figure with unbending resolution as her trademark. This quality, according to Norman Tebbit, the Conservative Party chairman, reversed the ''ratchet of British politics in which the convention was that everyone agreed that it was always going to move to the left.''

The resolve that seems admirable to Mr. Tebbit seems autocratic and uncaring to Mrs. Thatcher's opponents. Her regimen of tight-money supply and privatization, for example, bankrupted many overmanned, state-subsidized industries and swept away 1.7 million jobs. Unemployment, 1.1 million when she was elected in 1979, now hovers at 3 million, or 11 percent. Yet at no point has Mrs. Thatcher's belief in her economic policy been shaken by cries of pain and outrage from the declining industrial regions.

''She possesses a quality which Proust called the certainty of the second rate,'' says Roy Hattersley, Labor's deputy leader. ''It means that you do, in fact, go on when every rational person and sensitive person around you might say 'This is wrong.' ''

By going ahead as unemployment crippled northern England, however, Mrs. Thatcher laid the foundation for what the Tories call their ''economic miracle'' in London and the ''home counties'' of southern England and in a few hotspots of growth such as Silicon Glen, near Glasgow. In these places, declining inflation, lower taxes and deregulation of the financial markets ignited booms in the service and consumer economies.

And in these places, Mrs. Thatcher also laid the foundations of a political approach that depends on separating the ''haves'' from the ''have-nots'' as voting blocs.

It is the beneficiaries of this unevenly distributed prosperity upon whom she is counting for re-election. With the national vote split among three parties, they make up a plurality of the ''haves'' who ought to be able to give the Conservative Party the minimum 40 percent of the national vote needed to control Parliament. Under Britain's ''first-past-the-post'' electoral system, that national vote would probably convert into enough first-place finishes in the 650 constituencies for a majority in Commons.

With her standing in the polls at 40 to 44 percent when the election was called, Mrs. Thatcher cannot count this contest ''home and dry,'' as the British say. But she seems likely to lose only if she commits some huge - and uncharacteristic - political error, through some calamity beyond her control or through a sudden inflammation of the ''throw-them-out'' attitude that last surfaced in British politics when Harold Wilson was defeated in 1970, after blowing a lead as high as 12 points in some polls.

As the campaign began, Labor gained in the polls by stressing the unemployment issue, but a number of factors are, in fact, still working in Mrs. Thatcher's favor. The Labor Party is beset by open warfare between its radical and moderate socialists. The Alliance, potentially a threat to Mrs. Thatcher's hold on ''soft'' Tories and suburban moderates, remains ideologically blurred because of disputes between the Liberals and the more conservative Social Democrats.

Moreover, Britain's ***working class*** is gradually being replaced by an expanded middle class, and union membership has declined from 30 to 22 percent of the electorate. Voters are abandoning Labor and becoming increasingly receptive to Conservative policies, in much the way traditional Democrats migrated to the Republicans in the 1970's and 80's in the United States.

''What we're looking at is structural social change, which brings attitudinal change, which brings political change,'' says Robert M. Worcester, an American who has become one of Britain's best-known poll takers. ''Couple that with the divided Labor Party and the two-headed Alliance and that pretty well assures the re-election of Margaret Thatcher.''

THE GREAT QUES-tion that hovers over Margaret Thatcher's career is why a woman so widely regarded as a successful Prime Minister should be so widely disliked. The great paradox is that her lack of popularity may not matter politically. Her associates say that as a matter of personal preference and political tactics she chose to seek respect rather than affection.

Mrs. Thatcher said as much herself in a recent television interview: ''What is the good of having a leader who cannot make up his or her mind, never knows what to do, hems and haws, cannot make decisions at the right time, is not respected by other people? He might be a very nice person, but not a leader.''

Still, some of her associates complain about the snobbery that undercuts Mrs. Thatcher's standing among what one Tory politician called ''the Volvo-driving, wine-society, middle classes of Dulwich and Hampstead.'' These educated, middle-class professionals, along with the old High Tory aristocrats from the country estates, regard Mrs. Thatcher as uncultivated and needlessly callous toward the less fortunate. Indeed, the belief that Mrs. Thatcher has coarsened British society is almost an organizing principle of Alliance strongholds in the affluent suburbs and university towns.

''Winning the argument and being right isn't always enough, and we've had to do some very tough, difficult things on the way,'' says Cecil Parkinson, the former Conservative Party chairman. Mrs. Thatcher, he adds, ''arouses admiration, and she creates respect, even amongst our opponents, but she also creates a very active dislike, which I don't think Reagan does. She does because she's actually tried to impose her view on society.''

But this does not fully account for the public ambivalence toward her. Britons somehow sense what her friends and associates know and accept: Margaret Thatcher has a deep streak of aggression within her personality, a ferocity that makes her prefer argument over friendly discussion. ''Her idea of chairing a meeting is to announce at the beginning what the outcome ought to be and then to fight without quarter for her position,'' says one associate. ''She's quite unscrupulous about that.'' Alan Walters, an ideological soulmate and an economic adviser in the first term, remembers the ''shouting matches'' at staff meetings. ''But there is no personal animosity, no personal residue at all,'' he says. ''She'll smile at the end and say, 'Now, we've got the next piece of business.' ''

By other accounts, few people shout back these days. In fact, Mrs. Thatcher's bullying of male Cabinet members is so notorious that it has become part of the sexist stock humor of British politics. ''I think,'' says Denis Healey, Labor's shadow foreign minister, ''from the word 'go,' people saw her as the best man in her Cabinet, and still do.''

Mrs. Thatcher runs her Cabinet as a cauldron of conflict.

As one survivor recalls, it is not a pretty process: ''At the Cabinet table, her technique was to directly undermine everyone's position by remarks like, before the chap even started presenting his case, 'I can see your civil servants have got at you,' or, 'This is a very weak paper. How have you let people pull the wool over your eyes?' . . . From then on, the whole thing is sort of sliding away from you and you're trying to get back and say, 'That's not fair, Prime Minister.' One really often heard it, very often, because it wasn't fair.''

This technique has brought Mrs. Thatcher unquestioned dominance of the Conservative Party. It has also produced what seems an unenviably austere personal life. She and her husband, Denis, a retired oil executive, though not exactly reclusive, do not cut important figures in London social life. Their private existence in the living quarters at No. 10 is simple, almost spartan. Mrs. Thatcher does much of the cooking, basic British, and they employ only one housekeeper, paid out of the Prime Minister's pocket.

With her two adult children, twins, living elsewhere - Carol, a freelance journalist, has her own flat in London, and Mark, an auto executive, resides in Dallas - Mrs. Thatcher's office staff has become, in a sense, a second family. But it is a very formal kind of family, united and driven by her passion for work. In fact, Mrs. Thatcher glories in comparisons between her grinding existence now, with its regimen of five hours of sleep a night, and her girlhood in Grantham, in a stark apartment above her father's grocery. In such accounts, the word ''work'' recurs like a drumbeat.

''The only way we could get on was working,'' she recently told interviewers on Soviet television.

''We live 'over the shop,' as it were,'' she continued. ''We have a flat over No. 10 Downing Street, which is the office of the Prime Minister. . . . And . . . [after] working all day, . . . I start about 10 o'clock at night to work on my papers. I think it is the most fascinating thing I have ever done . . . and I do not wish to do anything else.''

Poring over her papers into the small hours of the morning, Mrs. Thatcher packs her memory with the facts that she uses to pummel her Cabinet and dominate the opposition in her twice-weekly appearances before Parliament for what are called Prime Minister's Questions. The House of Commons is a noisy pit that makes a Congressional debate or a Presidential news conference seem very tame. David Howell, a former Cabinet member, sees these sessions as a core secret of Mrs. Thatcher's success.

''Because of her aptitude for always attacking when attacked, because she can carry all the facts in her head, because she can be completely cool in her emotions, she can, on the whole, dominate Prime Minister's Questions,'' Mr. Howell says. ''Some of those outside might think, 'What the hell's that got to do with it?' - and the answer is that it would only need a run of six or seven sessions in four or five weeks, with the Prime Minister coming out wounded, for the whole party to start saying, 'We must get somebody else.' ''

No one doubts that Mrs. Thatcher has had to perform better, to be tougher, to argue more forcefully because she is a woman. But her friends say this necessity fits her preference; she actually likes argument better than polite discussion. Opponents respect her, but they also like to make fun of the self-consciously stately figure that Mrs. Thatcher presents to Parliament. She does, indeed, seem more queenly than Elizabeth II. So they jibe at her as Queen Boadicea, the warrior queen of British prehistory.

Unlike predecessors such as Winston Churchill, Harold Wilson and James Callaghan, Margaret Thatcher has not had the benefit of a supportive relationship with Queen Elizabeth. In his book ''The Changing Anatomy of Britain,'' Anthony Sampson said their weekly meetings ''are dreaded by at least one of them.''

But even if they are not close, the Queen and the Prime Minister are part of a unique political symbiosis that works to Mrs. Thatcher's advantage. Her failure to curry public favor and to win affection is simply not the liability that it would be in the United States, and the institution of the Royal Family is part of the reason. ''The British don't need to love their Prime Minister,'' says a Western diplomat. ''They love their Queen.''

IT IS AN IRONY OF MAR-garet Thatcher's career, given her anti-Soviet credentials, that a key moment for understanding her political makeup should have occurred in Moscow. According to a reconstruction from several sources, when Mikhail S. Gorbachev spoke with feeling about his hopes for revitalizing the Soviet Union, Mrs. Thatcher felt an immediate empathy with him.

''I'm sympathetic with the problems of changing a society because I've faced these problems myself,'' she is quoted as saying. Exhorting Mr. Gorbachev not to give in to the pressure now mounting on him within the Soviet Union, Mrs. Thatcher concluded: ''You have to have the courage to stick with it. It won't go right in the early years. It's taken me eight years to start to achieve the kind of change in our society I wanted to see.''

She had first to change her own party before she could change the policies installed in the four decades since the Clement Attlee government of 1945 nationalized the industrial economy and completed the establishment of the cradle-to-grave welfare system. Until Mrs. Thatcher took over, the Conservatives had been content to serve as the accountants of the welfare state, policing the Socialist economy around the edges but not disturbing the governing consensus that had continued through Labor and Conservative governments alike. Over time, according to Sir John Egan, the chief executive of Jaguar, that consensus degenerated into an ''unconscious conspiracy.'' Neither the ''barons'' of the trade unions nor the ''grandees'' of the Tory Party wanted to disturb this policy gridlock that prevailed while the ''British disease'' of decline took hold in the 1960's and 70's.

Then, in 1975, Margaret Thatcher, a little-known former Secretary of State for Education and Science in the Heath Cabinet, led the ''peasants' revolt'' within the Tory party. Her election as party leader marked an end to the dominance of ''the older-type, traditional Tory, mainly coming from public school, the landed gentry,'' recalled Labor's Denis Healey. It became more oriented toward small businessmen, middle-class professionals and strivers who, like Margaret Thatcher, had worked their way up from humble origins.

Within a few years of her election as Prime Minister in 1979, Mrs. Thatcher purged the ''wets,'' or old-style, liberal Tories, from the Cabinet and replaced them with tax-cutting, capitalistic true-believers, or ''dries,'' as her ideological claque is known. Then she proceeded to wring out the economy as well, driving inflation down and letting unemployment soar. Almost magically, the Falklands War of 1982 bailed her out politically. She rode a tide of nationalism to victory in 1983 and over the course of two terms nailed down the economic reforms that are the foundation of Thatcherism.

She broke the power of the labor unions, her final victory coming in a titanic struggle with striking miners in 1985. She privatized the best state-owned industries - such as British Telecom, British Airways and, most recently, Rolls-Royce - by selling shares to workers and the general public.

She began selling off Britain's ''council houses,'' or publicly owned rental apartments, to the people occupying them and encouraged home ownership for others through mortgage-tax deductions. One million council houses switched from state ownership to private owner and the percentage of adults living in their own homes increased from 52 to 66 percent.

Mrs. Thatcher called her programs of property and stock ownership ''popular capitalism.'' Under her, the number of Britons owning stock increased fourfold, to 8.5 million, almost 20 percent of the electorate. Invest-ment in private pension plans was also legalized.

Only very belatedly did the opposition parties seem to realize the political import of Mrs. Thatcher's grass-roots economic reforms. Britain was acquiring an American-style property-owning middle class. In short, every time Mrs. Thatcher created a new stockholder or homeowner, she was also producing a potential Tory voter.

''Popular capitalism is on the march,'' Mrs. Thatcher proclaimed jubilantly as she kicked off the present campaign, promising a third term of ''more families owning more property, more homes, more shares, more second pensions and more savings.'' Yet there is evidence that she herself did not initially recognize the potential of her ownership programs for drawing voters out of the Labor Party.

According to Robert Worcester, who polls for Labor, homeowners are twice as likely to vote Tory as public-housing renters. Moreover, 57 percent of the people who bought stock during the privatization program - factory workers who make up an indispensable part of Labor's historic electoral base - plan to vote Conservative. Now, Mr. Worcester predicts, the curbing of trade unions and the democratization of property ownership may be followed by a ''third Thatcher revolution.'' It would consist of the Prime Minister's proposals to shake up the education system with open admissions and a national curriculum, to shift inner-city rehabilitation from Labor-dominated local governments to private developers, to privatize more of the National Health Service and to convert some unemployment to ''workfare.''

''Whether she thought this through four or five years ago, I don't know,'' says Mr. Worcester. ''But it's sure falling into place.''

M RS. THATCHER IS a good politician. She is also an exceptionally lucky one. Even the political crippling of President Reagan, her closest international ally, did not pull her down. Instead, it enabled unnamed Whitehall bureaucrats to salt the British papers with the argument that, with the American President embattled, and perhaps addled by age, Mrs. Thatcher was now the ''senior Western leader'' with the best understanding of Mr. Gorbachev and the best chance of preventing Mr. Reagan from blundering into an arms-control agreement that would endanger Western Europe.

She has been extraordinarily lucky, too, in coming along when British parties were going through a process of realignment. Labor, with its dwindling ***working-class*** base, is appealing to a Britain fast disappearing. The Alliance of Liberals and Social Democrats may well represent the politics of the future, with its centrist message aimed at the expanding middle class. But right now its voters are widely scattered, rather than concentrated in dependably winnable constituencies.

Because the Alliance comes second to the Tories in many prosperous suburbs, Conservative strategists are watching nervously for any signs of an Alliance surge. That could endanger Mrs. Thatcher's parliamentary majority. But talk of a deliberate effort to deny her a majority by a merging of the Labor and Alliance forces in a campaign of ''tactical voting'' has receded. The Alliance leaders are now eager to use this election to replace Labor and become the major opposition party.

This year, if the Prime Minister's luck holds, the anti-Thatcher majority among British voters will remain split, and her detractors will continue to marvel that such a grandiose personage can balance herself atop such a slender reed of popular support. It is a good point. In 1983, her party got only 42.4 percent of the national popular vote. No Conservative Prime Minister in this century has led the party to a smaller popular total in winning a Parliamentary majority.

But the numbers do not fully explain the relationship between the British people and this sharp-tongued, hectoring, autocratic, inflexible, often insensitive and altogether fascinating woman. To an American, it is reminiscent of the Reagan Presidency at its high tide. Even those who found his domestic policies callous and his defense and foreign military policies fraught with danger had to concede that on some level Mr. Reagan had rekindled the national spirit. Britain, before Thatcher, was a country settling into its role as ''the sick man of Europe.'' Its journalists and scholars had produced a shelf of books suggesting that the decline was terminal. Her election was a signal that the sick man wanted to survive. Now, typically, Mrs. Thatcher is prescribing bigger doses of even stronger medicine.

**Graphic**

Photo of Margaret and Denis Thatcher (Barry Lewis) (pg.17); photo of a garbage collector (Katalin Arkel) (pg.17); photo of an idle factory (Barry Lewis) (pg.18); photo of a scene from the New York Stock Exchange (George De Keerle) (pg.43); photo of the Falklands War in 1982 (Gamma-Liaison) (pg.76); photo of a giant Thantcher image (Mike Abrahams) (pg.80)

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[***Retro Identity Politics***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TFF-CST0-TW8F-G028-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2118 words

**Byline:** By MATT BAI

Matt Bai, who covers politics for the magazine, is the author of ''The Argument: Inside the Battle to Remake Democratic Politics.''

**Body**

The twin doctrines of identity politics and political correctness were at the peak of their influence when I arrived at college in 1986, part of the class born during that horrific year when Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy were assassinated in a span of nine weeks. Twenty years after the marches that gave us civil rights, and barely a decade removed from the war over ''women's lib,'' American campuses resonated with the tinny echoes of those titanic crusades -- battles over what qualified as acceptable terminologies in race and sex (''woman'' yes, ''girl'' no; ''Latino'' yes, ''Hispanic'' no) and competitions over who remained more oppressed than whom.

At Tufts, we took mandatory pass/fail classes in diversity, which, for white men like me, were essentially re-education seminars; we were to admit out loud, for instance, that when we thought of neighborhoods like the South Bronx as dangerous, we were making a value judgment having nothing to do with crime rates (still soaring at the time) and everything to do with our inescapable racism. That first year, a white sophomore from Kansas ignited peace rallies and made national news when he said he had been assaulted by thugs who called him ''Jew boy'' and ''nigger lover.'' This story struck us an entirely plausible, despite the fact that never in our upper-middle-class lives had we heard anyone actually use those terms. The university later concluded that the student fabricated the entire affair.

These experiences no doubt had their value, instilling in us an intense awareness of society's fissures, and such a period of hypervigilance was probably unavoidable in any event. America in the Reagan years was reorienting itself after a dizzying and traumatic period of social upheaval, groping to find some balance between genuine enlightenment and a new kind of intellectual tyranny. (It was what a lot of white Americans perceived as the latter that was responsible, in part, for Reagan's rise in the first place.) But looking back now, as the nation prepares to elect either its first black president or its first female vice president, the fierce identity wars of those years seem strangely passe, as much a relic of the age as those Bartles & Jaymes wine coolers and the Thompson Twins on vinyl.

In the years that followed, each successive crop of high-school and college graduates staggered out into a world where a white man was likely, at one time or another, to have a boss who wasn't white or wasn't a man; where notions of race became jumbled in the faces of children who, like Barack Obama, couldn't check any one box on a census form; where discussions of gender were as apt to focus on sexual orientation as on the glass ceiling. Racism and sexism still thrive in America (witness the insidious e-mail messages about Obama's secret Muslim past or the Hillary Clinton ''nutcrackers'' sold at Washington airports), just as a politics driven mainly by victimization still has its steadfast adherents on campus and elsewhere. But for many more Americans -- at least those of us too young to be branded by the culture divide of the 1960s and 1970s -- neither prejudice nor grievance seems sufficient to the complex realities of a country where our divisions are as likely to be about income and geography as they are about race and gender.

The new age has been slow to dawn on Washington, where cultural genomes stubbornly resist adaptation. Although elite men's colleges began admitting women in the 1960s, it wasn't until 1993, when Hillary Clinton arrived in Washington, that the country got a first lady who was an accomplished lawyer and policy expert in her own right. (Four women arrived in the Senate that same year, representing what came to be known as ''the year of the woman.'') Even today, a modest 16 of the nation's 100 senators and only 8 of its 50 governors are women. Among African-Americans, the numbers are even starker; Obama is the only black senator in Washington (a number unchanged from 40 years ago), and currently there are just two black governors.

No one should mistake this, however, for a useful measure of where most of the country really resides. Much as we'd like to think the reverse is true, politics is generally the last of our institutions to catch up to social change, probably because so much of it is conducted by parties and representatives whose experiences are, by design, rooted firmly in the past. After all, civil rights protests had been going on for almost 20 years when Lyndon Johnson signed the Voting Rights Act. Radio and television were fixtures in the American living room before politicians ever got around to using them. And if politics in Washington has largely lagged behind the workplace and the local mall in reflecting a more integrated and less rigid America, then politics as depicted in pop culture certainly hasn't.

It's probably not a coincidence that important aspects of this historic presidential campaign were uncannily envisioned by television dramas of recent years. In the final season of the NBC show ''The West Wing,'' a young Latino congressman won the Democratic nomination and ran against an independent-minded Republican senator disliked by the base of his own party. In ABC's shorter-lived ''Commander-in-Chief,'' Geena Davis played an inexperienced vice president who was selected by her conservative running mate in an effort to attract women voters. (The president in that series died in the first episode, leaving Davis in charge. Clearly, John McCain wasn't watching.) Even the right-leaning drama ''24'' had the temerity to cast not one but two black presidents -- a decision that seemed to have no effect on viewers' abilities to suspend their disbelief. You might see in some of these depictions a liberal plot to create multicultural role models, or a condescending effort to create an alternate, feel-good America without its manifest inequality. But it's also possible that those Hollywood types that so many of us like to revile -- the most avid and self-interested monitors of changing American attitudes -- simply understood better than the politicians and their pollsters where American politics was headed next.

And so, for younger voters at least, what's truly remarkable, for all the discussion about the subtext of race and gender in the campaign, is how much of an afterthought history has actually been. Obama had already won his first caucus by the time racial tension entered the Democratic primaries; no one ever seemed to question his viability as a candidate in the way they did Jesse Jackson's two decades years earlier. Clinton ran not as the woman in the race but as the establishment candidate, awash in money and endorsements. The criticism of Sarah Palin immediately after she was named to the ticket elicited some cries of sexism from the Republican camp, but her own biting response at the convention centered, instead, on the contempt displayed by big-city Democrats and reporters for small-town Americans. Attitudes about race and sex are certain to be factors in the minds of many voters (there must be a reason Obama fared poorly with white, ***working-class*** men in the primaries), but they are only a few factors among many others, rather than the decisive disqualifiers they would have been 20 years ago. It turns out that the biggest deal about racial and gender identity in the campaign is that, especially to younger Americans who live and work in a vastly changed country, it isn't such a very big deal after all.

Maybe this is why John McCain's selection of Palin, bold as it was, felt oddly retro -- like another Republican moderate, George H. W. Bush, elevating Clarence Thomas over all the other judicial luminaries in America in 1991. Say what you will about Palin's qualifications for the job (she does give a pretty great speech), but no one will argue that her elevation to the national stage wasn't premised primarily on old-school identity politics, the '80s-era idea that women pledge allegiance to the family of women more than they do to party or ideology. Palin was elevated from obscurity largely on the basis of her womanhood and treated by her party and the media, during the convention in St. Paul, as if she had just won ''American Idol.'' (During the night of Palin's big speech, a CNN reporter sat at a restaurant in Anchorage with Palin's sister, who recalled her response to the news of the selection: ''Oh, my gosh, you've got to be kidding. This is great, but this is crazy.'') In this way, Palin has more in common with Geraldine Ferraro than she does with Clinton, her candidacy having been born of gimmickry even as it struck a blow for progress.

It will be a little while before we know whether Palin really does appeal to the sisterhood of persuadable voters, but the early returns suggest that the assumptions underlying the pick might have been outdated. In a typical survey, conducted for the liberal group Emily's List, 59 percent of women -- and an even higher number of women who identified themselves as independents -- thought McCain's choice had been mostly a result of political calculation. It probably doesn't help that McCain telegraphs a paternal awkwardness in his appearances with Palin, as if he isn't quite sure where he should be standing. A guy's guy who cherishes gridiron heroics and whose closest aides have always been men, McCain seems slightly miscast as a gender pioneer. If, as the old joke went, the first President Bush reminded many women of their first husbands, then McCain may well remind them of their first bosses -- well-meaning and eager to evolve but never really comfortable unless he's helping you on with your coat.

The real danger here for McCain is not only that his vision of gender politics is stuck somewhere in the '80s but also that his governing vision will follow suit. For much of the last decade, McCain gave the impression of having glimpsed the future more clearly than most of his party's aging leaders; he seemed to understand, much to the dismay of Republican culture warriors, that old causes of right and left were giving way to a less dogmatic and divisive call for reform. As a presidential nominee, however, McCain has politely declined to shake his party from its ideological inertia. (Although surely even he winced when Mitt Romney exhorted the convention-goers in St. Paul to end the dominance of permissive liberals over Washington, as if this were 1972 and he were rising up to oppose the Equal Rights Amendment.)

In fact, Palin's conservatism on issues like gun ownership and abortion enables McCain to placate, yet again, the most doctrinaire elements in his own party, while her being a woman is supposed to signal to McCain's admirers that he remains a maverick at heart. This last theme is the one McCain hammered at again and again in his convention speech. Independent voters, it seems, are to believe that, after winning office as a conservative ideologue, McCain will throw off his evangelical cloak and there, just underneath, will be the red, white and blue tights of the antiestablishment superhero.

The problem with this plan is that such postinaugural transformations are never really possible. The way you win the presidency forecloses certain options for governing; factions you offend during the campaign don't want to give you any victories once you take office, and if you then try to distance yourself from the people who did support you, you end up with a coalition of no one. This is largely why Bill Clinton, having antagonized much of his own base in 1992, found himself barely able to muscle a few pieces of big legislation through a Democratic Congress, and it's why George W. Bush, after the long standoff in Florida, never had a chance of building bipartisan bridges in Washington. If McCain campaigns on the outdated platform of a culture warrior, then he will have little choice but to govern on it too.

This is, after all, the point of this election business -- not simply the pursuit of power or social progress, but the task of governing. Voters seem to understand that, which is why most are neither consumed by their prejudices nor swept away by the promise of historic firsts. Race and gender will influence the outcome of the campaign, but to this point, at least, they are not the influences that count most; voters want to know whether Obama is ready to assume the presidency and whether Palin would have the instincts to inherit it. Twenty years ago, it might have been impossible to have either of those conversations without being shouted down by charges of oppression. Now it's all politics as usual, and that's a kind of progress, too.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD HEISLER) CHART: MRS. PRESIDENT: Percentage of respondents who say It is likely that a woman will be president in their lifetime. (Source: CBS News, June 2008)

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[***A HARLEM SCHOOL STRESSES THE BASICS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-SP10-0017-5084-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Bells never ring, teachers are known by first names and tests have been abolished.

Central Park East Secondary School in East Harlem is not exactly Summerhill, the radical British school that flourished in the 1960's. But it is not a typical city high school either.

Consider American history classes for seventh and eighth graders. The traditional survey from the American Indians to John F. Kennedy has been replaced with a theme course -on power. Students examine the American Revolution and the French Revolution and compare the two. Then, to illustrate that the exertion of power can result in evolution as well as revolution, the civil-rights, union and women's movements complete the course.

Central Park East is a rarity: a New York City public high school born outside the Board of Education. The small non-specialized, non-elitist high school was the idea of Deborah Meier, who headed a network of three elementary schools in East Harlem. Her plan was embraced by the local community school board two years ago and eventually approved by Schools Chancellor Nathan Quinones.

Dr. Thomas Sobol, the State Education Commissioner, visited the school recently and came away remarking that Ms. Meier is a ''remarkable woman.''

A Favorable Impression

Housed on two upper floors of a junior high school at 106th Street and Madison Avenue, Central Park East incorporates ideas of progressive education with an emphasis on academic learning and inquiry; there are no frills such as driver education or home economics, and physical education is scheduled after the regular school day.

''I like what I see,'' said the executive director of the high schools division, Frank L. Smith Jr., who recently visited the school.

A student starts high school in the seventh grade, two years earlier at Central Park East than elsewhere in the city, on the theory that the most difficult years of schooling are the transition years from elementary to high school. So far, it only has seventh and eighth graders.

The 145 students come from the Harlem elementary schools run by Ms. Meier and the local school district. Also, ''word of mouth'' students come from the rest of the city. Ms. Meier said she tries to choose students so that the enrollment will represent a profile of city students -some brights, some in need of remedial lessons and many in between. The school reflects the racial mix of the New York City student population as a whole: 80 percent of the students are members of minority groups.

Classes are small - no more than 18 students - and most of the lessons one-hour long, instead of the bell-to-bell 40 minutes at many city high schools. Humanities classes - which include history, English literature and grammar - run for two hours. Foreign languages, a state-mandated requirement, are taught before the opening of school at 9 A.M. Each student must work at a job in the community for two hours every week during the school day - one girl works as a tour guide at the nearby Museum of the City of New York, for instance.

'Less Is More'

The driving principle of the school is ''less is more,'' a theme derived from Theodore R. Sizer, chairman of the Department of Education at Brown University and an adviser of Central Park East.

''It is more important to know some things well than to know many things superficially,'' said Ms. Meier. ''It's a continuing battle to get the students to think, yet not to discourage them entirely.''

Ms. Meier's views of teaching are unorthodox on some specific matters, as well. If a student's handwriting is primitive printing instead of legible script, she considers it unimportant. ''They won't need to write,'' Ms. Meier said. ''They will be using typewriters and computers all their lives.''

In place of tests, the students, who come from middle- and ***working-class*** families, present ''exhibitions'' to their fellow students, an oral presentation from a written project.

In American history recently, Ethan Silan, a soft-spoken 12-year-old, explained the causes of the American Revolution, referring to an elaborate board he had constructed with a world map and index cards glued at the border of the map outlining the events that led to the revolution. He then answered questions from his peers. Afterward, he wrote a critique of his presentation. (He wrote that being nervous in front of the class had hampered his performance.) Broadening Horizons As important as the formal work accomplished in class, Ms. Meier said, is the one hour devoted each day to an advisory group. In each group, 15 students sit around with a teacher and talk about the day's work, about entries they each have made in a journal or about life.

Herb Rosenfeld, the assistant director of the school and a former math teacher at Bronx High School of Science, encouraged his students on a recent day to talk in their advisory group about their part-time jobs. For 30 minutes, the group listened to one student describe his job delivering video tapes to apartment houses on the Upper West Wide, a discreet way, said Mr. Rosenfeld, to encourage students who do not circulate much beyond their immediate neighborhood to broaden their horizons.

To many of the students, Central Park East is vividly different from their previous schools. ''It's more like we're together here,'' said 13-year-old Melanie Hudson. ''In my old school, there were fights every day.''

At Central Park East, students caught fighting are told to write a composition immediately and describe at what point they could have averted the confrontation.

''We want to make a school where the kids take the responsibility for learning,'' said Pat Walker, a humanities teacher who left a large Manhattan high school for the more intimate environment at Central Park East. ''We're trying to help the kids to learn how to learn. The point of the school is to deal with ideas. We wanted to study the American Revolution but not in isolation from Europe. So we started from the real issue - the divine right of kings and how Parliament limited the power.''

Encouraging Reading

In preparing for the citywide reading tests the staff avoided the daily drill prevalent in most schools. Ms. Walker spent a couple of hours with her students the day before the test going over vocabulary. ''But I don't give them vocabulary lessons as such,'' he said. ''I encourage them to read.''

For the teachers, Central Park East is a collegial rather than an isolating experience common to large schools. In contrast to the monthly meetings of several hundred faculty in most city high schools, the Central Park East staff meets weekly for a two-hour session to discuss curriculum and students.

Joel Handorff, an art history teacher at Hunter College who visits the school to teach art, said: ''The teachers are very supportive. I've never been in a teaching community where the teachers and students work together.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Deborah Meier teaching students about the eye (NYT/Jack Manning)

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[***The Man in the Middle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:54SN-VF11-JBG3-60CM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

On a recent winter evening, a gray Mitsubishi sedan made its way slowly down the narrow main street of Qalyubiya, a farming town in the Nile River delta, hemmed in on all sides by shouting fruit vendors, bumping donkey carts, strings of colored lights and tiny bakeries and butcher shops. Election posters were plastered to every available surface, and a voice squawked loudly over a distant, tinny loudspeaker: ''God willing, we will all soon live in an era of social justice. The revolution taught us that we are all equal.'' As the sedan reached a crowded election rally outside a mosque, the back door opened and out stepped a striking man with deep-set eyes and a broad forehead. ''He is here!'' someone shouted. ''The hero of the revolution!'' Almost instantly, a murmur rippled through the crowd, and the man was surrounded by adoring fans. A pair of burly aides grabbed his arms and bustled him through. ''God is great!'' the crowd chanted as he smiled and waved, making his way toward a brightly lighted stage. ''Freedom and Justice! Tomorrow we will be strong!''

The man of the hour was Mohamed Beltagy, one of the central protagonists of the Egyptian Revolution and perhaps the country's most versatile and dynamic politician. He is a senior leader in the Muslim Brotherhood who, unlike his peers, is also beloved by many liberals for his fierce support of the protests in Tahrir Square. But in a country divided ever more sharply between Islamists and secularists, his ability to straddle both worlds has only grown more precarious. He has been attacked by hard-line protesters for his association with the Brotherhood and dressed down within the Brotherhood for his willingness to side so vocally with the revolutionaries. Even his appearance sets him apart: at 49, Beltagy looks sleek and youthful next to the Brotherhood's bearded, pot-bellied, somnolent top men. He wears dark suits and natty ties, like a flashy Cairene lawyer, but he also has a prominent zabiba, or prayer callous, in the middle of his forehead, the ritual badge of piety in Egypt.

''Why did the police and army attack the protesters so brutally on Sunday?'' he asked the thousands assembled in Qalyubiya, referring to recent military crackdowns in Tahrir Square. ''They did it to create a crisis. The military could have stopped this massacre, but they did not.'' As the crowd began chanting its approval, Beltagy went on, making demands that went well beyond anything the Brotherhood had called for up to that point. ''We must hold presidential elections immediately,'' he shouted, ''so that the military can go back to its barracks. We want a real president, a real parliament, with the power to monitor every security institution, including the military council. We refuse all guardianship!'' The crowd rose, giving him a standing ovation long before he was finished. Days after that speech, the Brotherhood's party, Freedom and Justice, swept the elections for Egypt's Parliament, where they now appear to control about half of all seats. It was the latest in a string of victories by newly unleashed Islamist parties across North Africa. Beltagy, the movement's most liberal and charismatic leader, is a natural diplomat and seems poised to play a major role in the next phase of Egypt's chaotic struggle toward democracy.

First, however, he must survive within the Brotherhood itself. The group has waited more than 80 years for this moment; its aging leaders are famously cautious and pragmatic, and therefore profoundly uneasy with Beltagy's confrontational stand toward the military council. The Brotherhood's secretive and hierarchical structure is notoriously opaque to outsiders, but several members and analysts of the movement told me they believed that Beltagy would soon be pushed to the side. The leadership, they say, will not tolerate his outspokenness and risk a military crackdown, no matter how popular that stance is with the younger generation and on the Egyptian street.

In other words, Beltagy has come to personify the Muslim Brotherhood's identity crisis as it moves, after decades underground, to become the dominant political group in Egypt. Will it rein him in or cast him aside in order to pursue a narrow Islamist agenda? Can it even afford to strike down such a popular figure, now that it is competing for the first time in an open, democratic forum? Khalil Anani, one of the keenest analysts of Egyptian Islamic movements, told me that the Brotherhood is likely to face a critical choice in the coming months. ''There is a delayed confrontation between the Brotherhood and the military,'' he said, ''and when it happens, much will depend on how well they cooperate with liberal and secular forces.'' Beltagy is essential to securing such cooperation, but the Brotherhood could also choose to cut out the liberals and make a deal with the military, Anani said, accepting the military's continued dominance in exchange for concessions on religious issues. This possibility, sometimes called the Saudi scenario, is what gives liberals nightmares: the prospect of an Egypt ruled by military men and mullahs.

The story of Egypt's revolution is almost always set in Tahrir Square, the vast, teardrop-shaped plaza in the heart of Cairo, where the protests began last year on Jan. 25. It was there that young, middle-class organizers like Wael Ghonim became the faces of the revolt. But to get a more accurate sense of Egypt's political center, it is useful to drive eight miles north to Shobra el-Kheima, the gritty ***working-class*** district where Mohamed Beltagy has his medical clinic. It is one of Cairo's ''unplanned suburbs'': a euphemism for the crowded slums that have accreted on the capital's edges over the past few decades, where houses rose up willy-nilly alongside old irrigation canals and where sewage and electricity were an afterthought. Tall smokestacks spitting gray clouds loom over a landscape of ugly concrete tenements; the air is noticeably sootier than in the rest of Cairo. Many residents toil in low-wage jobs at textile plants. No one here benefits from the patronage networks that the former president, Hosni Mubarak, built during his long reign. Most local people are deeply dependent on private charity. In practice, that means the Muslim Brotherhood.

Beltagy's clinic is on the third floor of a 10-story cinder-block tower full of medical offices. When I arrived, at 9:30 on a moonless Wednesday night, a single yellow light bulb illuminated the crowd waiting in the mud-spattered foyer for the elevator. I ascended a dirty, half-lighted stairway, passing hobbling old men and parents carrying sick children in their arms. Colorful signs advertised medicines for everything from hair loss to cancer. Even inside the building, the din of honking horns coming from the street was so loud that I asked one doctor if something unusual was going on -- election enthusiasm, maybe? He shook his head and gave me a weary smile. ''Welcome to Shobra el-Kheima,'' he said.

Mention the name Mohamed Beltagy to any of the people here and you are almost certain to get a vivid smile. ''He is a wonderful man,'' I was told by one elderly woman. ''If people cannot pay, he treats them for free. May God give him strength.'' Beltagy's clinic, a little bigger and cleaner than most, is down the hall from a local office of the Brotherhood's Freedom and Justice Party and has become a kind of shrine to his political work. The walls are covered with pictures of him greeting religious and political figures, including foreign Islamist leaders like Khaled Meshal, the leader of Hamas. The examination room sits empty now, with an old-fashioned stethoscope sitting on a desk. The campaign occupies most of his time.

''Dr. Beltagy has always been outstanding, ever since he was a child,'' I was told by Anwar Hamid, a nutritionist who works in a clinic on the building's ninth floor. Hamid, a thin, middle-aged Brotherhood veteran, has known Beltagy for decades. ''He always used to read newspaper articles with a pen in his hand, to outline them and take notes,'' Hamid said. ''He wanted to make sure he understood everything clearly. He was always first in his class. As a doctor, he has done so much good that people here trust him -- he has a balance in their hearts.''

The Brotherhood is often portrayed by its critics -- inside and outside Egypt -- as a secret society whose members are fueled by religious fanaticism. Yet many of its political leaders, including Beltagy, seem to draw their inspiration as much from economic grievance as from faith. Beltagy grew up in Kafr Dawar, an industrial town in northern Egypt not so different from Shobra el-Kheima. He was the sixth of seven children, the son of a floor worker in a textile factory. ''My father was a simple worker, not a boss,'' he told me. ''But he always stood up for the rights of workers, no matter what the consequences. This had a big influence on me. When we got home from school, he was always talking about the other workers at the factory and their struggles. This was the constant of our lives.'' In the dedication to a book that Beltagy published last year about his time in Parliament, I found the following: ''To the spirit of my father, who instilled in me the importance of telling the truth, even if it is bitter, and of standing up against falsehood, even if I am alone.''

Beltagy joined the Brotherhood at 16; by his account, it was not through any religious epiphany. Instead, the Brotherhood seems to have appealed to him because of its grass-roots reach and organizational power. ''It is a human fortune and a blessing for the country,'' he told me. ''It has so many capabilities in so many fields.'' This is not to say that Beltagy is a closet leftist. He is deeply devout. But when I asked him whether he believed in implementing Islamic punishments or obliging women to wear head scarves, he was firm. ''To me, implementing Islam in public life simply means trying to create justice and good standards of living,'' he said. ''Happiness for the people. It is not about restrictions or misery. Some people in the West point to so-called Islamic models of government, but those models define Islam through outside appearances. I am not interested in this way of looking at Islam.''

It was his reputation as a ***working-class*** hero in the tenements of Shobra el-Kheima that led the Brotherhood to nominate Beltagy for Parliament in 2005, and he won in a landslide. The group's members won a substantial number of seats that year for the first time. They had no real power; most lawmakers treat the Parliament as little more than a patronage mill. But Beltagy took to his new role as a government scourge. He railed against corruption, against tax laws privileging the rich, against the government's neglect of the poor victims of a ferry disaster. In May 2010, when the government moved to renew the Emergency Law -- which for the past three decades has given the police almost unlimited powers to arrest and jail suspects -- Beltagy brandished a copy of the Egyptian Constitution and harangued the law's supporters at the top of his lungs. After several minutes of shouting, he collapsed from a heart attack.

He soon recovered, but the story of his heart attack spread, a testament to the power of his rage against Mubarak's abuses. Doctors warned him to take it easy, but later that month he flew to Istanbul and boarded the Mavi Marmara, the flagship of a Turkish-led effort to break the Israeli naval blockade of Gaza. It was a risky endeavor, and it ended in a bloody confrontation with the Israeli military that made headlines around the world. Beltagy was standing on the ship's rear deck in the predawn dark on May 31, he told me, when he saw an Israeli helicopter descending. There were loud explosions and flares shot into the sky, and armed commandos began rappelling down onto the deck with ropes. Activists tried to push them away, and before long, a bloody melee broke out. ''I saw people falling to the deck, all around me,'' he said. ''There was gunfire and screaming.'' Someone grabbed Beltagy by the arm and shouted for him to come down to the lower deck. ''I went, but not to escape. They needed doctors to tend the wounded people.'' Nine activists on the ship were killed and dozens of people were injured, including 10 Israeli commandos. After the Israelis took control of the vessel, they handcuffed Beltagy, along with several other Brotherhood lawmakers. He was deported to Egypt, where his role was covered heavily in the press, only adding to his stature.

In a sense, Beltagy's ascent from the provinces to Parliament echoes an earlier journey made by Hassan al-Banna, the schoolteacher who founded the Muslim Brotherhood in 1928. Banna first came to Cairo as a young man and took in the political scene, as he later wrote, with ''the eyes of a religious villager.'' He envisioned the group as a broad movement, preaching faith as the key to social and economic justice and sinking deep roots in Egypt's powerful labor unions. The Islamic caliphate was abolished in the wake of the Ottoman Empire's collapse at the end of World War I, and Banna feared that Muslims were losing their sense of religious and cultural identity. But the Brotherhood's aims were also implicitly political, and its rapid growth set it on a collision course with the Egyptian state. In 1949 Banna was murdered by government agents, and in 1954, after a failed assassination attempt against him, Egypt's new leader, Gamal Abdel Nasser, banned the movement, throwing thousands of its members in jail. From then on, it would pursue a policy of accommodation. But many of its members turned inward. It was torn between two roles: a religious movement seeking democracy and a more secretive element -- with radical spinoffs -- bent on implementing Islamic law.

By the time Beltagy came of age, that had begun to change. Unlike the group's current senior leaders, he did not spend his formative years in jail, and lacks their somewhat craven tendency to seek quiet deals with the Egyptian state. In that sense, he has far more in common with younger, secular figures like his old friend Ayman Nour, perhaps Egypt's best-known opposition figure, who was jailed in 2005 when he dared to run against Mubarak in the presidential election. Beltagy and Nour are sometimes described as the unlikely twins of Egypt's new political scene: one a committed Islamist, the other a liberal secularist, but rarely in disagreement. They collaborated on student politics three decades ago, and over the past year they were the two key voices keeping together an alliance between the Brotherhood's political party and a coalition of secular groups.

''To tell you the truth, I don't think of him as Brotherhood, I think of him as Mohamed Beltagy,'' Nour told me when I visited him at his apartment, a dim, cavernous place full of artsy bric-a-brac on a side street in Zamalek, an elegant enclave in central Cairo. In November 2010, Nour chose to boycott the last parliamentary elections held under Mubarak, knowing they would be fraudulent. But he came out to support one person's campaign: Beltagy's. On election night the two men were standing outside talking when ''someone threw a rock the size of a football, and it went right between our noses,'' Nour told me. ''Thank God it missed. I am sure it was meant to kill one of us.''

When I visited Beltagy's home, on an unpaved street in a newly built middle-class area in eastern Cairo, I was struck by the contrast with Nour's Zamalek hideaway. After greeting me at the door, he led me into a reception room where the walls were painted an unusual two-tone pattern of red and gold. The room was large but elegantly spare, with little more in it than a cabinet full of his medical books. His wife, Sanaa Abdel Gawad, joined us, along with their 16-year-old daughter, Asmaa. Some of Beltagy's Brotherhood friends had told me that he was ''democratic'' with his family, and indeed, his wife and daughter did not have the cowed, compliant look you sometimes see in women from conservative families.

At one point in my visit, Sanaa -- a composed, wryly smiling woman in a white head scarf -- took the floor to describe a terrifying night raid by the police last year, just after the Tahrir protests began. It was 2:30 a.m., she said, and she and her four children were awakened by loud banging and shouts of ''Police!'' She gathered the children and opened the door. A dozen armed officers streamed into the house, demanding to know where her husband was. ''I told them I didn't know,'' Sanaa said. In fact, he had left hours earlier, having received word that Brotherhood leaders were being arrested all over Egypt, to prevent them from taking part in the protests. ''They searched every room,'' Sanaa told me. ''They stayed two and a half hours and filled five bags with our papers and belongings.'' Two officers stood by the door, complaining that they were tired. ''Our youngest boy wanted to show these men he was not afraid,'' she said. ''So he asked them, 'Which supermarket did you buy those guns at?' ''

If the revolution gave Beltagy a national reputation, it also set him on a collision course with the Brotherhood's old guard. On the night of Jan. 25, hours after the first protests began, several young Brotherhood members arrived at the group's main office, hoping to find a senior official who would come with them to Tahrir Square. Only Beltagy was willing. As it turned out, he had already been protesting and was on his way back. A few hours later, he and his young friends were forced out of the square again, in a cloud of tear gas. ''When I left the square, with thousands of young people, I was amazed to see that they did not go home,'' he told me. ''They just stayed in the street, chanting, 'The people want the fall of the regime.' That was when I knew I was in the presence of a new generation capable of writing history with its own blood.''

Two days later, after protesters fought their way back into Tahrir Square, Beltagy was with them. He stayed there, sleeping on a thin pallet in the winter mud alongside other protesters, until Feb. 11, when Mubarak stepped down. He was the only Brotherhood leader to do so. The group was notoriously slow to embrace the revolution, discouraging its members from going until much of Egypt was in open revolt. Beltagy became their de facto spokesman for the revolution, meeting regularly with the National Association for Change, a group formed by Mohamed ElBaradei, the Nobel laureate and avowed liberal. He even took his wife and children to the square -- though they did not sleep there -- and two of his sons were injured in the Battle of the Camels, the bloody fight with Mubarak supporters on Feb. 2.

After Mubarak was forced out, Beltagy gained a much broader following, both inside and outside the Brotherhood. He and his young revolutionaries seemed to represent the promise of a more open, more liberal-minded Islamist movement. In March, the new prime minister, Essam Sharaf, went to Tahrir Square to tell the crowds he would ''draw his legitimacy'' from them. In an image that became iconic in Egypt, he was photographed standing next to Beltagy.

Yet after a moment of euphoria, Egyptian politics began to polarize into secular and Islamist camps. The Brotherhood retreated from the protests, and many of its members banded together with hard-line Salafis to denounce their rivals as godless. Its leaders began sounding arrogant, triumphal notes. Sobhi Saleh, a popular Brotherhood figure from Alexandria, said in May that the group would dominate the next government and would implement Islamic law. He also said Brotherhood men should only marry Brotherhood women, to ensure that their children stayed within the fold. ElBaradei and other secular leaders began complaining that Egypt was on its way toward Islamist tyranny.

By July, many of Beltagy's young and more vocal friends had been ejected from the movement. Their sin was the establishment of the Egyptian Current, a youth party that blended young Islamists and a range of leftists. To Brotherhood youth, this was one more sign of the movement's rigidity and narrowness. ''These people have a closed mind, and they have taken an ugly decision,'' I was told by a young doctor named Moaz Abdelkarim, who was suspended from the Brotherhood just before the elections began in November. ''They should not be telling us, 'Allah tells you to do this.' You should not be making the organization as it was in 1948. You should make it as it is now. Why treat us all like soldiers and force us to obey rules?''

On Nov. 19, Beltagy received an urgent phone call telling him the police had moved into Tahrir Square and were beating protesters brutally. He rushed to the square, he told me, issuing a call for others to join him. On his arrival, he found a chaotic scene, with clouds of tear gas and hundreds of young men squaring off against helmeted riot police. Television images of the violence spread a renewed sense of outrage across Egypt, and protests began in Alexandria and other cities. But over the following days, the Brotherhood distanced itself, urging supporters to concentrate only on the coming elections. Protesters in the square were furious, feeling betrayed by the Islamist group. ''You have a right to be angry,'' Beltagy wrote in a statement posted on the Brotherhood's own Web site. ''We have to reconsider our position.'' Instead, the group again warned its members away from the square, even after almost every other political party in Egypt began calling for a ''million-man march'' against military rule. Rumors spread that the Brotherhood had made a deal with the military council to stay away from the square. Anger rose so high that on Beltagy's next visit to Tahrir, a group of young men tried to attack him. His aides had to rush him to safety, in a humiliating retreat that was filmed and posted on YouTube under the heading ''Beating and Kicking Beltagy Out of Tahrir Square.''

When I met Beltagy three days later, he was still raw from the encounter. He sat in an overstuffed chair at a party office, the skin around his eyes looking darker and more owlish than ever. ''Yes, I had a difference of opinion with the Muslim Brotherhood,'' he said wearily. ''I thought we should send thousands of members to the square to protect the protesters. There is a conspiracy against the revolution, and I thought we should defend it.''

For many of its younger members, the Brotherhood's failure to enter the square was a turning point and a terrible disappointment. Muhammad Elgeba, one of the young members who helped organize the first Tahrir protests in January, was at his parents' home in northern Egypt when the violence started. He was running for a seat in Parliament on a Brotherhood list. After a long day of campaigning, he turned on the television and saw riot police throwing a protester's lifeless body onto a pile of garbage on the edge of Tahrir Square. That clip, seen across Egypt, quickly became a focus of popular rage.

''I decided to stop my campaign in that moment,'' Elgeba told me. He drove three hours to Cairo the next morning and went straight to the square. I met him there later, as the fighting was raging. We stood in Muhammad Mahmoud Street, where the battle was centered, clutching surgical masks against our faces to ward off the tear gas. Young men were hurling rocks against a line of riot police, who were firing rubber bullets. Every now and then, a gun would sound and a tear-gas canister would pop down onto the dark pavement, scattering the crowd until someone threw it back. Tahrir Square, just behind us, was a chaotic tableau, with scattered crowds of people chanting for the ouster of the military council. Ambulances whined intermittently, taking wounded protesters from a makeshift clinic in the center of the square to local hospitals. Was it the end of the revolution, or the start of a new one? No one could say. One thing was clear: the mood had grown darker. The young men who once welcomed protesters to Tahrir with claps and songs, and done thorough (but always polite) body searches, were gone. They had mostly been organized by the Brotherhood, and in their absence, the square felt less safe.

After the tear gas got to be too much, I walked with Elgeba and another young Brotherhood member to Cafe Riche, an old restaurant with wood-paneled walls, where Nasser is said to have plotted the 1952 revolution. We got a table in back, surrounded by yellowing gilt-frame photographs of the Cairene writers and intellectuals who were once regulars. As we sipped tea, Elgeba and his friend, a doctor named Abdullah Karyouni, unwound their feelings.

''I've had it with all the leadership, not just in the Brotherhood,'' Elgeba said. ''We are tired of being treated like children.'' I had never seen him so worn out. In the year we had known each other, Elgeba always talked enthusiastically about changing the Brotherhood from the inside. Now he seemed inclined to leave it. At the same time, he and his friend seemed to feel that the Brotherhood remained Egypt's only hope. The liberal groups were weak and divided, they said, incapable of stirring the masses. Secular figures like ElBaradei would never be acceptable to the bulk of the Egyptian population. ''You must understand, the Brotherhood is like a huge sponge,'' Karyouni broke in. ''It absorbs young Egyptians who are active and ambitious and want to do something good. They are there for the love of Egypt, and they are willing to risk their lives, to be arrested, even to be killed. This is a great blessing. Unfortunately, after the Brotherhood has absorbed them, it freezes them.'' The movement discourages independent thought, Karyouni said, and fosters blind obedience.

Both men spoke highly of Beltagy. ''He is a wonderful man,'' Elgeba said. ''He is trying to reform the Brotherhood from within, even as he faces criticism from the street over its position. But I believe he is too independent for them. He will soon start to face a campaign of character assassination by the leadership.''

Other members of the Brotherhood -- or former members -- went further. Islam Lotfi, one of the young members who helped plan the first protests of the revolution and was later suspended from the group, told me that he heard Beltagy was already the subject of an internal investigation. ''I think they've started to assassinate him, figuratively,'' he said. ''He declared his beliefs, and this put him in a bad position. They told him to stop, but he will not stop.''

When I asked Essam al-Erian, the Brotherhood's chief spokesman, whether Beltagy was facing any sort of internal investigation or censure, he quickly said no. But the group does not generally air sensitive issues like this before they are resolved. As for Beltagy, he only smiled uneasily when I asked whether his independent views had got him in any sort of trouble with the group. ''My actions are dictated by my conscience,'' he said. ''I don't make calculations about consequences.''

On Nov. 28, the first day of Egypt's parliamentary election, the sun rose over Tahrir Square to reveal a smoky landscape of vegetable carts, mud puddles and stragglers. The protests, it seemed, were over, and there had been no second revolution -- at least not yet. Lines began forming just after dawn at polling stations across the city. As the day wore on, Egyptians slowly awoke to the recognition that the voting was proceeding peacefully and quietly. All the predictions that were made over the previous week -- that the election would be canceled, that there would be thugs and intimidation and violence at the polls -- melted away. The sun shone, a balmy breeze blew. Long lines of well-dressed people waited on the streets in Zamalek, some ordering coffees to be delivered by waiters in nearby cafes. When I caught up to Beltagy, at the Brotherhood party's headquarters, he looked exhausted but happy and willing to forget, for the moment, the nightmare of the preceding week. ''It's a democratic landmark,'' he told me. ''The whole country was out in the street, old and young, men and women, but nothing went wrong. It should go down in the Guinness Book of World Records.''

But the election results contained an unwelcome surprise: the hard-line Salafi parties won about 25 percent of the vote, reawakening liberal fears of an Islamist majority that could move Egypt toward religious rule. The military council, sensing those fears, issued a stunning proclamation of its intent to continue ruling well after the elections and to control the process of writing the Constitution. By mid-December, the protesters were back in Tahrir, and the cycle began again, with the latest crackdown leaving at least 10 dead and hundreds wounded. Even then, with outrage spreading across the country, the generals' spokesman talked to journalists with startling condescension. The Brotherhood, having stayed away from Tahrir again, tried to play both sides, expressing anger over the deaths while urging people to focus on the ongoing elections. Finally, though, the group issued a statement holding the military responsible for the violence in Tahrir and demanding an inquiry.

What is the military council's game? Some say it now seems to believe that it has the firm support of most Egyptians -- that the ''party of the couch,'' as the protesters call those who have not taken part in the protests, is fed up with the instability and is happy to see the military deal firmly with the events in Tahrir. Others suspect the generals hoped that violence would tarnish the parliamentary vote, so that they will have grounds to overturn the results if need be. No one knows for sure. I spent an afternoon with Muhammad Kamal el-Sawy, a retired Air Force general who still regularly spends time with the leading figures of the military council. Sawy, a short, formal man of 70 who started his career as a fighter pilot, sat at a massive oak desk in his study and explained that the main criterion for advancement in the Egyptian military had long been loyalty to Mubarak, regardless of an officer's competence. The generals who run the council were uneasy about ousting Mubarak last February but became convinced that they had no other option.

Now, Sawy said, the generals are old men in unfamiliar terrain, and they are divided among themselves about what to do. ''They are confused about whether to give up power to a civilian government or to keep it,'' he said. ''Their big fear: if they give up power, they will be held to account for corruption under the old regime, and for the deaths of protesters in the past year.'' The only way to persuade the generals to step down is through more protests, more popular pressure, Sawy said, perhaps alongside reassurances that they will not be prosecuted afterward. But will the Brotherhood be willing to apply that pressure? It, too, is a body run by anxious old men who are accustomed to autocracy and now find themselves in a frightening new era. As the one-year anniversary of the Egyptian protests approaches, many protesters are planning to return to Tahrir Square in force on Jan. 25. This time they will be brandishing a new claim: the Parliament will be seated and the military council's excuse for staying in power will be even thinner. But without the Brotherhood's discipline and numbers, the protests could devolve again into a stalemate of bloody street battles and clouds of tear gas. It may make Cairo's liberals wince, but the fact remains that only the Islamists have the power to face down Egypt's military and deliver a more democratic government. And if they fail to do so, they may face a rebellion within their own ranks.

On my last night in Egypt, I went to another of Beltagy's campaign rallies, in a small farming town in the Nile Delta. Again, he was introduced as the star of the show, in a huge, clamorous tent full of Brotherhood faithful. ''We do not want a Parliament with a Brotherhood majority or an Islamist majority,'' he said, as he reached the climax of his speech. ''We must bring Egypt into the sun, after so many years of darkness. In Libya, in Tunis, in Yemen, in Syria, across the Arab world, they are waiting to see an example of real change, of peaceful change. We must not disappoint them.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: The Good Doctor: Mohamed Beltagy, a physician and a leader of the Muslim Brotherhood who has crossover appeal, addresses an election rally in November. (MM36-MM37)

Wall of Fame: Beltagy often treats patients free at his clinic, which has photos of him with political and religious figures on its walls. (MM38)

Generation Gap: Beltagy after a speech in December. His activist approach has clashed with older leaders in the Muslim Brotherhood. (PHOTOGRAPHS GABRIELE MICALIZZI/CESURALAB, FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM41)

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[***CEASE-FIRE IN NORTHERN IRELAND: THE LONG VIEW***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-Y6C0-008G-F0C6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***End of 'The Troubles'?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-Y6C0-008G-F0C6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Trying to Exchange Old Hatreds for Peace On a Battlefield With Little Middle Ground***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-Y6C0-008G-F0C6-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JOHN DARNTON,

By JOHN DARNTON,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Aug. 31

**Body**

The cease-fire announced today by the Irish Republican Army is widely seen as the most hopeful step toward peace in Northern Ireland since what the Irish call "the troubles" began 25 years ago. But that does not mean that peace will be easily achieved.

Without wanting to detract from the historic moment of the occasion, analysts and diplomats point out that numerous hurdles remain before Sinn Fein, the political arm of the I.R.A., can actually sit down at the negotiating table with representatives of the British Government.

And once negotiations begin, it is difficult to imagine a solution that could square the ambitions of the Roman Catholic republicans, who want union with Ireland, with the fears of the Protestant Loyalists, who insist on remaining part of Britain.

Because the British Government's policy is that it will not do anything against the wishes of the majority of people in Northern Ireland -- and the majority are Protestants who want the status quo to continue -- a deep gulf looms between any British and I.R.A. negotiators.

In the 16 months that the idea of a peace proposal has been bandied about -- mostly from the inchoate notion that if peace can come to South Africa and the Middle East, why not Ulster? -- no one has put forward a credible idea of how a final settlement might be arranged or what kind of political entity might actually result.

Occasionally, people on the outskirts of the diplomatic maneuvering talk about the six counties of Northern Ireland becoming an autonomous unit or falling under the joint jurisdiction of London and Dublin, or perhaps even becoming a separate country for a while.

But this is vacuum of theory, not the fire of practice. These suggestions have the aura of something cooked up in laboratories by political scientists. No one in or out of government has actually floated any of them before the wary and conflicting groups of Northern Ireland.

There Can Be 'No Blueprint'

Instead, those involved talk about a process. They speak about the intangibles of building confidence on both sides, injecting economic assistance to strengthen communities and above all ending violence to allow democracy to return and to end direct rule from London, which was imposed in 1972.

"There is no computer model, no blueprint," said a member of the Northern Ireland Office, the British unit that runs Ulster. "And there can't be. The lesson we've learned is that the imposed settlement won't work. It has to come from the bottom up and end in a constitutional outline that broadly speaking is acceptable to the parties of Northern Ireland."

Still, the differences between republicans and Loyalists seem to have little middle ground. As a column by Simon Jenkins in The Times of London today pointed out, various British Governments have tried in the past to paper over these irreconcilable differences with all kinds of commissions, declarations and conferences, but to no ultimate avail.

Re-reading Between the Lines

Perhaps that is why precision in language seems to count for so much. Thus while Catholic republicans were celebrating the cease-fire proclamation by parading the Irish tricolor through the streets of Belfast, Protestant political leaders were denouncing the I.R.A. statement because while it said the "the cessation of military operations" was "total," it did not say it was "permanent."

A permanent renunciation of violence was a condition set by Britain in December for exploratory talks to begin, although in secret contacts earlier in the year London said that it understood a public statement to this effect might be difficult for the I.R.A. and that the assurance could be given privately.

So Prime Minister John Major's reaction today picked up that theme, that the cessation had to be permanent. His statement was tempered by the knowledge that he cannot afford to alienate the Ulster Unionist politicians, who give him a working majority in Parliament, and by the realization that he will face a revolt from his own Conservative backbench if he seems to grab the offer too enthusiastically.

Treading a fine line between optimism and skepticism, Mr. Major said he was "greatly encouraged" by the I.R.A. move and added: "But we need to be clear that this is indeed intended to be a permanent renunciation of violence, that is to say, for good. Let words now be reflected in deeds."

This was taken as an indication that the British Government wanted a testing period of three months or so to see if the I.R.A. would indeed refrain from setting off bombs and other acts of violence. This may be more difficult than it sounds, for the militants on the Protestant side may well try to provoke such a response to scuttle the deal.

Within recent years, the so-called ultraloyalists have been just as active as the I.R.A. and their campaign of shooting Catholics at random to sow terror has run up a higher death toll. While one Loyalist paramilitary group has hinted in the past that it might scale down violence to match an I.R.A. cease-fire, the other, called the Ulster Freedom Fighters, has shown no signs of any such restraint.

"Everything turns on how this plays in the Protestant ***working-class*** ghettos," said one diplomat, trading anonoymity for candor. "If the mood is that this is a sellout and the product of a secret deal, we could see a tremendous flareup of violence from the Protestant paramilitaries."

Politicians favoring a settlement, like Prime Minister Albert Reynolds of Ireland, went to great lengths today to pledge that there had been no back-room deals, while politicians against one, like the Rev. Ian Paisley of the extreme Democratic Unionist Party, charged that there had been.

Fear of Protestant Violence

A surge of violence from militant Protestants could feed the hard-liners within the I.R.A. or even cause a splinter group to break off and resume the armed struggle, especially if it occurs over a long period and gives the impression that Catholic neighborhoods are under attack by Protestant gunmen whom British security forces are unable to contain.

Many of the current leaders of the movement, including Gerry Adams, the president of Sinn Fein, gained prominence in the aftermath of a cease-fire that collapsed in 1975, and they rose to power as a faction that condemned older I.R.A. leaders for proclaiming that cease-fire. They are doubly wary about losing influence over the more militant members if the flexible stance they now advocate does not bear fruit soon.

With this in mind, Mr. Adams has been quick to demand something tangible from the British Government. He told a crowd of republicans that assembled to celebrate near Sinn Fein headquarters in Belfast today that Britain should release republican prisoners, estimated at between 400 and 600.

As another sign of good faith, the British Government could drop the broadcasting ban on Mr. Adams, so that his words could be heard directly over the airwaves in Britain, or reduce the visible patrols of its troops in Belfast and the Ulster countryside. One problem with that is that the troops may be needed to curb on violence from the Protestant side.

Behind the scenes there seems to be growing momentum for a quid-pro-quo exchange of constitutional dimensions. Under it, the Irish Republic would hold a referendum to revise articles in its constitution that claim dominion over the northern six counties; in return Britain would scrap the Northern Ireland Act of 1920 that established partition.

**Load-Date:** September 1, 1994

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[***RUNNING GUNS TO ARCADIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-TMM0-0017-50V0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MARTAN F. NOLAN; Martin F. Nolan is the editorial page editor of The Boston Globe.

**Body**

THE AMERICAN CONNECTION

U.S. Guns, Money, and Influence in Northern Ireland. By Jack Holland. Illustrated. 272 pp. New York: Viking. $19.95.

IN Chicago in the 1880's Patrick (Pagan) O'Leary urged Irish immigrants to help free their native land from British rule by joining the Fenian movement for Irish nationalism. O'Leary also called upon Irish-Americans to abandon their Roman Catholic religion, which, he said with keen Irish malice, had made them good for nothing but ''thumping their craws and telling their beads.'' Claiming that ''the Apostle of Ireland had demoralized the Irish by teaching them to forgive their enemies,'' O'Leary had abandoned his baptismal name of Patrick and urged his listeners to do the same.

In answer to O'Leary's call, the Irish stayed away from him in droves. When it came to nationalism, particularly with a strong anti-British accent, Irish-Americans were boisterously pro-Irish, but not if it conflicted with other values. This pattern persisted a century later in United States Presidential politics, as recounted in ''The American Connection'' by Jack Holland: ''Democratic vice-presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro's strong record of interest in Northern Ireland proved to be of secondary importance even to those Irish Americans active on the issue; many of them showed that they were more concerned with attacking her for her pro-choice position on abortion than they were with supporting her because of her commitment to human rights in Northern Ireland.''

Contradictions abound. How can conservative Irish-Americans support the Irish Republican Army, with its Marxist philosophy and connections to Libya and other terrorist regimes? How can so many Irish-Americans admire President Reagan, ignoring his close ties to British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, ''a woman,'' Mr. Holland says, ''they habitually denounce as an ogress''? He suggests that ''Irish America's view of Ireland tends to be arcadian - a reverie of the past in which the world was innocent, free from contradictions, rural and simple.''

Northern Ireland's sectarian strife, random violence and code of compulsory revenge form a familiar pattern. World War III is not likely to start in Derry or Belfast, but Ulster does resemble the Middle East, save for the fact that it is geopolitically insignificant and has few natural resources. Intractable politics means that people live and die in an atmosphere of hatred, despair and more than occasional danger.

Like the Middle East, Northern Ireland hears few voices of objective calm, but Mr. Holland has penetrated the factional din. He analyzes the contradictions, the political hypocrisies, the drenched-in-treacle murderous sentiment that attends the Irish question in the United States and Britain. Having reported from Dublin, Belfast, London and New York for The Daily News, The Irish Echo and other publications, he knows that no one has an instant program of easy solutions.

He skillfully discusses gunrunning operations on behalf of the I.R.A., as well as the countervailing initiative waged by Irish diplomats in the United States Congress. This lobbying effort has helped defuse pro-I.R.A. sentiment here. And the antiviolence stand of the so-called Big Four - Senators Edward M. Kennedy and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Thomas P. O'Neill, the former Speaker of the House, and Hugh Carey, the former Governor of New York - helped form the basis for the marginally helpful Anglo-Irish Agreement signed in November 1985. MR. HOLLAND is critical of the court system in the United States and harsher yet on the American press, which is, he charges, a conduit of either British or I.R.A. propaganda. ''The consensus view - of religious fanatics held back by a kindly British referee - suffocated any intelligent discussion of Northern Ireland in the U.S. throughout the 1970s,'' he writes. And he also condemns reporting ''through the eyes of a 'sentimental tough guy' persona derived, it would seem, from popular American detective fiction. . . . The object is blurred by melodrama. The Northern Ireland issue becomes a backdrop to the drama of the journalist's feelings about it.'' Important civil-liberties issues attract little liberal comment in the press, he writes, because silence ''is, unfortunately, in keeping with the infatuation of American liberal intellectuals with England, which has led them to ignore Northern Ireland - perhaps because it provides too many startling contradictions to their own rather sentimental notions about English civilization.''

If Mr. Holland has a bias, it is against the British Government, less for its policies toward Northern Ireland than for its lack of them. Apathy marks the British political attitude toward Ulster, despite the cost in lives and treasure. When a debate on the subject begins in the House of Commons, members begin to drift away as rapidly as the Irish in Chicago abandoned the lectures of Pagan O'Leary.

The Irish themselves regard Ulster as less important than their own economic problems or even their fascination with British royalty. Walking in Dublin during a royal wedding, I found the streets empty at noon, everyone inside glued to the telly. It was as though a neutron bomb of pro-British sentiment had struck the Irish capital.

Mr. Holland hopes for more intelligent and less romantic American involvement with Ireland, and he provides a guide for those who wish to decide for themselves just who the villains and heroes are. For an overdraft of green-beer sentiment, ''The American Connection'' is a lively chaser, bubbling with cold reality.

Jack Holland has a unique vantage point from which to view the strife in Northern Ireland and its political, religious and legal complexities.

He was born in the Falls Road Roman Catholic ghetto in Belfast of a family that was mixed Catholic and Protestant. He was educated in Belfast, Dublin and England. As a journalist he worked in Ireland, both North and South, and in New York, and lived in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn until last July, when he moved to a small village near Rome with his wife, Mary, a New Yorker, and his daughter, Jenny. But he still visits Belfast and New York on a regular basis.

His mixed background gave him access to Irish-American groups here and the warring factions in Belfast. ''Quite a few of my friends were involved in the troubles on both sides.'' But the 39-year-old Irishman has not been drawn into the quagmire. ''I always regarded myself as a journalist, an outsider; otherwise I couldn't be objective,'' he said in a telephone interview from Italy, where he is writing a historical novel.

He sees parallels between the strife in Northern Ireland and the American South in the 1950's. He spoke of ''a powerful, almost racist hostility toward Catholics from the Unionists, particularly the ***working-class*** Unionists.'' But Mr. Holland has avoided the pitfalls of advising Irish-Americans on what role, if any, they should play in Northern Ireland. ''I'm not an advocate that they should do anything except get to know as much as they can about the subject.''

  - FRANK LYNN

**Graphic**

Photo of Irish Solidarity Day supporters in N.Y.; photo of Jack Holland (Pru Rugby)

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[***Style Points***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D1B-HBV0-TW8F-G23X-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By WILLIAM L. HAMILTON

**Body**

It used to be a come as you are affair.

The athletes competing in the first modern Olympics in Athens in 1896 wore their own sports clothes or private athletic club uniforms in competition. They wore shorts and singlets, with the occasional Beau Brummel like the United States hurdler Alvin Kraenzlein, who was in an Eton collar and cravat in Paris in 1900, or a fashion maverick like the discus thrower Martin Sheridan, who won the gold in London in 1908 wearing garters.

But when the Games open in Athens next week, the athletes' apparel will be anything but happenstance, from the merchandising possibilities to the political implications.

In an acknowledgment of the global opportunity for merchandising, as well as performance and pride, the United States team, like many other teams, will be wearing five different uniforms: one each for the opening and closing ceremonies, a uniform to compete in, a podium uniform for accepting medals and an official village uniform as casual wear.

Costume changes have become something of an Olympic event.

The official United States team uniforms for Athens were designed by two companies to broaden sales appeal for retail versions of what the Olympic athletes will wear -- from downtime to competition, something for everyone. And individual United States teams and individual American athletes have allegiances to other companies showcasing their own products and technologies.

United States officials said that the 2004 designs were not toned down because of the war in Iraq or the sensitive nature of the United States' presence on the world stage. They are more evocative of a country that anyone could be fond of -- Great Gatsby-style golf caps, not the gunslingers' cowboy hats of Sarajevo in the winter of 1984 or the flag-waving patriotism of the star-spangled gymnasts' uniforms in Los Angeles that summer.

Spokesmen for Roots and Adidas said that the designs were developed two to three years ago, involved no deliberation on how to fine-tune or spin the image of the United States, and had not been amended since they were conceived.

''There was no discussion of making the athletes less conspicuous as Americans,'' said Michael Budman, a co-founder of Roots, who was speaking from Greece, where he is attending the Games with his family.

Budman, a United States citizen who has lived in Canada for 25 years, added: ''It's a difficult time, but reality is not what perception has been made out to be. I don't think the world is down on the U.S.''

The U.S.O.C.'s director of marketing, Cheryl Herbert, explained that the move away from iconic uniform designs, like cowboy clothing, was a more general trend, prompted by the athletes.

''We've stopped looking at it as a uniform, but as providing athletes with athletic fashion,'' she said. ''It's team psychology. If the athletes aren't comfortable wearing cowboy boots and hats, that's going to affect performance. They want everyday apparel. The costumes have dissipated.''

Roots, a Canadian company that designed uniforms for the United States team for Salt Lake City in 2002, is responsible for the uniforms the athletes will wear for the opening and closing ceremonies.

They include a loose, vintage-looking basketball shirt and a twill golf cap that can be worn front to back, back to front, or sideways, depending on how street-fashionable the athletes choose to be.

Roots is strong on casual wear, Herbert said.

''We wanted it to be fashion relevant, so kids would view the Olympics as cool,'' Chester Wheeler, director of corporate sales and licensing for the Olympic committee, said.

Roots' beret for the United States in Salt Lake City was a bestseller: More than a million, at $19.95 each, were sold, including one to the musician Sheryl Crow, and a bagful to Katie Couric for her NBC production crew.

Revenue from the 2002 designs was more than $40 million, which Roots expects to surpass with its Athens line because summer sportswear is generally more popular than winter gear.

Adidas, which has its headquarters in Germany, has designed the track-suit podium uniforms and the village wear.

''The Adidas line is more athletic and performance-driven,'' Herbert said. ''You might wear it to work out.''

Adidas worked with 20 other countries on designs for Athens, distinguishing teams with national colors, not individual silhouettes or elements of traditional dress. Adidas offered two shapes.

Countries like the United States, Greece and Germany had first pick, Bernd Feldmann, Adidas's corporate public relations director for the Olympics, said. That design was not offered to countries like Romania and Hungary.

Roots also outfitted Canada, Britain and Barbados, making national distinctions with subtle references. Britain's outfits are a shade of ecru, or off-white, which is associated with Fred Perry, the British tennis player, Budman said.

The parade of athletes at the opening ceremony on Aug. 13 will have aspects of the international parade television viewers and spectators have become familiar with. National uniforms, however, date to 1906, to an event in Greece that is not recognized officially by the International Olympic Committee.

''It was the first march of nations, with flag bearers,'' Bill Mallon, president of the International Society of Olympic Historians, said. ''The U.S. uniform was white shirt, white shorts, with a shield, with red, white and blue stripes on the front of the shield.''

Allen Guttmann, a sports historian and professor at Amherst College, and the author of ''The Olympics: A History of the Modern Games'' (University of Illinois Press, 2002), said that white was the standard of the early Games.

''Nineteenth-century sportswear was usually white,'' Guttmann said. ''The point was conspicuous consumption. White gets dirty more quickly and you have to have a good deal of money to wash your togs after every play. It was a way to distance players from the ***working class***. Class relationships had a lot more to do with sports in the early 20th century than nationalism.''

Guttmann explained that the importance of the appearance of nations, as witnessed by the appearance of participating athletes, came to the fore for the first time in Berlin in 1936, when Nazi Germany played host to the Games.

''People talked about the uniforms,'' he said. ''It was the first Olympics at which you had strongly nationalistic symbolism side by side with Olympic symbolism. Because the Games were so political, countries gave more thought to the uniforms.'' French athletes wore berets. Britons wore straw boaters. Egyptians wore fezzes. Athletes from Japan wore imperial peaked caps.

Mallon said that national pride displayed through uniforms incorporating traditional dress gave the Games a permanent visual identity as a global village and hit its stride in the 1950's and 60's.

''Before that, they largely marched in coats and ties,'' he said. ''Then, the Bermudans in Bermuda shorts started.''

The Olympics have had their fashion moments, good and bad, from Sonja Henie's radically stylish skating costumes -- ermine-trimmed satin-and-white skates -- to Peggy Fleming's home-sewn chartreuse chiffon, which her mother chose at Macy's because the color matched the famous liqueur produced by monks living outside Grenoble, France, where Fleming competed in 1968.

Abebe Bikila, an Ethopian runner, won a gold medal in bare feet in Rome in 1960. Michael Johnson, an American sprinter, won gold medals in Atlanta in 1996 -- in gold shoes.

At Lake Placid in 1980, looking like Starsky or Hutch, United States athletes wore fleece-lined suede jackets, blue jeans, and cowboy hats and boots provided by Levi Strauss.

''It was very stylin','' said Lynn Downey, the historian at the company, who added that the blue velour warm-up suit that Levi Strauss designed has ''become a major collectible on eBay.''

The Olympics have had their fashion critics, too.

Katarina Witt cut the ice with controversy in 1984 and 1988 because the cut of her costumes were sensationally scant.

Witt told Vogue magazine in a 1991 interview that she had the body for it.

And the Games have had their political fashions. The American sprinters John Carlos and Tommie Smith raised black-gloved fists on the awards podium in Mexico City in 1968, in solidarity with the black power movement.

In Athens this month, the prevailing fashion will be the look of performance, and the look of performance is the look of technology. It is a phenomenon viewers first saw in Lake Placid in 1980, Mallon said, when the speed skater Eric Heiden won gold medals wearing a gold bodysuit (and matching hood) that looked like speed itself.

Todd Van Hornek, Olympic creative director for Nike, called it the art of speed, which the company develops in tandem with what he called science of speed in designing athletic apparel. ''It's fantastic to be fast, with engineering, but you have to look fast too,'' said Van Horne, speaking of graphics and shapes that psychologically convey performance, to the wearer and to the viewer.

Or, as BVD put it in their advertising in 1932, after signing Johnny Weissmuller, the Olympic gold medalist, for $500 a week to help sell swimming suits, ''You swim faster in our suits because the stripes go up and down.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: OOH, BOP, FASHION -- Above from left, cowboys and cowgirls at Lake Placid

gold-medal velour suits

Mary Lou Retton's stars and stripes

Michael Johnson's gold shoes

and headgear by Roots. (Photos from left, Levi Strauss

Bettmann/Corbis

Lionel Cironneau/Associated Press

Doug Mills/Associated Press

John MacDougall/Agence France-Presse)

BERLIN TO ATHENS -- United States athletes, left, in uniforms for the 1936 Olympics in Berlin. Above from left, the Australians Shane Kelly, Trish Fallon and Lee Troop model their flashy uniforms for Athens. (Photos by left, Associated Press

above, Will Burgess/Reuters)

GOLDEN GARTERS -- U.S. discus thrower Martin Sheridan won a gold medal in London in 1908 wearing garters. (Photo by Bettmann/Corbis)(pg. D1)

Athletes from Burkina Faso, above, in traditional dress in Atlanta in 1996. For the 2000 Games in Australia, right, U.S. athletes wore understated blazers, khakis and stylish hats. (Photo by Franck Seguin/TempSport -- Corbis)

Nike's new uniforms, above, for the U.S. track and field team. Jim Ryun, right, in his University of Kansas uniform in Mexico in 1968. (Photo by Barton Silverman/The New York Times)

(Photo by Scott Eells)

(Photo by Associated Press)(pg. D8)

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[***BUTTERED TOAST AND BOSWELL'S COW***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-TC10-0017-53HK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 12, 1987, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 11, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1225 words

**Byline:** MAUREEN QUILLIGAN; Maureen Quilligan teaches English literature at the University of Pennsylvania.

**Body**

THE ENGLISH

A Social History, 1066-1945. By Christopher Hibbert. Illustrated. 785 pp. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. $32.95.

AS is only to be expected from a book succinctly titled ''The English,'' Christopher Hibbert has written a chronicle of 879 years of national culture that is not in the least bit French. I mean his ''social history'' has none of the marks of the annaliste school of French historians associated with such names as Lucien Febvre, Philippe Aries and Fernand Braudel, with its emphasis on long-term social changes, its reliance on demography and its pan-European interest in underlying economic causality. A self-avowed popular historian, Mr. Hibbert is the author of 24 previous volumes of biography and history, ranging from ''The Battle of Arnhem'' to ''The Personal History of Samuel Johnson'' and ''The Rise and Fall of the House of Medici'' (the last so enchanting that, reading it during a stay in Florence, I could barely get myself out the door to look at the monuments Mr. Hibbert described).

In an author's note, Mr. Hibbert explains that analysis is not his intent and that he had originally intended to call his massive new book ''Scenes of English Life.'' It would have been well had he done so, for the reader would not then have expected the more rigorous methods promised by the subtitle, ''A Social History.'' In place of analysis here we find anecdotes. The emphasis is local, the facts are fascinating, the tone is often amusing. This is Mr. Hibbert's description of the often riotous behavior of 18th-century London theater crowds during performances: ''Another night, at Drury Lane, 'in a wild freak of youthful extravagance', Boswell 'entertained the audience prodigiously', so he flattered himself, 'by imitating the lowing of a cow'. 'I was so successful in this boyish frolic that the universal cry of the galleries was, ''Encore the cow! Encore the cow!''. In the pride of my heart I attempted imitations of some other animals, but with very inferior effect. My reverend friend [his companion, Dr Hugh Blair], anxious for my fame, with the air of utmost gravity and earnestness addressed me thus: ''My dear sir, I would confine myself to the cow.'' ' ''

Like Boswell, Mr. Hibbert confines himself to the cow - the successful trick in this case being his unending flow of anecdotes about such things as murderous medieval town-gown relations, Elizabethan barbershop music (while they waited, clients played on specially provided instruments), changes in pub hours during World War I. By turns witty and disgusting, fascinating and funny, the anecdotes are, as his structural rubrics make clear, most often theatrical and literary. English history from its birth at the Battle of Hastings to the dawn of its decline at the end of World War II is divided into four major sections: ''The Middle Ages,'' ''The Ages of Shakespeare and Milton,'' ''From Defoe to Cobbett'' and ''From the Victorians to Modern Times.''

Defoe Mr. Hibbert calls ''the best authority for early eighteenth-century England that we have.'' As defensible as this proposition may be, it bespeaks an acceptance of Defoe's limitations as a source which could only be corrected by a demographic analysis based on patient raking through parish registers, a search for alternate nonliterary voices that might offer different testimony. Similarly, the sexual escapades recorded by Pepys and Boswell are the basis for the conclusion that ''there is no reason to suppose that the women [Boswell] and Pepys encountered were peculiarly accommodating. . . . Indeed, it seems, that most women in their day took pleasure in sex and were, like men, unselfconsciously intrigued by all its manifestations and quite ready to regard with indulgence the results of its illicit practice.'' While cultural attitudes toward sexuality in the 18th century did differ radically from the hypocritical prudishness of the well-meaning Victorian reformers Mr. Hibbert cites later, Pepys's and Boswell's sexual sketches can bear a very different class-based Continued on next page analysis than either they or Mr. Hibbert offer us.

''The English'' ought, by rights, to be insular in its focus, and in fact the Empire makes little appearance here except insofar as its economic force has a varying impact on the fortunes of Great Britain. The American colonies are mentioned merely in terms of the army conscription their rebellion required in 1779. The slave trade appears only in a couple of sentences telling us it was abolished in 1807. However, a few of the volume's many lush illustrations show black servants and minstrels, a constant refrain in ***working-class*** complaints is that they are treated like black slaves in America and the caption to one picture of early 18th-century Bristol notes that as many as 30,000 slaves left the port every year. (None of these items appear in the index under ''slaves,'' which cites only the temporary enslavement of vagabonds in Elizabethan England.) Given the often belletristic nature of the first three-quarters of the volume, it is hard to account for the remarkable change in tone from the descriptions of pre-industrial England to the statistically detailed horrors of the Victorian period when ''in 1847 paupers were put to bone-crushing: they were so ill fed that they fought each other for the putrid gristle from the horses' bones.'' The speed of narration - nine centuries in 700 pages - begins only in the Victorian era to operate like time-lapse photography; the landscape we have watched changing slowly now develops fissures in a flash, and a new, deeper abyss opens between the ruling elite and the masses of hideously suffering poor.

For example, Mr. Hibbert juxtaposes the anecdotage of the anonymous ''My Secret Life'' (''You can always have a field girl. . . . Nobody cares'') with a commission report on children's employment that records the voice of a raped 13-year-old field girl. Here, since the Victorian reformers themselves supplied the documents, Mr. Hibbert is able to supply a corrective view. It would have been more difficult, but not impossible, for him to have supplied a similar perspective in the case of Boswell and Pepys.

Moving through his four periods in paired social groupings - such as ''Pupils and Masters,'' ''Actors and Playgoers,'' ''Masters and Workers,'' ''Homes and Holidays'' - Mr. Hibbert paints scenes teeming with detail that richly evoke the evolution of a wide range of social institutions: education, medicine, marriage, work, leisure, theater, commerce and, not least, eating. Anyone on a diet would be advised to postpone this book. So sensuous is the evocation of food, with page-long menus to exemplify the difference between cultural periods (one chapter is titled ''Roasted Chickens - Pease - Lobsters - Strawberries''), the reader is inspired to snack a great deal. And, since the book is as long as it is rich, one's appreciation of Mr. Hibbert's delectable style may be weighed on the scales. ''The English'' goes down like the buttered toast they invented: ''There is a way of roasting slices of buttered bread before the fire which is incomparable,'' a foreigner observed. ''One slice after another is taken and held to the fire with a fork till the butter soaks through the whole pile of slices. This is called toast.'' ''Toast'' also has an entry in the index.

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[***With Church Preaching in Vain, Brazilians Embrace Birth Control***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-Y680-008G-F063-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 2, 1994, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

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

**Length:** 1299 words

**Byline:** By JAMES BROOKE,

By JAMES BROOKE,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** RIO DE JANEIRO, Sept. 1

**Body**

At a health clinic for ***working-class*** women here, the gynecologist initially thought the question was a joke. How often do women make religious objections when birth control techniques are discussed?

"Well, I do remember a case last year," finally answered Jose Antonio Aviles, a gynecologist who treats about 80 women a week. "I think she was a Jehovah's Witness."

When a major United Nations conference on population policy opens next week in Cairo, Vatican envoys are expected to lobby hard to keep all mention of abortion and artificial birth control out of official documents. Already the Vatican has accused the United States of trying to use the conference to impose contraception and abortion on poor countries and people of religious faith.

But Brazil, with the world's largest Roman Catholic population, is a living study in the limits to the reach of Rome. In a country where Catholics account for 75 percent of the nation's 154 million people, every relevant statistic shows that most people ignore the Catholic Church's teachings on family planning methods.

In a survey of 2,076 Brazilian adults in June, 88 percent of respondents said they "don't follow" church teachings on birth control and abortion. Among women from 25 to 44, the "don't follow" group expanded to 90 percent.

"My mother went through 13 pregnancies, but only 6 of us survived," Edilza Rodrigues said at the Praia do Pinto clinic here as she rocked her newborn son, Gabriel. "I decide what I want. And for me, two is enough."

Played out on a national scale, such attitudes toward birth control have led to one of the most radical reductions in family size recorded in modern history. In the space of one generation, the average number of children born to a Brazilian woman has plummeted, from 5.75 in 1970 to 2.35 today.

"The Brazilian population is controlling its birth rate a great deal," said Simon Schwartzman, president of the Brazilian Institute of Geography and Statistics, a government agency that released new census data in August. "And the trend is toward continued reduction."

The census found that Brazil's population increasingly lives in urban areas -- 75 percent -- and is increasingly literate, 80 percent. The share of households headed by women increased over the last 25 years from 13 percent to about 22 percent. Today, about 40 percent of adult Brazilian women work outside the home.

Census data show that the fertility rates are particularly low in Brazil's developed south, where they have fallen below the replacement level of 2.1 children per woman, which is the rate for the United States. In the impoverished northeast, the rate is 4.0, relatively high in Brazil but well below the 5.8. recorded in the region in 1980.

About two-thirds of married women practice some form of birth control. Of this group, about 43 percent use oral contraceptives and 42 percent have been sterilized though tubal ligations or other methods.

The Solution for Many

"It has gotten into the heads of lots of women that tying their tubes is the solution," said Dr. Aviles, the gynecologist. "Increasingly, it is younger women who want to be sterilized after their second child."

Failing to prevent unwanted pregnancies, about 1.4 million Brazilian women undergo abortions every year. That represents about 30 percent of all pregnancies, studies show.

Nevertheless, abortion is illegal in Brazil except in cases of rape or a threat to the mother's health. Safety therefore depends on the woman's ability to pay, with clandestine abortion clinics ranging from a midwife's shack in a hillside slum to a modern dispensary in a middle-class neighborhood. The police rarely raid the clinics, well-known links in a multimillion-dollar industry.

Acting with the National Conference of Brazilian Bishops based in Brasilia, the Catholic Church has successfully lobbied to maintain laws against abortion and sterilization and to block legislative efforts to provide free contraceptives through Brazil's national health service.

Clinics Privately Maintained

"On the level of daily life, the influence of the church is very limited," said Jacqueline Pitanguy, a sociologist. "But it really influences Government."

Unlike Colombia and Mexico, which have strong Government-led family planning programs, Brazil's Government follows a laissez-faire policy. With the Government on the sidelines, family planning was first pushed by foreign aid organizations in the 1960's. Even today, virtually all clinics that dispense birth control pills and information, like the one where Dr. Aviles works, are maintained by private groups.

Although opinion polls show that Brazilian women want universal access to modern family planning techniques, they have very little power in Brazil's political establishment.

No women serve as state governors or Supreme Court justices, and women hold only 4.7 percent of the seats in the 580-member Congress. Though 52 percent of the members of the Brazilian Bar Association are women, it has no women serving as directors. .

"Women's health pays the price," said Mrs. Pitanguy, who will be an observer in the Brazilian Government's delegation to the Cairo conference.

Brazil's Conference Position

Although roughly the same number of abortions are performed annually in Brazil and in the United States, Brazil records about 400,000 annual hospitalizations for medical complications resulting from abortions. In the United States, about 10,000 women are admitted annually for abortion complications.

For the population conference in Cairo, the Government has adopted a policy of supporting language in conference documents that would be consonant with Brazilian law, specifically, allowing contraception but permitting abortion only in the case of rape or a threat to the mother's health.

Advancing the Vatican's argument in preparation for the population conference, Catholic bishops have spoken out in newspaper essays in favor of "natural methods" of family planning like rhythm. The bishops argue that affluent nations are seeking to restrict births in the third world to avoid having to share their riches.

"Instead of social justice, they seek the reduction of those who should equally enjoy these gifts that God created for all of his children," Rio's Archbishop, Eugenio Cardinal Sales, wrote in Globo, the city's biggest-selling newspaper.

In the last year, the Rio Archdiocese has trained 900 people to work as health workers teaching parishioners what the Archbishop called "natural methods of recognized efficiency."

"We will never accept a state interference to force on poor people attitudes that they reject," the Archbishop wrote.

But the church's efforts are expected to make little headway, undermined by a traditional Brazilian irreverence for authority and increasing pressures on a heavily urban population to have small families.

Battle Over a Bill

"Brazil is also part of the modern world," said Roberto da Matta, a Brazilian anthropologist. "Catholicism in Brazil was always based on a dualism. Brazilian Catholics have no problems about going to Mass and then taking the pill."

Mrs. Pitanguy, the sociologist, said the fight in Cairo could turn into a replay of recent struggles in Brasilia, where Congress is often attentive to the concerns of the Catholic Church hierarchy. In the latest fight here, the church is pressing senators to reject a bill that would allow Brazil's national health service to provide free contraceptive devices and counseling as well as vasectomies and sterilizations for women. Sponsored by a Workers Party congressman from Sao Paulo, the bill was approved in June by Brazil's Chamber of Deputies.

"Women have the right to be considered capable of taking responsible decisions," Mrs. Pitanguy wrote in Globo. "No women can be forced to conceive or blocked from conceiving."

**Graphic**

Photo: Most Brazilians ignore the Catholic Church's teachings on birth control. "My mother went through 13 pregnancies, but only 6 of us survived," said Edilza de Oliveira, 23. "I decide what I want." She inspected her son, Gabriel, before he was weighed at the Praia do Pinto clinic in Rio de Janeiro. (John Maier/JB Pictures, for The New York Times) (pg. A3)

Graph: "BY THE NUMBERS: Declining Births" tracks Brazil's fertility rate, measured as the average number of children born per woman of childbearing age since 1970. (Source: Brazilian Institute of Geography and Statistics) (pg. A3)

**Load-Date:** September 2, 1994

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[***A Cool Writer Warms Up; Ian McEwan's Latest Novel Charts an Emotional Journey***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45N8-9HS0-01CN-H25T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 23, 2002 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1460 words

**Byline:**  By MEL GUSSOW

**Dateline:** OXFORD, England

**Body**

After writing the first draft of the opening chapters of his new novel "Atonement," Ian McEwan -- as is his habit -- read them aloud to his wife, Annalena McAfee. He was not looking for praise or criticism but simply to hear the work and to let her know what he was doing over a period of months in the privacy of his study. Her curiosity piqued, Ms. McAfee asked him where the book would end.

As Mr. McEwan recalled in a conversation that began in his home here and continued over lunch in a neighborhood restaurant, he started to improvise and was quickly carried away by his own story. "I told her the last chapter," he said, "and to my amazement she burst into tears. Ah, well, I thought, this is correct." He added, "I hadn't seen it in quite so emotional terms." More than two years later, when it came time to write the final chapter, it was almost exactly as he had told her.

Readers, now numbering in the hundreds of thousands for this international best seller, may share in the emotional impact, something that is not usually associated with Mr. McEwan's work. Each of his previous novels, from "The Cement Garden" in 1978 to "Amsterdam," which won the Booker Prize in 1998, has its admirers, but none of his books have met with such overwhelming enthusiasm. It is a response that has taken this usually reserved author by surprise.

Despite all the acclaim and his ranking at 52 with Martin Amis and Julian Barnes as one of the outstanding British novelists of his generation, he has been regarded as a cool, objective writer who specializes in writing about obsessive behavior. As John Updike said in his review of "Atonement" in The New Yorker, "Ian McEwan, whose novels have tended to be short, smart, and saturnine, has produced a beautiful and majestic fictional panorama."

"Atonement" begins like a novel by Jane Austen, transformed into a Merchant-Ivory movie, as an English country house comes alive in 1935 with a diverse cast of privileged characters, most of whom belong to the extended Tallis family. Then there is a swift cinematic cut to the battle of Dunkirk in World War II, and in the third part the scene is a hospital on the home front in London. Finally, in the coda, the section that so moved the author's wife, the book moves forward to 1999 for its embracing, reflective conclusion.

With its air of mystery and prismatic sense of time, the novel is perhaps more closely related to books like "The French Lieutenant's Woman" by John Fowles and "Possession" by A. S. Byatt than to Mr. McEwan's earlier work. He freely acknowledged the change of aim and texture. He said that in his early novels he wanted "to explore intellectual ideas and then looked for dramatic ways of doing it." For example, "The Innocent" had "a very strong sense of what it means for empires to be in decline and others to rise, and how private lives are worked out against the backdrop of world historical events."

"Amsterdam," he said, was transitional and represented an attempt to emphasize character more. When he began "Atonement," he did not have any concept or destination in mind: "I started with a girl with some flowers in her hand walking into a room in a country house. Sentences simply grew into paragraphs, and paragraphs became a chapter. I knew I had started a novel, but I didn't know what novel it was. It didn't seem to be any of the novels I had been sketching out in the previous 15 months."

Then he wrote a chapter about the girl's younger sister, Briony, putting on a play for the family in the country house. "In the course of that, a household started to emerge," he said. "By the time I finished that chapter, I could see Dunkirk far in the distance and, way beyond that, St. Thomas's Hospital. But I had no ideas, simply characters. It seemed to me a much more difficult way to write a novel, but also it was quite liberating. I had no axes to grind intellectually, and if along the way issues of memory and conscience and class order arose, that was fine. But I had nothing to pursue except the fates of these people."

Eventually he reversed the order of the first two chapters, and Briony became the pivotal character. By wrongly charging someone with a crime, she becomes the catalyst for the events that follow.

"For 10 years in my notebooks I referred to a novel I would write one day, and I called it my Jane Austen novel," Mr. McEwan said. "I guess this will have to be it. 'Northanger Abbey' was on my mind. I loved the idea of Catherine Morland, being so turned by gothic novels. She gets everything wonderfully wrong, and is shamed by the end. There is some relationship between her and Briony." The epigraph to the book is from "Northanger Abbey."

For the duration of the writing, the title was "An Atonement," then after reading the manuscript, Timothy Garton Ash, an Oxford professor and author who is one of Mr. McEwan's friends, suggested that he remove the "an," because the novel was not just about Briony's search for atonement but a more generic sense of redemption, about guilt as something "too great to expiate."

After speaking about the new novel as a turning point in his career, Mr. McEwan recalled his entry into the profession. When he graduated from the University of Sussex, he was unsure about his future until he took a course taught by the novelist Malcolm Bradbury at the University of East Anglia. Although it was a course in comparative literature and literary theory, it allowed students to write fiction rather than a thesis. It gave him an opportunity to read and to study a range of American writers, including Philip Roth, Saul Bellow and William Burroughs, and to write a short story every three or four weeks.

He said he was "animated" by the freedom of the American writers in contrast to the sedateness of English fiction. "I thought English writing was so polite and dull," he said. "Something exploded in the back of my skull. I felt wild and wanted to shock. I used to deny this."

"I can't in any way disown them," he said about his early stories, but because of them he was typecast as a writer. After publishing two novels and two collections of stories, he felt that he had written himself into a corner: "I was dedicated to these claustrophobic situations that were strange, grotesque and perverse."

A breakthrough came when he wrote two films in the 1980's directed by Richard Eyre, one for television about code breaking, the other, "The Ploughman's Lunch," a cynical look at British morals. Those movies allowed him to be more socially engaged, to write about "definable people in specific locations," he said.

Preparing to write "Atonement," he investigated the battle of Dunkirk. He spent four days in the Imperial War Museum in London, reading letters and diaries of soldiers at the front, and he also remembered stories told to him by his father, who had been in the battle: "He told me he had seen an R.A.F. clerk being lynched on the beach. I made my own version of that." Mr. McEwan's father had been wounded in his legs. "He teamed up with another man who was wounded in his arms. Between them, they worked the controls of a motorbike," a scene that appears in "Atonement."

In an essay on the art of fiction that deals partly with Mr. McEwan's work in her new book, "Negotiating With the Dead: A Writer on Writing," Margaret Atwood poses three questions to herself and other novelists: Who are you writing for? Why do you do it? And where does it come from?

Mr. McEwan answered them in quick succession: "I think you could only do it for yourself under the assumption that if you like it, someone else might like it, too. Why do it? I think it's impossible not to. Not to write seems to me to be a gross rebuke of the gift of consciousness. Where does it come from? You have to dig fairly deeply and relax your control of it, unless you're a genre writer and can say, 'I'm going to write about the colonization of Mars.' " Fiction, he said, "is a random, associative business, just the white noise of daydreaming thought."

He admitted that there were always mistakes along the way, as he revealed his initial, discarded notion about "Atonement" as a futuristic novel in which the upper class was backward looking, as if living in the 18th century, and the ***working class*** reaped the benefits of technology. The hero, Robbie Turner, would have implants in his brain and mental access to the Internet.

"I wrote 600 words," he said, "and by that time the idea just dropped away as being completely ludicrous." Soon he was back with the Tallis family at home before the war.

"There are so many available futures to a project," he said. "A thousand possible novels could have been written." Happily for Mr. McEwan and his readers, he chose the intuitive path that led to "Atonement."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Ian McEwan recalls thinking, "This is correct," when his wife cried as he revealed the ending of his novel "Atonement." Now readers are joining her, and the book is an international best seller. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 23, 2002

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[***Are You Ready for 'Survivor: The Hamptons'?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45HW-5VC0-01CN-H11R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 7, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1451 words

**Byline:**  By ALEX KUCZYNSKI

**Body**

IN a Manhattan editing room, beneath a Warhol portrait of Mick Jagger, Barbara Kopple, the Academy Award-wining documentary filmmaker, soldiered away last week, piecing together her latest expose.

Posters from her previous films decorated the walls, for "Harlan County, U.S.A.," a saga about Kentucky coal miners for which she won an Oscar in 1977 when she was 21, and "American Dream," a film about striking Minnesota meatpackers, Oscar No. 2.

If striking meatpackers are looking for a champion these days, they had better look elsewhere. On the other hand, if your last name is Hilton or Grubman: beware.

Last week, Ms. Kopple was poring over several hundred hours of video footage of Alec Baldwin, Christie Brinkley, Lizzie Grubman, Kathy Hilton and Russell Simmons -- distilling the melodramatic summer of 2001 in the Hamptons into the stuff of cinema verite.

Billing the project as the first "reality miniseries," ABC will broadcast "The Hamptons" in two two-hour segments on June 2 and 3. Viewers will see Ms. Grubman, the perennially tanned publicist, speaking of how the season doesn't really start for her until the Fourth of July weekend, in an interview recorded a few weeks before she backed her S.U.V. into a nightclub crowd, injuring 16.

"The Hamptons" couldn't come at a worse time. It will be shown during a season of doubt and self-scrutiny in New York's wealthiest beach community. For many people who summer or live year-round on Long Island's South Fork, the months Ms. Kopple filmed began as mawkish Grand Guignol, with Ms. Grubman's troubles. The end of the summer brought no relief, only further scandal and sorrow that has continued into 2002.

And this spring there are reports of a damaged rental market, which could dampen the local economy, and some owners are leaving, too.

"I will miss the light and the sea and the air," said Richard D. Emery, a lawyer in Manhattan, who has put his Bridgehampton house, steps from the beach, on the market. The crowds and what Mr. Emery characterized as aggressive overbuilding have become too obnoxious.

"A monstrosity was built next to my house," he said. "There is a three-car garage with a window out the back so when they sit by the pool they can see their cars. Essentially it is an acre and a half of paved-over lot which might as well be the courtyard of an apartment building."

Mr. Emery and his fiancee have bought a house in upstate New York.

"The good things about the Hamptons are slowly being extinguished and eaten up and destroyed," Steven Gaines, the author of "Philistines at the Hedgerow: Passion and Property in the Hamptons," and a subject in Ms. Kopple's film, said last week. "I think this place is in danger of becoming a carnival."

At least since 1983, when New York magazine ran a cover story proclaiming the Hamptons dead, trend spotters have annually pronounced their verdict on the South Fork's well-being: the Hamptons are over! The Hamptons are back!

Calling the Hamptons either passe or vibrant has become a cliche. But the tide of public opinion this year seems to be almost uniform: The Hamptons? Whether it's boom or bust, love it or leave it, the events of the last year have left a lingering bad taste in the mouth.

Many point to the way the Grubman affair divided the community. According to police reports, Ms. Grubman shouted "white trash" at a doorman who would not allow her to park where she wanted outside the Conscience Point nightclub, then backed her Mercedes-Benz S.U.V. into the crowd. She has been charged with assault; her case returns to court April 29.

Old-money residents looked down at her as an example of arriviste bad manners, and the incident galvanized the belief of ***working-class*** residents that the rich treat everyone, especially them, with contempt.

"That was the apotheosis of all the bad things happening out here, the sense of entitlement, the rudeness, hostility, even brewing violence," Mr. Gaines said. "I think people are angry at the Hamptons. People want to see it hurt and made fun of."

At the end of August, Jeff Salaway, an owner of Nick & Toni's restaurant in East Hampton, died in a car accident. The sense of community loss was swiftly overtaken by Sept. 11. In October, the banker Ted Ammon -- in the midst of a bitter divorce -- was found murdered at his East Hampton house. He had been bludgeoned, and the fact that the crime is unsolved has kept alive the community's anxiety.

But in the world of documentary film, one person's tragedy, hostility or disgrace is another's material.

The overall Hamptons vision of Ms. Kopple, a filmmaker with an acute social conscience, is not the standard media sound-bite -- playground of the spoiled wealthy. It is more complex, and even tender.

Last week, as she entered the homestretch of her months of editing, she said she did not set out to take potshots at the well-to-do; that would be too easy.

Sure, there is the couple whose wedding was inspired by Sean Combs's "white party" of 1998, where all the guests were required to wear white, and there is the woman who has decided to spend the summer finding a husband. (Among her requirements: a Porsche, a full head of his own hair, and he has to be Jewish.)

But Ms. Kopple also focused on Marilee Foster, a farmer whose family has lived in the Hamptons for generations; Kenneth Brown, a retired police officer; Ms. Brinkley and her husband, Peter Cook, campaigning for safety at the Millstone Nuclear Power Station -- since renamed Millstone Power Station -- in Waterford, Conn., which they believe is a threat to Long Island.

Just as Ms. Kopple looked at the lives of waitresses and millionaires, activity in the Hamptons also now tells divergent stories. Many summer renters seem to have decided to stay away this year. Peter Turino, an owner of the property company Dunemere Associates, choosing his words with care, said that prospective tenants are taking their time to sign up.

"I think what we are experiencing is some sort of delay in the usual rush for rentals," he said. "Looking back on the events of the last year, we're still experiencing a little bit of, I don't know, what some call aftershock."

Suffering from both aftershock and sticker shock, Andrew Friedman, an author of cookbooks and one-time Hamptons renter, said that he and his wife will not return to the area. Instead, they just bought a weekend house in Chatham, N.Y.

"In my mid-20's, it was where everyone wanted to be," Mr. Friedman, who is in his early 30's, said. "No longer."

He said his main reason for leaving was the high prices.

"For half of what you pay in the Hamptons, you get something beautiful in Chatham, or Bucks County," he said. He and his wife, Caitlin Connelly, spent one weekend looking at Hamptons houses for sale, and what they saw for enormous prices, he said, "would just make you cry."

Jeff Jones, a carpenter whose family has lived on Flying Point Road in Southampton for 15 generations, said that he was considering leaving if a proposed house is built on swampland across the street.

Pointing out a few red flags planted into the soft earth, he said: "If this goes up, I go. It's stuff like this, like all of last year, that leaves a real bad taste in my mouth."

Some real estate agents, Judi Desiderio of Cook Pony Farm among them, say that sales are brisk. "One set of buyers has an investment mentality, and they are taking money out of the stock market and putting it in a house," she said. "The other set are people who want to own a home or retire here. Both are out in full force."

And local businessmen are optimistic. Phil Biscoglio, the manager of La Carezza, a beauty salon in Southampton, said that while the events of the last year left some traumatic memories, they did not necessarily leave commercial scars. The salon's clients, he said, are already booking their summer appointments.

"We are busy, we are starting to get e-mails and phone calls from people who will be out for the summer and are booking appointments through September," he said. "No one is saying, 'Take me out of the book because the Hamptons are dead.' "

Mr. Biscoglio said that the only person who would be affected was Ms. Grubman. "She probably won't be spending the summer out here," he said.

While Ms. Kopple's "Hamptons" is sure to reopen some wounds, it will also, the filmmaker said, show the side of the community that makes people want to return. "Every town has its tragedies, and deaths, and sorrows, no matter how wealthy," she said. "Wealth doesn't protect people from that."

"But people will see how beautiful it is," she added, with a regard for her own personal power that would make Hamptonites proud. "After this series runs, I bet there will be a surge of popularity."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A SUMMER PLACE -- Barbara Kopple's documentary of Hamptons life takes in, clockwise from top, the house beverage; the cruising set; a wedding; citizen Billy Joel; the molasseslike traffic; and Lizzie Grubman, before Conscience Point. (ABC)(pg. 1); BITTER -- Jeff Jones, a carpenter, sees the Hamptons as a paradise approaching ruin. He is considering leaving.; BATTERED -- After Lizzie Grubman plowed into Conscience Point nightclub patrons in July, a pall settled in.; BEREAVED -- September brought the car-crash death of Jeff Salaway, an owner of Nick & Toni's, a popular spot. (Photographs by Gordon M. Grant for the New York Times)(pg. 9)

**Load-Date:** April 7, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Stewart Likely To Influence Her Company, Even From Jail***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CW9-6K00-TW8F-G1SV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section C; Column 2; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1; MARTHA STEWART'S SENTENCE: THE CORPORATE ROLE

**Length:** 939 words

**Byline:** By JONATHAN D. GLATER

**Body**

Martha Stewart is all but certain to serve prison time. But few believe that she will give up her connections and influence over her company.

There is no law against her working for her company, Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia, although working from prison -- if her appeal is unsuccessful -- will require overcoming some logistical obstacles. Since the sentence she received yesterday is only five months long, with five months of home confinement, few doubt that when she is released she will take up some role at the company that she built.

''I don't think there are any expectations that she will all of a sudden go away,'' said Eugene E. Murphy, a partner in the Chicago law office of Bryan Cave. ''I fully anticipate her, if not directly then indirectly, operating her company, or at least having a significant'' impact.

This is one of the many ways that Ms. Stewart's conviction on charges of lying to federal investigators about a stock sale in December 2001 is different from cases against other executives. If Kenneth L. Lay, former chief executive of Enron, is convicted, no one expects him to find a job at the company when it emerges from bankruptcy proceedings. And one rather doubts that Frank P. Quattrone, convicted for obstruction of justice, would get a job at his old employer, Credit Suisse First Boston.

''It's a very, very strange one,'' said Charles Elson, director of the Weinberg Center for Corporate Governance at the University of Delaware.

The strangeness is a result of the unusually close, even blurry relationship between Ms. Stewart and her company. She is the majority stockholder, with about 60 percent of the shares. She is also the embodiment of the brand and the creative force behind the company's products, including the magazine that carries her name.

''That's what makes her situation unique,'' Mr. Murphy said. ''She was the biggest player in that game, not only in terms of ownership but also operationally and economically.''

But such cases are not unheard of. Two years ago Steve Madden, the former chief executive of the trendy shoe line named for him, was sentenced to 41 months in prison for securities fraud and money laundering. Although he stepped down as chief executive, an employment contract that allowed the company to use his name assured him payments of $700,000 a year -- payments he continues to receive, even while in prison.

Such continuing relationships with former employers are possible because no law bars a convicted criminal from working for a former employer, lawyers said, although company bylaws often prohibit those guilty of crimes of ''moral turpitude'' from serving as directors or officers. (Ms. Stewart has given up her posts of chief executive, chairwoman and chief creative officer.)

''The Bureau of Prisons has restrictions on what she can do,'' but that's the only challenge to working from prison or home detention, said Jill Fisch, director of the center for corporate, securities and financial law at Fordham Law School. ''You're a lot more limited in what you can do, just practically, but there's no legal restriction.''

Even though prisoners may be required to perform certain tasks during the day, they are able to receive visitors and, at designated times, make telephone calls, lawyers said. She will not have speedy access to faxes or e-mail messages, Mr. Murphy said, but she will be able to read newspapers, for example.

''You cannot cut her off in terms of access to information,'' he added.

What is also odd about this case is that there would probably be very little opposition to Ms. Stewart's playing a role in her company's operations, largely because the company was not the victim of the crime she was convicted of, Ms. Fisch said.

''Most of the white-collar convictions that we've seen are based on wrongdoing that's intertwined with the executive's position at the company --accounting fraud, manipulating the company's transactions or records, securities fraud based on the company's own misstatements and so forth,'' Ms. Fisch said. ''The conduct of which Martha Stewart was convicted, lying to federal officials, was purely personal.''

That puts enough distance between Ms. Stewart's crime and any responsibilities at the company that her working there might not be objectionable, said Robert Curry, a partner at the law firm of Kirby McInerney & Squire in New York.

''It really is a fact-specific investigation,'' he said, ''and here it seems that the charges she has been convicted on and sentenced on are sufficiently remote.''

After Ms. Stewart serves any prison time, perhaps it would be unfair to hold any past crime against her anyway, Mr. Elson said. ''There is the idea that once you've paid your debt, you've paid your debt.''

As majority shareholder, Ms. Stewart will continue to wield considerable but not unlimited influence over the company. The Securities and Exchange Commission, which has filed a civil suit against Ms. Stewart, seeks both to bar her from serving as a director of a public company and to limit the responsibilities she could take as an officer. And given the media attention to Ms. Stewart, Ms. Fisch observed, ''Obviously she is going to be cautious about exercising that control and about any appearance of impropriety.''

But it may be appropriate to let Ms. Stewart continue to be productive in her company in some way, even if she is in prison, Ms. Fisch added. ''From an average-citizen standpoint, what would you rather have Martha Stewart do, work on future plans for her company or make license plates?'' she asked, and then added, ''Although they would be very nice license plates.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Martha Stewart outside the federal courthouse in Manhattan after her sentencing yesterday. If she does serve prison time, she is expected to continue to work for and influence the company that bears her name, despite some logistical obstacles. (Photo by Andrew Gombert/European Pressphoto Agency)

Peter E. Bacanovic as he arrived yesterday at federal court in Manhattan. He was sentenced to five months in prison. (Photo by Chang W. Lee/The New York Times)(pg. C1)

Martha Stewart supporters outside the federal courthouse yesterday in Manhattan. Ms. Stewart was sentenced to five months in prison on charges of lying to investigators about a stock sale in 2001. She is appealing the sentence, which also includes five months of home confinement. (Photo by Mario Tama/Getty Images)

1959 -- A high school senior in the Nutley, N.J. yearbook

1982 -- Preparing a luncheon at Turkey Hill, her farmhouse in Westport, Conn. (Photo by Associated Press/Ron Frehm)

1987 -- At home shortly after the release of her book on decorating wedding cakes. (Photo by Stephen Castagneto)

Oct. 1999 -- Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia begins trading

A Time Inc. publication started in 1991

Bought by Ms. Stewart in 1997

''Entertaining,'' 1982, ''Martha Stewart's Hors D'Oeuvres Handbook,'' 1999

2004 -- Leaving court after being convicted. (Photo by Timothy A. Clary/Agence France-Presse Getty Images)(pg. C3)Chart: ''Finding Her Niche''Martha Stewart's image was built around stories -- woven into her books, her magazines and her television program -- of her inspirational parents and childhood. Biographies of her usually say that her early years were not so rosy. It was only after her modeling career ended, a second career on Wall St. failed and she moved to Connecticut that she found her calling.A girl from NutleyThe second of six children, she was born Martha Kostyra in August 1941 and grew up in Nutley, N.J., a ***working-class*** town. According to biographers, her father was overbearing and demanding

her mother, also named Martha, was an overworked homemaker.Modeling and marriageShe began modeling during high school which paid for Barnard College in New York City. After she met and married Andy Stewart, a Yale law student, her modeling career withered.Motherhood and a foray on Wall St.The Stewart's only child, Alexis, was born in 1965. Three years later, Ms. Stewart joined a small brokerage firm and became its top seller. Among the stocks she sold was Levitz Furniture, which collapsed in a wave of scandal and corruption.Turkey Hill is bornIn 1971, the Stewarts bought a rundown farmhouse in Westport, Conn., on Turkey Hill Road, which she turned into a showplace. She also started a catering business and opened a store selling foods she made. They were instantly successful.Martha Inc. takes flightIn 1977, she incorporated her businesses as Martha Stewart Inc. In 1982, she published her first book, ''Entertaining,'' which became a best seller. By 1987, she had written four more books and Martha Stewart Inc. was flourishing.Selling Martha Inc.Martha Stewart has extended her brand to include publishing, television and merchandise, which her company sells directly and through retailers. In 1999, she took her company public.Television''Martha Stewart Living,'' 1-hour, available to 50% of householdsInternet and catalogThe Catalog for Livingmarthastewart.comMerchandisingSALES PARTNERSKmartSears CanadaSeiyu (Japan)Sherwin-WilliamsPublishingBOOKS13 books by Martha Stewart32 books published by Martha Stewart LivingMAGAZINESMartha Stewart Living, monthlyMartha Stewart Weddings, quarterlyEveryday Food, seasonalSYNDICATIONA weekly column appearing in about 200 newspapersRadio program 5 days a week on over 200 radio stations2003 REVENUE: $245.8 millionTelevision: 10.5%Internet and catalog: 12.5Merchandising: 21.7Publishing: 55.3Martha Stewart Living OmnimediaGraph tracks the weekly closing share price since 1999.Trial and FallDec. 27, 2001 -- Ms. Stewart sells all of her shares in ImClone Systems after receiving a message from her broker at Merrill Lynch, Peter E. Bacanovic (top right), that Dr. Samuel D. Waksal (right), a friend of Ms. Stewart and the founder of ImClone Systems, is heavily selling his stock in his own company.June 7, 2002 -- Reports surface that Ms. Stewart is being investigated for her sale of ImClone stock.June 3, 2003 -- Ms. Stewart is indicted and pleads not guilty.Jan. 20, 2004 -- Ms. Stewart's trial begins.Feb. 3, 2004 -- Douglas Faneuil, right, Mr. Bacanovic's former assistant, testifies that he told Ms. Stewart about Dr. Waksal's frenzied sales on Dec. 27, 2001.March 5, 2004 -- Ms. Stewart is convicted.ConspiracyCOUNTS: 1VERDICT: GUILTYObstruction of justiceCOUNTS: 1VERDICT: GUILTYMaking false statementsCOUNTS: 2VERDICT: GUILTYSecurities fraudCOUNTS: 1VERDICT: DISMISSEDMarch 15, 2004 -- Ms. Stewart resigns as an executive and board member of Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia.July 16, 2004 -- Ms. Stewart is sentenced to 5 months in prison and 5 months of home confinement.(Sources by Bloomberg Financial Markets

company reports

Martha Inc by Christopher Byron)

(Chart by Macaulay Campbell and Dylan Loeb McClain/The New York Times)(pg. C3)

**Load-Date:** July 17, 2004

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[***AMSTERDAM: AN AVENUE OF CONTRASTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-VHB0-0017-540H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DOUGLAS MARTIN

**Body**

To hear some people tell it, Amsterdam Avenue is blossoming like Columbus Avenue, its glitzier neighbor one block east. Others, however, say the avenue's ***working-class*** character and neighborhood feeling is being endangered by the sort of change that has rippled along many other Manhattan streets.

Joe Adinaro clearly believes the first thesis. He gave the name Goodbye Columbus to the restaurant he opened last May on the southwest corner of 95th and Amsterdam. ''A little dig,'' he explained.

An Identity Problem

Elene Alston, a 75-year-old retired beautician who has lived five blocks south on Amsterdam for the last 43 years, tends toward the second idea. Most of the old neighborhood shops she likes are gone, and she complains that there is no longer any place to buy a needle and thread. She feels little identity with the new people and the polish they are bringing. ''These people, I don't know them,'' she said. ''And I guess they don't know me, either.'' The truth may lie somewhere between the two views. Amsterdam has not reached Columbus Avenue's level of gentrification, and in the opinion of many, it may never do so. As many as half of its residents are rent-controlled and rent-stabilized tenants who cannot support high-ticket stores. And the gaps in commercial space caused by schools, parks, churches and the like do not permit the continuous wall of stores that merchants prefer.

''What happened on Columbus hasn't happened with the same intensity on Amsterdam,'' said Philip J. Rudd, chairman of the West Side Chamber of Commerce and one of Amsterdam's major landlords.

Although today's Amsterdam is certainly boutiques, galleries and fancy food, it is also crime, drugs and visible poverty. Crack dealers huddle around its pay phones. Some of its high-rent locations have had a swift turnover in commercial tenants who cannot gain a foothold. And some other merchants, with increasing success, are resisting attempts by their landlords to impose Columbus Avenue-style rent increases.

Unarguably, Amsterdam Avenue now exemplifies contrast, economic and social. Around half of its residents live in tenements, where some pay as little as $250 a month for a large rent-controlled apartment. At the same time, a dozen new residential buildings - some with penthouse units selling for more than $500,000 - are rising.

The changes have many worried. The district manager of the local community board, Doris Rosenblum, says the existing transportation network, particularly buses and subways, is inadequate to support swift development. ''People are nervous, no question,'' she said.

Ruth W. Messinger, the City Councilwoman representing much of the avenue, worries that development pressures could force out many tenants, as happened on Columbus, and that too many stores, particularly neighborhood stores, are being forced out of business by sharply higher rents. ''There is too rapid a turnover'' because of a lack of commercial rent regulation, she said.

Scene for 1972 Movie

Although Amsterdam Avenue actually starts at 59th Street, most people seem to regard what has come to be called Needle Park - Verdi Square Park, where Broadway intersects Amsterdam at 72d Street - as its true beginning. And most of the development and changes on Amsterdam run as far as 96th Street, though the avenue extends farther north.

If the men exchanging money and small packages over an unused chessboard are any indication, the park is much the same as when it was the scene for a 1972 movie, ''Panic in Needle Park,'' chronicling drug-ridden, blighted urban lives.

Up the street, Mr. Adinaro said he had seen four drug arrests that day. And Stacy Osur, manager of Popover, just north of 86th Street, said, ''I don't care how yuppie this restaurant may be, I get to watch drug deals right out the window.''

But rents, not drugs, are the most common complaint. Just north of 72d Street, people at a grocery store, the delicatessen next-door and the barber shop next to that form a common chorus. ''Too expensive, forget it,'' the barber said.

Several cite 500 percent increases in the last three years. Commercial rents already exceed $75 a square foot on Amsterdam, fast approaching Columbus's lofty rates of nearly $125.

To pay such rents, many merchants have upgraded the sort of merchandise they carry. A shop near 74th Street that once sold hardware now sells mainly tony household goods and appliances, for which markups are considerably better.

A New Condominium

Just a bit to the north, a new condominium building seems to symbolize the greening of Amsterdam Avenue. It is called the Fitzgerald, after F. Scott. The brochure strongly suggests that the stylish author would be living there if only he were alive and could afford it. Penthouses start at $450,000 for a one-bedroom unit.

The previous owner operated a residence for the elderly in the building, one of the few left in the vicinity. When she announced she wanted to sell the building, frightened relatives moved out most of the 250 residents.

The new buyers, however, quickly sold five floors of the building to a nonprofit housing association for the elderly. The 40 remaining residents are thus guaranteed a home, and there are 50 places for new residents who are elderly. ''It is inhumane to kick people out in the street,'' said Ron Millican, one of the owners.

More Babies in Area

A keen observer of the changes is John Bailey, manager of J. G. Melon restaurant on the northwest corner of 76th. He says babies seem to be sprouting like flowers in spring. On one particularly noisy Sunday, he said, 17 strollers - each with a crying baby - were rolled in for brunch.

Farther north, toy stores are proliferating. Between 84th and 85th, for instance, is Le Bear Boutique Ltd., which sells nothing but pricey teddy bears. A store a couple doors down, West Side Kids, has stopped selling clothes to concentrate on toys.

Such shops sparkle with the things money can buy. But for what is gained something has surely been lost. In a smoky Irish bar, La Salle Pub, the bartender bemoans the fading of old-time neighborhood drinking establishments. And there are few new regulars. ''When somebody dies, you don't get a replacement,'' he said.

Beacon Lanes, a bowling alley, is above a supermarket near 77th Street. In two and a half years, the market's lease runs out, and the bowling alley, which has not changed much in at least three decades, is likely to disappear. ''Real-estate values are against bowling alleys,'' Bill Nye, the day manager, said. 'We Were Better Off'

Other Amsterdam veterans remember the old days with fondness. At Louis Lichtman's bakery, which opened 40 years ago, Harvey, his son, said, ''We were better off when we had lower-income people and lower rent.'' Today's customers, it seems, prefer a few dainty cookies to richer - and more fattening - coffee cakes.

For many Amsterdam Avenue veterans, whatever changes may lie ahead cannot equal the cozy, familial avenue of memory. Moe Greengrass, the son of Barney Greengrass -founder of the deli at 86th Street that still bears his name and that still sells exquisite sturgeon to Isaac Bashevis Singer and still delivers four quarts of borscht a week to Irving Berlin -is firm in his recollections.

''In 1929,'' he said, ''this was the nicest street of the city. I guarantee it was.''

**Graphic**

Map shows location of Amsterdam Ave. (NYT); Photos of Amsterdam Ave. (NYT/Marilynn K. Yee)

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[***Can a Star of Walk Be a Star Who Talks?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W12-94D0-007F-G49C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JARED PAUL STERN

By JARED PAUL STERN

**Body**

IT'S not quite right to say that Carolyn Murphy's face is unfamiliar to filmgoers. She is widely seen on popcorn bags sold in movie theaters, advertising Calvin Klein khakis and other clothes.

But next fall, Ms. Murphy, one of the world's top models, will be on the silver screen itself, in what is described as a substantial role in "Liberty Heights," Barry Levinson's fourth film set in ***working-class*** Baltimore, this time in the 1950's.

"The part was described as a young Grace Kelly," said Ellen Chenoweth, the casting director. "We saw a lot of actresses, but that certain quality wasn't there, so we started seeing models."

Ms. Murphy, who is on the cover of the March issue of Vogue and is photographed inside in a fashion feature inspired by a film set, aggressively sought the part. She went to see Ms. Chenoweth the same day the casting director called, and she returned numerous times for readings and screen tests. "Carolyn did everything you do to get into the movie business," said Paula Weinstein, a producer of the film. "Barry felt she was a natural. Right away he felt he'd found someone new and exciting and talented."

Filmmakers have been down this road many times, smitten by stars of the runways and cosmetics advertisements and casting them for publicity value or in hopes that their stunning beauty will rivet viewers.

But experience suggests a hard lesson. The model Angie Everhart has twice played a hooker -- in "Jade" (1995) and "Bordello of Blood" (1996) -- but neither performance hooked audiences. The appearance of Elle Macpherson in "If Lucy Fell" in 1996 prompted some to suggest a new name for the film, "If Elle Could Act." And there is the cautionary career of Cindy Crawford, who had her first real film role in "Fair Game" (1995), cast as a brainy maritime lawyer. Or rather, stunningly miscast, in the opinion of most critics. "She had a great time, but in the end she didn't like it as much as she thought she would," Ms. Crawford's publicity agent, Annett Wolf, said carefully.

Have these cinematic train wrecks caused filmmakers to cool on giving supermodels speaking roles? Hardly. Lately, so many A-list catwalkers have been moonlighting in the movies that the Cannes Film Festival may come to resemble fashion week in Bryant Park. Besides Ms. Murphy, well-known models cast in forthcoming films include Claudia Schiffer ("Black and White"), Frederique Van Der Wal ("The Wild Wild West"), Shalom Harlow ("Cherry"), Michele Hicks ("Twin Falls, Idaho"), Esther Canadas ("The Thomas Crown Affair") and Eva Herzigova ("For the Time Being").

A few make cameo appearances, playing -- surprise -- models, and say they are going Hollywood for a lark. But most of the others have serious aspirations. Despite the high-profile embarrassments of the past, there are well-known success stories, too, including those of former models like Andie MacDowell, Cameron Diaz and Kim Basinger. One big difference is that those successful actresses had marginal careers as mannequins. Today's crop with crossover dreams includes many supermodels. Maybe they're just looking for revenge: with Hollywood stars increasingly pushing models off the covers of fashion magazines, the shortage of work for "the supes" could be driving them to invade their rivals' turf.

Jon Glascoe and Joseph Pierson, who cast Ms. Harlow in the lead of "Cherry," a low-budget romantic comedy that will have its premiere on April 18 at the Los Angeles Independent Film Festival, said that the model's publicity value was "definitely a factor in our decision."

"We were doing auditions and this fascinating young woman showed up," Mr. Pierson said. "Our casting agent didn't tell us who she was. Afterwards we were, like, 'Whoo, scary -- a supermodel!' But by then we were already captivated."

"This movie is independently financed, but at the end of the day you need to sell it to somebody. Her name recognition was a factor. People seem fascinated with the concept of supermodels, although I'm not one of them."

Ms. Harlow, who had a small part in "In and Out," has a Hollywood agent, Clar Ryu of the United Talent Agency, to build her film career. "It makes sense," Ms. Ryu said. "We're seeing more and more actresses who look like models, and vice versa. But it's a shame that people still have preconceived notions about models. People like to hold on to the belief that models are stupid creatures."

The models are often the first to acknowledge that directors seek to cast them for their novelty value, and sometimes they resist. Eva Herzigova, the face (and torso) of Wonderbra, said she turned down a role in Stanley Kubrick's "Eyes Wide Shut."

"He only called because he needed a model," she recalled before the director's death last week. "The part called for three scenes: in the first, I'm OD'ing; in the second, I have an intense 20-minute dialogue with Tom Cruise, and in the third, I'm dead -- and I had to do it all totally nude. I just didn't want to start out that way. I really tried to bargain with him and say, 'Couldn't I just wear a little something?' but he said no."

Instead, Ms. Herzigova pursued and was given the lead role in a low-budget film, "For the Time Being," a first feature by Gil Brenton. Mr. Brenton himself resisted -- for a while. "Frankly, after seeing Cindy Crawford in 'Fair Game,' I wasn't interested in models," he said. "I did not want to meet Eva -- no way." But once he did, he was charmed and made up his mind on the spot that she was right. He predicted that she would be a movie star -- but meantime, he must finish his movie and find a distributor.

At the opposite end of the budget spectrum, Barry Sonnenfeld, who made the hit "Men in Black," gave a part in his next film, "The Wild Wild West," to Frederique Van Der Wal, a Victoria's Secret model. Based on the 1960's television series of the same name, the $90 million film stars Kenneth Branagh, Will Smith and Kevin Kline, and opens on July 2. Ms. Van Der Wal plays Amazonia, a henchwoman helping plot the assassination of the President.

"I've got a lot of screen time, though not a whole lot of dialogue," Ms. Van Der Wal said. "Do I feel like an actor? No, not yet, but I'm taking baby steps towards that. It's a long road, and an interesting one."

Ms. Van Der Wal first started taking acting classes out of curiosity, but now she's working mainly on her speech. (She has a heavy Dutch accent.) She is secure enough in her modeling career to have a refreshingly realistic view of her prospects for movie stardom. "Being a model doesn't mean you can act, as has been proven on numerous occasions," she said. "There's an overall negative feeling about models going into acting sometimes, but I think it depends on how you present yourself. Of course, there's even more rejection in this business than in modeling."

Ms. Schiffer, by contrast, is already sounding like an old hand on the set.

"You never know where it's going," she said. "You just study, build your craft and try to get experience."

Or: "I've been very lucky. Every time I like a script I've been able to read for the part. But it's as difficult for me as for everyone else who's just starting out."

Well, maybe. But what was Ms. Schiffer doing in the cast of "Black and White," along with celebrities like Mike Tyson, Marla Maples and Allan Houston of the New York Knicks?

On her first day, in October, she filmed with Mr. Tyson in the Lemon restaurant, a real-life model hangout on Park Avenue South. Between takes, the director, James Toback, offered pointers -- "Make it more fluid," "Let her ravish you" -- while a handler fed Mr. Tyson from a sack of Twizzlers. Mr. Toback said he hoped to finish the $3.5 million film in time for Cannes in May.

Ms. Schiffer plays a European anthropologist who goes to New York to study hip-hop culture. After the director called "Action!" on the same scene for the 12th time, she began once more with the line "In the Paleolithic era. . . ."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Claudia Schiffer, who plays an anthropologist, filming a scene with Allan Houston of the New York Knicks. (Nancy Siesel/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 14, 1999

**End of Document**



[***THE MEDIA BUSINESS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YDJ0-008G-F51X-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'Roseanne': Out on a Limb Again - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YDJ0-008G-F51X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By ANDY MEISLER,

By ANDY MEISLER,    Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Aug. 14

**Body**

Most people won't recognize the cast of "She TV." And its focus on comedy for women is probably not something network research would find a crying need for. But ABC is willing to take a chance on the program, starting Tuesday, mainly because of who is producing it.

When hourlong dramas predominated network television programming and pundits were predicting the imminent death of the sitcom a decade ago, Marcy Carsey and Tom Werner -- two young former network program executives -- persuaded a reluctant NBC to devote half an hour each week to a family sitcom starring Bill Cosby.

And just as a decade of conspicuous consumption was cresting in 1988, the same pair sold ABC on a show built around a funny, angry, former ***working-class*** housewife named Roseanne Barr.

Then last season, yet another of their discoveries, Brett Butler who plays the battered wife-turned-stand-up comic in "Grace Under Fire," zoomed past innumerable other, more saccharine sitcoms to the top 10 in the Nielsen ratings.

It is against this backdrop that "She TV," the latest Carsey-Werner offering, has its premiere Tuesday at 10 P.M. Conventional prime-time wisdom says this program -- an hour of female-oriented satirical sketch comedy, featuring a cast of virtual unknowns -- is a long shot, indeed. And, in fact, the show is planned for only a six-week trial run as a late-summer replacement for "N.Y.P.D. Blue."

Filling Holes in Schedules

But betting against the programming instincts of Ms. Carsey and Mr. Werner can be risky. These two independent producers have built their business -- and a considerable fortune -- by discovering holes in the networks' prime-time schedules and filling them.

"The way we look at things, which is as viewers," Mr. Werner said last week, "what we really want to see at 10 P.M. is a smart, sophisticated variety show."

Along with Ms. Carsey and Caryn Mandabach, the president of the Carsey-Werner Company, Mr. Werner was seated in a Laura Ashley-esque conference room in the company's headquarters in the Studio City section of Los Angeles.

"There really aren't any programs at 10 o'clock right now that we like to watch," Mr. Werner added. "It's a vast wasteland of crime and fear. It seems like there are a lot of action shows and news magazines, but it's as if you're not entitled to laugh at this hour."

Or not inclined to laugh -- an argument that many a network executive might give a producer less powerful than Mr. Werner or his partner. Hourlong network comedy-variety in prime time has been in virtual eclipse since the heyday of "The Carol Burnett Show" and "The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour" nearly 20 years ago. Several producers with good track records, including Lorne Michaels (with his barely remembered "New Show" in 1984), have tried unsuccessfully to bring sketch comedy a la "Saturday Night Live" to the 10 P.M. time slot.

Reputation for Success

Last fall, ABC itself had high hopes for "The Paula Poundstone Show," a comedy hour on Saturday nights. It failed quickly.

"But all that isn't important to us," Ms. Carsey said. "Because we're contrarians. We like to do what other people aren't doing in ways that other people aren't doing it. It drives people crazy, and I'm sure we're considered mavericks, but it works for us."

The pair's reputation for success also helps. Any network would gladly risk a six-episode summer order of a variety show if it meant a little advantage the next time Carsey-Werner shopped another "Roseanne" or "Grace Under Fire."

Terry and Bonnie Turner, the head writers and executive producers of "She TV," acknowledge as much. "There's no way the two of us could have gone in alone," Mr. Turner said, "and gotten a six-episode order from ABC."

Perhaps the closest thing to "She TV" currently on the air is "TV Nation," the left-wing film maker Michael Moore's critically praised -- and consistently low-rated -- summer show on NBC.

Sketch Comedy Not a Sure Bet

Most of the cast and writers of "She TV" are women, a big departure for televised sketch comedy. The first episode, part of which was taped in front of an audience, includes sketches about Chelsea Clinton, over-age Barbie Dolls on the skids and a subtly rigged game show titled "What Do Women Want?"

"Sketch comedy has an erratic track record," said Betsy Frank, media analyst for Saatchi & Saatchi in New York, "because it's hard to be consistently funny for an entire hour, and people tend to tune out if a sketch or two flops.

"On the other hand, 'Ellen' is a good lead-in," she added, referring to a sitcom starring the comedian Ellen DeGeneres, "and because of 'N.Y.P.D. Blue,' people are conditioned to watch ABC at that hour."

Unlike most independent television production companies, Carsey-Werner has never had a joint production agreement with a network or a large studio like Warner Brothers or Paramount, thus assuming most of the risk if a show flops but reaping huge windfalls if it is successfully sold into syndication. Ms. Carsey and Mr. Werner are also atypical comedy producers in that they have never worked as comedy writers.

Instead, their main talents lie in assembling groups of talented people -- sometimes in unexpected combinations -- to work on their projects. They have shown the ability to collaborate successfully with highly talented but temperamental individuals.

For example, amid all the running disputes behind the scenes of "Roseanne," involving the star, her producers and ABC, the comedian rarely, if ever, lashed out publicly at Ms. Carsey and Mr. Werner, who signed a three-year contract renewal with her two weeks ago. Last season, too, the producers managed, reportedly at the request of Ms. Butler, the relatively quiet departure of Chuck Lorre, the co-creator and executive producer of "Grace Under Fire."

For "She TV" (originally conceived by Ms. Mandabach), they recruited the Turners, a husband and wife writing team who worked on "Saturday Night Live" from 1986 to 1993. They are paired as executive producers with George Schlatter, the television comedy veteran still best known as the creator of "Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In" in 1968.

A Lengthy Relationship

Mr. Werner, 44, and Ms. Carsey, 49, were teamed in the mid-1970's at ABC, where they oversaw shows like "Soap" and "Mork and Mindy."

In 1981, they formed their privately held company. Their first series together, a short-lived one, was "Oh Madeline," starring Madeline Kahn, for ABC. (In fact, Carsey-Werner has had a number of sitcom flops and near-misses, including "Chicken Soup," "Grand" and "Davis Rules." In Hollywood, though, one "Roseanne" erases a multitude of failures.)

In 1986, when "The Cosby Show" went into off-network reruns, Ms. Carsey and Mr. Werner shared a third of the $600 million syndication sale, the richest ever. When "Roseanne" was syndicated several years ago, they added perhaps $75 million each to these profits.

Mr. Werner, a New York City native, is principal owner and chairman of the San Diego Padres baseball team. Ms. Carsey has a lower public profile; she owns several houses in Los Angeles and elsewhere, and spends her summers in Weymouth, Mass., where she was born.

Despite the fact that the producers have more than 60 people working for them, both still attend writers' meetings and run-throughs of all their shows. And they spend a lot of time watching television with their families.

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, an article on the Media Business page on Monday about the producers of "She TV," a new comedy-variety show on ABC, referred incorrectly to the role played by Brett Butler on "Grace Under Fire." She portrays a refinery worker on that program; Ms. Butler herself is a battered wife turned stand-up comic.

**Correction-Date:** August 17, 1994, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photo: The independent producers Marcy Carsey, center, and Tom Werner are about to flout conventional wisdom again with the debut this week of "She TV," a prime-time hour of female-oriented satirical sketch comedy. With them is Caryn Mandabach, the president of the Carsey-Werner Company. (Scott Robinson for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 15, 1994

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-W3N0-0017-50XG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SPRINGSTEEN ALBUM: A SURE THING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-W3N0-0017-50XG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 1, 1987, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 1; Page 14, Column 4; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1164 words

**Byline:** By JON PARELES

**Body**

The end of 1986 was the time of the monolith: Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band's ''Live/1975-85.'' Selling as fast as it could be trucked into record stores, blanketing FM airwaves, the five-LP/three-CD set made its debut in Billboard's No. 1 position and has stayed there through December. It's a fine album - but its status as the year's major rock event isn't a good sign.

''Live/1975-85'' is a long-awaited document of rock's most highly praised live performances, but it carries its monumentality lightly. As the album follows Mr. Springsteen's progress from clubs to stadiums, from ''king of the alley'' to high-flown rock poet to self-conscious ***working-class*** bard, it shows he hasn't forgotten how to hang loose. Just when the outlook for Mr. Springsteen's characters seems irredeemably bleak and the music starts to trudge, the next song rocks out.

While ''Live/1975-85'' is a triumph for Mr. Springsteen (and one more vindication of the college radio stations, critics and fans who latched on to him in 1972 and never let go), the album's riotous reception doesn't simply reflect its high quality. ''Live/ 1975-85'' is also a consumer product involving no little calculation, including its Christmas-season release date. ''Live/1975-85'' isn't just the year's Big Thing; it's also a sure thing.

It's a sure thing for radio exposure on FM rock stations that are playing older, proven, guitar-centered, midtempo rock up to 80 percent of the time, in a format misnamed ''classic rock.'' It's a sure thing to receive intense promotion from Columbia Records and from record stores, which count on a giant Christmas seller to bring in customers. And it's a sure thing for Mr. Springsteen, who unveils only one song newer than his 1984 album ''Born in the U.S.A.''

A live album is a standard holding action for both superstars and would-be stars; it's a chance to revive older songs, rev up recent ones and add a few favorite covers of other songwriters. It's worth remembering that in 1975-76, the British rocker Peter Frampton's ''Frampton Comes Alive'' became, briefly, the all-time best-selling album. It, too, fit FM-rock formats perfectly.

At this point in his career, it may be Mr. Springsteen's role to make honorable use of pop-business as usual. He made his live album a generous one - comparatively low-priced (discounted to $30 or under, it costs considerably less than what the traffic would bear), well-packaged and stocked with Springsteen songs that hadn't appeared on albums. And knowing the kind of wide media exposure it would inevitably get, Mr. Springsteen made the first single and video clip - the cover of Edwin Starr's Motown hit ''War'' - carry an explicit message.

The record business learns from its blockbusters. A few years ago, such multimillion-sellers as Michael Jackson's ''Thriller,'' David Bowie's ''Let's Dance,'' Cyndi Lauper's ''She's So Unusual,'' Prince's ''Purple Rain,'' Tina Turner's ''Private Dancer'' and Mr. Springsteen's ''Born in the U.S.A.'' suggested that there was an audience ready to accept multifarious combinations of rock, pop and funk; while the upshot was a slew of ''multiformat'' albums that tried to please everyone while taking no chances, a few promising hybrids emerged, among them Paul Simon's poly-ethnic pop and the rap-metal of the Beastie Boys. By contrast, ''Live/1975-85'' proves only that sure things are sure things. Solid as the music is, the album is still a retrospective. It only looks back.

Music for Young Fogies

''Live/1975-85'' capped a year in rock that might be characterized as the Revenge of the Baby Boom. Tempos slowed; the Top 40 was riddled with ballads, usually a sign of an older audience, and song lyrics gazed toward the gauzy, halcyon 1960's.

Huey Lewis and the News supplied a young fogies' manifesto with ''Hip to Be Square.'' Aretha Franklin's ''Jimmy Lee'' linked first love to a Motown beat, while Eddie Money explicitly summoned the early 1960's in ''Take Me Home Tonight'' with the voice of Ronnie Spector, herself, singing ''Be My Baby.'' Blues and 1960's soul, seen from 20 years later as a single style, showed up in the music of Peter Gabriel, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Simply Red and Robert Cray; Prince and the Bangles reveled in psychedelia and 1960's pop, while R.E.M. scored a major hit with a 1960's throwaway, ''Superman.'' John Cougar Mellencamp's ''R.O.C.K. in the U.S.A.'' is subtitled ''A Salute to 1960's Rock.''

Another 1960's legacy, songs with a political flavor, also re-emerged -not just Bruce Springsteen's ''War,'' but Bruce Hornsby's ''Way It Is'' (about dignity battling unemployment and race discrimination), Genesis' ''Land of Confusion'' (which has nebulous lyrics but has been marketed with a video clip that openly mocks Ronald Reagan) and Timbuk 3's sardonic ''The Future's So Bright, I Gotta Wear Shades'' (about ''studying nuclear science'').

Those shifts in tempo and topic could mean baby-boomers are once again flaunting their numerical strength. Certainly the record business sees it that way; all the major labels activated or reactivated their jazz divisions this year to release music (and sometimes background music) aimed at more mature listeners. The continuing sales explosion of compact disks - a high-priced way of buying music, and the province of well-heeled consumers - also suggests that boomers are business.

Then again, as songs slow down and arrangements grow plush, rock and pop may just be drifting away from their traditional constituency. Younger whipper-snappers (up into their mid-20s), with the short attention spans and the fondness for noise, can get more and better special effects from television and movies -particularly now, when radio programmers are all but eliminating new bands and new music from their playlists. It will take music that raises hackles and unnerves young fogies, and finds ways for the public to hear it, to revitalize the younger pop audience - and to remind their parents that real 1960's music was anything but bland.

Food-Music Connection

Predicting rock-and-roll's future is a thankless task, but recent years suggest a new kind of correlation: food fads have been leading rock fads by six months to a year. The vogue for blackened redfish and Bayou peppers presaged a flurry of Cajun-tinged rock, from Rockin' Sidney's ''My Toot-Toot'' to Dire Straits' ''Walk of Life.'' A Caribbean craze was reflected in a new lilt for songs by Lionel Richie, the Miami Sound Machine and Steve Winwood. Then there was a rediscovery of all-American food, and a resurgence of hard-rocking, guitar-driven American bands from Bon Jovi to the de-funked Talking Heads.

In hindsight, it all sounds simple. But for the would-be oracle, the trick is finding how to apply the food metaphor. At the moment, homey bistros, grazing menus and fish specialists seem to be proliferating in New York. Does this mean we should expect cabaret songs? Short-short rockers? Sea chanteys? In six months, the answer should be obvious.

**Graphic**

photo of Huey Lewis (AP)

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[***BACKTALK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YNT0-008G-F0VP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Bronx and the Yankees: Time to Call It Quits***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YNT0-008G-F0VP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 24, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1184 words

**Byline:** By THAD MUMFORD;

Thad Mumford, who spent many summers in the Bronx, is a writer currently living in Los Angeles.

By THAD MUMFORD;   Thad Mumford, who spent many summers in the Bronx, is a writer currently living in Los Angeles.

**Body**

If a relationship isn't working, the two participants must be willing to look at the situation with complete candor and honesty. They must be willing to realistically assess their current condition and not wallow in nostalgic longings or misguided sentimentality. And if it is truly beyond repair, they must summon the courage to go their separate ways.

The relationship between the Yankees and the Bronx isn't working. It hasn't been working for a long time, but as is the case with many relationships in peril, the two participants have been living in denial, unable or unwilling to see how badly things have deteriorated between the two.

They are behaving very badly in public. It's painful to watch. It is quite obvious that the love is gone, and that they are staying together for all the wrong reasons. They are far beyond counseling. They have outlived their need for each other. It's over. It is time, once and for all, for the Bronx to ask the Yankees for a divorce.

For this breakup to be amicable, and after 71 years of being together it would be a terrible shame if it could not be, both parties are going to have to come out from behind the delusions and self-deceptions that have for so long been the glue for this tenuous bond. First and foremost, the Yankees must admit the painful, but inescapable, truth that they really do not want the Bronx anymore.

The pressure on them to deny this has been overwhelming, if not suffocating, and has helped create the unhealthy, dishonest environment that now exists. The mere suggestion that the Yankees might want to leave has long been regarded as the ultimate betrayal. Of baseball. Of the Bronx. Of their illustrious history. Of society. So, true to their stolid Patrician roots, the Yankees have stayed. They couldn't stand to be the ogre.

Stand Up and Be the Ogre

But they have not been happy, and they know it. They have courted suitors from other boroughs, even other states. They want desperately to leave, but they don't know how to do so gracefully. But instead of being forthright about their desires, they have resorted to name-calling and character assassination and making the other party out to be the bad guy, a familiar tactic used when one feels trapped in a marriage. The Yankees do not want to be there, like it or not. It's that simple.

How did it get this way? Why did things fall apart? Like many couples, the Yankees and the Bronx have just grown apart. They are now total strangers with nothing in common, because the Bronx did something that many marriages cannot withstand: it changed.

The borough and the ball club that seduced each other in 1923 were a perfect match. They were both populated by the white ethnic ***working class***. They were linked, not just by physical proximity, but by cultural myopia. Together, they stood as shining symbols of the given order, their success forged on the belief in their own inherent superiority. And they flourished together for quite a long time in their insular worlds, impervious to the inevitable shifts of population that loomed on the horizon and would soon surround them.

When the Bronx changed, especially the South Bronx, it was particularly frightening for the Yankees and for their legions. Not solely because of the different tastes, flavors and colors that suddenly had to be absorbed into the family, not solely because of the perceived clash of values between the old and the new, but primarily because change, in and of itself, is a concept that betrays the fundamental and spiritual essence of what it means to be The Yankees.

A Marriage Overtaken by Change

Not that we ourselves aren't partly to blame for their intransigence. The simple fact is that even if the Yankees wanted to change, we never would have allowed it. Other teams can alter their logo or completely change it if they want to. The Yankees can't. Other teams can wear multi-colored tops. The Yankees can't. Other teams can put players' names on the backs of their uniforms, making it easier to identify them in the television age. The Yankees can't. Other teams can have big, furry mascots. The Yankees can't. Other teams can have female public address announcers. The Yankees certainly can't.

In an era marked and defined by frontal assaults to every idea, concept or truth we have held dear, in all of life's arenas, we have turned to the Yankees and their immortal history and demanded of them the one element that seems most lacking to us at this moment: constancy. But that's a lot to ask of anyone, much less a sports franchise.

The Yankees and the Bronx, like many couples, are trying to stay together for the sake of the children, always a mistake, and because they have property together. But the property, like the marriage, is crumbling. And the expense for the kind of repairs necessary to fix up the place in a way that would make both parties happy would surely dwarf the fees of most divorce lawyers. Besides, the house is haunted. It's time for both to get out and let the ghosts rest in peace.

Co-dependency Blues

They are also staying together because, over the years, each has convinced the other that they cannot live on their own. But in that regard, the Yankees have changed and the Bronx hasn't. The borough has created for itself a true victim pose, if the Yankees leave them. So the more the Yankees make noises about leaving, the more they verbally and psychologically batter, the more it plays into the Bronx's abandonment anxiety. The more the Yankees give mixed signals about their intentions, the more the Bronx lies prostrate, tugging at their cuffs, hemorrhaging self-respect as it begs them not to go.

It's this sense of desperation that has made the borough delude itself about what its true needs are, and has forced it into a position where it must entertain dangerous, future-mortgaging situations in an effort to keep the team. Human nature being what it is, the Yankees, feeling the clutch of neediness, have no choice but to pull away from the Bronx all the more.

So now the Bronx, like so many soon-to-be scorned mates, is comforting itself with righteous indignation about the very idea that anyone would want to leave it. But rather than wallow, the Bronx must see the Yankees' inevitable departure as an opportunity. The Bombers' absence will for the first time in years provide the borough with a chance to demonstrate to itself, to the city and to the world that its identity is not inexorably linked to a baseball team. The Bronx will be forced to go inside and find new aspects of itself that perhaps have been too long ignored. It will have a chance to get its house in order and feel good about itself, for itself.

The Yankees, meanwhile, will be able to free themselves of their own historic encumbrances and constraints. They can start fresh and do different things without worrying about letting anyone down. Bob Sheppard can retire. The Yankees can even get a furry mascot. If that's what they want to do, we must let them do it, guilt-free.

But for now, it's obvious that, after 71 years together, neither one of them wants to be the first to say goodbye.

**Graphic**

Photo: After 71 years, the Yankees are making it clear that the team and the Bronx are no longer a marriage made in heaven, let alone New York. (Ruby Washington/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 24, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Council Chief Wheels and Deals, And New York's Budget Is Passed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0610-008G-F3S4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1290 words

**Byline:** By JONATHAN P. HICKS

By JONATHAN P. HICKS

**Body**

In the hours before the City Council voted yesterday to approve New York City's new budget, Council Speaker Peter F. Vallone invited a number of his fellow Democrats into his City Hall office. One by one, he beseeched them to ignore their misgivings and to support Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's austere $31.6 billion budget.

But he did more than plead. To some he promised perks for their districts; to others assignments to prestigious committees. And to those who still resisted, he promised a brand of rebuke only the Speaker himself could unleash -- loss of money for their districts and perks for themselves.

The strategy paid off handsomely, and the Speaker won a 43-to-8 victory, with only 8 of the Council's 44 Democrats opposing a budget that largely reflected the priorities of the city's new Republican Mayor.

As Speaker, Mr. Vallone controls a $4 million discretionary fund that finances community-based organizations in members' districts and adds to his persuasive powers. Each member who supported the budget received at least $80,000 from the fund. Those who voted against it received about $50,000.

In addition, he parceled out several millions more for small construction projects in the district. Also, Council members said the Speaker's staff had made clear that committee chairmanships -- which can add anywhere between $2,000 and $24,000 to their annual base salaries of $55,000 -- were also at risk with a vote against the budget, although no Council members have yet been stripped of their positions.

Mr. Vallone insisted that the payments were not used to penalize opponents but rather to reward supporters. "But that doesn't mean that if you vote against the budget, you're going to be rewarded," he said. "The only thing that makes a political party work is loyalty. It has to stand for something. And of course you're going to be rewarded with political perks."

One of those being rewarded yesterday was Lloyd Henry, who represents East Flatbush, Brooklyn. When the budget was being considered, he had deep misgivings about how heavy the cuts would fall on his mostly black, ***working-class*** constituents.

"I was being lobbied from all sides," he said. "The unions wanted a no vote and the Speaker's staff, of course, wanted me to go along with them."

What persuaded Mr. Henry to vote for the budget were promises by the Speaker's staff for an additional $52,000 for senior-citizen and youth-service centers in his district, plus the promise of added money for a Caribbean cultural center at Medgar Evers College.

"As a junior member of the Council who was just elected last year, I wanted to be able to bring something back home to my district," Mr. Henry said. "By voting no, I risked losing everything at my first time at bat."

Much Soul-Searching

Even so, there was much soul-searching among Council Democrats yesterday as they pondered their reasons for supporting a budget that, even they acknowledged, could cripple some of the basic services that their neediest constituents depend upon.

And the lopsided vote left many Council members and Democratic officials outside of City Hall questioning whether Mr. Giuliani would face any significant opposition in the future.

"It says that, as Democrats, as a counter-voice to Mayor Giuliani, we're in trouble," said Joan Griffin McCabe, a Councilwoman from Brooklyn, who was one of the eight Democrats who voted against the budget. "It says that many of my colleagues need to recognize the responsibility we have been charged with and, as a group of Democrats, we are missing it big time."

In their speeches on the floor of the Council chamber before the vote, many liberal Democrats voiced clear disdain for a budget that slashes funds for public hospitals and social services while leaving the Police Department untouched. They included the overwhelming majority of the Council's black and Hispanic caucus, who only a few months ago stated firmly that they would not support a budget that hurt their constituents.

'Difficult Decision'

In supporting it, many maintained that it was one of the most agonizing decisions of their legislative careers. "It was a tremendourly difficult decision for me," said Una Clarke, who represents part of the Flatbush and Crown Heights neighborhoods in Brooklyn. "But for the residents of my district, a no vote would have been an irresponsible act on my part."

To Mr. Vallone, the political maneuvering in the budget vote is an annual drama, a test of his ability to display unity among the Council members and a means of demonstrating to the Mayor -- whether a Republican or a Democrat -- that the Speaker is a major force in the city's leadership who can command the allegiance of the Council on votes he considers crucial.

"This is what I consider a key institutional vote," Mr. Vallone said in an interview yesterday. "It sends a message to the Mayor and to the city that despite our grievances, we can put aside our differences in party, in color, in economic background, and figure out what's best for the city."

But even with the pressure, some members could not set aside the differences. C. Virginia Fields, the Councilwoman who represents most of Harlem and the Upper West Side of Manhattan, was the subject of some of the most intense lobbying late Wednesday night, not only from Mr. Vallone but also from her fellow black Council members.

Just before the meeting, several black legislators tried to persuade her to support the budget and not risk her position as chairwoman of one of the Council's land-use subcommittees.

"In the final analysis, I just couldn't vote for a budget that had such a severe impact on health care, on education and on social services in my district," said Ms. Fields. She said that although none of Mr. Vallone's aides had discussed her position as head of the subcommittee, she was prepared to lose the spot, for which she is paid an additional $7,500 a year. But she said her allocation of so-called member items, too, was reduced to $50,000 from the $80,000 she typically receives.

Councilwoman Ronnie M. Eldridge, who represents the Upper West Side of Manhattan, said her allocation of discretionary funds was similarly cut. She also said she was prepared for Mr. Vallone to ask her to step down as chairwoman of the Council's contracts committee.

'Their Loss'

"If they take it, they take it," she said. "It will be their loss. I'm constantly surprised by how important these positions are to some people in the Council. But it really is a question of integrity. The Speaker asked me to vote for it. But I just can't vote for something I oppose."

In addition to Ms. Eldridge, Ms. Fields and Ms. McCabe, Council members opposing the budget were Sal F. Albanese and Annette M. Robinson of Brooklyn, Thomas K. Duane, Guillermo Linares and Adam Clayton Powell 4th of Manhattan.

In the Council meeting, several of its 21-member black and Hispanic caucus took pains to defend their decision to vote in favor of the budget, although they each contended that Mr. Giuliani's fiscal plan was likely to be felt most severely by black and Hispanic New Yorkers.

Some caucus members said they voted for the bill because it included restorations of some projects initially eliminated by Mr. Giuliani -- money for designing a new police academy in the Bronx and funds for youth programs, for example.

Mr. Linares, who represents Washington Heights in Manhattan, said that even though he was in the minority by voting against the budget, he could easily understand the pressures felt by his colleagues. "This was a difficult decision for each of us," he said. "Everyone had something to weigh, some feeling of conflict, some reason to spend time deliberating this. In some way, it was kind of a defining moment for all of us."

**Load-Date:** June 24, 1994

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[***QUEENS CONGRESSMAN BALANCES DUTIES IN CHURCH AND THE CAPITOL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-THN0-0017-533H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 30, 1987, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1149 words

**Byline:** By CLIFFORD D. MAY, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, March 29

**Body**

Every Sunday morning, an old-time preacher ascends to the pulpit of the Allen African Methodist Episcopal Church in Jamaica, Queens.

Resplendent in royal blue robes, accompanied by the strains of an organ, the Rev. Floyd H. Flake leads a large and enthusiastic congregation in singing the Gospel and praising God. And the worshippers shout back, ''Amen!''

A day or two later, a modern young Congressman climbs the steps to his book-lined office on Capitol Hill. Imposing in his dark wool suit and crisp white shirt, accompanied by administrative assistants, Representative Floyd H. Flake wends his way through a Washingtonian maze of proposals, procedures, priorities and policies. And a lobbyist says, ''Let's do breakfast.''

Mr. Flake - who says he is the first black Methodist preacher to be elected to the House since Reconstruction - insists there is no conflict between ''my church life and my congressional life'' but he admits that he is still sometimes surprised to find himself praising the Lord and passing legislation.

Sermons on Scandals

With scandals swirling about New York City politics and America's most prominent television evangelists, now is also not the easiest time to be a freshman Congressman from Queens or a traditionalist Christian minister. This is a topic he has been thinking and speaking about lately in the capital and from the pulpit. ''One has to put things into perspective,'' he said in an interview here last week. ''Whether you're looking at politics, religion or Wall Street, for that matter, it's really only a small minority who are taking unfair advantage of their positions. That doesn't mean the institutions themselves are no good.''

''If Jimmy and Tammy had become your God, you're in trouble this morning!'' he admonished his congregation in a Sunday sermon, referring to the recently disgraced television preachers Jim and Tammy Bakker. ''But I got good news for you this morning! God has told you through them, 'Don't you put your faith in mankind, don't you put your faith in earthly treasures, don't you put your faith in anybody but Me!' '' And the parishoners shouted back, ''Amen!''

It was by an indirect route that Mr. Flake came to occupy the twin roles of pastor in Jamaica and neophyte representative of the southeast Queens district that includes Howard Beach, where three black men were chased and beaten by a group of whites in December.

Boston University Chaplain

Born in Los Angeles 42 years ago, raised in Houston and trained as a minister in Ohio, Mr. Flake was a university chaplain and dean of students at Boston University as recently as 1976.

When his bishop asked him to take over a small, ***working-class*** black parish within earshot of Kennedy International Airport, he was not, at first, enthusiastic. Upon reflection, however, he decided the job ''might be an opportunity to try out some ideas I had about community development and education.''

Over the next decade, those ideas became the foundation for a far-reaching neighborhood revitalization program. Under Mr. Flake's leadership, church-based corporations worked with city agencies to rehabilitate local stores and homes - a sort of gentrification process without the customary invasion by wealthy outsiders - and to build a 300-unit senior citizens' complex and a church school that has an enrollment of 480 kindergarten-through-eighth grade students.

A home-care agency was set up to provide services to the sick, handicapped and elderly. And a center was established to provide clinical, pregnancy, postnatal and other services.

''When I got to Queens, the church had 1,400 members and a $250,000-a-year budget,'' Mr. Flake said. ''Now we have 5,000 members, 1,000 employees, 8 subsidiary corporations and a yearly budget of $12 million. It's a model government-private church partnership.''

Religious Base of Support

His leap into electoral politics came just about a year ago, after the suicide of Donald R. Manes, the longtime Borough President and Democratic Party leader caught up in city corruption investigations.

When, a month later, the veteran Representative Joseph P. Addabbo died, a group of local black ministers approached Mr. Flake to suggest that he seek public office using the religious community as a base of support.

The white-run Queens Democratic organization, however, gave its backing to Alton R. Waldon Jr., a black Assemblyman, and attempted to disqualify Mr. Flake's petitions on a technicality to prevent his running as an independent.

Mr. Flake took the case to court and won a place on the ballot. But by that time, the absentee ballots had already been mailed without the Flake line, and Mr. Waldon won the election by a slender margin.

Respect of His Colleagues

Word of the affair, however, provoked a backlash in Mr. Flake's favor and by the Democratic primary last fall, Mr. Flake handily beat Mr. Waldon, then the incumbent. In November, he easily won the general election.

Experienced colleagues within the New York delegation give Mr. Flake high marks for his first few months on the job. ''He's an exciting personality,'' said Representative Charles B. Rangel, the Harlem Democrat. ''It's too early to see exactly the direction he'll take legislatively, but he's a fast learner and not afraid to reach out as some freshmen Congressmen might be. I think we're going to hear a lot about him.''

Charles E. Schumer, the Brooklyn Democrat, said: ''Once he really learns his way around this town, he's going to be phenomenal. He's smart, he's not doctrinaire and he's willing to listen.''

Mr. Flake said he generally spends Tuesdays through Thursdays in Washington working 14- to 16-hour days. Fridays through Mondays, he is in Queens, where his wife and four children continue to live, and he preaches at as many as three services on Sunday mornings.

His main constituency remains within the black community that is a majority in the district, but he emphasized that he was working hard to forge ties with the Irish, Jewish, Italian, Hispanic and other communities he represents. ''I won 40 percent of the white vote in the election,'' he said. ''If it were held again today, I think I'd win 70 percent.''

His relations with the Queens Democratic organization have been mellowing, too, but he said that he owed no debts to the clubhouse politicians and that he intended to maintain his independence from them.

Unlike many other local officials, he is not persuaded that further racial violence in New York is either imminent or inevitable. ''I don't think we're going to see as hot a summer as people are predicting,'' Mr. Flake said. ''Certainly not in Howard Beach.''

The best way to avert trouble, he said, is by promoting communication between the communities and by providing young people plenty of opportunities to work, play and occupy themselves usefully. Government and the church, he said, are the institutions best suited to accomplish the task.

**Graphic**

photo of The Rev. Floyd H. Flake (NYT/Vic DeLucia)

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[***A Consistent Yet Elusive Nominee***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T9T-9PH0-TW8F-G0PV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 28, 2008 Thursday

The New York Times on the Web

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**Section:** Section ; Column 0; 4A; Pg. ; MAN IN THE NEWS

**Length:** 2247 words

**Byline:** By JODI KANTOR

**Dateline:** DENVER

**Body**

From the earliest days of his presidential campaign, Senator Barack Obama's aides have heard the same mantra. He repeated it after debates and appearances, after victories and defeats. ''I need to get better,'' he would say.

In the way Mr. Obama has trained himself for competition, he can sometimes seem as much athlete as politician. Even before he entered public life, he began honing not only his political skills, but also his mental and emotional ones. He developed a self-discipline so complete, friends and aides say, that he has established dominion over not only what he does but also how he feels. He does not easily exult, despair or anger: to do so would be an indulgence, a distraction from his goals. Instead, they say, he separates himself from the moment and assesses.

''He doesn't inhale,'' said David Axelrod, his chief strategist.

But with Barack Hussein Obama officially becoming the Democratic presidential nominee on Wednesday night, some of the same qualities that have him just one election away from the White House -- his virtuosity, his seriousness, his ability to inspire, his seeming immunity from the strains that afflict others -- may be among his biggest obstacles to getting there.

There is little about him that feels spontaneous or unpolished, and even after two books, thousands of campaign events and countless hours on television, many Americans say they do not feel they know him. The charges of elusiveness puzzle those closest to the candidate. Far more than most politicians, they say, he is the same in public as he is in private.

The mystery and the consistency may share the same root: Mr. Obama, 47, is the first presidential candidate to come of age during an era of relentless, 24-hour scrutiny. ''He is, more than any other contemporary political figure, a creature of these times,'' said Representative Earl Blumenauer, a fellow Democrat who campaigned this spring with Mr. Obama in Oregon, Mr. Blumenauer's home state.

Last month, while visiting Jerusalem, Mr. Obama crammed a note in the Western Wall that was promptly fished out and posted on the Internet. The message was elegantlyphrased, as if he had anticipated that his private words to the Almighty would soon be on public display.

In the note, Mr. Obama asked for protection, forgiveness and wisdom, a message in keeping with the humility he tries to emphasize. But his uncanny self-assurance and seemingly smooth glide upward have stoked complaints from his opponents, first Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton and now Senator John McCain, and other critics that he has not spent enough time earning and learning, that his main project in life has been his own ascent.

Because he betrays little hint of struggle, Mr. Obama can seem far removed from the troubles of some voters. Older ***working-class*** whites may be uncomfortable with his race -- he is the son of a white mother from Kansas and a black father from Kenya -- and his age. But they may also find it hard to identify with him, even though he tries to assure them that they have much in common, mentioning that his mother relied on food stamps at times and that he worked as a community organizer in Chicago's poorest neighborhoods.

His command of crowds of 75,000, his eloquence and his comparing himself to Joshua and Lincoln can belie his point.

These voters are not the first to see a contradiction between Mr. Obama's sense of his aura of specialness and his insistence that he is just like everyone else.

''I'm just a first among equal, folks,'' Mr. Obama's fellow editors at the Harvard Law Review wrote about him in an affectionate but biting parody issue after he was elected its president. ''But still, no one's interviewing any of them.''

Racing to the Top

Nearly a decade ago, Mr. Obama joined luminaries like George Stephanopoulos and Ralph Reed for regular seminars, organized by Robert Putnam, a professor at Harvard and the author of ''Bowling Alone,'' about the deterioration of American community ties. As a young state senator from Illinois, Mr. Obama was one of the less prominent members of the group. But soon everyone was referring to him as ''the governor'' -- a friendly smack, said Mr. Putnam, at Mr. Obama's precocity and drive.

From an early age, Mr. Obama's mother taught him to think grandly about his potential to help others. Once he reached adulthood, admiring teachers and mentors reinforced the message, steadily directing his sights higher and higher. As a law student, he mused about wanting to be mayor of Chicago; as a law professor, he talked about running for governor of Illinois; not long after that, he was running for president.

Mr. Obama groomed himself more carefully than he sometimes admits. In an interview this year, he denied that he wrote ''Dreams From My Father,'' the post-law school memoir that has enchanted so many followers, with political ambitions in mind. But his Harvard law school classmates say that Mr. Obama was already talking about a future run for public office. To truly address the poverty and injustice he had seen as an organizer, he believed he would need to gain some power.

Starting in law school, Mr. Obama began pulling together a large cast of mentors, well-connected and civic-minded friends who rose in Chicago and Illinois politics along with him, including a spouse he thought was ideal.

''He loved Michelle,'' said Gerald Kellman, Mr. Obama's community organizing boss, but he was also looking for the kind of partner who could join him in his endeavors. ''This is a person who could help him manage the pressures of the life he thought he wanted,'' he said.

Mr. Obama won his army of powerful champions -- including Abner J. Mikva, a former federal judge; Tom Daschle, a former Senate majority leader; Senator Edward M. Kennedy; and too many Chicago leaders to count -- by impressing them with his intellectual heft and idealism, but also with his eagerness to absorb their lessons. As a man who barely knew his own father, Mr. Obama might have sought many things from these figures: authority, security, even love. But his needs were more concrete, Mr. Kellman said. ''He forms mentorships in order to learn,'' he said. ''He wants to know what they know.''

Both allies and critics sometimes concluded that Mr. Obama was too gifted, or in too much of a hurry, for the tasks that consumed others.

''I thought of him much more as a colleague'' than a student, said Laurence Tribe, a law professor at Harvard for whom Mr. Obama worked. ''I didn't think of him as someone to send out on mechanical tasks of digging out all the cases.'' Other students could do that, Professor Tribe added.

Mr. Obama's campaign promotes accomplishments from his days in the Illinois State Senate: he successfully championed campaign finance and racial profiling laws, as well as child-care subsidies and tax credits for the working poor. But ''he didn't participate in rank-and-file things,'' said John Corrigan, a former consultant to the state Senate's Democratic caucus. ''He was destined for something bigger than potholes.''

And in the United States Senate, Mr. Obama leads a subcommittee on European affairs, but he has not held any oversight hearings to probe foreign policy issues, just a few to discuss nominations.

The McCain campaign has seized on this pattern, mocking their opponent as a self-consumed star, even suggesting that he has a messianic complex.

Mr. Obama has heard the charges before. Long before the presidential race, some around him seemed to resent his ability to galvanize a following. ''Bluebooking is not important for celebrities,'' fellow students joked about him in the law review parody, referring to the tedious process of checking citations.

As for the messiah charge, Michael Madigan, the speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives and a Democrat, once publicly called Mr. Obama the same thing.

Disciplined and Detached

If there is one quality that those closest to Mr. Obama marvel at, it is his emotional control. This is partly a matter of temperament, they say, partly an effort by Mr. Obama to step away from his own feelings so he can make dispassionate judgments. ''He doesn't allow himself the luxury of any distraction,'' said Valerie Jarrett, a close advisor. ''He is able to use his disciplined mind to not get caught up in the emotional swirl.''

In 2006, Mr. Obama backed Alexi Giannoulias, an old friend from the basketball court who was then 29, for Illinois state treasurer. Opponents accused Mr. Giannoulias of corruption, citing thin evidence: a loan his family's bank made to a convicted felon. After Mr. Giannoulias worsened the situation by calling the felon a nice guy, Mr. Obama told him to fix his campaign or get out of the race.

''I was almost crying,'' said Mr. Giannoulias, who eventually won. ''He was almost upset at how thin-skinned I was.''

It is not that Mr. Obama does not experience emotion, friends say. But he detaches and observes, revealing more in his books than he does in the moment. ''He has the qualities of a writer,'' Mr. Axelrod said. ''I get the sense that he's participating in these things but also watching them.''

Mr. Obama watches and assesses no one more avidly than himself. During the primary season, supporters who complimented him on debate appearances found that he often disagreed. ''I wasn't great nor was I wonderful,'' Mr. Obama responded last spring at a fund-raiser in Seattle. Then came his usual refrain: ''I have to get better, and I will do better,'' he said, according to Michael Parham, a donor.

As a campaigner, Mr. Obama has had to learn not to be too detached. When Mr. Axelrod first devised ''Yes We Can'' as a slogan during Mr. Obama's Senate campaign, the candidate resisted: it was a little corny for his taste. ''That's where the high-minded and big-thinking Barack came in,'' said Peter Giangreco, a consultant to the Obama campaign. ''His initial instincts were off from where regular people's were.''

While he speeds through rope lines, Mr. Obama sometimes connects better one on one. In spare moments, he sometimes surprises supporters -- a doorman who scraped together a small contribution, an elderly woman he heard enjoyed his memoir -- with an out-of-the blue phone call. Waiting backstage to speak to 20,000 people in Seattle in February, Mr. Obama grew so absorbed in talking to an elderly Michigan couple that he had to be reminded not to miss his entrance cue.

Every once in a while, though, Mr. Obama will relax his guard. Two years ago at a party celebrating the publication of his second book, ''The Audacity of Hope,'' the new senator rose to say a few words, recalled Ms. Jarrett. As he talked about what his new job in Washington had cost his wife and two daughters, tears began to course down his face.

Michelle Obama rescued him with a kiss, and after a moment, everyone started to applaud.

The Outsider's New Role

Mr. Obama is often called a permanent outsider -- racially, geographically, politically. But his story is more complicated than that. ''He's been an outsider at Columbia and Harvard,'' said Matthew McGuire, a friend. ''He was an outsider but within the ultimate insider clubs.''

Within those and other powerful institutions, Mr. Obama has always appointed himself critic. After being elected the first African-American president of the Harvard Law Review, Mr. Obama gave a speech to black students and alumni that was so rousing, some recall it nearly two decades later. ''Don't let Harvard change you,'' went the refrain. As a community organizer, he led Chicago residents to challenge the local authorities. In the Illinois State Senate, Mr. Obama was not only a reformer who pushed for tighter campaign finance rules, but an everyday skeptic who often pointed out hilarities and hypocrisies to colleagues.

Despite the speed of his rise, Mr. Obama often talks of politics as a closed system, one stacked against outsiders who lack powerful patrons or fat donor bases.

That criticism of the system has become the cornerstone of his political identity. Changing government, making it more responsive to citizens' needs, has been the promise of every campaign he has ever run. Today, despite the millions of people and dollars devoted to his election, Mr. Obama insists, improbably enough, that he is still the same advocate for the poor he was 20 years ago on the streets of Chicago.

''All the time, he says, let's keep in mind that this is not about Barack Obama,'' said Ms. Jarrett, an advisor. ''He still sees himself as the community organizer.''

But after he accepts his party's nomination on Thursday night, it will be hard to call Mr. Obama anything but the establishment. As head of his party, he will preside over everything he says he objects to about politics: the artifice, the influence of special interests, the partisanship. If he wins the presidency, there will be no more rungs on the ladder for Mr. Obama to climb, only re-election. The system he says is broken will become his.

Even those closest to him are not quite sure how he would make the transformation.

''That's uncomfortable,'' said Mr. Axelrod, about the prospect of Mr. Obama becoming the ultimate insider. ''You need to accept that role to a degree if you're the nominee or the president,'' he acknowledged.

And yet, ''I don't think that's a role he wants to play,'' Mr. Axelrod said. ''His idea is that you should always be challenging the institution.''

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

**Load-Date:** August 28, 2008

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[***BEST SELLERS: January 4, 1987***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-W2R0-0017-504C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 4, 1987, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 8; Page 30, Column 2; Book Review Desk; List

**Length:** 1156 words

**Body**

Fiction

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 1 | 1 | 17 | IT, by Stephen King. (Viking, $22.95.) Childhood |
|  |  |  | horrors haunt six men and a woman who grew up in a small Maine town. |
| 2 | 2 | 9 | WHIRLWIND, by James Clavell. (Morrow, $22.95.) |
|  |  |  | Iran during the month following the Shah's departure. |
| 3 | 3 | 23 | RED STORM RISING, by Tom Clancy. (Putnam, $19.95.) |
|  |  |  | Without using nuclear weapons, the West staves off the Russians in World War III. |
| 4 | 4 | 10 | A TASTE FOR DEATH, by P. D. James. (Knopf, |
|  |  |  | $18.95.) Inspector Adam Dalgliesh investigates a brutal double murder. |
| 5 | 6 | 12 | HOLLYWOOD HUSBANDS, by Jackie Collins. (Simon |
|  |  |  | & Schuster, $18.95.) A top New York model encounters three of Los Angeles's most dynamic men. |
| 6 | 5 | 14 | THE PRINCE OF TIDES, by Pat Conroy. (Houghton |
|  |  |  | Mifflin, $19.95.) Complex family relationships in South Carolina's low country and New York City. |
| 7 | 7 | 10 | FLIGHT OF THE INTRUDER, by Stephen Coonts. (Naval |
|  |  |  | Institute, $15.95.) Navy aviators at war over Vietnam. |
| 8 | 9 | 25 | WANDERLUST, by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte, $17.95.) |
|  |  |  | A rich orphan comes of age while she travels the world. |
| 9 | 12 | 6 | THE POLAR EXPRESS, written and illustrated by |
|  |  |  | Chris Van Allsburg. (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95.) A small boy's Christmas Eve train ride to the North Pole and the magical events that follow. |
| 10 | 8 | 12 | FOUNDATION AND EARTH, by Isaac Asimov. (Doubleday, |
|  |  |  | $16.95.) In the fifth volume of the ''Foundation'' series, the hero continues his search for the lost planet Earth. |
| 11 | 10 | 25 | LAST OF THE BREED, by Louis L'Amour. (Bantam, |
|  |  |  | $17.95.) The adventures of a United States Air Force major in Siberia. |
| 12 | 11 | 13 | THE GOLDEN CUP, by Belva Plain. (Delacorte, |
|  |  |  | $17.95.) Continuing the saga of a turn-of-the-century New York family begun in ''Evergreen.'' |
| 13 | 13 | 18 | THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, by Karleen Koen. (Random |
|  |  |  | House, $19.95.) Romance, family conflict, power and greed mark a young woman's life in 18th-century England and France. |
| 14 |  | 9 | PERFUME, by Patrick Suskind. (Knopf, $16.95.) |
|  |  |  | An olfactory vampire kills people to steal their scents. |
| 15 |  | 23 | A PERFECT SPY, by John le Carre. (Knopf, $18.95.) |
|  |  |  | The tale of Magnus Pym, a British secret agent, and his father, Rick, a flamboyant con man. |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Nonfiction |
| 1 | 1 | 35 | FATHERHOOD, by Bill Cosby. (Dolphin/ Doubleday, |
|  |  |  | $14.95.) Anecdotes and ruminations from the television star and father of five. |
| 2 | 3 | 13 | HIS WAY, by Kitty Kelley. (Bantam, $21.95.) |
|  |  |  | From Hoboken to superstardom: an unauthorized biography of Frank Sinatra. |
| 3 | 4 | 15 | McMAHON! by Jim McMahon with Bob Verdi. (Warner, |
|  |  |  | $16.95.) The autobiography of the quarterback for the Chicago Bears. |
| 4 | 2 | 9 | A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AMERICA. (Collins |
|  |  |  | Publishers, $39.95.) The nation on May 2, 1986, as recorded in pictures by 200 photojournalists. |
| 5 | 5 | 7 | WORD FOR WORD, by Andrew A. Rooney. (Putnam, |
|  |  |  | $16.95.) A new collection of columns by the journalist and television personality. |
| 6 | 6 | 33 | JAMES HERRIOT'S DOG STORIES, by James Herriot. (St. |
|  |  |  | Martin's, $19.95.) Fifty tales by a Yorkshire veterinarian about his favorite animal. |
| 7 | 10 | 14 | ONE KNEE EQUALS TWO FEET, by John Madden with |
|  |  |  | Dave Anderson. (Villard, $16.95.) Observations on football by the television commentator and former coach of the Oakland Raiders. |
| 8 | 8 | 5 | THE CHRISTMAS DAY KITTEN, by James Herriot. (St. |
|  |  |  | Martin's, $9.95.) An illustrated true story. |
| 9 | 9 | 43 | YOU'RE ONLY OLD ONCE! by Dr. Seuss. (Random House, |
|  |  |  | $9.95.) A checkup at the Golden Years Clinic in pictures and rhyme; the first Dr. Seuss book for adults. |
| 10 |  | 1 | ACROSS CHINA, by Peter Jenkins. (Morrow, |
|  |  |  | $18.95.) The author leaves his Tennessee farm to find adventure on the other side of the world. |
| 11 | 12 | 10 | ONE MORE TIME, by Carol Burnett. (Random House, |
|  |  |  | $18.95.) The comedian's autobiography, beginning with her impoverished childhood in Hollywood. |
| 12 | 11 | 6 | PAT NIXON: The Untold Story, by Julie Nixon |
|  |  |  | Eisenhower. (Simon & Schuster, $19.95.) A biography of the wife of the 37th President written by her daughter. |
| 13 |  | 1 | A SEASON ON THE BRINK, by John Feinstein. |
|  |  |  | (Macmillan, $16.95.) A chronicle of one season spent with the coach Bob Knight and his Indiana University basketball team. |
| 14 | 7 | 6 | LIFE: The First Fifty Years, 1936-1986. (Little, Brown, |
|  |  |  | $50.) The past half-century as seen in the magazine's photographs. |
| 15 | 13 | 13 | THE RECKONING, by David Halberstam. (Morrow, |
|  |  |  | $19.95.) The crisis in the American automobile industry and Japan's role in it. |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous |
| 1 | 1 | 10 | THE FRUGAL GOURMET COOKS WITH WINE, by Jeff Smith. |
|  |  |  | (Morrow, $16.95.) Recipes to be prepared at moderate cost. |
| 2 | 2 | 47 | THE FRUGAL GOURMET, by Jeff Smith. (Morrow, |
|  |  |  | $14.95.) A television chef's inexpensive dishes. |
| 3 | 4 | 2 | BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS NEW COOK BOOK. (Meredith, |
|  |  |  | $16.95.) The ninth edition; ring-bound. |
| 4 | 3 | 10 | BE HAPPY YOU ARE LOVED, by Robert H. Schuller. |
|  |  |  | (Nelson, $15.95.) Inspiration from a California clergyman. |
| 5 | 5 | 3 | BETTY CROCKER'S COOKBOOK. (Golden Press/Western |
|  |  |  | Publishing, $19.95.) New, revised ring-bound edition. |

The listings above are based on computer-processed sales figures from 2,000 bookstores in every region of the United States, statistically adjusted to represent sales in all bookstores. In Advice and How-to, five titles are listed because, beyond that point, sales in this category are not generally large enough to make a longer list statistically reliable.

\* An asterisk before a book's title indicates that its sales, weighted to reflect the bookselling industry nationally, are barely distinguishable from those of the book above.

And Bear in Mind

(Editors' choices of other recent books of particular interest)

ROCK OF AGES: The Rolling Stone History of Rock & Roll, by Ed Ward, Geoffrey Stokes and Ken Tucker. (Rolling Stone/Summit, Cloth, $24.95. Paper, $14.95.) In separate sections, three journalists who share a deep affection and affinity for their subject cover rock from birth in the 50's to almost yesterday.

BROTHER ENEMY: The War After the War, by Nayan Chanda. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $24.95.) The author, who has reported on Vietnam for 15 years, offers much insight on the failure of the victors in war to cope with the demands of peace.

THE MOTHER OF DREAMS: And Other Short Stories. Portrayals of Women in Modern Japanese Fiction, edited by Makoto Ueda. (Kodansha, $19.95.) All established authors, the writers collected here deal with the power of social roles - maiden, wife, mistress, mother - and the high cost of violating them.

MRS. CALIBAN, by Rachel Ingalls. (Harvard Common Press, $12.95.) First published in 1982, recently revived by British critical attention, this brief, affecting American novel portrays a desperate woman who escapes reality through derangement.

CHEKHOV, by Henri Troyat. (Dutton, $22.50.) A distinguished biographer of Russians unfolds, step by step, Chekhov's cool determination to fulfill his aim as a writer.

MARILYN, by Gloria Steinem. Photographs by George Barris. (Holt, $24.95.) A thoughtful, absorbing biography of Marilyn Monroe, an unusually intelligent woman the greatest of whose many misfortunes may have been her desire to please.

THE CENTURY'S DAUGHTER, by Pat Barker. (Putnam, $16.95.) This cheerfully political novel encapsulates the miseries of the century in the final year of an aged ***working-class*** Englishwoman.

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[***Diary of a New York City Marathon, Now With a Finishing Kick***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5M3C-X111-DXY4-X1NS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 4, 2016 Friday

The New York Times on the Web

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**Section:** Section ; Column 0; Sports Desk; Pg.

**Length:** 8320 words

**Byline:** By BRIAN FIDELMAN

**Body**

In 2012, I set out to examine the atmosphere, history and landmarks along the New York City Marathon route, one mile per day, in the 26 days leading up to the race.

Just two days before the race, the marathon was canceled as the city reeled from Hurricane Sandy.

Here are Miles 1 through 24, left mostly intact, complete with dated references to the Nets' new home (they've played at Barclays Center for over four years now) and TV shows like ''Mad Men,'' ''30 Rock'' and ''Gossip Girl.''

The final 2 miles 385 yards are newly written: Just look at that obligatory reference to ''Hamilton.''

Mile 1: Where the Marathon Begins

When more than 50,000 runners line up to start the New York City Marathon on Sunday, the foot of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island will be like a shaken soda bottle.

Athletes will have pent-up energy after all those hours of stretching, eating, drinking and waiting at Fort Wadsworth, and after all those months of sacrificing the easy life to prepare for a 26-mile-385-yard run through New York City.

The race begins at the longest suspension bridge in North America, one that prohibits running on all other days of the year. How odd it is to stand before tollbooths, under interstate signs, waiting around for the sound of a cannon.

The racecourse covers five boroughs and more than a dozen neighborhoods, with spectators lining the streets almost the entire way (the common estimate is two million). From now until raceday, we'll offer a few words about each of those 26 miles. And who could forget those 385 yards?

Starting this many people in such a tight a space is a complex affair. That shaken bottle is opened slowly, as athletes in the wheelchair, hand cycle, disability and professional women's divisions are sent off at intervals from 8:30 to 9:10 a.m. Beginning at 9:40, four main waves of runners depart, each 25 minutes after the last.

Runners in the green start will be on the lower level of the bridge, and those in the blue and orange starts on the upper level. Everyone will spend the first mile going uphill. Not many runners are likely to feel the effects, at least not yet. There is too much exhilaration in the air, and too many people around to run very fast, anyway.

About seven and a half miles in the distance to the left (northwest) is the Manhattan skyline, with the World Trade Center towering above all else. To the right, a runner can make out the amusement park rides of Coney Island and then a private community called Sea Gate, jutting out into the bay. A further turn of the neck to the right yields a view of Staten Island's South Beach.

As runners reach the end of their climb at the middle of the bridge and the Mile 1 marker, they may feel on top of the world. In actuality, they will be at the highest elevation point of the race. Only four boroughs and 25 miles to go. Oh yes, and those 385 yards.

Mile 2: Where It's All Downhill

After a glorious run uphill in the opening mile of the New York City Marathon, Mile 2 is a downhill joy ride from the crest of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge into Brooklyn.

A certain giddiness can take hold here. The air of celebration and the steady decline give runners a natural boost.

John Honerkamp, a running coach with New York Road Runners, said it was easy to go too fast here, and suggested not worrying about split times yet.

''The first two miles are a wash,'' Honerkamp said. Enjoy the view, he advised, and forget the GPS until Mile 3. ''If you hammer a downhill, you can mess up your quads. Err on going too slow.''

There is plenty to divert the pace-obsessed. There are more than 1,700 portable bathrooms at Fort Wadsworth, and a steady dose of them along the course beginning at Mile 3. But for some runners, the staggered starts and long waits in corrals are too much. The side of the bridge becomes a de facto urinal. Race organizers, for the record, prohibit this. But those of us who have run this race invariably recall it.

As runners complete their descent, they begin to diverge into their color-coded routes, spilling like rivulets into the streets.

My Times colleague Samantha Farlow said she was struck here by the first glimpse of spectators: a small number of them, high above on an overpass, offering a warm welcome to Brooklyn. The crowds will soon thicken and the volume rise, but it's all about small memories like this one, isn't it?

Mile 3: Where the Runners Diverge

In 1970, 127 distance runners paid a dollar each to run in the first New York City Marathon. The course consisted of loops around the rolling hills of Central Park. Fewer than half finished.

Six years later, race and city officials expanded the race to cover all five boroughs. This bold move not only transformed the race into an international spectacle, it helped a niche sport become the mass participation activity it is today.

That first citywide race, in 1976, had 2,090 runners. Adding tens of thousands of people to the field over the decades has turned race management into a science. One of the most difficult tasks is keeping runners moving through the relatively narrow streets of the first few miles. That is why the start is staggered into four waves on three color-coded routes (each with their own ''start village'' at Fort Wadsworth). And it is why runners are further divided into crowd-control corrals at the start.

It is here in Bay Ridge, between Miles 2 and 3, where the three routes are most separate. Athletes in the blue stream (the elite men and women follow this route) are the first to exit the highway off the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge onto Dahlgren Place. They hang a left at 92nd Street and a right onto Fourth Avenue, where they will settle in for the next five and a half miles.

The orange stream exits at 92nd Street, abruptly loops back toward the bridge and takes a right turn and then another right onto Fourth Avenue, merging with their blue brethren.

And then there are the greenies, who ran on the lower level of the bridge. While the upper-level blue and orange people quickly exit to streets, the greenies stay on the Gowanus Expressway a bit longer, in the southbound lanes, which everyone hopes will be a little less congested than during rush hour.

They exit at 79th Street, continuing north on Seventh Avenue. The greenies hang a left on 74th Street, which gives runners an exclusive passage down a classic New York melting pot of a street, one profiled in 2011 in The Times. (Take THAT, fancy upper-bridge people!)

The greenies do not rejoin everyone else on Fourth Avenue until well after Mile 3, at Bay Ridge Parkway. Now, separated only by the median, and with thickening crowds of supporters, everyone is in this together.

Mile 4: Where Tony Manero Stayed Alive

With marathoners now settled on Fourth Avenue for a lengthy stretch, many take stock of their pace, grab their first cup of water or high-five a child for the first of, oh, a hundred times.

Perhaps they'll wave back to coffee sippers at Mocha Mocha or hookah smokers at the Gulf Cafe. They'll marvel at how many houses of worship line Fourth Avenue.

Athletes will scan the sidewalks for family and friends who've taken the R train to Bay Ridge before they hop back on the subway in hopes of outpacing their loved one to another point on the course. (Spectators looking for a specific runner should be on the runners' left for orange athletes and to the right for blue and green.)

A few decades ago, Bay Ridge was known as home to generations of families with Italian, Irish and Scandinavian roots. Today, Russians, Asians and Arabs have arrived in large numbers. (There is still a Norwegian parade every May.) This is as much a cultural mix as any neighborhood along the way.

There's even talk of hipsters moving in. What would Tony Manero and his ''Saturday Night Fever'' buddies say about that? (The Peggy Olson character from ''Mad Men'' is also from Bay Ridge.)

This stretch has mostly low-lying construction, but there's a hulking brick building, seemingly in the middle of the road, dominating the landscape ahead. It is a residential complex called the Towers of Bay Ridge, at 65th Street. When runners pass it, they'll just about be at the Mile 4 marker.

Goodbye, Bay Ridge.

Hello, Sunset Park.

Mile 5: Where St. Michael's Is a Beacon

If one of the Towers of Bay Ridge serves as a marker for Mile 4 of the New York City Marathon, then the distinctive, egg-shaped tower of the Church of St. Michael is a beacon guiding runners up Brooklyn's Fourth Avenue to Mile 5.

This stretch is in the Sunset Park neighborhood, but marathoners on Fourth Avenue won't be in its commercial heart. Eighth Avenue is part of Brooklyn's Chinatown, one with more Chinese than the famous one in Manhattan. Once mainly a Cantonese area, immigrants from Fujian province have been arriving in great numbers over the last decade. Sunset Park has another main shopping strip on Fifth Avenue, which caters to a burgeoning Latin-American population.

Like Bay Ridge, Sunset Park once had a large number of Norwegian immigrants, many of whom worked on the bustling waterfront (interesting history here).

One avenue to the left of Fourth is the park for which the neighborhood is named. Running from 41st Street to 44th, and from Fifth Avenue to Sixth, Sunset Park is perched at one of the highest points in Brooklyn and offers spectacular views of New York Harbor.

There's St. Michael's. Moving right along.

Mile 6: Where the Music Plays and the Dead Rest

In the sixth mile, competitors will fly by at least half a dozen live bands and one spectacular cemetery.

Spectators on the right side of Fourth Avenue can find an entrance to the Green-Wood Cemetery at 35th Street. It opens at 8 a.m. (plenty of time before runners arrive). A stroll through offers hills, ponds and trees bursting with colors. Founded in 1838, it houses such good and bad guys as Leonard Bernstein and Boss Tweed.

There's a string of fast-food restaurants on this stretch, but large quantities of everything can be had at Costco one avenue to the runners' left, at Third and 38th.

This neighborhood is named after the cemetery: Greenwood Heights.

Mile 7: Where a Battle Was Fought in 1776

With all the cheering and the music, with runners dressed in tuxedos, tutus and Superman outfits, marathoners may be excused if they are not focusing on the American Revolution and the American pastime.

But if there's one historical point on the New York City Marathon route that deserves runners' love, it's right around the Mile 7 mark. On the right side, between Third and Fourth Streets, is an elevated artificial turf playing field, with a stone house set further back in the park.

That Old Stone House (built in 1699 and reconstructed in the 1930s) was the site of important fighting in the Battle of Brooklyn on Aug. 27, 1776. The British Army was thumping George Washington's troops, but an outmanned Maryland regiment fought off the British long enough for the rest of the American troops to escape and fight another day.

The valiant Maryland 400 made the ultimate sacrifice, losing 256 soldiers. Washington is reported to have said of them: ''Good God. What brave fellows I must this day lose.''

Now fast forward a century. In 1883, a certain Brooklyn baseball team was formed and played at a new stadium here, calling it Washington Park. (The location had previously been a skating pond where the strange sport of ice baseball had been played.)

The team, which went by nicknames like the Bridegrooms and then the Superbas, won the American Association pennant in 1889 and then joined the National League the next year and won the pennant again.

The team played the next seven seasons elsewhere in Brooklyn, but a new owner, Charles Ebbets, moved them back to this area, into a new Washington Park across Fourth Avenue between First and Third Streets. The Dodgers, as they would later be called, played at the new Washington Park until Ebbets Field opened in 1913 about two miles east in Flatbush.

The Dodgers and their rooters would be famously colorful and boisterous in the decades to come, but when the team advertised for ballplayers back in 1883, it seemed that management wanted a gentlemanly bunch, according to Richard Goldstein, author of the 1991 book ''Superstars and Screwballs: 100 Years of Brooklyn Baseball'' and a former editor at The Times.

''A runner in the vicinity of Washington Park back then might have expected a sedate setting,'' he said. ''As a writer for the sports journal New York Clipper put it: 'They want men of intelligence and not corner-lot toughs who may happen to possess some ability as players.' ''

Returning to the present day, this mile runs on the boundary between Park Slope (to the right) and Gowanus (to the left). Park Slope is the granddaddy of brownstone renewal, whose rent hikes are sending many people to previously raced-through neighborhoods like Sunset Park and Bay Ridge. Gowanus is an industrial neighborhood centered on a canal that is a Superfund site. Developers are moving in, but as The Times's Joseph Berger describes in this article, not all residents want their neighborhood to be the next gentrification destination.

This stretch of Fourth, between Miles 6 and 7, was once a bit dingy and off the commercial path, but is now ripe for a diversionary game of Count the Condos.

The subway station at Ninth Street is the best bet for spectators wanting to watch around here. It has a crossover, so you won't be stuck on one side (you can't cross Fourth as the runners go by), as you might at other nearby stations. Also, you could arrive on the R, F or G train and then hop back on the G to head farther up the course to perhaps encounter those same tuxedos, tutus and Supermen.

Mile 8: Where the Nets Now Roam

Once athletes cross the Mile 7 mark, there's less than a mile to go on Fourth Avenue before the complexion of the course changes dramatically.

Brooklyn's most famous architectural gem, the Williamsburgh Savings Bank Tower, looms ahead and serves as a finish line of sorts for Fourth Avenue. Now a condo conversion named for its address, One Hanson Place, the Williamsburgh (yes, with an H, unlike the neighborhood) was Brooklyn's tallest building from 1929 until 2010, when a rental tower called the Brooklyner inched past it.

As the tower approaches, details like the four-sided clock below the dome come into sharper relief.

The numbered streets crossing Fourth Avenue, which helped marathoners track their progress all the way from the 90s in Bay Ridge, are gone. Now it's streets like Garfield, Carroll and President.

Union, Sackett, Degraw and Douglass fly by. Butler, Baltic, Warren, St. Mark's. Some cool bars line the left side here, like Pacific Standard and 4th Avenue Pub.

After Bergen and Dean Streets, runners on the right side of the median begin to merge left in preparation for a mass slant to the left at Flatbush Avenue. During this transition off Fourth Avenue, the just-opened Barclays Center is visible to the right. This is the new home for Jay Z, Barbra Streisand and the Nets, Brooklyn's first major sports team since the Dodgers fled west in 1957.

Brooklyn, its own city before 1898, sure is feeling like one right now.

Flatbush Avenue runs the entire length of Brooklyn, but marathoners will enjoy it for about 225 yards before hanging a sharp right onto Lafayette Avenue.

Next it's on to the ninth mile, through some of New York City's most vibrant neighborhoods.

Mile 9: Where Runners Are Gonna Fly

This mile, which crosses through the Fort Greene and Clinton Hill sections of Brooklyn, is one to savor. If Fourth Avenue was like a long overture to a classical symphony, allowing marathoners to settle in and spread out, then Lafayette Avenue is like a brisk jazz solo.

The path is much thinner now, on a one-way street, adding a sense of intimacy and the illusion of moving faster.

The majestic Peter Jay Sharp Building of the Brooklyn Academy of Music soon appears on the right. Across the street is Berlyn, a visually tasty (and that's all that matters right now) German-Austrian restaurant.

Fulton Street cuts through diagonally, creating a fork in the road and a space called Fowler Square, which is more like a triangle. It features a statue of a beloved Civil War general and an expanded pedestrian area. Restaurants and bars like Smoke Joint, Mullanes Bar and Grill and Frank's Cocktail Bar line the angles of the intersection.

Too bad the race can't hang a left at South Portland Avenue, at the classic ''Meat Corp.'' storefront, because what follows is one of the prettiest blocks in the city, ending at Fort Greene Park. Visiting spectators may want to check it out.

Continuing on Lafayette, commercial activity begins to quiet a bit and more brownstones appear. The autumn tree cover thickens overhead, and Fort Greene melts into Clinton Hill. On the right side, at the corner of Vanderbilt Avenue, is one of the more distinctive homes in the area, the yellow Joseph Steele house from the mid-1800s.

Several runners, this one included, have been known to speed up around Clermont Avenue, where the Bishop Loughlin Memorial High School band blasts the theme from ''Rocky'' again and again, as it has since 1979.

A running coach might urge an athlete to try to keep an even pace here, even amid the band's big brass energy. But just try. Gonna fly now.

Mile 10: Where There's French Toast and Brooklyn Style

On marathon weekend, Manhattan hotel sticker shock can feel like hitting the wall at Mile 20. But a lucky handful of guests will be paying less to stay at a bed-and-breakfast in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, home of Mile 10.

Guests at Sankofa Aban on Macon Street will be walking distance to the racecourse and in the heart of Brooklyn's African-American cultural life. They'll be greeted warmly by the owner, Debbie McClain, and wake up to a breakfast of rum-soaked French toast in a wonderfully restored 19th-century townhouse.

''It's my own private U.N.,'' McClain said in the B-and-B's communal area, where pictures of her grandparents, who moved here in 1939, are encased in glass. Ms. McClain's business strategy: Give everyone a hug and play host to a live jazz fish fry on Friday nights.

Bed-Stuy is going through an exciting transition. Visitors can see some of the city's finest brownstones, off-the-path cul-de-sacs, an eclectic mix of restaurants and a chic sense of fashion (a man in this Times video touts the ''hoodster'' look).

Rocketing rents in Fort Greene and Clinton Hill have inspired many people to move in the direction of the marathon route: into Bedford-Stuyvesant.

The race itself takes in only a brief slice of the neighborhood, in the northwest corner. After the Mile 9 marker, at Classon Avenue, the course runs a few hundred more yards on Lafayette Avenue before turning left on Bedford Avenue.

This rest of the mile is a downhill, low-key breather, with the Citigroup Center's unmistakable angled roof visible in the distance in Manhattan. It's a good time to check pace, breathe easy and, to the extent that it's possible during a 26.2-mile run, relax.

Mile 11: Things Get Quiet in the Hasidic Neighborhoods of Williamsburg

Remember the roar of the crowd at the end of Fourth Avenue? Those spectators on Lafayette who may have sweetly fibbed when they said you looked awesome?

Well, there's not much of that during Mile 11, which passes through the Hasidic Jewish enclave of Williamsburg. For one fascinating stretch, the joggler will joggle in relative silence.

The majority of Williamsburg's Hasidic residents belong to the Satmar sect, whose members came here from Romania and Hungary after World War II. This is an insular and complex community, one that speaks Yiddish, wears traditional dress and shuns many aspects of modern life.

My Times colleague Liz Robbins, who wrote a book on the marathon, ''A Race Like No Other: 26.2 Miles Through the Streets of New York'' (Harper, 2008), calls this chapter, ''A Modest Mile.''

The marathon, Robbins writes, runs ''counter to the Hasidic community's strict interpretation of the commandment of tznuit, modesty.'' So when the runners reach this stretch, ''they are met with silence, interrupted only by the rustling of the fall leaves on the street or the muted sounds of small hands clapping. The runners see stares -- quizzical, blank or bored -- or they see people look away in modesty.''

The sight of thousands of runners in shorts or skin-tights traipsing through such a traditional neighborhood, as men go about their regular Sunday business (Sabbath was Saturday) and women walk with their children and strollers, is unforgettable and so totally Brooklyn.

It is also fleeting. After crossing the aptly named Division Avenue, Bedford slants to the right, putting the ramp to the Williamsburg Bridge into view. The look of the bystanders changes.

At Broadway, and a block to the right, is the beautiful dome atop the original Williamsburgh Savings Bank building, finished in 1875 (Peter Luger Steakhouse is across the street).

Back at the corner of Bedford and Broadway is the Williamsburg Art & Historical Center. Even though it is housed in an 1867 building, this heart of the local art scene is a sure sign that we are back in the New World.

Mile 12: From Puerto Rican Williamsburg to Hip Williamsburg

Our journey along Bedford Avenue continues northward out of Hasidic Williamsburg through Puerto Rican Williamsburg and into hip Williamsburg. Got all that?

Crossing South Sixth Street and Broadway, there's a sweet view to the left of the Williamsburg Bridge, whose completion in 1903 led people to move here in masses. There is also, depending on the moment, a chance to wave up to riders of the J, Z or M train as they descend the bridge into Brooklyn from Manhattan.

Just past the bridge on the right is a colorful mural outside the Williamsburg Music Center, which showcases the local jazz scene. The South Side is a longtime home to Puerto Rican and Dominican residents, but like so many neighborhoods around here it is gentrifying rapidly.

Between South Third and Fourth Streets is the Mile 11 aid station, where runners can grab a cup and enjoy the surroundings. There are aid stations for spectators, too, in the form of bars and restaurants that start to appear everywhere. Some brunch spots along here offer cozy spots to watch the race, raise a bloody mary to the hard-working runners and swear that you're going to do the marathon one of these years.

Like so many New York neighborhoods, Williamsburg had fallen victim to drugs, crime and arson by the 1970s. Artists slowly moved in, taking advantage of low rents, and the neighborhood grew trendier as industrial warehouses became creative spaces. A 1986 Times article cited rent for a 2,000-square-foot artist's studio at about $750. Today, you might as well add a zero. Rezoning along the waterfront has led to luxury condo high rises, and parks and flea markets there have added to the neighborhood's appeal.

Bedford Avenue is lined with three- or four-floor apartment buildings, some brick and some vinyl-sided, with small boutique condos sandwiched in between. Tenants on the ground floor could be a high-end cheese shop, a quaint pharmacy (they speak Spanish and Polish, says the sign outside) or a vintage barber shop. At North Seventh Street, where the L train makes its first stop from Manhattan, finding a place to lock a bicycle can be as tough as finding a car spot.

At North 12th Street, Bedford Avenue cuts through McCarren Park, a 35-acre oasis with swimming, bocce and kickball.

Runners enter the park while still in Williamsburg, enjoy a peaceful, tree-lined stretch, and exit in the home of Mile 13, Greenpoint.

Mile 13: Where Changes Sweep From Williamsburg Into Greenpoint

Greenpoint comes right after Williamsburg, both on the marathon route and in the changes sweeping through the waterfront neighborhoods of Brooklyn.

While the neighborhood is still home to generations of ***working-class*** Polish-American and Latino families, the winds of hipness and creative energy (and higher rents) have blown north from Williamsburg, as Robin Finn described in The New York Times.

On Manhattan Avenue, though, our running path for the 13th mile, an old-neighborhood feel remains, and an unconventional runner craving protein will find plenty of places to grab kielbasa.

As marathoners emerge from the relaxing tree cover of McCarren Park, they pass the Mile 12 marker and angle left onto Manhattan Avenue, where Bedford Avenue ends.

They used to call Brooklyn the City of Churches, and now another beacon is towering in the distance. It is the Church of St. Anthony-St. Alphonsus, a Gothic Revival work with a tall spire that is worth gawking at right up until the route passes it by.

A block later, the masses swing a sharp right onto Greenpoint Avenue for perhaps a one-minute downhill glide, and then a left onto McGuinness Boulevard.

It is a testament to the lure of this area that even on this stretch of McGuinness, where loud trucks rumble past wheel alignment shops and electrical supply companies, condos line the left side of the street.

The Pulaski Bridge is just ahead. Is it halftime already?

Mile 14: Halfway There

The Pulaski Bridge, which connects Brooklyn and Queens, is named for a Polish hero of the American Revolution. But in the vernacular of the New York City Marathon, the words translate roughly to this: halfway point to a major accomplishment.

The 13.1-mile mark is a chance to assess the landscape and ask some questions. Am I on pace? Am I drinking enough? Why am I doing this?

Atop the bridge, marathoners will have their first sweeping views since the start of the race. There is the Midtown Manhattan skyline to the left, and signs everywhere else of the city's infrastructure and industrial past: the traffic-clogged Kosciuszko Bridge, the tolls to the Queens-Midtown Tunnel and the Queens Citigroup Building, the city's tallest outside Manhattan.

Down below is the Newtown Creek, the fetid, abused estuary we are crossing from Brooklyn into Queens.

Years of oil refining and fat rendering take a toll on a place. According to a Times article by Mireya Navarro about Newtown's designation as a Superfund site in 2010, water tests ''revealed the presence of pesticides, heavy metals, P.C.B.s, volatile organic compounds and other contaminants.''

Still, the article said, ''residents use the creek for recreation like kayaking and fishing, and some eat the fish they catch.'' Probably best to stick with bananas and gel packs.

But this is a time to focus on what lies ahead, not below. We're halfway to the finish, an exhilarating moment. Nice and easy on that decline into Queens, though. There's a doozy of an uphill on the way.

Mile 15: Where Old-Timers Appreciate the New

Tommy Ledden has lived since 1940 in Long Island City, the Queens neighborhood that marathoners wind their way through in the 14th and 15th miles.

''Everybody was Irish or Italian,'' said Ledden, one of the Irish guys, over a beer at Corner Bistro on Vernon Boulevard. ''They intermarried. Talk to another old-timer around here and I'm probably related to them.''

Ledden, a retired iron worker with a white thatch and a friendly manner, remembers when the sink tub was in the kitchen and when it was the Vernon Avenue Bridge that crossed into Greenpoint, before the Pulaski opened in 1954. He seems to remember every detail about the old Long Island City.

''The Budweiser keeps the memory going,'' he said.

To say Ledden has seen some changes in the last 15 years is putting it mildly. Old warehouses and factories have been converted into condos, and amenity-filled apartment towers with postcard views of Manhattan form a mini skyline near the East River (to the runners' left as they arrive in Queens). Farther inland, closer to the towering Citigroup Building, a new neighborhood is rising from scratch.

Once gritty, Long Island City now has more of a Greenwich Village feel, complete with Greenwich Village restaurants.

Corner Bistro, a packed burger-and-beer joint on West Fourth Street, has a Long Island City offshoot where Tommy Ledden's bar stool resides and window seats offer a view of the marathon course. He's an old-neighborhood guy in a new-neighborhood bar.

The Times examined the dramatic demographic shifts that have occurred along the course since the race went to five boroughs in 1976. An interactive graphic traced neighborhood-by-neighborhood income changes like a roller-coaster ride. The line spiked in Park Slope (+288 percent), but soared to the heavens (+374 percent) in Long Island City.

The invasion of the Manhattanites has not bothered Ledden one bit.

''They're all nice people,'' he said. ''Everyone I've met.''

Next, it is the marathoners' turn to invade Manhattan.

Mile 16: Where Runners Go Up, Up and Away

Funny thing, this marathon. We try to do everything right -- the long runs, the speed workouts, the stretching -- yet nothing fully braces us for the physical punishment and emotional test of raceday.

The first difficult stretch for many marathoners comes during the 16th mile, on the Ed Koch Queensboro Bridge. (Check out this Times article from the bridge's opening in 1909. ''With the rush of vehicles came a stampede of marathon runners representing athletic clubs ambitious to secure for their organizations the distinction of having been the first athlete to cross the bridge.'')

We've made a series of turns during our two miles in Queens. Left on 48th Avenue off the Pulaski Bridge. Right on Vernon Boulevard, past those restaurants. Right on 44th Drive, a quiet stretch. Left on Crescent Street, where we can see the back of the giant Silvercup sign. This is the bakery-turned-studio where TV shows like ''30 Rock'' and ''Gossip Girl'' are filmed.

Finally, we turn left onto the Queensboro. And up we go. And up. And up.

The taxing turns during miles past are catching up with us. The incline on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge was actually longer than this one, but we barely noticed it back then. The road up the Queensboro, though, seems endless. Legs start aching. Arms grow weary from pushing the wheelchair.

That Simon and Garfunkel song, the one named for this bridge, is a good one for our mental soundtrack. Slow down, you move too fast. Should have thought of that back at Mile 8. Feelin' groovy? No, not really.

We are on the lower level of the bridge, and while the views of the East River, Manhattan and Roosevelt Island below are nice, there is a slight sensation of being in a darkened tunnel. After miles of rousing spectator support, there is nobody around now, only the pitter-patter of our fellow marathoners' footsteps. It can get a little lonely.

Then there is this daunting thought: still more than 10 miles to go.

But just as quickly as it formed, the cloud begins to lift. The climb up the bridge is complete and we are descending into Manhattan. There's a faint sound up ahead that is gradually getting louder.

Our legs start to recover a bit, and that sound is now a rising roar. We're gliding downhill now, almost there.

And then we reach the source of that sound: swarms of well-wishers welcoming us to Manhattan as if we were a gold medal marathoner entering the Olympic Stadium.

We suddenly find ourselves the toast of an Upper East Side parade. Our spirits lift and our legs feel lighter.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's passage from ''The Great Gatsby'' finally rings true. ''The city seen from the Queensboro Bridge is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world.''

Only 10 miles to go. All is groovy.

Mile 17: Where Runners Get the First Avenue Rush

''What's to see,'' Jerry says at a First Avenue marathon party in an early 1990s ''Seinfeld'' episode. ''A woman from Norway, a guy from Kenya and 20,000 losers.''

The New York City Marathon is steeped in the city's popular culture, and no part of the course is more celebrated and packed with spectators than the Upper East Side.

As they exit the Queensboro Bridge, athletes swing a hairpin turn onto 59th Street and into a wall of sound from the crowd. They pass the restaurant Uncorked on the right. ''Mile 16 is in our blood,'' said the manager, Paul Murdock, whose patrons also have mimosas in their blood.

Marathoners quickly hang a left on First Avenue, where they settle in for a straight-arrow 3.4-mile joy ride.

They pass back under the Queensboro Bridge and its Guastavino tile, then under the tram line to Roosevelt Island. The Dangerfield's comedy club appears on the right, one of the few reminders of the days when this district was hopping with nightspots.

The residential towers here dwarf the churches and their chance to serve as beacons, but a sharp-eyed runner may catch some of the nice details etched into the entrance of the Church of St. John Nepomucene at 66th Street.

A couple of blocks ahead, also on the right, is the Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center, which carries a large banner for Fred's Team, a fund-raising program in the memory of Fred Lebow. It was Lebow who created the New York City Marathon and guided it to prominence. He died of brain cancer in 1994 at age 62.

Police barricades line this portion of the course because the rowdy crowds on both sides can run four to five people deep. Brunchers with a view cheer from restaurants, and support rains down from fire escapes and balconies.

Plenty of runners are whooping it up, too, as the party atmosphere reaches a fever pitch.

Fred Lebow would love it.

Mile 18: Where First Avenue Offers an Old Bohemian Rhapsody

The marathon parade continues up First Avenue as marathoners pass the Mile 17 marker around 77th Street.

There is a gentle uptick in elevation until 85th Street, where a special vista is revealed: a sea of human heads bouncing up and down, straight ahead and as far as the eye can see.

A runner can get lost in the hypnotic visual and perhaps take comfort in the knowledge that the heads rest atop other weary and aching bodies. It's a collective pain. And it is a relief -- fleeting, of course -- to see no inclines or turns in the viewable future, just downhill and flat terrain.

As for the here and now, this is the Yorkville section of the Upper East Side. It has long been a staid and assimilated neighborhood, but had you run up First Avenue 60 or 70 years ago, you would have enjoyed a little tour through Central Europe.

The East 70s used to be quite Bohemian (not in the alternative Williamsburg sense but in its abundance of Czech immigrants), according to the historical blog ''Ephemeral New York.''

''There's not much left now,'' the blog reports. ''The tens and thousands of Czechs who once lived there have died or moved on. But a few signs of their old community still exist, such as Bohemian National Hall on East 73rd between First and Second Avenues.''

You could have taken a goulash break a few blocks up on 79th Street, which was known as Hungarian Boulevard.

But Yorkville was best known as a German neighborhood. There are still a few ethnic establishments around, and a marathoner who peers to the right at East 87th Street, just after the RadioShack, can see the old tiled floors and wooden walls of Glaser's Bake Shop, which was opened in 1902 by German immigrants and still churns out a mean black-and-white cookie.

A cookie, maybe later on. For now, we'll have to settle for that gel station at Mile 18.

Mile 19: Where Good Times Become Great Times

By the time the masses begin the 19th mile around East 97th Street, elite runners will have been resting comfortably for some time beyond the finish, perhaps enjoying lunch or a nice massage.

There is a fair chance that during this fast, flat portion of the course, the winner is engaged in a brutal race strategy known as the surge. As if 4-minute-50-second miles were not fast enough over the entire race, a man might throw in a sub-4:30 around here in hopes of breaking up the pack or demoralizing an opponent who had thus far seemed in command. Many fine high school athletes dream of running 4:30 for a single mile, let alone tossing one in at Mile 19.

To grasp the pace at which elite runners travel, set your treadmill to 11 miles per hour. Be careful, because it feels like a sprint, right? You'd have to sustain this pace for an entire marathon just to keep up with the 2011 women's winner, Firehiwot Dado of Ethiopia, who ran 2 hours 23 minutes 15 seconds.

But that stuff happens in the morning. It's the afternoon now, and as runners enter East Harlem, the corridor effect of residential towers lining First Avenue begins to dissipate. There are more low-rise apartments and public housing complexes, along with a sprinkling of snazzy condos.

East Harlem is a hub of New York's Latino community, though most of the best restaurants and colorful murals lie to the west of the marathon route. One lovely spot along here is Thomas Jefferson Park, on the right side between 111th and 114th Streets, a shady oasis with a running track and playing fields.

But wise is the spectator who watches from the other side of First Avenue, on the runners' left. There, up by 117th, you can grab some pizza from Patsy's (''There ain't nothin' like that,'' Frank Sinatra once said). Patsy's, which opened in 1933, is a tasty reminder of the neighborhood's Italian past.

After screaming kind words to the marathoners between bites, cheerleaders can stroll over to Fifth Avenue to see them again after they return from the Bronx.

That double dose of support can lift the spirits of marathoners whose bodies are beginning to cry, ''Enough!''

Mile 20: A Much-Maligned Bridge

We are here today to defend the honor of the Willis Avenue Bridge.

This span, which connects Manhattan to the Bronx about halfway between Miles 19 and 20, has something of a reputation among marathoners. It is, many memories recall, a carpeted pathway into a brick wall.

The ''wall'' is that moment when our bodies start to run out of energy (glycogen depletion), and muscles and even minds begin to falter. This often occurs around Mile 20.

First of all, the carpeting is gone. A few years ago, the Willis Avenue Bridge was shipped off, literally, and replaced by a prefabricated one that doesn't have metal grating (several bridges, including the Queensboro, used to require carpeting on marathon day).

Second, there's no law saying you're going to hit the wall. Many marathoners who do long practice runs, keep a measured pace in the early miles and take in some calories during the race experience no such thing, at least at Mile 20. And many of those who do will come back to finish with gusto.

Geoffrey Mutai, the 2011 winner, used the bridge as a springboard, going on to scorch the final 10 kilometers and win in a course-record time of 2 hours 5 minutes 6 seconds (about 4:46 per mile).

Marathoners glide straight onto the bridge at East 126th Street, ending the First Avenue phase of the race. To the left is a series of little bridges spanning the Harlem River, including the Madison Avenue Bridge, which carries marathoners back into Manhattan. To the right is the Robert F. Kennedy Bridge (formerly the Triborough), a three-bridge complex that goes to Randalls Island and then either to the Bronx or Queens.

And straight ahead is the Bronx. The first five-borough race, in 1976, barely touched a toe in the Bronx, which at the time was becoming a symbol of urban blight.

Today, the Bronx portion is full of zigs and zags, funky signs and heartfelt spectator support.

Thanks for the lift, dear Willis Avenue Bridge.

Mile 21: Where Runners Get Their Slice of the Bronx

Left. Right. Left-right-left. And-a-left-and-a-right.

Professional runners and Boston Marathon aspirants may not appreciate lots of turns, but marathoners who had their fill of straight-ahead running on First Avenue may just love the Bronx. Where else in the race do you run the corners around a Western Beef supermarket?

The New York City Marathon course runs through a southwestern sliver of the Bronx. The route does not include the botanical gardens, the cliffs on the Hudson River, Van Cortlandt Park (home to many a cross-country meet) or Pelham Bay Park, the largest in the city. It does not pass the tiger cubs at the zoo or round the bases in Yankee Stadium.

It does, however, pass through Mott Haven, a neighborhood lodged in many people's mental footage of the 1970s with burning buildings and empty lots. Today, it is seen as a neighborhood with much potential.

But check out the corner of Alexander Avenue and 138th Street, where the route turns left. Ahead on Alexander are beautiful rowhouses at the start of a stretch once known as Doctors' Row. The Mott Haven Historical District begins on the next block. To the right is the attractive St. Jerome Roman Catholic Church, which, according to the website Forgotten New York, was ''built in 1898 by Delhi and Howard in an Italian Renaissance style with Spanish accents.''

Come to think of it, this is an ideal spot to watch the race. The Third Avenue 6 station is right there, and vulnerable marathoners could use some screaming at this point. After the Western Beef detour, the route returns to 138th Street, past Park Avenue (yes, that Park Avenue; Broadway and Third Avenue also continue into the Bronx) and across the Madison Avenue Bridge into Manhattan.

Marathoners are greeted by the Mile 21 marker and an immediate sign of the changes occurring in our next neighborhood: ''Beacon Mews: Harlem's New Rental Luxury Building; Concierge, Fitness Center.''

Mile 22: The Beginning of a Trek Down Fifth Avenue

With a little more than five miles to go, marathoners return to Manhattan and swing a left on Fifth Avenue at East 138th Street. Here they will settle in for the second-to-last chapter of their epic race, a stretch that lasts about 2.6 miles before the course angles in to Central Park.

This northern part of Fifth Avenue, which runs through Harlem, seems a world away (and a century, looking at these brownstones) from the frenzied tourist zones of the Apple Store, Rockefeller Center and the Empire State Building, a few miles south.

Here, runners will encounter the perfect autumn atmosphere, with changing trees, music and supportive crowds.

Just past the Greater Central Baptist Church, on 132nd Street, there is a new brunch spot called Shell's Bistro, which doubles as a real estate brokerage. Here, the food servers are also brokers, said the owner, Andrew Shell. So patrons can order two eggs and two bedrooms while cheering on the runners.

While passing 130th Street, runners can peer to the right to try to catch a glimpse of something rare in Manhattan: houses with porches.

Another two blocks south, there is a small green space called Collyer Brothers Park, which is strangely named for two hoarding recluses who died under bizarre circumstances (Times article here).

The course swings around one of the best parks in Harlem, Marcus Garvey Park, a shady bit of nature with rocky outcroppings. The race jogs around the park and back onto Fifth Avenue for the continuing southward march.

Museum Mile awaits.

Mile 23: Some Culture to Soothe the Pain

After a little jog around the lovely Marcus Garvey Park, the marathon route returns to Fifth Avenue.

As the course turns right onto Fifth from 120th Street, notice the sculpture on the left, in front of one of Harlem's luxury towers. It is called ''Friends,'' by Nnamdi Okonkwo, and it features three women resting. Here's a chance to play art critic under the influence of 22 miles of running. Who are these three women who seem to be relaxing and not particularly interested in the marathon?

Now it's a straight shot down Fifth.

At 110th Street, a roundabout called Duke Ellington Circle serves as an introduction to Central Park. There's a statue of the jazz great Ellington to the right.

Marathoners now enter a stretch of Fifth Avenue called Museum Mile. Some of the world's premier cultural institutions face one of the world's premier parks. What better setting to endure pain and fatigue?

The first site along Central Park is the Harlem Meer, which dominates the vista to the right. Water, willow tree, ducks, geese. Forget about the pain, and check out the meer.

Around 105th Street, Museum Mile begins. Some of the world's premier cultural institutions face one of the world's premier parks. Fatigue? What fatigue?

El Museo del Barrio and the Museum of the City of New York appear on the left in quick succession. These are some fine distractions from, ouch, that knee. A glance to the right at 103rd Street reveals one of the most special areas of Central Park, the Conservatory Garden. Ah, to be able to sit and contemplate by the lily pads in a formal garden that explodes with color.

And there's the Mile 23 mark.

Mile 24: Just Steep Enough to Distract From the View

Barely five kilometers to go. For a well-trained marathoner, a 5K is a nap in the park, a speed workout.

But this is no ordinary 5K. It is the final three-plus miles of the New York City Marathon, and by now, after 23 miles on the road, muscles are screaming.

The next mile is almost entirely uphill. It's not a severe incline, and it isn't something that would faze a fresh runner. But this final stretch of Fifth Avenue and the rolling hills in Central Park offer an extra challenge on this memorable ride.

And, of course, there are the sights. Around the Mile 23 mark, on the right side, there is a statue of J. Marion Sims. A New York Times article in 2003 said, ''Originally lionized as the 'father of gynecology,' Sims was later reviled by a generation of critics as racist and sexist.'' Wow, better keep moving.

A couple of blocks later, also on the right, is Girls' Gate, one of the 20 named entrances to the park. They were part of the original park plan, but the names were not chiseled until the second half of the 1900s. Did I mention that we're going uphill?

On the left side of Fifth, the cultural hits keep coming. The Jewish Museum is housed in the former Warburg Mansion at 92nd Street. A block later is the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, in Andrew Carnegie's 64-room mansion.

At 90th Street, with the familiar roundness of the Guggenheim Museum sticking out a couple of blocks ahead, the race angles into Central Park.

The road curves to the right at the bottom of the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis Reservoir, and the back of the mammoth Metropolitan Museum of Art comes into view. So does the Mile 24 marker.

Two to go, and then some.

Mile 25: Autumn in the Park

The final stage of the marathon begins with a glorious run down the east side of Central Park, with burnt-orange leaves, screaming supporters and famous sights. To the left is the rear of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which at four blocks long seems to go on forever.

Peer to the right at the Mile 24 marker and try to spot a statue of Alexander Hamilton, which was commissioned by his son, John C. Hamilton, and dedicated in 1881. Mental soundtrack alert No. 1: ''Ten Duel Commandments,'' from the musical ''Hamilton,'' is a good cadence keeper, with its ''one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-niiiiine.''

Farther right, through the trees, is the Great Lawn, where in 1983 Diana Ross became a New York symbol of perseverance (like Hamilton) when she sang to hundreds of thousands of people through a torrential downpour. Mental soundtrack alert No. 2: ''Ain't No Mountain High Enough'' is fitting considering the downhill stretch that's about to begin.

But first, one more glance to the right, where a 66-foot obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle was installed in 1881 after being moved from Egypt. At about 3,600 years old, it's the oldest outdoor object in the city to be made by humans. Don't try to read the hieroglyphics while running.

Walking down stairs may be difficult for the next few days, but wise is the runner who embraces the next four-tenths of a mile, a gentle winding glide downhill. Beats going up, right? If your quadriceps are burning as you descend and you see a mountain lion ready to pounce, you are not hallucinating. ''Still Hunt'' is the name of the bronze work, and it was created by Edward Kemeys, who was inspired to become a sculptor while working with a crew that was building Central Park.

Down at the bottom of the hill the Loeb Boathouse, with its row boats for rent, flies by on the right, followed by Central Park SummerStage, an outdoor concert venue. Just a little bit farther, and there's the marker for Mile 26.

Mile 26 and 385 yards: The Finish

Perhaps you have visited Central Park, or maybe you're a New Yorker who runs there regularly. Regardless, the park feels different right now. There is temporary lining on either side of the road, creating a slight tunnel effect, and the crowds and sounds and disorientation from having run so far can make familiar places seem foreign.

The racecourse peels off from the main park loop and continues south, and downhill, toward the Plaza Hotel, with just a mile to go. Runners exit the park and turn right on Central Park South for a straight half-mile shot from one southern corner of the park to the other.

The crowd crescendo builds as runners pass Sixth Avenue and then Seventh as they head toward Columbus Circle -- except in 1994, when German Silva of Mexico made a premature turn into the park at Seventh, but managed to recover and score one of the craziest victories in this race's history.

The course turns right into Central Park, and soon the Mile 26 marker will signal that there is just 385 yards to go. Months of sacrifice come down to this. It's a bit of an uphill now, and the finish line finally comes into sight. Just a little ... more ... to go ... and ...

You did it.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2016/11/04/sports/new-york-city-marathon-preview.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/11/04/sports/new-york-city-marathon-preview.html)

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[***STRONG WOMEN, DREAMY MEN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-VD50-0017-51H0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 8, 1987, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 9, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1191 words

**Byline:** Joel Conarroe is the president of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation and a professor of English at New York University.

**Body**

HIGH GROUND By John McGahern. 156 pp. New York: Viking. $15.95.

JOHN MCGAHERN, the author of such highly regarded novels as ''The Pornographer'' and ''The Leavetaking,'' has been called an Irish Chekhov, and one does find in his understated prose a fusion of high seriousness and low comedy, of heartbreak and heartburn, reminiscent of the Russian master. Other writers are brought to mind too by his fine new book, ''High Ground,'' a collection of stories. When his characters engage in hostile wordplay, the potential violence barely held in check, they sound like Pinter people. The dreamy men and practical women are cousins to Sean O'Casey's strong Junos and inept paycocks. Many of the characters, moreover, paralyzed by convention and habit, are unable to escape their parochial fates; their powerlessness suggests a central motif in James Joyce. (Mr. McGahern's men are also sometimes paralyzed by strong drink; these are hearty fellows who prepare for a night of serious imbibing by inhaling three quick whiskies.) The one explicit literary allusion in the book, curiously, is not from O'Casey or Joyce but from A. E. Housman. The title character in ''Eddie Mac'' is a soccer hero who is chaired ''shoulder high'' from the field following some glorious exploits, and the reader remembers ''To an Athlete Dying Young'':

The time you won your town the race

We chaired you through the market-place;

Man and boy stood cheering by,

And home we brought you shoulder-high.

In a later stanza Housman describes the nature of disenchantment:

Smart lad, to slip betimes away

From fields where glory does not stay

And early though the laurel grows

It withers quicker than the rose.

Eddie Mac does indeed slip away, literally, stealing some valuable property from his employer and leaving his pregnant sweetheart to fend for herself, his former heroics long since turned to ashes.

Loss and betrayal are Mr. McGahern's great themes, and several of the stories are calculated to discomfit an attentive reader. (The compressed prose, every rift loaded with ore, must be read as deliberately as lyric poetry.) In ''The Conversion of William Kirkwood,'' one of two especially impressive tales, the man who has taken in Annie May, Eddie Mac's abandoned lover, and raised her daughter to young womanhood is engaged to a woman who suddenly announces that ''Annie May will have to be given notice.'' This prospect sets up the realization that the marriage cannot take place ''without bringing suffering on two people who had been a great part of his life, who had done nothing themselves to deserve being driven out into a world they were hardly prepared for.'' If stories can break hearts, this one will.

A second moving story, ''Oldfashioned,'' treats another of the author's obsessive themes, the conflict between fathers and sons. The tale, rich in characters and plot development, would have emerged, from a less laconic writer, as a novella or even as a full-blown novel. A sensitive ***working-class*** lad becomes a kind of adopted son to a wealthy couple who want to sponsor him to Sandhurst, the famous military academy, so he can prepare for a career in the British Army. The boy's real father quickly and violently deflates the dream: ''Well, then. I have news for you. You're going to no Sandhurst whether they'd have you or not, and I even doubt if the Empire is that hard up.'' Much later the son makes a series of documentary films ''about the darker aspects of Irish life,'' even though the people that really interest him are ''all dead.'' It is tempting to find an autobiographical source in this narrative, but if works like Philip Roth's brilliant novel ''The Counterlife'' haven't taught us not to confuse fictional characters with their creators, then we are beyond hope of education. IN addition to the struggle between rigid fathers and their rebellious sons, these stories invoke other passionate conflicts - between men and women, union members and those who ''cross the line,'' Roman Catholic and Protestant, the older and younger generations, and even between poets and more prosaic folk (''They say the standing army of poets never falls below ten thousand in this unfortunate country''). Only two of the stories strike false notes. In one, ''High Ground,'' a young man who is urged to supplant the benign, hard-drinking principal of his school days - a particularly awful act of betrayal - overhears the old man, at the end of the story, praising his former students. Given the usual credibility of Mr. McGahern's plots, this neat juxtaposition seems contrived. The other unconvincing narrative, ''Bank Holiday,'' treats an idealized affair between a middle-aged Dubliner and a young visitor from America. Unlike the author's plausible depictions of love gone awry, this is not a compelling picture of contemporary life, in Dublin or anywhere else; Mr. McGahern is more persuasive in evoking the moon's dark side than in describing moonlight and roses.

If two stories fail to convince, however, the other eight not only succeed, but even invite second and third close readings. It strikes me, in fact, that with this book, his seventh, Mr. McGahern joins a charmed circle of contemporary Irish writers that includes Edna O'Brien, Seamus Heaney and Thomas Kinsella, not bad company by any standard. His work surely merits a wider audience than it has so far enjoyed.

WORDS DON'T PAY

''In my upbringing, there were very few books, and one would never have met a writer. But there was the pleasure of playing with words, and then you found that, almost without knowing it, you wanted to do this more than anything else.'' John McGahern was born in Ireland's County Leitrim in 1934, the son of a schoolteacher and a policeman. His decision to leave home, just south of the Northern Ireland border, for a scholarship at University College in Dublin was unusual. ''Some of the stories in 'High Ground' deal with this,'' Mr. McGahern said in a telephone interview from the University of Victoria in British Columbia, where he is teaching literature for three months. ''There was a fear, mostly masterminded by the church, of outside influences. The memory of emigration - that would be a scar in everybody at the time I was growing up. This is a society that was very proud, that lived on the edge, in a way, of material things.''

Mr. McGahern has lived in London and Paris and in this country. ''I almost think you need to leave something before you can find it,'' is how he explains the decision, 10 years ago, to buy a working farm in County Leitrim. The neighbors have welcomed them, though ''they actually would never think writing is work in any way. One man asked me, 'Is there much money in this writing business?' And I said there wasn't. And that seemed to completely satisfy him.'' There are other signs that he is home, Mr. McGahern said. ''A neighbor of mine across the lake was supposed to come over to my house in the evening. And I met him by accident in the town, and we had a talk. And I said, 'Well, I'll see you this evening,' and he said, 'You won't.' And I said, 'Why?' And he said, 'You'll have no news this evening.' ''     KIM HERON

**Graphic**

Photo of John McGahern

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[***Second Act for DelBello, Who Makes Senate Bid***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YYT0-008G-F0CT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER,

By JOSEPH BERGER,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WHITE PLAINS, July 5

**Body**

F. Scott Fitzgerald once told the world "there are no second acts in American lives," but Alfred B. DelBello seems not to have paid attention.

After the curtain came down in 1985 on his first act -- a successful nine-year stint as Westchester County's executive and two exasperating years as New York State's lieutenant governor -- Mr. DelBello bade farewell to public office. He chose instead to work as an executive in a garbage-recycling company and then as a land-use lawyer here, leaving him far more financially comfortable than he had been in public life.

But the midlife intermission has ended for Mr. DelBello and he is back on the political stage, seeking a State Senate seat. Most of his fellow Democrats think he has his long-distance lens focused on the state's top job four years from now.

"If DelBello gets into the Senate, it will give him another opening to run for Governor," Paul J. Feiner, the Mayor of Greenburgh, said.

Seeking to Make a Difference

Mr. DelBello, a polished man of 59 with a rugged face accented by a spade-like jaw, has once again become someone to keep an eye on, a status that he trumpets.

"The Republicans feel I can make a difference," he said, in an interview over sandwiches and pickles in his plaque-lined law office. "They're worried. Mark my words. I bet they put a half a million dollars into fighting my bid."

His choice of re-entry level job seems, at first, a come-down. As lieutenant governor he presided over the entire Senate; as a Democrat in that Republican-dominated body, he would be part of a distinct minority. But in politics, opportunities must be taken as they come, and anyway, he says, he decided to return to the fray because he felt gagged and shackled watching important policy issues parade across the newspapers and television screen without his input.

"I always enjoyed government," he said. "I was in it a long time and always felt it was the only place you could make a difference in people's lives. When I was in the business world, I would read about public issues and I felt something was missing because I couldn't impact on it and make the speech."

He passed up a rerun as county executive and a bid for Congress because, he suggests, he had no stomach for challenging Democratic friends. He let it be known he was eager to run for governor this year (and two other Democrats -- Peter F. Vallone, the New York City Council Speaker, and Congressman Charles E. Schumer of Brooklyn -- also expressed interest), but then Mr. Cuomo made it clear he was seeking re-election.

Attaining the State Senate, where he would be able to keep his law practice, will not be easy. Mr. DelBello, who lives in Lewisboro in northern Westchester, is running in the district represented by George E. Pataki, the Republican challenging Mr. Cuomo. The district embraces not just 10 towns in northern Westchester, but all of Putnam County and six towns in Dutchess County -- territory that is relatively exotic for Mr. DelBello. Republicans have a 15,000-person edge in registration.

Saloonkeeper's Grandson

Mr. DelBello's opponent in November will be Vincent L. Leibell 3d of Patterson, a six-term Assemblyman. Mr. Leibell is already making it an issue that Mr. DelBello left the lieutenant governor's job to join the successor company of a firm with which he had, as county executive, negotiated a $165 million contract for a garbage-conversion plant in Peekskill.

"It's not as if he went to a monastery in the desert," Mr. Leibell said. "With all the thousands of corporations in the state, he elected to go with that one."

Mr. DelBello pointed out that he became a division head with the Signal Corporation, which had inherited the business of the Wheelabrator-Frye Inc., builder of the garbage plant, almost two years after leaving as county executive. Moreover, he said, a county ethics inquiry found he had violated no laws or ethical guidelines.

Mr. DelBello is the grandson of a saloonkeeper who immigrated from the Abruzzi region of Italy and settled in what was then the firmly Italian enclave of Park Hill in Yonkers. Politically, he has often been lucky. In 1973, at the age of 39, he became the first (and still the only) Democratic county executive in Westchester history in part because the dominant Republicans had a bruising three-way primary and fielded an uninspiring candidate.

In the 1982 governor's race, he was Edward I. Koch's choice as a running mate, not Mr. Cuomo's. While Mr. Koch lost the primary, Mr. DelBello, the candidate for lieutenant governor, did not. He found himself oddly paired with Mr. Cuomo, and the ticket won.

Sy J. Schulman, the Mayor of White Plains, said that after the election Mr. Cuomo never seemed to trust Mr. DelBello "because he was a Koch man" and kept him out of his decision-making. Within two years, Mr. DelBello abdicated, finding that beyond breaking Senate ties, the job was pointless.

"It's easy to get suckered into pretending you're important," he said. "I wasn't about to pretend."

As county executive, Mr. DelBello wove a jumble of private bus lines into a single system whose routes are determined by the county. He expanded the county's hospital into an advanced-care center for seven counties. Even if it may return to haunt him, Mr. DelBello is given credit for the long effort to build the Peekskill plant that converts the garbage of 36 municipalities into steam-driven electricity.

Growing Up in Yonkers

Mr. DelBello has had his share of defeats. An effort to have the Marriott International Inc. manage the county-run (and patronage-ridden) Playland Amusement Park in Rye foundered after county legislators complained that admission fees were too high.

Mr. DelBello's wife, Dee, is publisher of the Westchester County Business Journal; his son, Damon, is an orthopedic surgeon.

Yonkers was much more compact when Mr. DelBello was growing up there. Commercial development of Central Avenue and the housing boom to the east had not yet begun to pull ***working-class*** residents out of the rough-and-tumble southwest. His father, Sylvester, was a lawyer who dabbled in politics, his mother Marie, a housewife.

Mr. DelBello likens the brawling politics of Yonkers to the Wild West and remembers when many of the 12 City Council members carried licensed guns to meetings. The city, he asserts, was systematically corrupt, the kind of place whose Republican leaders never had the vision to exploit urban-renewal programs to revitalize its declining core in the way that cities like White Plains have done.

"It's a provincial kind of politics," he said. "Everything is based on the local insurance agent, the local real-estate agent, the local lawyer. They were so local nobody wanted to give up control."

Mr. DelBello said he thought he was asked to try for City Council in 1964 because Democratic power brokers wanted to run someone sure to lose. He did lose the first time, but won two years later and stayed in the Council for four years.

In 1970, he became the first Italian-American Mayor of Yonkers and at 35, its youngest. While he said he restored the city's fiscal stability, its politics was hard to overcome. He managed to interest I. M. Pei into designing a new government center, but the next mayor, out of what Mr. DelBello says was spite, abandoned the project just after the garage portion was built.

"So now Yonkers has the only free-standing I. M. Pei parking garage in the world," he said.

**Graphic**

Alfred B. Delbello is hoping to return to public office after a respite in business and law. (William E. Sauro/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 6, 1994

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[***The Girl in the Mouse Ears***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-TYJ0-008G-F45V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** Annette Funicello

By Karal Ann Marling;

Karal Ann Marling teaches a course in the art of Walt Disney at the University of Minnesota. She is the author of the forthcoming "As Seen on TV: The Visual Culture of Everyday Life in the 1950's."

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**Body**

A DREAM IS A WISH YOUR HEART MAKES

My Story.

By Annette Funicello with Patricia Romanowski.

Illustrated. 235 pp. New York:

Hyperion. $22.95.

BEFORE Cher and Madonna, there was Annette. One name said it all: Annette. It was a real girl's name, with just a hint of garlic and grandmas in black dresses. Not a Hollywood-sounding, made-up moniker, dripping with sexy y's and q's, but just the right sort of name for somebody pert and pretty, petite and dark-haired. A shy, demure little girl. Italian-American, from a ***working-class*** background. She was the 24th and final Mouseketeer chosen for Walt Disney's television program "The Mickey Mouse Club" in the spring of 1955, and her name appeared in big black letters on the little white sweater she wore with her mouse-ear beanie. And overnight, 12-year-old Annette Funicello became the star of the show.

I, for one, would have traded all my Tab Hunter pinups and my charm bracelet to be Annette for a single hour; the canonical blond hair of the 1950's looked ordinary and boring alongside her cap of brunette curls. In the world of pre-teendom, Annette was exotic, enchanting and entrancing, especially to little boys. Girls liked Annette anyway. We could imagine having her over for a slumber party. Like the other child actors on "The Mickey Mouse Club," Annette was talented (she toe-danced!) but on the level of a Saturday morning dance-class recital. We could all imagine ourselves in tutus doing pretty much the same thing. But the boys swooned over her, even before she began to fill out that little sweater with noticeable curves. Maybe it was the dark doe eyes. Or the shyness, the sweetness -- a femininity so complete as to make her peers in the audience gasp in wonderment and beg for training bras.

To this day, Annette Funicello doesn't know why she left the other Mouseketeers in the dust; she isn't even sure things happened that way. As she writes in her autobiography, "A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes," she remembers being flat-chested, and dismisses as a fluke the 3,000 to 6,000 pieces of personal fan mail a month (many letters contained going-steady rings or maybe-someday engagement rings from worshipful male viewers). It is easy to imagine how other, less successful Mouseketeers -- when the show was canceled abruptly in 1958, Annette was the only one kept under contract -- could still hate her with a passion for passionately believing that she was nobody special and that her whole career was a poof of Disney magic, the beautiful dream come true described in the words of Cinderella's song from which the title of her memoir comes.

For if she was Cinderella, then Walt Disney was her fairy godfather. He discovered the 12-year-old Annette at a children's dance school recital in Burbank, where he was scouting for prospective Mouseketeers. She writes that he persuaded her not to change her name to Annette Turner and insisted instead that she pronounce Funicello in the Italian way, "Funi-chello" (the family said "Funi-sello": it sounded more American). Disney also instructed Annette to ignore questions about her increasing measurements. When she begged him to send her to a psychologist to work on her self-confidence, he refused. "I think your being a little bit shy is part of your appeal," he told her. So, as he eased his protegee into more mature roles in the television series "Zorro" and in family-type movies like "Babes in Toyland," Annette's boss kept the focus squarely on what had made her so fascinating in the first place: a demure

innocence coupled with a touch of something foreign and different, somehow, from the prevailing norms of blue-eyed middle-class all-Americanism.

That innocence comes across best on records. Although she professes to have no voice at all, the record industry manufactured one for her. The "Annette sound" heard on "Tall Paul" and other Top 40 hits was produced by recording her vocals twice, with a Grand Canyon-sized echo on the second track. The technique helped her stand up to the lush orchestrations of the period, but it also made Annette's little voice sound peculiarly vulnerable, like the cry of a child trapped in a well. And album titles like "Italiannette" and "Hawaiiannette" showed that despite her new status as rock-and-roll legend, Annette was still Annette. Dark. Shy. Innocent.

As she was, too, thanks to the modest one-piece bathing suits Disney recommended, in a string of mindless beach movies begun in 1963, co-starring Frankie Avalon. No matter what Frankie promised, no matter how brightly the moon twinkled on the surf, Annette always held out for a wedding ring. In 1965, when "How to Stuff a Wild Bikini" was in production, the Beatles were already on the scene, the protest marches had begun and free love was in the air. But Annette (who by then was married to her agent and three months pregnant with her first child) still insisted on one-piece suits and a church wedding in the movie. Could the prim young matron of the Skippy peanut butter commercials be far behind?

Most recently, amid odd jobs for the Disney studio, a 1987 nostalgia film called "Back to the Beach" and sporadic revivals of her singing career, Annette Funicello has developed the symptoms of multiple sclerosis. Her story is most affecting when she talks about her struggle to live with this debilitating illness. Otherwise, "A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes" (written with Patricia Romanowski, whose previous books include "Dreamgirl: My Life as a Supreme," written with Mary Wilson, and "La Toya," with La Toya Jackson) is a very shy book, exotic or exceptional among star memoirs mainly for its steadfast reserve. The facts of Annette's public life are set forth with an admirable clarity and precision in the matter of names and dates. There are insightful passages on the significance of the beach to the American psyche and the importance to the civil rights movement of touring rock shows with integrated rosters of stars. But Annette, or rather the somebody who inhabits the consciousness beneath the cap of dark curls -- the little girl who once thought she ought to be Annette Turner and longed to be less shy -- has not made an appearance in these pages.

AND, in the end, I don't care. Or if I do, secretly (Come on, Annette! Tell all! I want details on your divorce. We go back a long way, girl!), I'd certainly never trash Annette's book for being exactly what she always was: shy, sweet and a little bit different, immune to demands that she behave just like the blue-eyed rest of us. Jimmie Dodd, the grown-up Mouseketeer, summed up her essential mystery in the song he wrote for the sweetheart of after-school television:

Who's the little lady who's as dainty as a dream?

Who's the one you can't forget?

I'll give you just three guesses:

Annette! Annette! Annette!

**Graphic**

Photo: Ears at the ready: Annette Funicello and Jimmie Dodd in uniform for "The Mickey Mouse Club." (THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY/FROM "A DREAM IS A WISH YOUR HEART MAKES")

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[***BEST SELLERS: FICTION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-88N0-0007-H16N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 28, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 26, Column 2; Book Review Desk; list

**Length:** 1138 words

**Body**

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 1 | 1 | 16 | IT, by Stephen King. (Viking, $22.95.) |
|  |  |  | Childhood horrors haunt six men and a woman who grew up in a small Maine town. |
| 2 | 2 | 8 | WHIRLWIND, by James Clavell. (Morrow, |
|  |  |  | $22.95.) Iran during the month following the Shah's departure. |
| 3 | 3 | 22 | RED STORM RISING, by Tom Clancy. (Putnam, $19.95.) |
|  |  |  | Without using nuclear weapons, the West staves off the Russians in World War III. |
| 4 | 4 | 9 | A TASTE FOR DEATH, by P. D. James. (Knopf, $18.95.) |
|  |  |  | Inspector Adam Dalgliesh investigates a brutal double murder. |
| 5 | 6 | 13 | THE PRINCE OF TIDES, by Pat Conroy. (Houghton |
|  |  |  | Mifflin, $19.95.) Complex family relationships in South Carolina's low country and New York City. |
| 6 | 5 | 11 | HOLLYWOOD HUSBANDS, by Jackie Collins. (Simon & |
|  |  |  | Schuster, $18.95.) A top New York model encounters three of Los Angeles's most dynamic men. |
| 7 | 7 | 9 | FLIGHT OF THE INTRUDER, by Stephen Coonts. (Naval |
|  |  |  | Institute, $15.95.) Navy aviators at war over Vietnam. |
| 8 | 8 | 11 | FOUNDATION AND EARTH, by Isaac Asimov. (Doubleday, |
|  |  |  | $16.95.) The hero of the ''Foundation'' series searches for the lost planet Earth. |
| 9 | 9 | 24 | WANDERLUST, by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte, $17.95.) |
|  |  |  | A rich orphan comes of age while she travels the world. |
| 10 | 12 | 24 | LAST OF THE BREED, by Louis L'Amour. (Bantam, |
|  |  |  | $17.95.) The adventures of a United States Air Force major in Siberia. |
| 11 | 10 | 12 | THE GOLDEN CUP, by Belva Plain. (Delacorte, |
|  |  |  | $17.95.) Continuing the saga of a turn-of-the-century New York family begun in ''Evergreen.'' |
| 12 |  | 5 | THE POLAR EXPRESS, written and illustrated by Chris |
|  |  |  | Van Allsburg. (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95.) A small boy's Christmas Eve train ride to the North Pole and the magical events that follow. |
| 13 | 11 | 17 | THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, by Karleen Koen. (Random |
|  |  |  | House, $19.95.) Romance, family conflict, power and greed mark a young woman's life in 18th-century England and France. |
| 14 | 15 | 13 | ROGER'S VERSION, by John Updike. (Knopf, $17.95.) |
|  |  |  | A fiftyish professor wrestles with God, sex, science, technology, mathematics and computers. |
| 15 | 14 | 14 | THE BEET QUEEN, by Louise Erdrich. (Holt, $16.95.) |
|  |  |  | Forty years in a small North Dakota town near an Indian reservation. |

(Editors' choices of other recent books of particular interest)

MARILYN, by Gloria Steinem. Photographs by George Barris. (Holt, $24.95.) A thoughtful, absorbing biography of Marilyn Monroe, an unusually intelligent woman the greatest of whose many misfortunes may have been her desire to please.

THE CENTURY'S DAUGHTER, by Pat Barker. (Putnam, $16.95.) This cheerfully political novel encapsulates the miseries of the century in the final year of an aged ***working-class*** Englishwoman.

THE FALL OF KELVIN WALKER: A Fable of the Sixties, by Alasdair Gray. (Braziller, $14.95.) Mr. Gray, the Scottish visionary writer and painter, deploys his themes of human subjugation and the corruption of language in the career of his novel's hero, a naive, successful television interviewer.

THE PERPETUAL ORGY: Flaubert and Madame Bovary, by Mario Vargas Llosa. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $17.95.) An account of the Peruvian novelist's obsession with Flaubert's heroine and a brilliant discussion of the genesis, execution, structure and technique of ''Madame Bovary.''

LEARNED PIGS & FIREPROOF WOMEN, by Ricky Jay. (Villard, $29.95.) Lively accounts, richly illustrated, of some of history's most peculiar performers, by a magician and archivist of magic.

WILLA CATHER: The Emerging Voice, by Sharon O'Brien. (Oxford University, $24.95.) This scholarly, imaginative biography re-creates the first 40 years of a life Cather tried to conceal - her struggle to find her stance as a woman and as a writer.

COLLECTED STORIES: 1948-1986, by Wright Morris. (Harper & Row, $17.95.) Spare in their furniture but impeccable in their detail, Mr. Morris's frugal stories often focus on dislocation and the difficulty of adjusting to change.

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 1 | 1 | 34 | FATHERHOOD, by Bill Cosby. (Dolphin/ Doubleday, |
|  |  |  | $14.95.) Anecdotes and ruminations from the television star and father of five. |
| 2 | 2 | 8 | A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AMERICA. (Collins |
|  |  |  | Publishers, $39.95.) The nation on May 2, 1986, as recorded in pictures by 200 photojournalists. |
| 3 | 3 | 12 | HIS WAY, by Kitty Kelley. (Bantam, $21.95.) From |
|  |  |  | Hoboken to superstardom: an unauthorized biography of Frank Sinatra. |
| 4 | 4 | 14 | MCMAHON! by Jim McMahon with Bob Verdi. (Warner, |
|  |  |  | $16.95.) The autobiography of the quarterback for the Chicago Bears. |
| 5 | 5 | 6 | WORD FOR WORD, by Andrew A. Rooney. (Putnam, |
|  |  |  | $16.95.) A new collection of columns by the journalist and television personality. |
| 6 | 7 | 32 | JAMES HERRIOT'S DOG STORIES, by James Herriot. |
|  |  |  | (St. Martin's, $19.95.) Fifty tales by a Yorkshire veterinarian about his favorite animal. |
| 7 | 6 | 5 | LIFE: The First Fifty Years, 1936-1986. (Little, |
|  |  |  | Brown, $50.) The past half-century as seen in the magazine's photographs. |
| 8 | 8 | 4 | THE CHRISTMAS DAY KITTEN, by James Herriot. |
|  |  |  | (St. Martin's, $9.95.) An illustrated true story. |
| 9 | 10 | 42 | YOU'RE ONLY OLD ONCE! by Dr. Seuss. (Random House, |
|  |  |  | $9.95.) A checkup at the Golden Years Clinic in pictures and rhyme; the first Dr. Seuss book for adults. |
| 10 | 11 | 13 | ONE KNEE EQUALS TWO FEET, by John Madden with Dave |
|  |  |  | Anderson. (Villard, $16.95.) Observations on football by the television commentator and former coach of the Oakland Raiders. |
| 11 | 9 | 5 | PAT NIXON: The Untold Story, by Julie Nixon |
|  |  |  | Eisenhower. (Simon & Schuster, $19.95.) A biography of the wife of the 37th President written by her daughter. |
| 12 | 12 | 9 | ONE MORE TIME, by Carol Burnett. (Random House, |
|  |  |  | $18.95.) The comedian's autobiography, beginning with her impoverished childhood in Hollywood. |
| 13 | 13 | 12 | THE RECKONING, by David Halberstam. (Morrow, |
|  |  |  | $19.95.) The crisis in the American automobile industry and Japan's role in it. |
| 14 | 14 | 11 | THE STORY OF ENGLISH, by Robert McCrum, William |
|  |  |  | Cran and Robert MacNeil. (Sifton/Viking, $24.95.) Companion volume to the PBS series about the world's most widely used language. |
| 15 | 15 | 6 | EISENHOWER AT WAR: 1943-1945, by David Eisenhower. |
|  |  |  | (Random House, $29.95.) A biography of the general by his grandson. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1 | 1 | 9 | THE FRUGAL GOURMET COOKS WITH WINE, by Jeff |
|  |  |  | Smith. (Morrow, $16.95.) Recipes to be prepared at moderate cost. |
| 2 | 2 | 46 | THE FRUGAL GOURMET, by Jeff Smith. |
|  |  |  | (Morrow, $14.95.) A television chef's inexpensive dishes. |
| 3 | 4 | 9 | BE HAPPY YOU ARE LOVED, by Robert H. Schuller. |
|  |  |  | (Nelson, $15.95.) Inspiration from a California clergyman. |
| 4 |  | 1 | BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS NEW COOK BOOK. |
|  |  |  | (Meredith, $16.95.) The ninth edition; ring-bound. |
| 5 | 5 | 2 | BETTY CROCKER'S COOKBOOK. (Golden Press/Western |
|  |  |  | Publishing, $19.95.) New, revised ring-bound edition. |

The listings above are based on computer-processed sales figures from 2,000 bookstores in every region of the United States, statistically adjusted to represent sales in all bookstores. In Advice and How-to, five titles are listed because, beyond that point, sales in this category are not generally large enough to make a longer list statistically reliable.

\* An asterisk before a book's title indicates that its sales, weighted to reflect the bookselling industry nationally, are barely distinguishable from those of the book above.

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[***An Encore for Black Vaudeville;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VS6-5WS0-007F-G002-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A New Revue Finds Dignity in a Derided Art Form***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VS6-5WS0-007F-G002-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By FELICIA R. LEE

By FELICIA R. LEE

**Body**

On one level, they were simply black men and women, sometimes wearing burnt-cork makeup, who spoke in dialect and told jokes, danced and sang about life's ups and downs. On another level, the language and the routines of black vaudevillians reflected an era in which most Americans considered blacks inferior and black entertainers used their separate sphere to escape the pain or create other meanings for their lives.

The ghosts of that time, representing the place where history, sociology and entertainment meet, have been resurrected in an Off Broadway musical about the last days of black vaudeville, "Rollin' on the T.O.B.A.," which opened nearly two weeks ago at the 47th Street Theater in Clinton.

The vaudevillians who worked the black circuit, called the Theater Owners Booking Association, or T.O.B.A., played to black theater audiences across the country, from the Regal in Chicago to the Palace in Memphis to the Lafayette in New York, from the early 1900's until the Depression. Culturally, the circuit, which was owned and managed by whites, was where artists like Bert Williams and Bill (Bojangles) Robinson honed a style that whites copied and blacks used to eventually enter the entertainment mainstream. At its peak in the 1920's, the circuit encompassed more than 40 theaters.

"We celebrate it because we have to tell our own history," said Ronald (Smokey) Stevens, an actor, dancer, singer and choreographer who stars in the show. "It's education and it's entertainment and it's a vanished art form. Vaudeville was significant to the survival of black people. It was a way of saying, 'This is what others think of us, but let's take it and make it our own.' "

The three characters in "Rollin' " -- Stevens, Stewart and Bertha Mae Little -- take a tour of the circuit in 1931. Drawing on music ranging from Duke Ellington to Fats Waller, the words of Langston Hughes and Gwendolyn Brooks, and original bits by the comedy team Miller and Lyles, Williams and others, the musical shows how performers found dignity under harsh circumstances like entering the stage through the orchestra pit, doing seven shows a day and having their material and paychecks stolen. In a recent review, The New York Times called the two-hour show "potent and instructive entertainment."

As the comedy team Stevens and Stewart ride one day through the segregated South, they are jubilant that they don't have to search for a "colored" restaurant because Bertha has packed them a lunch. Then, ruminating on segregation, they act out scenes from Hughes's stories about his Everyman, Jesse B. Semple. Semple (or Simple) recounts a dream about a future in which soul food is no longer available, evoking the fear that integration ultimately means the decimation of black culture.

Other vignettes simply summon the slap-happy pace of vaudeville. Stevens and Stewart pantomime a chess game that turns into a fight. Bertha sings about the secrets of love. Stewart sings about a lover so fat that she has another boyfriend, unknown to him, kissing her on the other side of her girth.

Mel Watkins, author of "On the Real Side" (Simon & Schuster), a book about African-American humor, said the antics of the old vaudevillians might be viewed as demeaning through a modern lens. But many black performers of that day turned the notion on its head. "There was no other way of dealing with it except to make fun of it and reverse the joke," Mr. Watkins said.

"The performers were often using language whites did not fully understand," he said. "They reversed meanings of words. The word bad for good is a simple example."

The cakewalk, denounced by the black bourgeoisie as vulgar, was developed to make fun of a white dancing style, just as ragtime was a response to European classical music. "Here Come de Judge," a popular Pigmeat Markham routine, was a sly way of mocking a legal system that afforded no justice or protection for blacks in an era of rampant lynchings. In the late 1960's, the phrase entered the mainstream as routine banter on the "Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In" television show.

In a typical Markham routine, the man appearing before the judge pleads for mercy, taking credit for having introduced the judge to his wife. The judge responds, "Introduced me to my wife? Life . . . you sonofagun!"

Most often, humor offered a refuge for coping with the vicissitudes of everyday life. The flavor was often bawdy, and wordplay was vital: "revolution" for "evolution" ("I ain't related to no monkey") and "amcestors" for "ancestors."

The material and the folksy style were often imitated by white performers like Abbott and Costello, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and Jimmy Durante, who brought them to the white audiences to which blacks were denied access.

Robinson, Williams, Ethel Waters and Sammy Davis Jr. were among the first black stars to find an integrated audience beyond the T.O.B.A., and they laid the foundation for other black entertainers.

A Circuit Tough on Blacks

They paid a high price. Theater owners could be violent, public accommodations were segregated and the performers had to make concessions like paying their traveling expenses. The Southern towns they played often had curfews for blacks.

"That circuit was run almost like a theatrical plantation," Mr. Watkins said. "There are stories about performers who wanted to quit a show. When they'd go to the train station to buy a ticket, they'd find out that a theater manager had put out the word that they were not allowed to leave town. They just said, 'No, boy.' "

"Despite all this, people had lives," Mr. Watkins continued. "The creativity did not just come from repression and depression. You had comedy coming from folk tales that made fun of people in power."

Mr. Stevens, who created and choreographed the show with his late partner, Jaye Stewart, is aware of how his production straddlesthe arenas of entertainment and instruction. A slight, rubber-faced man, he plays Stevens in this most recent incarnation of his 13-year-old labor of love.

Demanding Respect In a Modern Show

"One thing that is not authentic is that we didn't do it in blackface," Mr. Stevens said. "That was demeaning. They had to do that and we didn't have to."

In 1986, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Stewart, who trained at the D.C. Black Repertory Company, developed a show called "Rollin' With Stevens and Stewart," which had a national tour that included Washington and Chicago.

Like the current Off Broadway revue, it was a series of vignettes, dance routines and songs bound by the story of the two vaudevillians traveling from city to city.

Mr. Stewart died four years ago at age 48 from colon cancer. The role he originated is played in New York by Rudy Roberson, who made his Broadway debut in 1997 as Silky in the original cast of "The Life." The third character, Bertha, a large woman with a voice to match, is played by Sandra Reaves-Phillips, who made a name for herself as Mama Younger in the Broadway musical "Raisin."

Mr. Roberson said he was never concerned that the characters could be construed as demeaning. He said the cast discussed the dialogue to insure that the language was not stereotypically insulting: "Chicken Bone Express," a train transporting black entertainers, for example, was dropped.

The response of older African-Americans to the show has been especially encouraging, Mr. Roberson said, because some of them had seen oldtimers do the material.

Mr. Stevens, who is 47 and grew up in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Washington, said he found a way to express himself, and give something back to other blacks, through acting. He has appeared on Broadway as the Time Man in "Bubbling Brown Sugar," Pretty Pete in "Innocent Black," and MC and McMorgan in "Dreamgirls," and toured nationally with "One Mo' Time" in the role of Papa Du. He played the dancing crow in the film version of the "The Wiz" and Butterbeans in the film "Cotton Club."

Through his friendship with the tap dancer Honi Coles, Mr. Stevens met some of the old black vaudevillians and began to understand the extent to which they embodied the history of black entertainment.

"They were in their 70's and 80's," Mr. Stevens said of performers like John Bubbles and Stump and Stumpy. "I never heard them voice their displeasure. They were elderly men who dressed well and carried themselves with dignity. They were proud that they worked in a segregated society and they found a way to artistic expression."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: David Alan Bunn, far left, in the new "Rollin' on the T.O.B.A.," and Bill (Bojangles) Robinson on Broadway in "Blackbirds of 1928." (Carol Rosegg/"Rollin' on the T.O.B.A." and "Blackbirds of 1928")(pg. E1); Ronald (Smokey) Stevens, a star of "Rollin' on the T.O.B.A." (Ruby Washington/The New York Times)(pg. E6)

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[***A Gay World, Vibrant and Forgotten***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-05K0-008G-F3DC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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George Chauncey teaches American history at the University of Chicago and is author of "Gay New York."

By George Chauncey;   George Chauncey teaches American history at the University of Chicago and is author of "Gay New York."

**Body**

It would have been unthinkable 25 years ago for thousands of openly gay fans to cheer openly gay athletes at Yankee Stadium, for openly gay artists to perform to the acclaim of openly gay audiences at Carnegie Hall, or for the mainstream media to provide extensive and sympathetic coverage of it all. Today's march and the Gay Games and Cultural Festival are testimony to the legacy of the Stonewall rebellion of June 28, 1969 -- when a police assault on a Greenwich Village gay bar turned a small civil rights campaign into a mass liberation movement.

But the enshrinement of Stonewall as the genesis of gay culture threatens to deny the richness and resiliency of gay and lesbian life before the late 60's and to obscure the long history of gay resistance that made the gay-rights movement possible.

Pre-Stonewall lesbians and gay men are often held up as passive victims of social hatred who lived solitary lives (in the "closet") that kept them vulnerable to anti-gay ideology. Many gay people blame previous generations for not having had the courage to come out of the closet. Or they condescendingly imagine that their predecessors internalized society's hatred of homosexuality and became self-loathing.

But the systematic suppression of the gay community was not due to some age-old, unchanging social antipathy, nor was it a sign of passivity and acquiescence by gay people. Anti-gay forces created the closet in response to the openness and assertiveness of gay men and lesbians in the early 20th century.

Beginning in the 1890's, an extensive gay world took shape in the streets, cafeterias, saloons and apartments of New York City, and gay people played an integral role in the social life of many neighborhoods. Openly gay men drank with sailors and other working men at waterfront dives and entertained them at Bowery saloons; well-known gay people casually mixed with other patrons at Harlem's basement cabarets; lesbians ran speakeasies where Greenwich Village bohemians -- straight and gay -- gathered to read their verse.

These men and women, who saw themselves as part of a visible, largely ***working-class*** gay world, forged a culture with its own language, customs, folk histories, heroes and heroines. In the 1920's and early 30's, gay impresarios organized drag balls attracting thousands of gay dancers and straight spectators. Gay writers, actors and musicians produced a distinctive gay literature and performance style. This cultural outpouring was so popular by the late 20's that gay performers moved from the margins of the city and briefly became the darlings of Broadway.

This flourishing gay world has been forgotten. It was wiped into historical oblivion by a fierce backlash in the 30's -- part of a wider Depression-era condemnation of the cultural experimentation of the 20's, which many blamed for the economic collapse. With millions of male breadwinners losing their jobs, people were fearful of any additional threats to traditional family hierarchies.

In New York, laws were enacted prohibiting homosexuals from gathering in any state-licensed public place. Bars, restaurants and cabarets were threatened with loss of their liquor licenses if they employed homosexuals, allowed them to gather on the premises or served them drinks -- and the State Liquor Authority closed hundreds of establishments for tolerating a gay presence. This continued for decades: nearly every gay bar in the city was closed in the winter of 1959-60 in response to an anti-gay campaign by the newspaper columnist Lee Mortimer, and again in 1964 in a pre-World's Fair "cleanup."

The public discussion of gay issues was also censored. In the early 30's, after a generation of films had dealt with gay images, the new Hollywood production code prohibited gay characters and even talk of homosexuality in films. In the theater, the backlash had started even before the Depression: after the appearance of a lesbian drama on Broadway and Mae West's threat to stage a farce about transvestites called "The Drag" in 1927, a state law was passed prohibiting the representation or discussion of homosexuality on the stage.

In the 30's, the New York City police, using a 1923 state law that made it a criminal act for one man to invite another to have sex, began sending good-looking plainclothes officers into gay bars to strike up conversations with men, lead them on and arrest them if the victims suggested going home. (Between 1923 and 1967, when gay activists persuaded Mayor John V. Lindsay to end most entrapment, more than 50,000 men had been arrested on this charge.)

Anti-gay policing around the country intensified in the 40's and especially the 50's, when Senator Joseph McCarthy claimed that homosexuals in the State Department threatened national security. Thousands of gay Federal employees were dismissed. Equally without substance, police departments and newspapers around the country began to demonize homosexuals as child molesters; arrest rates increased dramatically.

The degree to which gay men had to fear arrest -- and the subsequent exposure of their homosexuality to their families and employers -- is almost impossible to understand today. Although New York's gay world grew in the post-war years, gay life became less visible and gay meeting places more segregated and carefully hidden from the straight public. The state built the closet in the 30's, and the isolation of homosexuals made it easier for them to be demonized.

Still, some gay people fought for their rights. In the 1930's, gay bars challenged the prohibitions against them in the courts (unsuccessfully), and in the 1950's a handful of courageous souls organized political groups, such as the Mattachine Society and the Daughters of Bilitis, to advocate the homosexual cause. Although most did not speak out so openly, taking this as evidence that they accepted the laws against them misinterprets silence as acquiescence. It construes resistance in the narrowest of terms -- as only the organization of formal political groups or protests.

Threatened with police raids, harassment and the loss of their jobs, families and reputations, most people hid their participation in gay life from their straight associates. But this did not necessarily keep them hidden from one other. They developed a sophisticated system of subcultural codes of dress, speech and style that enabled them to recognize one another and to carry on covert conversations. "Gay" itself was such a word until the 60's, when its homosexual connotations began to be known to nongay New Yorkers.

The tactics gay people devised for communicating, claiming space and affirming their self-worth did not directly challenge anti-gay repression in the way the post-Stonewall movement would, but they allowed many gay people to form a supportive community despite the larger society's injunction against their doing so. This enabled many lesbians and gay men to build happy, self-confident, loving lives.

That the openness of gay life in the early 20th century was brought to an end after a few decades, and that the memory of it was systematically suppressed, reminds us that the growth of tolerance in recent years cannot be taken for granted. Then as now, increased gay visibility produced a powerful reaction.

But the relative tolerance of homosexuality in the early 20th century also shows that America has not been monolithically and inevitably homophobic, and that social conventions of sexuality are no more natural or timeless than those of race or gender. Attacks on gay men and lesbians have often resulted from broader anxieties in American culture as much as from fears about homosexuality itself. Above all, the last century shows us that attitudes toward gay people can change -- and can be changed.

**Graphic**

Drawing: Bored Male: "I thnk I'll call Percy and we'll make a party of it." (From Broadway Brevities, June 6, 1932)

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[***That's Entertainment***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VGK-TRF0-007F-G4TB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Peter Biskind;

Peter Biskind is the author of "Easy Riders, Raging Bulls" and a contributing editor for Vanity Fair.

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**Body**

Life the Movie

How Entertainment Conquered Reality.

By Neal Gabler.

303 pp. New York:

Alfred A. Knopf. $25.

When President Clinton sent Tomahawk cruise missiles against a Sudanese pharmaceutical plant and Osama bin Laden's redoubt in Afghanistan last August, after the bombings of the United States Embassies in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam, many of those who had seen the movie "Wag the Dog" exchanged knowing looks. They couldn't help recognizing that the attack followed by only three days the President's now legendary grand jury appearance. Reality, in other words, seemed to be imitating fiction. (By December, when the President attempted to "degrade" Saddam Hussein's ability to produce weapons of mass destruction, there seemed to be no doubt about this, at least in the minds of many of his Republican opponents, for whom "Wag the Dog" had now become a "syndrome.")

While most political commentators were flummoxed by the rise in Clinton's ratings after the airing of the grand jury video, Frank Rich, a columnist for The New York Times and a former movie and theater critic, wrote, "The best explanation I've heard comes not from a journalist but a filmmaker in Los Angeles." The explanation need not concern us, but suffice to say it turned on a comparison between Clinton's televised ordeal and tragic drama, albeit of the trashy variety. More recently, The New Yorker let novelists pontificate about Monicagate in its Talk of the Town pages, presumably on the theory that they were as sure-footed on this soapy terrain as its pundit-turned-novelist-(re)turned-pundit, Joe Klein.

Such phenomena have attracted the attention of Neal Gabler, whose two previous books -- one a study of Hollywood's Jewish moguls, the other a biography of Walter Winchell -- more than qualify him as a credible commentator on the vagaries of American popular culture. Gabler thinks he knows why cultural critics have become the Walter Lippmanns of the millennium, and he lays out his provocative reflections in a new work whose title and subtitle do a pretty good job of summing up his thesis, "Life the Movie: How Entertainment Conquered Reality."

Standing upon the shoulders of scholars who have examined the impact of movies and television on traditional values -- particularly Neil Postman but also the likes of Marshall McLuhan, Daniel Boorstin, Leo Braudy and Richard Sennett -- Gabler argues that everyday life at the end of the 20th century has become our very own "Truman Show," perhaps aptly retitled "The Human Show." We are all Trumans, with the difference that we are witting accomplices to the fictionalization of our lives because we prefer our life movies, or "lifies," as he calls them, to reality, which barely exists anyway. "Life itself," Gabler says, is "gradually becoming a medium all its own." We are all "becoming at once performance artists in and audiences for a grand, ongoing show. . . . Life has become art, so that the two are now indistinguishable from each other."

Gabler maintains that "there is obviously no such thing as a unified field theory of American culture," but this is precisely what he offers when he goes on to say that "if there were, one could do worse than to lay much of what has happened in late-20th-century America to the corrosive effects of entertainment rather than to the effects of politics or economics." This is a large claim. Does Gabler back it up?

Partly. Following Postman, he has a fine old time showing how entertainment values have come to permeate every nook and cranny of American life. Gabler traces the rise of entertainment, which he characterizes as "fun, effortless, sensational, mindless, formulaic, predictable and subversive," from its humble beginnings in 19th-century low or popular cultural forms like band music, penny dreadfuls, melodramas, variety acts, the yellow press and, of course, the early nickelodeons to its eventual triumph over high culture, transforming America into what he calls "the Republic of Entertainment." How did this happen?

First, Gabler says, came the "graphic revolution" at the turn of the century, when photographs made inroads into print media and "image-thinking" replaced reasoning, nurtured by the old culture of typography. Eventually, moving images replaced static ones, and entertainment swept everything before it -- not only logic but also character, which became personality, and the work ethic, which gave way to celebrity. The boundaries between real and unreal became increasingly permeable until they broke down altogether.

Citing everyone from Baudrillard to Warhol, Gabler aims to show that nothing has remained safe from the virus of entertainment. Indeed, it is impossible to put down this book unconvinced of the cataclysmic effect of celebrity on every area of American life.

Gabler makes particularly short work of American politics, for example, effortlessly showing how, beginning with John F. Kennedy and reaching an apotheosis with Ronald Reagan, entertainment has replaced substance. It is his great insight to see that Reagan's habit of confusing the plots of old movies with reality was not a manifestation of senility but rather the ineluctable working out of a seismic cultural change. He concludes that political candidates have become stars, primaries casting calls, campaigns auditions, the electorate no more than an audience. Gabler even refers to issues as "MacGuffins," Alfred Hitchcock's term for irrelevant plot devices, and borrowing from the New Yorker writer Kurt Andersen, he calls President Clinton the "Entertainer-in-Chief."

But an idea can be a dangerous thing, as someone once said, and as Gabler gallops through the pages of American history in search of evidence to fit his thesis, he rides his horse into the ground. "The real political revolution of the 1980's," he argues, was not "the much-bruited-about demise of postwar liberalism and the rise of conservatism but the triumph of entertainment over political ideology of any sort." This is absurd, and points to one of the problems with Gabler's argument. He seems to feel that entertainment trumps ideology.

Entertainment does have powerful imperatives, but they have not (yet) overwhelmed traditional ideologies. To be simplistic, it helps to think of entertainment as a delivery system that can carry ideologies of all political stripes, left, right and center. The left, for example, has its own music, say, Bruce Springsteen, and its movies (Oliver Stone), while the right has its Christian rock and Rambo. The biggest blockbuster (read: most entertaining) of all time, "Titanic," was so loaded with ***working-class*** sentimentality, Beverly Hills style, that if the ship hadn't hit an iceberg, its ideological baggage would have sunk it anyway. Often the medium's message, to use McLuhan's famous formulation of Gabler's thesis, reinforces the ideology it conveys. Sometimes it contradicts it, creating art or entertainment divided against itself, fun of a different kind -- for campus deconstructionists.

As for reality being swallowed up by entertainment, surely Clinton's favorable ratings in the face of Monicagate suggest not that Americans have confused his tribulations with a soap opera but, on the contrary, that they are well able to distinguish between entertainment and reality and that they do not want the President cashiered. When Mike Nichols's film adaptation of "Primary Colors," Klein's best-selling novelization of his experiences reporting on the 1992 primaries, flopped in the wake of the Lewinsky revelations, it was because reality had eclipsed fiction, not because it had become fiction.

In the traditional formulation, life precedes and inspires art, but in moments of high historical drama the spectacle of reality has often surpassed art. This is why, in the 60's, documentaries flourished and theatrical films like those of John Cassavetes and Martin Scorsese tried to incorporate news footage or otherwise approximate the look of documentary. This is one of the reasons that features did not succeed in dealing fictively with the Vietnam War until well after it was over. This is also why dog-wagging incidents like John Hinckley's attempt on Reagan's life, inspired by "Taxi Driver," still seem so transgressive.

When all is said and done, "Life the Movie" doesn't tell the whole story. Still, it tells a big part of it. It's a thoughtful, in places chilling, account of the way entertainment values have hollowed out American life and if not supplanted reality, at least threatened it.

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

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[***BROADWAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8DK0-0007-H1M2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 12, 1986, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 2, Column 3; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1120 words

**Byline:** By Enid Nemy

**Body**

PUT the words Broadway and musical together, and a big, big budget - to the tune of $4 million or $5 million - dances in front of producers' eyes. Not so for T. Harding Jones, who with Steve Gideon is a principal in an enterprise called the Zephyr Entertainment Company. The two men and Zephyr plan to put on a Broadway musical next spring, and their projected costs are slightly more than $1 million.

They have an advantage: Their show, ''Nite Club Confidential'' (no, it's not a nightclub act), has seemingly been well tested. It's been a smash success at a small theater in Los Angeles for the last year, and before that had New York runs Off Broadway at the Ballroom and Riverwest. The two young producers were not associated with the earlier productions here. When they acquired the rights, they immediately made a record of the score, had a number of changes made in the book and music, and took themselves and their property off to the West Coast. They're now in negotiations for movie rights.

''Most producers do $500,000 workshops, we did a $25,000 record,'' said Mr. Jones, a former actor. ''Then they spend $250,000 trying out in some place like Boston, while we did it for $105,000 in Los Angeles. And we learned just as much.''

Mr. Jones said the question at the moment was not money (''Money is not going to stop us'') but whether to bring the show in with the original Los Angeles cast or with a star. Present thinking, he said, was to go with nonstars and make them stars, and to put them in a medium-size theater.

What's the show about? ''A musical spoof of the 1950's - 'Pal Joey' meets 'Sunset Boulevard,' '' Mr. Jones said. The direction, book and choreography are by Dennis Deal, and the music by Mr. Deal and Albert Evans. The show opens with the leading actor, a two-timing heel, dead on the stairs, cigarette burning. Fortunately, the heel revives for 120 minutes, but alas, as the evening ends, he's once again dead on the same stairs. In between it all, there's an aging chanteuse and a curvy one on the rise and all kinds of other developments - and incidentally, along with the new songs, a bevy of oldies including ''That Old Black Magic.''

These days, a play named ''North Shore Fish'' might be about anything but the finned creatures. Israel Horovitz's new offering is called just that, and probably to throw a curve, the play actually is about fish. In fact it's being performed in a fish-processing plant and warehouse that's been turned into a theater - but all that's in Gloucester, Mass. In New York, where the play is heading as of New Year's Eve, it will be in a building with no history of fish - the WPA Theater, 519 West 23d Street.

The latest comedy-drama by the playwright responsible for ''Today I Am a Fountain Pen'' and ''The Indian Wants the Bronx,'' among many others, focuses on the ***working-class*** residents of Gloucester, primarily women, who spend their lives processing and packing frozen fish. Featured, too, is a married foreman who has lavished his attentions on almost every woman in the plant. The New York run will be directed by Stephen Zuckerman and the performers include Michelle M. Faith, Laura San Giacomo, John Pankow and Thomas G. Waites. Information: 206-0523.

When he was 9 years old, Frank Ferrante saw the Marx Brothers in ''A Day at the Races.'' At the time, he was being taught by nuns in parochial school, and perhaps because of the discipline, he said, ''the total absurdity and the total anarchy of the crazy men in the film'' enchanted him. From then on, he recalled, he was ''tuned into, crazy about'' show business, so much so that, when he was 12, his father gave him a subscription to Variety.

Mr. Ferrante, now 23, is playing the title role in ''Groucho: A Life in Revue'' at the Lucille Lortel Theater. Sometimes, he said, it seems as though fate planned it, from the films that ''struck a chord,'' to the one-man ''Groucho'' show he attended when he was studying drama at the University of Southern California.

''It was schlocky, I was really upset and I thought I could do better,'' he recalled. ''It inspired me to go out and look for a property about Groucho, and I got one from Elaine Stritch that had belonged to her late husband. When I did it at U.S.C., Arthur Marx, Groucho's son, was in the audience and he said if he ever did a 'Groucho' show, he'd cast me - and he stuck to his word.''

An admitted ''fanatic'' about Groucho, Mr. Ferrante said he had no worries about being typecast.

''This is my foot in the door,'' he said. ''I consider myself an actor, not a comedian, and in this I get to sing and dance and act, to play a man from youth to his 85th year.''

His long-term plan, he said, was to give acting his all and attend U.C.L.A. classes for producers. ''I'm the type to set a goal and go for it,'' he said. Anyone interested in a little break between Christmas activities might consider a visit to the Actor's Repertory Studio Playhouse where two of Terrence McNally's one-act comedies will be playing for the next 10 days. The repertory, a new theater company, is an outgrowth of Herb Aronstam's Actor's Workshop. The theater is at 622 Broadway (at Bleecker Street). Information: 334-0270.

The fascination with Eugene O'Neill, as a playwright and a man, never dims. Broadway had two major revivals of his work last season, and the Public Theater has a new drama coming up next month, focusing on the private life of the dramatist and his wife, Carlotta Monterey. Written by Barbara Gelb, ''My Gene'' is Carlotta's personal account of her life with the famous, and difficult, writer, as she faces her final days in a mental institution. Colleen Dewhurst, who won a Tony Award for her performance in O'Neill's ''Moon for the Misbegotten,'' will star as Carlotta. The director will be Andre Ernotte, whose most recent credit is ''Lady Day at Emerson's Bar and Grill.''

For theatergoers who would like to celebrate the holiday season with something a little off the beaten track, how about ''Pericles,'' one of William Shakespeare's less familiar works? The tale of love, separation and reunion is going to be staged by the Pearl Theater Company as its season opener, and the starting date is Thursday. The theater is at 125 West 22d Street. Information: 645-7708.

There probably are good reasons why some people are late for the theater, but still it's disruptive, and a number of theaters won't seat latecomers until there's a break. Don't let this encourage you to dawdle over coffee and dessert, but a closed-circuit television set - in living color, no less - has just been installed in the lobby of the Promenade Theater. This means that latecomers to Simon Gray's ''Common Pursuit'' won't have to miss the action in the first act.

**Graphic**

drawing

**End of Document**



[***Seen as Everyman, Minnesota Governor Looks to National Stage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T5H-NV30-TW8F-G1CB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 8, 2008 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1; THE PROSPECTS

**Length:** 2042 words

**Byline:** By MONICA DAVEY

**Body**

ST. PAUL -- As is his way, Gov. Tim Pawlenty made a self-deprecating aside on a local radio show this spring during the ceremonial start of the state's beloved fishing season. He praised his wife's willingness to fish with him and to watch hockey games, then added, ''And I jokingly say, 'Now, if I could only get her to have sex with me.' ''

Some Minnesotans cringed. Others, including his wife, Mary, a former judge who met her future husband in law school, said he was just being himself, joker and all.

Outside his home state, Mr. Pawlenty is among the least-known of the prospects Senator John McCain is said to be considering as a vice-presidential partner. But those who have followed his political rise here say Mr. Pawlenty's personal story -- his direct, everyman appeal to ordinary people -- is among his most powerful attributes.

Long before the polls began suggesting that Republicans could face trouble in November, Mr. Pawlenty, now in his second term, was urging his party to become ''the party of Sam's Club,'' not just the country club.

''We need everybody -- to grow the party and to move forward,'' Mr. Pawlenty explained in a recent interview. ''One of the most powerful reasons people go to Sam's Club or Target or Costco is they want value, and Republicans are well suited to be the party that says, 'We're going to have a limited but also effective government.' ''

Mr. Pawlenty can talk about such things from experience. He now lives in the well-off suburb of Eagan, but holds blue-collar credentials. He grew up in South St. Paul, then a ***working-class*** town where life revolved around the stockyards, where his father drove a truck, where he played hockey, where his mother died of cancer when he was still a teenager, and where he went on to become the first in his family to graduate from college.

For Mr. McCain, whose campaign would not comment about the vice-presidential selection process, Mr. Pawlenty might be appealing on other fronts. At 47, tall and runner-thin, Mr. Pawlenty is the same age as Senator Barack Obama, the presumed Democratic presidential nominee. He also carries qualifications important to many conservatives: opposition to tax increases, longtime attendance at a church with a pastor who leads the National Association of Evangelicals and a mostly consistent conservatism on social issues.

If anything, Mr. Pawlenty's critics say, he is too prepared for this moment; they say he has been so conscious of the possibility of higher office that he has been overly careful as governor. This year, he vetoed 34 bills passed by a Democratic-dominated Legislature, more than any other Minnesota governor had vetoed in a year since at least World War II, leading his most fervent critics to describe him as more of a goalie fending off pucks than a leader rushing the net.

Some critics even note changes in his haircut -- once a mullet-style, now a cropped conservative look less common at a Minnesota hockey rink -- as evidence of his political calculations.

''He's done popular stuff, easy stuff, symbolic stuff,'' said Tim Penny, a former Democratic congressman who lost the governor's race to Mr. Pawlenty in 2002 as the Independence Party candidate and who says he supports Mr. McCain for president. ''I can't think of a single issue in which he has been leading public opinion. What you find here is an unremarkable record.''

Mr. Pawlenty's supporters strongly disagree, and point to a list of accomplishments: holding the line on taxes while resolving a $4.5 billion deficit in his first term, changing the state's education system, including creating performance pay for teachers, and pressing environmental efforts, less common in his party, on conservation and renewable energy.

''Is he ambitious? Yes,'' said Charlie Weaver, once Mr. Pawlenty's chief of staff. ''Does that ambition cloud his judgment and cause him to do things not within his values? No.''

In a way, Mr. Pawlenty was an accidental governor.

In 2001, he was considering a run for the United States Senate, having served as the State House majority leader, a City Council member in Eagan and a member of the city's planning commission. Republican leaders in Washington, though, suspected that Norm Coleman would be a stronger candidate and urged Mr. Pawlenty to back off.

Mr. Pawlenty ran for governor instead, although some allies, including former Senator David F. Durenberger, for whom Mr. Pawlenty once worked, say they believe he would have been more comfortable in the Senate, given his experience as a lawmaker.

In the summer of 1980, Mr. Pawlenty -- who had gone to the University of Minnesota planning to be a dentist -- went to work for Mr. Durenberger, having learned about the internship in a campus newspaper. He returned for six months during Mr. Durenberger's 1982 campaign, and again, for a year, as the campaign's political director in 1988.

In 1990, Mr. Durenberger was denounced in the Senate for misconduct involving financial dealings. Bob Schroeder, a spokesman for Mr. Pawlenty, said that Mr. Pawlenty was disappointed with Mr. Durenberger's troubles, but that those events ''occurred years after the governor and senator were in regular contact.''

The two men still talk from time to time, said Mr. Durenberger, whom Mr. Pawlenty appointed three years ago as chairman of a committee on health care policy.

While he was working for Mr. Durenberger, Mr. Pawlenty met Mr. McCain when the senator came to Minnesota, as Mr. Pawlenty recalls it, for a veterans' program and Mr. Pawlenty (and his wife) volunteered to drive him around. They got to know each other over the better part of two days, Mr. Pawlenty said. They stayed in touch over the years, and Mr. Pawlenty was an early, vocal supporter of Mr. McCain's presidential bid, even last year when some considered it doomed.

Mr. Pawlenty is high on the short list of candidates Mr. McCain is considering for vice president, according to Republicans familiar with the deliberations. Mr. Pawlenty has campaigned with Mr. McCain and for him, but following the rules set out for potential vice-presidential nominees by Mr. McCain, he has declined to comment on what is going on.

Asked at a press luncheon in Washington what the most important quality of a running mate would be, Mr. Pawlenty responded, ''Discretion,'' and walked away from the microphone.

In his own races for governor, in 2002 and 2006, Mr. Pawlenty won with pluralities, not majorities, the most recent being ever so narrow: 47 percent to 46 percent.

Nonetheless, Mr. Pawlenty's advocates consider the results to be remarkable shows of strength, considering the races had third-party candidates in a state with a tradition of strong Democrats like Hubert H. Humphrey, Eugene J. McCarthy, Walter F. Mondale and Paul Wellstone, and a tradition of electing iconoclastic governors, including Jesse Ventura and Rudy Perpich.

But those margins have led others to question Mr. Pawlenty's popularity here, and whether his presence on the Republican ticket could even secure Minnesota, which has supported Democratic presidential candidates since 1976.

''This is not a fellow who is going to come across as strikingly charismatic,'' said Steven Schier, a political scientist at Carleton College. ''People see that he's smart and competent, but there's not much sizzle.''

Before crowds, Mr. Pawlenty seems comfortable and warm. He speaks, at times, without visible notes. He quotes from books, sports interviews and magazines, and can turn wonky, delving into energy and education policy, then veer back to regular-guy talk, as he did last week, when he told a crowd in Chicago that the health care system was ''flat busted.''

The prospect of Mr. Pawlenty as Mr. McCain's attack dog makes some here chuckle a little. Even some who have run against Mr. Pawlenty describe him as fun, winsome, slightly corny and playful, even nice. He has played baseball outside the State House during a break in a tense legislative session. He has shot a hockey puck inside his ornate reception room.

Roger Moe, the Democrat who lost to Mr. Pawlenty in 2002, remembered Mr. Pawlenty quietly leaning over near the end of a candidate forum and offering him a lift home.

''Why don't you ride with me?'' Mr. Moe recalled Mr. Pawlenty offering. ''We've got this big plane.''

So there they were, foes in the middle of a campaign, sharing beers and gossip on the way home.

While Mr. Pawlenty wins praise from social and fiscal conservatives, several episodes in his past -- and his recent talk of renewable energy standards -- have left some wondering whether he is truly one of them.

Fifteen years ago, while in the State House, Mr. Pawlenty voted to expand rights for gay men and lesbians; he has since said he regrets the vote.

Then, as governor, after a partisan battle with the Legislature and a partial shutdown of the state government, he agreed to a ''health impact fee'' on cigarettes, irking fiscal conservatives who said he had broken his promise not to raise taxes.

Some also wonder whether Mr. Pawlenty's brushes with campaign finance and disclosure questions, though rare, might create a conflict with the above-board image put forth by Mr. McCain.

In 2002, only weeks before Election Day, the state's Republican Party and Mr. Pawlenty's campaign were accused of illegal coordination over two television advertisements paid for by the state party. Mr. Pawlenty's campaign paid a $100,000 fine and was required to report a $500,000 in-kind contribution from the state party.

Months after the election, Mr. Pawlenty's political adversaries raised new questions about whether he had properly disclosed consulting work he did in 2001 and 2002 for a telecom company owned by a longtime associate. Mr. Pawlenty had received $4,500 a month for more than a year, but did not include the consulting fees in the wages section of his financial disclosure form. Instead, he cited the consulting work -- and a sole proprietorship company he had created and done the work under -- as an investment or a security.

Mr. Pawlenty eventually amended his disclosure forms to include the consulting payments in both sections of the form, and the state's campaign finance board ultimately found no wrongdoing in the matter.

''He said he was sorry,'' said Mr. Moe, Mr. Pawlenty's Democratic opponent that year. ''He always says 'sorry.' ''

A year ago, Mr. Pawlenty faced the most visible crisis of his tenure. On a busy Wednesday evening, the Interstate 35W bridge through downtown Minneapolis collapsed, plunging cars into the Mississippi River and killing 13 people.

Many praised Mr. Pawlenty for his swift, empathetic response. The political battle that followed -- in what, by 2007, was a Democratic-dominated State House and Senate -- was far more complicated.

Democrats raged about the state's aging bridges and roads, and blamed Mr. Pawlenty for vetoing a gasoline tax increase and for putting Carol Molnau, the lieutenant governor, in charge of the state's Transportation Department.

After months of argument, the Legislature this year passed a transportation package that included a gasoline tax increase. Mr. Pawlenty vetoed it, but was overridden for the first time.

Mr. Pawlenty vetoed the package because it contained $6.6 billion in tax increases and hundreds of millions of dollars in additional local sales taxes, aides said. But Lawrence J. Pogemiller, the Senate majority leader, said Mr. Pawlenty had waffled over the gasoline tax increase. Mr. Pogemiller said Mr. Pawlenty had called him for a meeting two days after the bridge collapse and had said he would support a gas tax increase, only to withdraw that support three days later under criticism from conservatives. The governor's aides dispute that account.

''Look,'' Mr. Pogemiller said, ''to me, this is verification that he does and says whatever is necessary to look good at the moment.''

Mrs. Pawlenty dismissed claims that her husband's ambitions had driven policy choices. ''That's not who he is,'' she said.

Nor, for that matter, she added, has Mr. McCain's vice-presidential search driven her husband's hairstyle. The governor has cut and grown out his hair at various times over the years, she said.

The Prospects: This article is part of a series looking at potential vicepresidential candidates.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Gov. Tim Pawlenty and his wife, Mary, with Senator John McCain on July 10 in St. Paul. (PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLYN KASTER/ASSOCIATED PRESS(A1)

Gov. Tim Pawlenty, reported to be on John McCain's short list for running mate, at the McCain headquarters in St. Paul last week. (PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLYN KASTER/ASSOCIATED PRESS)(A14)

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[***Co-op Waves Washing Over Flatbush***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5HV0-002S-X3HB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 16, 1989, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 10; Page 1, Column 2; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 2537 words

**Byline:** By IVER PETERSON

**Body**

AS Aaron Ziegelman wheeled his Jaguar up to the Flatbush Avenue curb in Brooklyn not long ago, a grizzled man drew near and demanded: ''What building are you seizing today?''

''Every time I see a car like that in this neighborhood,'' the man said, ''I know someone is making another deal for another building.'' ''He may be right,'' Mr. Ziegelman said. He was right. Mr. Ziegelman specializes in converting rental apartments to co-ops in unfashionable neighborhoods, and on that day he was headed for one of his latest projects, the 95-unit apartment building at 50 Lefferts Avenue.

But it doesn't take a Jaguar at the curb to show that Flatbush Avenue south of Prospect Park is an area where a lot of such real estate deals are going on. The dozens of ''Co-ops for Sale'' signs hanging from the corners of the area's thick concentration of prewar, six-story apartment buildings testify that the the co-op conversion wave has broken well past Prospect Park, which for years had halted the gentrification of Brooklyn at Park Slope.

The pace of conversions has now run ahead of the market, and sponsors are wooing buyers with price cuts, below-market financing, low down payments and six months or more of no maintenance charges. Similar deals also are being offered in other neighborhoods where converters are active, among them the Kew Gardens Hills section of Queens and the Pelham Bay section of the Bronx.

In a city full of co-ops and condos whose prices are figured by multiples of hundreds of thousands, Flatbush and the other areas are among the few places left where the counting can be done in the tens of thousands. The building at 50 Lefferts has a dozen one- and two-bedroom renovated apartments, with hardwood floors and new kitchens, that are being sold to outsiders for $50,000 and less.

The state Attorney General's co-op conversion records tell part of the story: In 1984, 10,254 apartment units were converted from rental to co-op status in Manhattan, 5,983 in Queens and 3,670 in Brooklyn. Last year Brooklyn far outstripped the other boroughs, with 10,442 apartments converted, while Queens was second with 9,071 and Manhattan trailed with 8,390.

The greater Flatbush co-op boom has another unusual aspect: its demographics.

DEVELOPERS have found in the area a large concentration of middle-class blacks, many of them from the Caribbean, who are buying their apartments with varying degrees of eagerness. Unlike the pattern that gentrification, renewal efforts and conversions have produced in other blighted areas, the investments of millions in buying and renovating old apartments buildings for co-op conversion in Flatbush has not, so far, been accompanied by a wholesale exodus of minorities and the corresponding influx of mostly white, middle-class newcomers. Some co-op buyers insist that the black middle class in Flatbush is large enough and well enough paid to make it an exception to what has been a general pattern elsewhere.

''The day when an area goes from white to black and then goes down, down, down is over,'' said Jim Wiener, vice chairman of J.R.D. Management Corporation, a rental company that began large-scale conversions in the Flatbush co-op boom when it completed its first rental-to-co-op conversion in January 1988. ''This is a very strong area, and I'm inclined to believe that the people there will become integrated.''

And G. Oliver Koppell, the Democratic-Liberal State Assemblyman from the Bronx who, as a lawyer, represents several Flatbush-area tenants' groups in their negotiations with co-op converters, said:

''I've been noticing in the last couple of years that middle-class and ***working-class*** black families in the area are better customers for co-op conversions than the older white people who stayed on after the neighborhood changed. They have more recently moved in and therefore they are paying higher rents, and they are more eager to own their own apartments where they already live.''

''This is not gentrification by pushing out the people who live there,'' said Emmet Delany, the attorney for J.R.D Management. ''What we are doing is accommodating the people who already live there and at the same time making a good investment.''

Rosie Riley, a remedial-English teacher at Boys and Girls High School in Brooklyn, is a four-year resident of 50 Lefferts who was ready with the money when the conversion wave reached her building last April. She will pay $29,000 for her one-bedroom flat. Her rent was $340 a month, and she figures her maintenance and mortgage at $500 a month before tax deductions for mortgage interest.

''My salary has been moving up to the point where I'm paying a lot in taxes, and I want to see my money go toward something that won't depreciate,'' she said. And there was that feeling of proprietorship she longed for.

''I've always wanted to own something of my own,'' she explained. ''I've been working for 15 or 20 years now and I just don't own anything. I have a fur coat and I have a few pieces of jewelry that are kind of nice, but I've never owned anything big before, like a house of my own.''

Mr. Ziegelman, whose company is the Ziegelman Organization, paid $36 million for 19 apartment buildings in the Flatbush area; J.R.D. Management, his principal competition, is converting 20 buildings, Mr. Delany said. Each has invested millions more in repairs and cosmetic improvements.

Mr. Ziegelman made his reputation as a wholesale converter of buildings - he has done 140 so far - mostly in Manhattan. So why Brooklyn now?

As the Attorney General's conversion figures show, the pace of turning rentals to co-ops in Manhattan has slowed because the supply of buildings that match the economics of co-op conversion has shrunk as prices generally have risen.

''The price you have to pay for a West Side building puts you in a position where you have to co-op or die,'' Mr. Ziegelman said. ''In Brooklyn, if the inside tenants don't buy at first, it can still continue as a rental building until the plan goes through and I won't suffer big deficits holding on to unsold apartments.''

Under New York State law, the sponsor of a co-op conversion has two choices to complete the process. Under an eviction plan, 51 percent of the tenants must agree to buy their apartments and the sponsor may evict, after a certain period, the nonbuyers. Eviction plans are now rare.

Under the far more common noneviction system, only 15 percent of the apartments must be signed up for sale for a plan to be declared complete, and those deciding not to buy are entitled to stay on as renters as long as they wish.

Since apartment buildings in Manhattan are now universally priced according to their return as co-op conversions instead of as rental buildings, Mr. Ziegelman feared that buying a Manhattan building and failing to convert would leave him with a rental property for which he had paid co-op prices.

Mr. Ziegelman said that his Brooklyn apartment buildings, although rising in value as the conversion process spreads through the area, could still be run as rentals until a sufficient number of tenants buy, or enough apartments fall vacant and are sold, to complete the conversion.

The converter's prospects for profits are improved by a provision of city housing law that allows the sponsor to hold up to 10 percent of a target building's apartments vacant - to ''warehouse'' them - while seeking sales agreements with the 15 percent of rental tenants needed to declare a noneviction conversion plan final. The warehoused apartments are typically renovated into sales offices and models, and are sold at the higher outsider price.

Landlords and converters are up in arms these days over a City Council anti-warehousing measure that would eliminate this advantage by requiring that all apartments be rented within 30 days. Sponsors of the measure say it is an attack on homelessness.

Real estate operators maintain that co-op conversion would stop entirely if the measure passes because it would give the tenants too much control over the conversion process. Under the law, the sponsors would not have the available apartments for sale - at the higher outside price - that produce an infusion of cash early in the co-op process.

Eleven Council members have sponsored the measure, which is the subject of heated debate among tenant and landlord groups.

In Flatbush, however, sponsors' fears of tenant resistance to the wave of conversions have so far been unfounded.

''Initially, people around here had some misgivings about the co-ops,'' said Patricia Shaw, a sales consultant who is president of the tenant's association at 80 Winthrop Street, a J.R.D. Management conversion project. ''But when they heard they were noneviction plans you got more of a mixed bag. The middle-class people and the ***working-class*** people have a tendency to look forward to it as a way to stabilize the community, while the people who are really at the bottom are scared of it.

''BUT the people who try to convert here end up having a much easier time than they do in Manhattan or Jackson Heights or Park Slope. A lot of tenant groups don't even bother to hire lawyers.''

Mr. Wiener of J.R.D. Management said that sales have been good even though the market in Flatbush, as in the rest of the region, has been generally flat. Of 5,000 apartments slated to be converted in the area, he said, 579 have already closed and 350 are under contract.

At 50 Lefferts, whose conversion is expected to be completed within a month, Mr. Ziegelman reported selling six apartments in one weekend recently. ''In a flat market, to sell six apartments in one weekend is like the good old days,'' he said.

It has become a standard experience for conversion proponents to encounter resistance from tenant advocates and from local residents who fear that the change will hurt those who are unable to buy. Many middle-class blacks in Flatbush are sensitive to that argument while wishing at the same time to become owners themselves and to see their community improved.

''I'm not distressed by the conversions,'' said Gary Hairston, the owner of Choices, a trendy women's boutique at 581 Flatbush Avenue at Maple Street and president of the Flatbush-Empire-Clarkson Merchant's Association. ''I think it is a necessary evil to solidify the area and to keep people from moving out the minute they can afford to buy a place of their own. But it does disturb me from the point view that it brings gentrification, and gentrification displaces people.''

Although the apartment buildings that are the targets of converters are occupied overwhelmingly by blacks, the white homeowners are not far away in the block after block of pristine limestone-fronted town houses to the east of Flatbush, and in the stately turn-of-the-century private homes in the blocks east of Coney Island Avenue. Yet the co-op conversion of greater Flatbush is not universally acclaimed, on either sociological or financial grounds. ''The co-op conversions are a matter of great concern to me because they remove the reasonably priced rental unit from the marketplace,'' said State Senator Martin Markowitz, whose district includes Flatbush. ''That makes it harder for more people to afford decent housing.''

Jerry O'Shea, director of the Flatbush Tenants Council, a renters' advocacy group, raises the prospect that the new co-op owners will become overburdened with debt from personal mortgages and from the mortgages on their co-op corporation in an untested market. ''I see co-oping in these areas as nothing but a real estate scam,'' he said. ''You load these buildings up with debt and then walk away with a profit that you could never get on the open market.''

The Flatbush co-op converters typically put about $1 million in debt on their conversions in the form of interest-bearing ''wrap-around'' mortgages, which fall due 10 or 12 years after closing. In an established market, the ''wraps'' are easily refinanced, but in an unproven one, Mr. Shea said, the outcome could be different. ''I don't believe co-oping protects communities or protects anyone else,'' he said. ''It only means you own your little piece of America, and that doesn't mean your little piece is going to be worth what you owe on it five years from now.''

Mr. Wiener acknowledged that the problem must be faced. ''With some wrap mortgages, if they're handled unscrupulously, people could be hurt,'' he said. ''But I think in our case in every situation where it can't be comfortably paid off, we're going to sit down and work with them.''

WHILE inside buyers like Ms. Riley are able to get 100 percent bank financing for their mortgages because their prices are some 40 percent of the nontenant prices, Mr. Ziegelman offers newcomers to his buildings his own short-term purchase financing.

''We found that our buyers are qualified in every way, but they don't have the down payment,'' he said. His company offers 90 percent, five-year financing, with the first two years' interest at 8 percent and the following three years at 9 percent. Adjustable-rate mortgages in the region are currently about 9.6 percent for the first year.

Mr. Ziegelman also allows buyers to rent their apartments for six months and apply their rent payments to their down payment. For a $60,000 apartment, the six-month's rent of $500 a month amounts to half of the necessary down-payment. The developer said the properties will have appreciated sufficiently in five years to make refinancing easy for those who take up the offer.

As president of the 1701 Albemarle Tenants Association, LaVern King, a Minolta photo-copier saleswoman, has taken a tough line on Mr. Ziegelman's conversion efforts at her building. But her underlying attitude is that if the physical condition of the property can be assured, the tenants will be eager to buy.

''Nobody should think that we are going into this with our eyes closed,'' she said. ''We have educated ourselves, we have hired a lawyer, we have floor captains and if we can get a good deal for ourselves we will buy.''

Her one-bedroom apartment contains the spacious foyer that is a signature of the area's 1930's-era buildings, has about 750 square feet of floor space and is currently being offered to her, as an insider, for $51,000 and to outsiders for $68,700, but Ms. King expects her price to drop further.

Getting a neglected building restored to reasonable solidity is the task of Calvin Parham, coordinator of academic affairs at a State University adult education program in Brooklyn and the de facto head of a yet-to-be formed tenants' association of 1111 Ocean Avenue, a 102-apartment building being converted by Sam Wasserman, the landlord.

Prices in the building are low even by local standards, with his 1,000-square-foot, two-bedroom apartment offered to him at $58,000. But an engineer's report has found $1.6 million worth of needed repairs to the building, Mr. Parham said, and Mr. Wasserman has so far offered only $140,000 toward the cost.

Yet, Mr. Parham said, his neighbors are clearly interested. ''If the offering plan and the condition of the building can be made to make sense, I believe quite a few tenants would be eager to buy,'' he said. ''There just aren't that many private homes left in this area that people can afford to buy.''

**Graphic**

The 95-unit apartment building at 50 Lefferts Avenue in Brooklyn, recently converted to a co-op by Aaron Ziegelman (pg. 1); Rosie Riley in her one-bedroom apartment at 50 Lefferts Boulevard. She bought her flat when the building was converted last April; LaVern King, president of the 1701 Albemarle Tenants Association; the building is being converted by Aaron Ziegelman (The New York Times/Eddie Hausner); Gary Hairston, owner of a women's clothing store on Flatbush Avenue. He favors the conversions in the area, but has some reservations (The New York Times) (pg. 18)

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[***Learning to Sleep as Trucks Roar Through Basement***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CN3-8Y20-TW8F-G38P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1; Life on the Road

**Length:** 1576 words

**Byline:** By DAVID W. CHEN

**Body**

The New York area has no shortage of places where public transportation and private housing overlap in the most voyeuristic of ways. Commuters lurching toward the New Jersey side of the Lincoln Tunnel may wonder what it is like to live in the houses that line the highway approach to the tunnel. Passengers aboard the Metro-North train near 125th Street in Manhattan or the No. 7 subway near the 52nd Street station in Queens may find it impossible to resist peeking into the apartments that are barely an arm's length from the tracks.

But being close to traffic is one thing. Living directly on top of traffic -- with a ceaseless river of cars and trucks rumbling through your basement, red brake lights flickering endlessly into your windows -- is quite another. And no one knows that better than the 4,000 residents of the Bridge Apartments, the four high-rises lined up like dominoes atop the Trans-Manhattan Expressway, on the upper Manhattan approach to the George Washington Bridge.

To anyone who listens to traffic reports on the radio, the buildings are ubiquitously known as ''the apartments,'' as in, ''it's slow under the apartments,'' or ''it's stop-and-go until you get to the apartments.'' And inside the building, residents don't need an announcer to tell them how the bridge traffic is moving.

If the windows are open, the noise is most deafening on the middle floors, and people inside find that they need to raise their voices to hold a conversation or talk on the phone. The winds carry vehicle exhaust upward, which is especially noticeable on the terraces. And on most floors, the vibrations of trucks can clearly be felt, along with those of any construction equipment.

But if the windows are closed, a typical Bridge apartment does not feel all that different from any other apartment in New York close to a busy road. The panoramic views, imbibing everything from the Tappan Zee Bridge to the Whitestone Bridge, are breathtaking. The location, near two subway stops and the George Washington Bus Terminal in Washington Heights, is convenient. And the apartments, while not cheap, are roomy, modern and rent-stabilized.

So for all the incongruity of living over the highway, many residents end up doing what countless urban homesteaders have done for generations: they tolerate the annoyances, savor the pleasures and develop a hardened brand of urban pluck to become accustomed, even fond, of their surroundings.

On the ground floor, you might bump into tenants like Cristina Estevez, an energetic 19-year-old whose family moved in about six years ago. She now works at a tax office in the same building.

''When I talk to my grandmother in the Dominican Republic, she says, 'You're crazy! Get out of there!''' Ms. Estevez said. ''But I tell her it's nice, I like it, everything is not too far.''

Benny Pellerano, a friendly 56-year-old, also of Dominican heritage, started out as a security guard in the apartments three decades ago; now, he is the superintendent.

''We're so used to it that it's simple to forget we live in a landmark place,'' Mr. Pellerano said. ''But before I moved here, I used to live on 178th Street, and when I passed by the apartments, I used to think -- how do you say it? -- these were like the Seven Wonders of the World.''

Perhaps the biggest wonder is that the relationship between building and highway is no accident. Unlike other buildings that grudgingly coexist with a subway line or expressway ramp that came afterward, the Bridge Apartments were designed to hover over an existing highway.

In 1960, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey transferred to the city the air rights of a three-acre area near the bridge. The city auctioned off those rights to the Kratter Corporation for a little over $1 million, as part of a novel method to build more middle-income housing.

Construction began in 1961 on what was one of the world's first aluminum-sheathed high-rises, with four concrete platforms providing the foundation. (From east to west, the buildings are sandwiched between 178th and 179th Streets at 260 Audubon Avenue, 1370 St. Nicholas Avenue, 1365 St. Nicholas Avenue and 111 Wadsworth Avenue.) Three years later, the Bridge Apartments welcomed their first tenants under the state's Mitchell-Lama program for middle-income residents.

With 240 units apiece, the 32-story buildings were billed as ''New York's most fabulous big-family opportunity,'' where residents could ''live luxuriously'' in a three-bedroom apartment for $179 a month, utilities included. Laundry rooms and community rooms occupied the second floor, while the heating and water systems were placed below the ground-floor lobby.

But the initial wonderment dissipated. In 1967, Senator Robert F. Kennedy, visiting the complex, said that ''the choice of this location for these apartments, astride one of the most heavily traveled highways in New York City, shows a total disregard for environmental factors on the part of our city planners.'' Five years later, tenants staged a rent strike because of deteriorating services, said Jose Fortoul, the longtime president of the Bridge Apartments Tenant Association.

After a turbulent period in which a few owners were accused of embezzlement, the current owners, a group of real-estate investors, bought the buildings in 1987 and paid off the low-interest mortgages under the Mitchell-Lama program. But they decided that it made more business sense to keep the apartments as rentals, rather than converting them to cooperatives.

These days, most residents are ***working-class***. About 15 percent receive Section 8 housing vouchers. The cheapest apartment, a studio, costs about $700 a month; the most expensive, a three-bedroom with one-and-a-half bathrooms, is about $1,600.

To save money, a growing number of tenants are illegally carving up their apartments, even though the owners say that they are trying to crack down on such actions. Ms. Estevez, for instance, pays $125 a week for a room in an apartment that has been converted to a three-bedroom from a two-bedroom. One roommate, a 60-year-old Ecuadorean immigrant and housekeeper, pays $80 a week for a makeshift room that was formerly part of the kitchen.

But the place is spotless, and proximity breeds camaraderie. ''We are like family,'' Ms. Estevez said.

That sense of community can extend to the highway, too. Once, when Ms. Estevez was peering outside at the knots of traffic, listening to people yelling at each other inside their cars or amplifying their stereos, a driver yelled to her: ''Hey, get out from there!''

''When I get depressed, I see people doing things outside -- walking, driving -- and that motivates me,'' she said.

Then again, don't get certain residents started on the overnight groans of trucks shifting gears. Or the honks of apoplectic drivers marooned in traffic on a Friday afternoon or after a Yankees game. Or the gridlock on local streets caused by an accident or construction work on the highway.

People say that the elevators are too crowded and too slow. And, except on the ground floor, tenants can only press a button to go down, not up. That means someone on, say, the 16th floor who wants to visit a friend on the 32nd floor would have to ride down to the lobby before heading back up.

People also complain about the scores of terraces that have been painted in loud tropical colors like hot pink, giving the exterior a jarring, almost checkerboard, look. And since so few residents spend much time outside because of the noise and the air, many terraces have become messy open-air lockers.

But Mr. Pellerano said that the elevator system will be upgraded. He said the glass in the single-pane windows in the apartments was recently replaced with noise-muffling double-pane glass. There are also plans to paint the terraces in a uniform color.

In any event, the apartments remain popular, and there are no vacancies. Two new businesses -- the Alvarez Income Tax Center and the Interboro Institute, a two-year college -- are also happy with their space on the ground floor of 260 Audubon Avenue.

''It's very easy to find, that's one of the positive things for sure,'' said Rafael A. Alvarez, who owns the tax center. ''I just tell them, I'm in the first building above I-95.''

Some longtime tenants who live on the lowest floor above the highway -- the third -- say that they barely notice their surroundings anymore. This includes the family of Raquel Ramos, a 45-year-old restaurant cashier who has lived in a two-bedroom apartment with her four children for nine years.

''When we moved here, we weren't used to the background noise, and our friends were scared,'' said Wales Cruz, one of Ms. Ramos's 17-year-old twins, who is a senior at the Bronx High School of Science. ''But I learned to zone certain things out.''

But it is hard to zone out the realities of a post-9/11 world when one lives in the shadow of a possible terror target such as the bridge, when the twins' birthday is also Sept. 11.

Ms. Estevez has a Sept. 11 story as well. Her grandmother in the Dominican Republic had initially assumed that the World Trade Center towers were the tall buildings that Ms. Estevez had always described as her home.

But Ms. Estevez cannot imagine moving out. Indeed, whenever she visits her father in Perth Amboy, N.J., she cannot fall asleep because it is too quiet. So she turns on the radio, hoping to replicate the soothing cacophony that she has grown to relish.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The Bridge Apartments hover over the Trans-Manhattan Expressway, near the George Washington Bridge. (Photo by Vincent Laforet/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Construction on the four 32-story buildings began in 1961. The apartments were opened as part of a state middle-income housing program. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)

Wales Cruz, right, and his friend Jose Grullon, both 17, in Wales's family's apartment on 260 Audubon Avenue, the easternmost building of the Bridge Apartments. About 4,000 people live in the entire complex. (Photo by Ruth Fremson/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** June 18, 2004

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[***CRIME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-98C0-0007-H1WJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1114 words

**Byline:** By Newgate Callendar

**Body**

Can a Chicago sewer inspector make an attractive hero? He can in THE JUNKYARD DOG by Robert Campbell (Signet/New American Library, Paper, $2.95). James Flannery is his name. Not only is he on the municipal payroll, he also is a Democratic precinct chairman in a city run by the Democratic Party. He is something of a plodder, but he is honest and takes care of his people. He likes them, and they like him.

So when an abortion clinic is firebombed, Flannery is outraged. Such things should not happen in his district. And something personal is involved. One of the victims was a friend - a Jewish woman, a neighbor in his building, who donated her time to the clinic. Flannery looks for the perpetrators. He has a good idea who was behind the attack - a demagogic religious fanatic who acts like a junior Hitler.

As Flannery proceeds, his investigation gets to the upper political echelons, and he is warned off. Abortion is a touchy issue, and some important people may be tangentially or even actively involved. The more he is told to hold back, the more strenuous his activities become. He is not a man who can be pushed around.

He has some resources. He has been a precinct captain for a long time, and his friends in politics and on the police force owe him a favor or two. In Chicago politics, apparently, favors are like gambling debts and have to be repaid. Here and there Mr. Campbell indulges in a bit of humor, but for the most part the book is grimly realistic.

The writing style is equally realistic. The story is told in the first person singular, present tense. Mr. Campbell has tried to re-create the speech patterns of some not-so-well-educated members of the ***working class***: ''My father and me have dinner together every Wednesday night.'' '' 'Who gives out permits on demonstrations?' I asks.'' A dialogue at the end gives a good idea of the author's skillful technique. Flannery has been successful in getting a posthumous award for a fireman named Warnowski, who killed himself while drunk. There is a city presentation attended by the mayor:

''After Corrigan leaves, the mayor passes in front of me. His aide whispers in his ear. The mayor stops and looks me over. 'So you're Flannery, are you?

I've got to hand it to you.'

'' 'Sir?'

'' 'Mooshie Warnowski.'

'' 'A good man. A hero.'

'' 'Flannery,' the mayor says, 'you really can shovel it high.' ''

A traditionally plotted British mystery in a modern setting (no country-house weekend with lords and ladies) is DEAD RINGER by Roger Ormerod (Scribners, $13.95). It is about Jerry Boyes, a former stunt man who stood in for an actor. In the course of a chase scene, there was an accident, his face was disfigured, and he lost a leg -not to mention all his confidence.

Now, years later, the actor comes back into his life. He wants Boyes to be the hand-over man for a ransom payment. An industrialist has been kidnapped, and the actor is supervising the rescue operation. Of course, things are not as easy as they sound. Boyes becomes the central figure in a con game, and the plotting becomes extremely complicated. At the end there is a long, detailed explanation that might well try the reader's patience. On the other hand, the writing is expert, the characterizations are well realized, and Boyes himself is an interesting man with some deep inner problems to overcome. In a way, ''Dead Ringer'' is a book about a man's rediscovery of himself.

Here's another book about self-discovery: HOME AGAIN by David Wiltse (Macmillan, $16.95). An F.B.I. hero quits after killing a female terrorist in a stakeout gun battle, and he returns with wife and teen-age son to his hometown in Nebraska. There he expects to practice law with his brother. He even runs for office. But there are slimy politics in the town, and his brother is part of the slime. A woman is murdered, and the police chief asks the former F.B.I. man for help. More dirt is uncovered before the murderer is nailed.

The question implicit in this well-written book is an ethical one. Can a man these days really pursue an idealistic path through life? Or must he adapt to certain realities? In addition, the man has an adolescent son who cannot understand him, and it takes a long time and a crisis before they can approach each other. A good part of the book is told by the son. ''Home Again'' is a sensitive and interesting piece of work with, incidentally, a good deal of action in it.

Bob Langley's AUTUMN TIGER (Walker, $15.95) and Stuart White's OPERATION RAVEN (Beaufort/Kampmann, $16.95) have in common a World War II setting. And both deal with spies who infiltrate enemy country. In ''Autumn Tiger'' it is an American O.S.S. man who is yanked out of Berlin and ordered to impersonate a German soldier in an American prisoner-of-war camp. He has to pry out of a German P.O.W. a secret that could affect the course of the war. In ''Operation Raven'' a German spy impersonates a British soldier during the Dunkirk evacuation and enters England. His mission is to get in touch with a certain peer who has Nazi sympathies.

''Autumn Tiger'' does not work very well, thanks mostly to the author's plodding and cliche-ridden style. Mr. Langley also likes to make his characters hiss, including such unhissable expressions as ''My God!'' And when they are not hissing ''My God!'' they are whispering ''My God.''

Nor is ''Operation Raven'' much better written. The central character is a stock, evil Nazi, completely amoral, convinced of his racial superiority and trained to kill as an automatic reflex. That is fine with him; he enjoys killing. Opposed to him is another stock figure, the ''good'' Nazi, sent to England by Hitler to stop the evil one. It's too complex to explain what this man is doing in England during the war, and you wouldn't believe it anyway.

The third in Shelley Singer's Jake Samson series is FULL HOUSE (St. Martin's, $13.95). Samson is the private eye from San Francisco who does not even have a license. He merely does favors for friends. There are some cute things in ''Full House.'' Members of a religious group are busy building arks. Their leader, appropriately named Noah, has announced that the world is going to be destroyed by a flood. He suddenly disappears, and Samson is hired to find him. The police say that he has absconded with a hefty amount of money and a woman. His coreligionists, of course, refuse to believe that. They fear he has been murdered.

Everything moves along well. Even sections that suggest padding eventually turn out to have a bearing on the plot. And Samson, a nice man, is introduced by his family to a nice, attractive, interesting woman. Perhaps the next in the series will tell us how things turn out.

**Graphic**

Photo of actor Ron Silver (NYT/Barton Silverman)

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[***Echoes From the Roman Ghetto***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:58WM-0461-JBG3-614G-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 3034 words

**Byline:** By DAVID LASKIN

David Laskin, a frequent contributor to Travel, is the author of ''The Family: Three Journeys Into the Heart of the 20th Century,'' due from Viking in October.

**Body**

The Portico d'Ottavia is one of those chunks of urban surrealism that you come across only in Rome. From a cavity about 20 feet below street level, the ruin of a massive 2,000-year-old portico thrusts its crumbling marble geometry into the present. The dome of a Baroque church, Santa Maria in Campitelli, peers down from the next piazza like a nosy matron.

A few steps from the ruins, multilingual waiters reel in tourists to dine on their terraces amid pyramids of artichokes. A poster on a palace wall hawks kosher sushi -- coming soon! Bearded men in skullcaps jostle students in tank tops.

No one seems the least bit thrown by this jarring mosaic of times and cultures. Everybody is too busy talking, sipping, pointing, sauntering, forking up something delicious.

For half a millennium, the Portico d'Ottavia has been the heart of Rome's Jewish ghetto, four cramped blocks wedged between the Tiber, the Turtle Fountain, the Theater of Marcellus and the Palazzo Cenci. Amid today's celebration of earthly pleasures, I had trouble finding the small wall plaque that commemorates ''la spietata caccia agli ebrei'' -- the merciless hunting down of the Jews -- that took place here on Oct. 16, 1943.

Seventy years ago, the world was at war, Rome was occupied by the Nazis, and the ghetto was a virtual prison for a large part of the city's Jewish community. On the morning of Oct. 16, 1943, SS Captain Theodor Dannecker ordered that the prison be emptied.

Trucks pulled up on the cobblestoned piazza beside the Portico d'Ottavia, the neighborhood was sealed, and 365 German soldiers fanned out through the narrow streets and courtyards. Families hid at the backs of their shuttered shops. The able-bodied and quick-witted jumped from their windows or fled along the rooftops. The unlucky were hounded from their homes at gunpoint and herded into the idling trucks. Of the more than 1,000 Roman Jews seized that day and later transported to Auschwitz, only 16 survived.

On a balmy night in April, I sat pondering that dark time with my wife and two of our daughters on the terrace of Ba'' Ghetto, a lively restaurant near the Portico d'Ottavia. All around us, waiters were bearing platters of grilled meat and assuring tourists that their fried artichokes alla giudia were the best in Rome. Deep into the night, a sparkler ignited atop a slice of cake and everyone sang ''tanti auguri a te'' (happy birthday to you) to a 20-something beauty.

It was impossible not to be stunned by the contrast between the festive present and the somber past. Even a dozen years ago, when we first visited the ghetto, the neighborhood felt forlorn and insular. Old, suspicious eyes sized us up as we made our way past kosher butchers and shabby tailor shops. Jews had been confined to these flood-prone riverside streets in 1555 by Pope Paul IV, and in 2001, an aura of melancholy still lingered.

But today the place is a party. Well-heeled Romans flock to the ghetto to ''eat Jewish'' the way New Yorkers pop down to Little Italy or Chinatown. On that soft spring evening, with Israeli cabernet brimming in our wineglasses and plates heaped with hummus and couscous, we had trouble summoning up the shadows of the past.

In this city's 2,000 years of glorious and inglorious history, the nine-month German occupation (Sept. 11, 1943, to June 4, 1944) is just a nick. But, as I learned in the course of a week spent chatting with bakers and archivists, museum curators and rabbis, cabdrivers and historians, the nick remains raw. ''Memories of Hitler and Fascism are still vivid,'' Alessandra di Castro, director of the Jewish Museum of Rome, told me. ''The wound still has not healed.''

The deepest wound was inflicted on the ghetto (ex-ghetto, as Ms. di Castro corrected me with fierce pride), but there are other sites around the city that bear witness to the struggle and suffering of those months. With a good map, some bus tickets and a bit of imagination, I was able to tease out this painful, fascinating chapter of Roman history.

From our rented apartment at the foot of the Janiculum Hill, I trekked out to corners of the city that most tourists, unaware of their connection to the war, either avoid or hurry through. A 20-minute stroll along the Tiber brought me to the ex-ghetto, but I had to cross the city on two buses to reach the Via Tasso, site of a notorious SS prison and now a museum. And from there it took another 15 minutes by tram to reach the San Lorenzo neighborhood, which was heavily bombed by the Allies.

It was helpful before setting out to brush up on history. Rome and Berlin, of course, were allies in World War II -- but when the Allies took Sicily in July 1943 and began massing for an invasion of the Italian mainland, the Fascist axis collapsed. Mussolini was ousted, and the weak new government that took control began secretly negotiating for an armistice.

The Nazis, however, had no intention of letting Italy go neutral. When an armistice was announced on Sept. 8, the German army sprang to disarm Italian soldiers and shore up positions on the Italian mainland. Rome waited and trembled as the Germans closed in.

On Sept. 10, a troop of disbanded Italian soldiers and civilians made a desperate last stand at Rome's Porta San Paolo. The battle raged through the day outside the gate's crenelated twin towers and beneath the Pyramid of Cestius, which looms over the Protestant Cemetery, where Keats and Shelley lie. Some 597 Italian soldiers and civilians, including 27 women, died defending their city, but by day's end the Germans prevailed.

I asked the attendants in the little gift shop inside the cemetery if they knew where the battle had been fought, and one of them directed me to the nearby Parco della Resistenza dell'8 Settembre. I strolled around the rather unkempt park, past parents airing babies in the shade of palms and sycamores. But aside from a plaque commemorating ''the soldiers of every corps and citizens of every class who opposed the German invaders,'' I found little trace of the battle.

Shadows were lengthening as I made my way through the Porta San Paolo and waded into the roaring traffic of the Piazza dei Partigiani (Plaza of the Partisans), a major transportation hub just outside the city walls. Here I caught a tram to the San Lorenzo neighborhood, a ***working-class*** district about three miles east of the ghetto.

On July 19, 1943, shortly before the fall of Mussolini, Allied aircraft bombed San Lorenzo hoping to take out a crucial railway pivot point. In the course of the bombardment, some 2,000 to 3,000 Roman civilians died, and a stray bomb heavily damaged the gorgeous Basilica of San Lorenzo Fuori le Mura, parts of which date back to the sixth century. I wanted to check out what the church and neighborhood look like today.

The tram skirted the hoary arches of the Porta Maggiore and rumbled through the ugly, gritty but supposedly gentrifying blocks near the vast University of Rome complex. My stop was next to a modern parking lot that might have been in the Bronx. I was about to recheck the map when I spotted San Lorenzo's mellow 12th-century brick campanile rising against a stand of horse chestnuts. The basilica's door swung shut behind me, and the modern world blinked out into the Middle Ages.

Photos in the sacristy show the ruin that remained after an American bomb caved in the roof of the nave and shattered parts of the mosaic floor, one of the most beautiful in Rome. Stone by stone, the crimson and white coils and diamonds were lovingly retrieved and set back into place

As my guidebook instructed, I descended a short flight of steps at the end of the nave to find the tomb of St. Lawrence, who was martyred over hot coals in the year 258.

But the moment that will stay with me came in the 12th-century cloister. Amid the dainty paired columns and drifts of myrtle and herbs, I stumbled upon a fragment of a bomb's casing that was pried out of the rubble in 1943 -- a shard of American steel displayed incongruously in a sacred Roman garden.

In the days that followed, I asked a number of Italians whether Romans harbored any bitterness toward the United States over the collateral damage at San Lorenzo: a beloved basilica in ruins, thousands of citizens killed in a bombing raid gone awry. The answer was always the same: We are still grateful to America because you liberated us from the Nazis.

The Via Tasso, about midway between San Lorenzo and the ghetto, is an undistinguished thoroughfare of 19th- and early-20th-century apartment blocks and schools, with a crumbling arch at one end and the sanctuary of the Scala Sancta (the sacred stairs that Jesus trod) at the other. It looks like a comfortable, convenient place where middle-class Romans and striving immigrants live, though not a spot you'd go out of your way to visit.

But during the nine months of the Nazi occupation, Via Tasso 145 was the most feared address in Rome. It was here in a charmless, smudged yellow apartment house that the SS and the Gestapo had their headquarters, their prison and their torture chambers. During the occupation, the place was so dreaded that Romans never called it the Via Tasso. Instead they would say laggiù (down there), as in, ''He was hauled off laggiù.''

If you've seen the classic Roberto Rossellini film ''Rome, Open City,'' you'll have some idea of the sinister atmosphere of sadism and despair that infected the Via Tasso. Former apartments were walled off into tiny cells where political prisoners and captured partisans lived in the dark with no bed or toilet. The Italian writer Corrado Augias was an 8-year-old student at a boarding school that backed up on the Via Tasso. ''Even after so many years,'' he writes, ''I can still clearly remember the screams that sometimes broke the stillness of the night and penetrated all the way inside our dormitory.''

The former Gestapo headquarters is now the site of the Historical Museum of the Liberation of Rome, with displays devoted to the brutality of the Nazi occupation and the response of the Roman people. Artifacts are sparse but heartbreaking: a sock embroidered with the words ''courage my love'' that a wife or mother smuggled in, a tortured prisoner's bloody shirt, a mournful portrait of Colonel Giuseppe Cordero di Montezemolo, an officer in the Italian Army who organized the Roman resistance. The SS interrogated and tortured Montezemolo at Via Tasso for 58 days, but he uttered not a word.

On the museum's second floor, five prison cells preserve the incredibly moving messages that prisoners scratched on the walls. ''Addio piccola mia -- non serbarmi rancore un bacio,'' one prisoner wrote (''Farewell, my little one, don't harbor any bitterness on my account, a kiss.'')

The next day, a balmy Sunday, my wife and I decided to get out of town and join sweater-clad Romans and ski-pole-toting German trekkers for a leisurely saunter on the Appian Way. Though just a few minutes by bus from central Rome, the road seems to slumber 2,000 years in the past. The original colossal cobblestones, heaved and rutted by time, still pave the way. Along the margins, villas peep from behind hedgerows and grain fields lie open to the sky. Aside from the occasional jet overhead and the whine of a Vespa, the illusion of classical antiquity was nearly complete.

But the shadow of the war fell here as well. At a crossroads just past the Catacombs of San Callisto, a sign points the way to the Fosse Ardeatine. We followed a country lane sunk deep in birdsong and drew up at a gate that resembles a tangled wrought-iron thorn bush. Beyond a lawn hemmed with flower beds rises a high stone wall with a black rectangular cavity incised in the bottom. Inside, in the perpetual twilight of caves and tunnels, is the site of a notorious Nazi massacre. Just as the Via Tasso meant torture during the German occupation of Rome, so the Fosse Ardeatine meant slaughter.

In retaliation for a partisan bombing on the Via Rasella (near the Barberini Palace) that killed 33 German soldiers on March 23, 1944, the SS ordered that 330 Romans -- 10 for every German -- be put to death. The city quaked as the Nazis did their culling. Partisans imprisoned at the Via Tasso, political prisoners from the Regina Coeli prison in Trastevere, former soldiers, Jews, farmers, students, even a priest ended up in the ranks of the condemned.

For some reason 335 men -- five more than the required number -- were transported on March 24 from Rome to the Fosse Ardeatine, a quarry for pozzuolana (a volcanic ash used to make cement) near the Appian Way. The victims were shot point blank inside one of the caves. When the last man was dead, the executioners exploded dynamite to collapse the cave and seal off the bodies.

The memorial at the Fosse Ardeatine is all the more powerful for being perfectly simple. An opening in the cliff's side ushers you from daylight to the darkness of the tunnels. A single light flickers in a chapel. Bronze gates guard the spot where the corpses, stacked five deep, were discovered after the city was liberated. Inside the mausoleum 335 identical slabs of granite cover the tombs of the slain.

Fabrizio Genuini, the affable guard at the memorial's entry, told me as I left: ''Many come to Rome to see the Colosseum and the catacombs at San Callisto, but relatively few people aside from school groups come here anymore. Memory is short.''

On June 4, 1944, two and a half months after the massacre, the American Fifth Army entered Rome from the south and east with little enemy resistance. ''My God, they bombed that, too!'' one G.I. marveled when he saw the ruins of the Colosseum.

In fact, the Germans had retreated, ''wild-eyed, unshaven, unkempt, on foot, in stolen cars,'' in the words of one witness, without destroying a single building or bridge. In the end, Rome had little strategic value, and the Nazis were aware that it would have been a public relations disaster to wreck the Eternal City.

Toward the end of our Roman holiday, I returned to the ex-ghetto to chat, to eavesdrop and to eat. But my real motive was to check the pulse of the place 70 years after incomprehensible suffering.

On a bright afternoon, the cafes were crowded; waves of tourists were sampling kosher fast food and artisanal cheese and biscuits; visitors from the United States, Israel and Germany were queuing up at the security checkpoint of the Jewish Museum of Rome beneath the imposing fin de siècle Tempio Maggiore.

In a few hours, the restaurants lining the Via Portico d'Ottavia would fill, and the sound of unconstrained voices would echo off the walls, cobblestones and columns.

Yet I couldn't help hearing an undercurrent of sadness and anxiety. At the unmarked corner shopfront of the Boccione Jewish bakery, a local landmark for two centuries, the proprietor, Bianca Sonnino, cut me an extra-large slice of pizza ebraica (Jewish pizza) -- not pizza at all but a dense nutty-fruity coffeecake. Signora Sonnino told me proudly that Boccione has been her family's business for generations and that her mother devised the recipe for torta della ricotta.

But when I asked about the war, she teared up. A gentile woman hid her family, she told me, but close relatives were among those who were deported to Auschwitz and never returned. ''After the war, the ghetto was nothing,'' she said. ''It was a dead zone.''

Now some Roman Jews worry that the area is becoming too lively. Gentrification has jacked up apartment prices beyond the reach of most of the families who lived here for centuries, indeed millenniums. The narrow lanes around the Portico d'Ottavia are usually filled with a cosmopolitan collection of well-heeled bohemians and tourists. A Jewish school recently opened a block from the synagogue, though most of the children commute from other neighborhoods. The ex-ghetto is still the beating heart of Jewish Rome, but increasingly Jewish Romans come here only to pray, to eat, to celebrate and matriculate.

In a few years, the last survivors of the Nazi occupation will be gone and the events of those terrible nine months will take their place in the flusso di Roma, the ebb and flow of Rome's vast tidal history. But for now, amid the joyous clamor of the ghetto, the voices of those who endured that time can still be heard.

IF YOU GO

On the evening of Oct. 16, to commemorate the anniversary of the roundup of 1943, a torchlight procession will gather in Trastevere and march across the Tiber to Largo 16 Ottobre in the ex-ghetto.

Where to Eat

Ba'' Ghetto, Via del Portico d'Ottavia, 57; (39-06) 6889-2868; kosherinrome.com. Classic (kosher) Roman Jewish cooking with a zesty Mediterranean twist, including couscous, hummus and falafel. A kosher dairy branch is up the street at Via Portico d'Ottavia, 2/A.

La Taverna del Ghetto, Via Del Portico d'Ottavia, 8; (39-06) 6880-9771; latavernadelghetto.com. Baccalà, fried zucchini flowers, pasta with broccoli and sausage, meatballs, goulash, grilled tuna. The food here is kosher, hearty and traditional.

Giardino Romano, Via Portico d'Ottavia, 18; (39-06) 6880-9661; ilgiardinoromano.it. Roman-Jewish specialties -- planked and fried artichokes, tripe, oxtail, abbacchio (lamb) -- served indoors in an attractively restored 16th-century palace, or outdoors in a quiet back garden or on the festive terrace near the Portico d'Ottavia. Not kosher, but open on Friday night and Saturday.

Pasticceria ''Boccione'' Limentani, Via Portico d'Ottavia, 1; (39-06) 687-8637. You'll probably have to wait in line and the service may be gruff, but it's worth it for the pizza ebraica, the ricotta e visciole (wild cherry) tart and the slice of history.

Museums and Memorials

Explorations of the ghetto should begin at the Jewish Museum of Rome, Via Catalana; (39-06)-6840-0661; museoebraico.roma.it. A museum visit includes a tour of the Tempio Maggiore upstairs. Closed Saturday. Admission 10 euros.

Basilica di San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, Piazzale Del Verano, 3; (39-06) 446-6184; basilicasanlorenzo.it.

The Historical Museum of the Liberation of Rome (Museo storico della Liberazione), Via Tasso, 145; (39-06) 700-3866; museoliberazione.it. Closed Monday. Free admission.

Fosse Ardeatine Memorial, Via Ardeatine, 174; (39-06) 513-6742. Free admission.

[*http://travel.nytimes.com/2013/07/14/travel/echoes-from-the-roman-ghetto.html*](http://travel.nytimes.com/2013/07/14/travel/echoes-from-the-roman-ghetto.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Restaurants and cafes serving kosher food line the Via del Portico d'Ottavia in the old Jewish ghetto of Rome. (PHOTOGRAPH BY KATHRYN REAM COOK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR1)

Above, the former Jewish ghetto, in a few flood-prone blocks near the Tiber, is a lively place today. Below, the Basilica of San Lorenzo Fuori le Mura was damaged by stray Allied bombs in 1943, left

a view of it, repaired, today, right. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY GIORGIO COSULICH/GETTY IMAGES

ALINARI ARCHIVES/CORBIS

KATHRYN REAM COOK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR6-TR7)

Above, falsified documents at the Historical Museum of the Liberation of Rome. Below, ricotta and cherry tart from the Boccione bakery. Left, from top, ruin of the Portico d'Ottavia

the Via del Portico d'Ottavia

the Jewish Museum of Rome

the arches of the Portico d'Ottavia

today there is a festive atmosphere in the old ghetto

site of the mas- sacre at Fosse Ardeatine, where 335 Italians were killed by the Nazis. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATHRYN REAM COOK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

GIROGIO COSULICH/GETTY IMAGES

GIUSEPPE CICCIA/CORBIS

TINO SORIANO/CORBIS

STEFANO MONTESI/CORBIS) (TR7) MAPS (TR6)

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By Peter M. Nichols

**Body**

Business of CD-ROM's

Plying their CD-ROM's in video stores, software makers are learning to stay flexible. In the case of Sanctuary Woods Multimedia, a small software publisher in Victoria, British Columbia, that means both bending to the winds and hanging on to your principles.

Several months ago, the company entered its "Shelly Duvall's 'It's a Bird's Life' " in a test promotion of CD-ROM's conducted by Blockbuster around San Francisco. "The results were not what we hoped for," said Scott Walchek, the president of Sanctuary Woods.

Customers, he found, prefer games to so-called edutainment titles like "It's a Bird's Life," which takes a trip to the Amazon rain forest with a group of parrots. While the program has puzzles and songs children can interact with, there is no contest in which to prevail and advance.

Sanctuary Woods doesn't exclude games from its plans, but a company statement had this to say about them: "There is a growing dissatisfaction with the violence, depiction of gender roles and characteristics and general mindless engagement that is so popular in interactive games today."

Blockbuster test or no, Sanctuary Woods is pressing on with what it calls "positive alternatives." Last month it released "That's News to Me," with Dennis Miller, formerly of "Saturday Night Live," who gives humorous responses to viewer choices of news events. This month there is "That's Geek to Me," with Mr. Miller supplying definitions of computer terms for viewers feeling "technically challenged."

Sanctuary Woods also plans interactive titles in league with the cable network Comedy Central along with CD-ROM's based on the animated feature film "Once Upon a Forest" and "Ripley's Believe It or Not!"

Mr. Walchek says while these programs will challenge the viewer he does not consider them games. "You don't score," he said. "You don't win."

As for games, he added, Sanctuary Woods will distribute worthy examples made by others. "There are developers in garages everywhere turning out excellent games," he said.

Silent Films

They have titles like "Too Wise Wives," "Matrimony's Speed Limit" and "The Scar of Shame." And in 1914, 25 years before the MGM wizard, there was "The Patchwork Girl of Oz," produced by the novelist and Oz creator L. Frank Baum himself.

These films and many more are included in six cassettes of rare silent movies just released by the Library of Congress and the Smithsonian Institution. Among the films included in two cassettes devoted to African-American cinema is Oscar Micheaux's "Within Our Gates" (1919), whose depictions of white-on-black violence is considered by some film experts to be a response to the black-on-white acts in D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation."

The volume called "Origins of the Gangster Film" has Maurice Tourneur's "Alias Jimmy Valentine," released in 1915 and then lost for 75 years, which was filmed in part at Sing Sing. Other volumes cover animation, fantasy films and the work of America's first female film makers, Alice Guy-Blache and Lois Weber.

The tapes are released by Smithsonian Video and are $34.95 each. Information: (800) 669-1559.

NEW VIDEO RELEASES

The Remains of the Day

1993. Columbia Tri-Star. $97.14. Laser disk, $39.95. 134 minutes. Closed captioned. PG.

In the 1930's, the vast staff of Darlington Hall is commanded by Stevens (Anthony Hopkins), the rigidly devoted butler of Lord Darlington (James Fox). A dilettante in far over his head in government affairs, Lord Darlington is a twit. But as a metaphor for the English ***working class***, there is no more professionally competent representative than Stevens, whose every breath is drawn in the service of his master and the great English house, leaving no opening for Miss Kenton (Emma Thompson), the attractive housekeeper who offers Stevens her affections. In a tragi-comedy of high and entertaining order, the latest collaboration between the director James Ivory, the writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and the producer Ismail Merchant succeeds like no other for, Vincent Canby wrote in The New York Times, its "psychological and political scope."

A Perfect World

1993. Warner. $96.83. Laser disk. $39.98. 138 minutes. Closed captioned. PG-13.

Clint Eastwood's film looks at the mistakes made between father and son and the pain of growing to manhood with a knowing eye that reveals truths and spares sentimentality. Butch Haynes (Kevin Costner) breaks out of prison and takes a young hostage (T. J. Lowther) on a run for freedom, pursued by Sheriff Red Garnett (Mr. Eastwood). Butch is a killer, but he's also a man who, though damaged, has needs and capacities that allow bonds to develop between him and the boy, who needs a father. Mr. Costner is particularly impressive in the role of a complex and ultimately sympathetic figure, and Mr. Eastwood's majestic, self-effacing direction leads to "that rare high-powered Hollywood film that is actually about something" (Janet Maslin).

No Fear, No Die

1992. First Run Features. $79.95. 97 minutes. French with English subtitles. No rating.

Clair Denis's second feature film tells the story of Dah (Isaach de Bankole) and Jocelyn (Alex Descas), two black immigrants in France who train and sell birds for cockfights in the basement of a roadhouse. While the pair go about their business, Miss Denis's film takes its time to explore the bleakness of their lives, subtly probing the racial and cultural prejudices that eventually explode with repressed conflict and passion. At the film's center is Jocelyn, played with perfect subtlety by Mr. Descas, whose devotion to the birds is gradually revealed as a substitute for a sane life. With its measured pace and use of African nonnarrative storytelling, Miss Denis's film shows how the details of daily life mirror a lifetime. Whereas "Chocolat," her first film, was beautiful and flowing, here she employs a deliberately rough, unpolished style in a "work of a daring, accomplished, unpredictable artist" (Caryn James).

KEEP IN MIND

Emma Thompson, Seeking Chopin

As Well as Motherhood

Emma Thompson's career has escalated steadily since her role in Kenneth Branagh's "Henry V" in 1989, highlighted by an Oscar in 1993 as best actress for James Ivory's "Howards End" and acclaim for roles in such films as "Much Ado About Nothing" (1993) and "In the Name of the Father" (1994), to be released on cassette in June. Here are some of her other films on tape.

FORTUNES OF WAR. Miss Thompson had her first dramatic role in the BBC drama about expatriates during World War II. 1987. Fox. $29.99. 350 minutes. No rating.

THE TALL GUY. "Elephant! The Musical" reads the London marquee in Mel Smith's wild satire, which stars Jeff Goldblum as a downtrodden American actor and Miss Thompson as the woman of his dreams. 1990. Columbia Tri-Star. $19.98. 92 minutes. Closed captioned. R.

IMPROMPTU. In James Lapine's film, Miss Thompson is the Duchesse d'Antan, a rich ninny and self-proclaimed patron of the arts who takes lessons from Delacroix (Ralph Brown) and pursues the likes of Chopin (Hugh Grant), George Sand (Judy Davis) and Liszt (Julian Sands). 1991. Hemdale. $19.95. 108 minutes. PG-13.

DEAD AGAIN. As Grace, Miss Thompson is a pre-Raphaelite beauty who can't remember who she is, which in another existence seems to be Margaret Strauss, a concert pianist murdered by her conductor husband (Mr. Branagh). 1991. Paramount. $19.98. 107 minutes. Closed captioned. R.

PETER'S FRIENDS. As a mate-hungry house guest worried about her biological clock, Miss Thompson flings herself at her host (Stephen Fry) during a weekend reunion of old friends (including Rita Rudner, Mr. Branagh, Hugh Laurie and Imelda Staunton). 1992. HBO. $89.99. 102 minutes. Closed captioned. R.

**Graphic**

Photos: A scene from Smithsonian Video's newly released videocassette of silent movies by America's first female film makers. (Library of Congress); Anthony Hopkins stars as an English butler in "The Remains of the Day," a new video release. (Derrick Santini/Columbia Pictures)

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[***COVER STORY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VC4-KBV0-007F-G4SP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Honing In on the True Holiday Spirit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VC4-KBV0-007F-G4SP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By Suzanne MacNeille

**Body**

Christmas is fast approaching and Chuckie, the paranoid spectacled toddler in Nickelodeon's "Rugrats," detects disturbing pattern in the holiday frenzy. "First," he says in a hushed voice to his best friend, Tommy, "it gets really, really cold. Then the grown-ups start acting real nice and smile all the time, and that's not the worstest part. . . ."

Chuckie might have mentioned another, perhaps less ominous, harbinger of the holidays: the barrage of animated television shows aimed at him and everybody else under the age of 14 or so. This week, viewers can take in more than 40 years' worth of cartoons, from "Pluto's Christmas Tree," a seven-minute-long 1952 Mickey Mouse and Pluto caper on the Disney Channel to this year's Fox Family presentation of "An All Dogs Christmas Carol," a canine version of the Dickens tale featuring a bulldog named Carface as Scrooge plus Timmy, a sickly pup who might not survive another year.

The heaviest holiday schedules are those of the Disney Channel, which has around-the-clock Christmas programming on Thursday and Friday (from noon to 4 P.M. the shows will be simulcast on Toon Disney), and the Cartoon Network, with 24 hours of nonstop children's holiday shows beginning at noon on Thursday. But other networks -- including Nickelodeon, Fox Kids, Fox Family and PBS, with its week of holiday-theme "Teletubbies" episodes -- weigh in too.

You may not find "A Charlie Brown Christmas" or "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" (CBS, which owns the rights to those and many other classic cartoons, ran them weeks ago in more profitable time slots), but there are plenty of other familiar figures to fill the gap: Yogi Bear, Casper and Hairy Scarey, the Flintstones -- even the Smurfs are back with their 1987 Christmas special " 'Tis the Season to Be Smurfy." Old friends and their more contemporary cartoon kin can be found cavorting in a variety of landscapes: snowy Victorian villages, an inner-city department store, troll kingdoms and an intergalactic mall. Chuckie, of course, appears in his usual venue, a vast living room floor, in the Rugrats' "Santa Experience" episode on Friday at 8 P.M., during which 3-year-old Angelica suffers a night of guilt and anguish over one of her trademark bratty deeds.

Guilt and anguish, in fact, figure highly in many of these cartoons. For behind the veil of drifting snowflakes and twinkling Christmas lights, there is almost always a morality play in progress. The theme is greed and its troublesome counterpart, giving, and the characters through which the tale unfolds include a parade of industrious elves, cheerful Santas and a rogue's gallery of Scrooges, evil uncles and selfish children ripe for a lesson in sharing. Among the noticeably few plots with a religious angle are "The Littlest Angel" and "The Little Drummer Boy" on Fox Family, "The Little Troll Prince" on the Cartoon Network, "The Small One" and "Buster and Chauncey's Silent Night" on Disney and "The First Christmas," a clay-animated production on the Pax Network.

Peggy Charren, a visiting scholar at Harvard's Graduate School of Education and the founder of Action for Children's Television, an advocacy group, has noticed this trend toward holiday moralizing. "Holidays generally get the do-goody impulse of programmers going," she said in a recent telephone interview. "They tend to focus on subjects they ignore the rest of the time."

The result is a glut of recurring Christmas characters and symbols. There is, of course, Santa Claus -- who, despite Chuckie's assessment of him as "the scariest guy in the world," is generally depicted as the familiar white-bearded, overweight elf leader. And then there are the more intriguingly flawed characters: the Scrooges, the incorrigible, conniving villains and the selfish but salvageable children.

Scrooge appears in his most blatant form in at least three shows whose titles make no secret of where they got their plots: "Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol," on the Pax Network on Friday at 5 P.M., "A Jetson Christmas Carol," on the Cartoon Network on Thursday at 9:30 P.M. and Fox Family's "All Dogs Christmas Carol," which had its television premiere on Dec. 6 and can be seen today at 3 P.M.

In the Jetsons episode, which was made in 1984, George Jetson is ordered to work on Christmas -- until his boss, Mr. Spacely, undergoes a last-minute conversion, motivated by ghosts bristling with electronic gizmos and a vision of a fabulously wealthy George Jetson.

Back on earth, Carface in "An All Dog's Christmas Carol" undergoes a more thorough moral overhaul, and with the help of canine ghosts, comes to terms with the abuse he suffered as an abandoned puppy (this is, after all, a 1998 cartoon), while true evil, another 90's plot essential, augments the traditional Scrooge tale in the form of Belladonna, a decidedly unscary hound who wants to ruin Christmas.

Modernized or not, many holiday shows, Ms. Charren believes, "make the issues stereotypic," by exhibiting a lack of creativity. "It's not that they're bad," she said. "It's that the repeated story line becomes boring after awhile. The message is no longer the kind you want to write home about."

In some ways, the unreformable villains are more entertaining than the Scrooge ripoffs. Take Barnaby, the wicked uncle of Jack and Jill in the 1997 animated version of "Babes in Toyland" being shown on the Disney Channel at noon today and in several other slots this week. Christopher Plummer supplies the voice of Barnaby, who lives in a creaking, crooked house guarded by a snapping metallic-toothed contraption and wants to take over the toy factory. (One of the few Christmas villains who will never see the cruelty of his ways, he is chased off by shrieking lavender goblins with glowing eyes.)

And then there is that other troubled character, the greedy child, who, like the enormously spoiled Jeremy Creek in "The Town That Santa Forgot" (a 1993 special narrated by Dick Van Dyke to be shown on the Cartoon Network at 7:30 P.M. on Thursday, and at 10 A.M. on Friday) has enough toys for 442 children and thinks nothing of writing mile-and-a-half-long lists to Santa.

The greedy child is, of course, obsessed with presents, and the Gift -- the symbol of both greed and giving -- generates rapturous odes.

For instance, Helga, one of the precocious fourth graders who inhabits the inner city world of Nickelodeon's popular "Hey Arnold!" (8 P.M. on Thursday) doesn't mince words when a peer asks her what she thinks Christmas means: "It's about getting as much stuff as you can possibly get. It's about money and flash. It's about shopping like a barbarian. It's about getting yours before the other guy gets his." She soon discovers that the Frozen Tundra Death Warrior 7000, "the jewel in the crown of video games," won't do as a present for her beloved Arnold. ("Basically it's kind of an expensive, flashy gift. . . and doesn't necessarily express any real feeling or understanding of the person you might be giving it to," Arnold's best friend tells her.) Instead, through an admirably complicated plot twist, she must give up her favorite present, Nancy Spumoni Signature Snow Boots, in order to gain Arnold's admiration.

On the other hand, there is the problem of too few presents, or worse, none at all. In Fox Kids' "Life With Louie: A Family Portrait" (tomorrow at 7:30 A.M.), young ***working-class*** Louie, by turns sardonic and whiny, is sorely disappointed with the $5 gift-spending limit his father has set. "You get the letters A through M," he tells his brother, "I'll get N through Z. And next year we'll get the board and spell out 'Thank You Dad.' "

His dad later claims that he never got anything more than a lump of coal. "That explains it," grumbles Arnold.

But in this consumer society, messages regarding materialism may be lost by the messenger, in this case commercial television. Hope Jensen Leichter, the director of the Elbenwood Center for the Study of Family as Educator at Columbia University, studies the effects of television on the family and noted in a recent interview that many children cannot separate the programs from the advertisements. The Christimas message, she said, "is interrupted by the commercials for toys." But that, as Helga would say, is "another moral dilemma."

**Graphic**

Photos: This Christmas season offers an array of animated children's shows, clockwise from left: "Babes in Toyland" (MGM/Disney Channel, "Babes in Toyland"), Rugrats' "Santa Experience," "Hey Arnold!," (Nickeodeon) "Pluto's Christmas Tree" (Disney Channel) and "The Littlest Angel." (Fox Family, "The Littliest Angel")(pgs. 4 & 5); "An All Dogs Christmas Carol," a 1998 version of the Dickens tale. (Fox Family)(pg. 23)

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[***The War of All Against All***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1030-008G-F3YH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Francis Fukuyama is a consultant at the Rand Corporation in Washington and the author of "The End of History and the Last Man."

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**Body**

BLOOD AND BELONGING

Journeys Into the New Nationalism.

By Michael Ignatieff.

Illustrated. 263 pp. New York:

Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $21.

THE surge of nationalism in the former Communist world has confounded expectations and produced a rash of new books that seek to understand and deal with the phenomenon. Will senseless nationalism of the Yugoslav variety define the post-cold war world order, or is it merely an unfortunate blip in the transition to democratic modernity? "Blood and Belonging" contends that the tide of history is running the wrong way.

Michael Ignatieff -- the author of several works of nonfiction, as well as two novels -- is the son of a Russian father (whose family owned an estate in Ukraine in pre-revolutionary days) and an English mother. He was educated in North America and worked in Canada, Britain and France. This background makes him a self-described "cosmopolitan" who finds himself connected through family history to many of the nationalist struggles emerging around the world. His book consists of journeys taken to Croatia, Serbia, Germany, Ukraine (where he sought out his family's former estate), Quebec, Kurdistan and Northern Ireland.

The strengths of his book lie in its vivid vignettes of contemporary nationalists. In a memorable chapter on Croatia and Serbia, Mr. Ignatieff visits the town of Jasenovac, where, during World War II, perhaps a quarter-million people -- almost all Serbs -- were killed in a Nazi-style concentration camp by the fascist regime then ruling Croatia. Mr. Ignatieff describes how in 1991 the museum built during the Tito years to commemorate the victims was wrecked by the Croatian militia, with every exhibit, picture, file and book defaced in an obsessive effort to repress the past.

Mr. Ignatieff is wisely skeptical of much of the conventional wisdom surrounding ethnic conflict. Samuel Huntington, a professor of government at Harvard University, argued last year that the world would henceforth be characterized by a "clash of civilizations." Culture would replace ideology as the fault line of future conflict, with the three-sided religious-cultural war among Roman Catholics, Eastern Orthodox and Muslims in Yugoslavia a prime example.

But Mr. Ignatieff maintains that Serbs and Croats (and, to a somewhat lesser extent, Bosnian Muslims) resemble no one else so much as each other in their language, customs, political culture and shared memories. The conflict, according to Mr. Ignatieff, is driven by what Freud called "the narcissism of minor difference," in which essentially similar peoples exaggerate what separates them in a desperate search for identity. Mr. Ignatieff believes the same can be said for the ***working-class*** Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland: stuck in a time warp, they look to a similar past long forgotten by their more cosmopolitan coreligionists in London or Dublin.

The tone of "Blood and Belonging" is very somber: Mr. Ignatieff notes that while he once believed the world belonged to cosmopolitans like himself, it now appears that the new nationalism is winning everywhere. Civic nationalism and cultural coexistence are the privilege only of a wealthy few in the developed world, he says, and even there they are under threat.

The author is much better at observing small details, where he can bring to bear the talents of a journalist and novelist, than in making broad generalizations. Indeed, his book presents considerable evidence that there is no single phenomenon that can be called "the new nationalism," and that the aggressive paranoia of the Serbs is hardly typical of other nationalist movements around the world. Three of the six nationalisms discussed -- in Quebec, Kurdistan and Northern Ireland -- are hardly new.

The chapter on Germany contains the obligatory interview with a snarling skinhead, but Mr. Ignatieff himself admits that the skinheads are at the margins of contemporary German politics. More important is the change in the national consciousness of even liberal Germans, who in the last few years have started to wonder whether a national identity can be built on guilt and repentance, bereft of the ordinary pride of other nations, and whether there are limits to multiculturalism. These are reasonable questions, and those who pose them in contemporary Germany are a far cry from either the skinhead youth or the drunken and violent village boys manning checkpoints near Vukovar or Mostar in the former Yugoslavia.

Similarly, Quebec nationalism is not the backward-looking revolt against modernity that characterizes the clashes in parts of Eastern Europe: the Quebecois yuppies whom Mr. Ignatieff interviews in Montreal are all the products of Quebec's rapid economic modernization in the last generation. They make clear to him that their version of nationalism is liberal, non-ethnic and non-discriminatory (a position that puts them in an embarrassing spot when indigenous groups like the Crees -- also visited in the course of the author's journeys -- press for autonomy within Quebec). Quebec nationalism, in other words, is a game played at the end of history: the Quebecois accept the liberal global order in politics and economics (indeed, they depend on North American free trade to be independent of Ontario) but want their own private version of it.

THE strangest and most inconsistent aspect of "Blood and Belonging" is the author's nostalgia for the old imperial systems. It is true, as he writes, that the demise of the Soviet empire "has brought chaos and violence for the many small peoples too weak to establish defensible states of their own." But this is hardly a reason for a broad endorsement of empire in the name of stability, and Mr. Ignatieff elsewhere supports the Kurds' national aspirations against the imperial claims of Iraq and Turkey. One could argue, in fact, that the old authoritarian empires made nationalism worse by not permitting moderate expressions of national consciousness. Elsewhere, Mr. Ignatieff suggests that the West "could have ended the cold war with a comprehensive territorial settlement" if only it hadn't had a guilty conscience about past imperialism. But this would have meant either the possibility of American, Canadian and West European boys dying to keep Serbs and Croats from killing one another, or else Western governments' tolerating someone more brutal -- perhaps the Russians -- to keep order for them.

I suspect that the future of liberal cosmopolitanism is a bit safer than Mr. Ignatieff does, but we need to be vigilant toward its enemies. In this respect, "Blood and Belonging" performs an important service.

THE KURDS ARE RESTLESS, AND SO ARE THE CREES AND TATARS

I began the journey as a liberal, and I end as one, but I cannot help thinking that liberal civilization -- the rule of laws, not men, of argument in place of force, of compromise in place of violence -- runs deeply against the human grain and is achieved and sustained only by the most unremitting struggle against human nature. The liberal virtues -- tolerance, compromise, reason -- remain as valuable as ever, but they cannot be preached to those who are mad with fear or mad with vengeance. In any case, preaching always rings hollow. We must be prepared to defend them by force, and the failure of the sated, cosmopolitan nations to do so has left the hungry nations sick with contempt for us.

Between the hungry and the sated nations, there is an impassable barrier of incomprehension. . . . Sated people can afford the luxury of condescending to the passions of the hungry. But among the Crimean Tatars, the Kurds and the Crees, I met the hungry ones, peoples whose very survival will remain at risk until they achieve self-determination, whether in their own nation-state or in someone else's. . . . Wherever I went, I found a struggle going on between those who still believe that a nation should be a home to all, and race, color, religion and creed should be no bar to belonging, and those who want their nation to be home only to their own. It's the battle between the civic and the ethnic nation. I know which side I'm on. I also know which side, right now, happens to be winning.

   From "Blood and Belonging."

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***A New Page in an Unpredictable Tale***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JBX-PNF0-TW8F-G2C0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By JEFF VANDAM

**Body**

LIKE almost every other point in the history of the Lower East Side, the first weeks of 2006 have been a time of inconsistency. Just as new luxury condominium developments begin to arrive by the bushel -- the Blue building, 16 stories of pixelated blue glass currently rising above Norfolk Street, is one example -- one of the earliest vanguards of the area's newfound prosperity, the restaurant 71 Clinton Fresh Food, is to close next month, never again to serve its salmon tartare and pork jowls.

For bad or good, it is the constant change and unpredictability that have attracted countless residents to what may be Manhattan's most unusual neighborhood. Each generation to arrive over the last two centuries has left its mark and contributed to the overall visual effect, from the Eastern European settlers of the 19th century to Chinese and Latin Americans in the 20th, to smirking hipsters and high-end condo buyers in the 21st.

''You still have bodegas where you can get a $3 sandwich right next to the fancy sandwich shop,'' said Joseph Cunin, executive director of the Lower East Side Business Improvement District. ''For a lot of people, that may actually be newsworthy, that this neighborhood has intrinsic characteristics like that.''

As tenement after tenement is gut-renovated, and buyers begin snatching up apartments in the cluster of towers near the East River sometimes known as Co-op Village, the Lower East Side is rapidly growing once again. For many new buyers, the neighborhood and, for the most part, its prices continue to pleasantly surprise.

''We were daunted by the prices of two-bedroom apartments in Manhattan,'' said George Kimmel, 47, who with his fiancee, Yoko Shirakata, 39, bought a two-bedroom apartment on the 15th floor in the Seward Park Housing Corporation tower for $710,000 last October. When the two began their search last year, their price range often steered them toward Brooklyn, where they didn't want to go. When they started researching the Lower East Side, they were pleasantly shocked by its value.

''We realized we could live there for the same price as Carroll Gardens or Park Slope,'' said Mr. Kimmel, a lawyer. (He and Ms. Shirakata, an accountant, are to marry next month.) ''And one thing we learned when we moved into the neighborhood was that the prices for all kinds of things are cheaper -- groceries are cheaper, the sundries you have to buy for the house are cheaper.''

Now, the couple take pleasure in shopping at discount hardware shops and trying different dishes at China 88, a below-the-radar restaurant within a mall on East Broadway, all a short walk away. ''We can get dim sum on Sunday without standing in line,'' Mr. Kimmel said.

What You'll Find

As advertised, the Lower East Side is nothing if not a staggeringly broad mix of lifestyles and cultures. Occupying a chunk of Lower Manhattan, the neighborhood offers a mix of old-school grit, ethnic multiplicity and, as of late, urban luxury. Nearly every block presents a surprise, from a company that makes skullcaps to a Mexican bakery, from a feminist bookstore to an accordion shop.

Yet no matter what the flavor, in nearly every part of the neighborhood one need walk only a few blocks to happen upon a newish property like the Hotel on Rivington, steel and glass opulence among tenements.

''We're kind of getting ringed with condos,'' said Neal Young, a broker at Halstead Property who lives in the neighborhood and specializes in co-ops there. ''The Lower East Side has become obviously pretty hot, certainly north of Delancey.''

Though estimates of the neighborhood's true boundaries differ -- older maps included the East Village within the Lower East Side's purview -- East Houston Street is now considered the northern border. With eight lanes of honking, creeping traffic and unbeatable standbys like Katz's Delicatessen, Houston is also the main thoroughfare for partygoing gadabouts, who exit the Second Avenue F train station and turn onto streets like Ludlow and Clinton, bastions of stylish bars and restaurants.

Aside from tenements, condo buildings and the rare town house, many buyers are concentrating on Co-op Village, a mass of brick towers and thousands of apartments dating from before World War II to the late 1950's. Several years ago, price caps in the buildings, originally built by labor unions, were abandoned. Since then, their roomy floor plans and spectacular views have been getting noticed, despite some buildings' limited proximity to a subway station.

South of Delancey Street, a rumbling roadway that ends at the Williamsburg Bridge, life is quieter, with less-trafficked streets and fewer buzz-generating nightspots. As for a southern border, the Lower East Side more or less stretches through parts of Chinatown to streets near the Manhattan Bridge, home to Seward Park, the Henry Street Settlement, countless restaurants and markets and housing projects.

What You'll Pay

Despite its large land area and apartment stock, the actual housing market seems smaller than many Manhattan neighborhoods, and availability is low.

''There's just not enough to go around,'' said Glenn Schiller, a senior vice president at the Corcoran Group. ''People still desire to be there, because for the same comparable space in SoHo or NoLIta, you're going significantly higher in price.''

Yet as several new condo towers ascend skyward, so do prices. According to Mr. Schiller, $850 to $950 is the average price per square foot in the neighborhood, though some new buildings approach $1,000 or more. The buildings represent a rising tide that, along with cachet-creating clubs and restaurants, has drastically changed the overall cost picture.

''The numbers have been pretty staggering,'' said Mr. Young of Halstead. ''In the last four years, you saw basically a doubling of prices.''

At the Blue building, perhaps the most watched of the area's new developments, prices for one-bedroom condos start at $775,000, and at this early point in the building's construction, more than 30 percent of its 32 units are in contract, according to Barrie Mandel, a Corcoran senior vice president.

In Co-op Village, starting prices can be half those of new condos, though many entering the market need some renovation. Yet according to Jacob Goldman, a broker and the owner of LoHo Realty, significant increases in those buildings have also occurred.

''A one-bedroom didn't even go for $200,000'' a few years ago, Mr. Goldman said. ''Now they're at $400,000-plus, but it's still way below anything else in the market.''

In the last month, his firm sold an unrenovated two-bedroom co-op in the Seward Park building for $650,000 and a recently renovated efficiency for $377,000.

One-bedroom apartments, said Mr. Young of Halstead, sell in the mid- to upper-$400,000 range.

The rental market is also a mixed bag. One-bedroom units generally start at around $1,700 a month, with two-bedrooms starting in the mid-$2,000's, though luxe accommodations command much more.

What to Do

As Ms. Takashira and Mr. Kimmel, the new buyers in the Seward Park building, have found, the dense and diverse neighborhood often reveals isolated secrets, like restaurants and bars that seem made just for them. There are also cultural mainstays, like the Landmark Sunshine Cinema on East Houston Street, which shows independent and foreign films. There are too many bars and restaurants to mention, but Clinton Street remains the neighborhood's upscale food court.

A Whole Foods is planned for the first phase of the Avalon Chrystie Place rental complex at the Bowery and Houston Street, though a spokesman said it would not open for another year. Meanwhile, a Y.M.C.A. is scheduled to open in the building next month (tours are available).

Yet residents need not wait for Whole Foods to find a vast array of shopping, as both the Bowery and Chinatown offer more variety in household goods and food than any one store could ever aspire to.

The Schools

The Lower East Side has a number of public school options, with nearly two dozen schools in all. Several elementary schools have high percentages of students scoring well on state and city tests, including Public School 42 on Hester Street, where 76.4 percent of students met standards in English Language Arts and 83.6 in math, compared with citywide averages of 48.1 and 55 percent.

There are fewer middle schools; at M.S. 131 on Hester Street, 68.2 percent of students met standards in math and 42.1 percent in English Language Arts, compared with 35.5 percent and 38.9 percent citywide.

Though the neighborhood has several high schools, few listed average SAT scores on the most recent city school report cards. One that did was Seward Park High School on Grand Street, where students averaged 356 on the verbal part and 509 on math, compared with statewide averages of 497 and 511.

The History

James de Lancey once held sway over the area, owning a large farm that was eventually carved up into streets, with some like Norfolk and Essex deriving their names from counties of England. As tenements rose during the first half of the 19th century, the area quickly gained a reputation as an enclave of ***working-class*** immigrants that has only lately begun to fade.

The Irish were first, followed by Jews and Eastern Europeans, who dominated the neighborhood until the mid-20th century. Conditions were notably squalid, as reflected in tours of the Lower East Side Tenement Museum on Orchard Street.

As in much of New York after World War II, decline and abandonment came quickly, to be followed by a new rush of immigrants from Latin America and China, populations that remain strong today.

The Commute

The neighborhood's train lines are the F and the J, M and Z, with the F typically getting passengers to Midtown in under 20 minutes. Residents of Co-op Village often take the M14 and M22 buses for short rides to several subway stations.

What We Like

Having the perfect Lower East Side gastro-fest: chomping on a few gherkins at Guss's Pickles on Orchard Street, some Chinese pork jerky at Ling Kee on Canal Street and a broccoli knish at Yonah Schimmel on East Houston Street.

What We'd Change

The F train, the area's main mode of transportation, is not as frequent as residents say they would like, and it is a long walk from much of the neighborhood. The F is partnered with the V train, which ends at Second Avenue.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: RESTAURANT CENTRAL -- Out for a stroll along Clinton Street, between Delancey and East Houston Streets. The street is known as the Lower East Side's upscale food court. (Photographs by Hiroko Masuike for The New York Times)

On the Market: 177 LUDLOW STREET -- This building, with two two-bedroom units, six one-bedrooms, six studios and retail space, is listed at $6,250,000. (718) 780-8152.

279 EAST BROADWAY -- This four-unit building has three one-bedroom apartments and one three-bedroom, and is listed at $2,995,000. (212) 941-2561

572 GRAND STREET -- This two-bedroom, 1,000-square-foot co-op, No. G1606, with a balcony, is listed at $645,000. (212) 381-6510Map of Manhattan highlighting Lower East Side.

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[***A Megachurch Takes Shape in Bloomfield***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V9M-HRY0-007F-G1J0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By BILL RYAN

**Body**

IN suburban Bloomfield, just north of Hartford, with a population pushing 20,000, almost everyone spent some time -- and many, a great deal of time -- watching a giant church take form this year. "I'm a church watcher," confesses Bainie Wild, executive assistant to the town manager. "Everyone in town is a church watcher. It's so new, and different, and BIG."

"It" is the new home for the congregation of the First Baptist Church of Hartford, and big it is. Of that there is no question.

When the church is completed -- the target is now March 1 of next year -- it will be the largest in the state with a seating capacity of 4,500. By contrast, the capacity of the Cathedral of St. Joseph in Hartford, mother church of the Catholic Archdiocese of Connecticut, is just 1,750 seats.

In appearance, First Baptist is a radical departure from the familiar white steepled churches in nearly every Connecticut town as well as the neo-Gothic or neoclassic designs of many Protestant and Catholic churches. It is so unusual that when the building was taking shape last summer, at the intersection of Blue Hills Avenue and Wintonbury Avenue, most passers-by had no real idea what it was.

When the steel framework was going up on what had been an open field it looked like something inspired by Alexander Calder or a huge Erector set. The most common guess was that this was some sort of sports center -- a coliseum or a football stadium.

"People have a problem with perception" with new and different buildings, says Sudhakar V. Nagardeolekar, a senior partner of Russell & Dawson Architecture and Engineering of East Hartford, with is doing the church. The building looked like a coliseum, so naturally it had to be a coliseum.

It wasn't until the end of the summer, when a giant cross materialized 45 feet in the air above the peak of the roof -- which itself was 45 feet high -- that the mystery was cleared up. It was a church. A very big church.

Such edifices, Mr. Nagardeolekar says, sometimes called megachurches, are associated with warm-weather climates in the South and Southwest, but virtually unknown in the Northeast. He describes the 56,000-square-foot building as "auditorium design," basically a perfect circle with a stage and an audience facing the stage from seating on different levels.

Not enough space? The church has been designed to allow for two additions to be built later, like wings on either side, so that the completed building, from the air, would look like a dove. That would add a total of 52,000 square feet.

If the church is unusual, so also is the man responsible for it. He is the Rev. LeRoy Bailey Jr., 52, a Baptist preacher out of America's Bible Belt. He was born and grew up in Memphis, Tenn., where his mother was organist and secretary at the Golden Leaf Missionary Baptist Church. When he was 4, his father deserted the family and he came under the wing of the Rev. Leander Hamblin, pastor of the Golden Leaf church and a well-known evangelist.

Pastor Hamblin started to take his young charge with him on the evangelical circuit. At age 10, LeRoy Bailey preached his first sermon. By the time he was a teen-ager, he was a veteran of the circuit and when he was in high school was named assistant pastor of Golden Leaf.

He continued his association with the Memphis church, returning each weekend to preach while he was attending the American Bible Seminary in Nashville, and keeping in touch when he was studying for a master's degree from Howard University in Washington.

At the age of 25, after earning a master's degree, Mr. Bailey said he was looking for a church of his own and, through a friend, heard of an opportunity in Hartford. He applied, and came up to talk to the leaders of the church. It was not the most auspicious of meetings.

The First Baptist Church of Hartford, despite its impressive name, was a small congregation of people who had broken away from another Baptist church in the city and had no building of their own.

"There were maybe 125 people and they were meeting in an Odd Fellows Hall," Mr. Bailey says today. The lack of a church didn't discourage him, he says. It was the attitude of the people.

"They were ambivalent," he says. "They were good people but they had no sense of destiny." He was so troubled, he says, that he called Mr. Hamblin, the man he considers his spiritual father, in Memphis. "He said, 'Hold your peace. God will fight your battles.' " It was enough encouragement for Mr. Bailey to decide to move to Hartford, to carve out a destiny for himself and his small new congregation. That he has done. First Baptist purchased an old church building in 1972, the year after he arrived. And the congregation started to grow, and grow, and grow, as the new pastor started to acquire a reputation as a charismatic preacher.

By the end of the decade, the church building was outgrown and an old synagogue, with no windows remaining but seating for 1,200, was purchased in the middle of the predominantly African-American North End section of Hartford. In no time, it seemed, it too was outgrown.

As the year 2,000 approached, the First Baptist Church had become the largest Protestant church in Connecticut, with 6,000 and 7,000 members, a real force in the spiritual life of Connecticut, and beyond. "We have some people who come down from Massachusetts," Mr. Bailey says, "and from New York and New Jersey."

It has also become an organization with 25 full-time employees, some part-time employees, hundreds of volunteers and a variety of counseling and outreach programs. Last year, revenues collected from offerings and tithes totaled $2.7 million.

The final cost of the Bloomfield church, its pastor says, will be "close to $11.7 million." And, he adds, the church is just the beginning.

The tract in Bloomfield totals 45.5 acres. He is already planning offices and a chapel for weddings and funerals to be in the "wings" additions. "I think we'll start those in an year or two." And he envisions a cultural center two or three years after that. Estimates for all the later projects run to another $11 million or so.

He seems to doubt not at all that all this can and will be accomplished. He is very cognizant that the money for the new church came out of one of the poorest sections of what is now one of the poorest cities in the country, Hartford.

"This all came from ***working-class*** families," he says. And so, can anything be impossible?

His church, he says, is 98 percent black, but he would like more diversity. "I want every ethnicity there is," he explains. "This is a multiethnic community."

He also adds that he is not competing with other churches for new members, and doesn't have to. "There are so many unchurched people today," he says. "I think we will grow as large as the Lord allows us to grow."

For all his reputation as a riveting public speaker, Mr. Bailey is a quiet man in private, soft-spoken, easy-going, and with a finely tuned sense of humor.

Although his new church was designed for up to 4,500 people, he says it will be limited to 3,500 to 3,800 because individual seats will generally be substituted for pews. "Some people like pews, so we'll have some of them." He paused.

"Of course maybe they will change their minds when they see how comfortable the seats are."

As he was talking, in a construction trailer early in this last month of 1998, earth was being scraped over a huge area nearby for a giant parking area -- 1,345 spaces.

Normally at this time of year that activity would be impossible because the ground would be frozen or sloppy. This has been a great fall generally for Mr. Bailey and for building a church.

**Graphic**

Photos: The Rev. LeRoy Bailey Jr., below, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Hartford, is building what will be the state's largest church. (Photo-graphs by Don Heiny for The New York Times)(pg. 1);Finishing work continues on the First Baptist Church; the building is expected to be completed in March. During construction of the church, most passers-by would guess that it was go-ing to be some sort of coliseum or a foot-ball stadium. (Photographs by Don Heiny for The New York Times)(pg. 6)

**Load-Date:** December 13, 1998

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[***WASHINGTON TALK: POLITICS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9CG0-0007-H1FY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Maryland Anticipates a Historic Senate Race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9CG0-0007-H1FY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Aug. 30

**Body**

The first time one woman ran against another for the United States Senate was 26 years ago in a race that was described at one point as ''a powderpuff derby.''

In that contest, Senator Margaret Chase Smith, Republican of Maine, successfully turned back a challenge from Lucia Marie Cormier, a Democrat who was minority leader of the Maine House and owner of a gift shop. Although they were stiff competitors, Mrs. Smith and Miss Cormier were widely described as ''ladylike'' in their campaigns.

A second historic showdown be-tween two women contending for the Senate is shaping up this year in Maryland.

Representative Barbara A. Mikulski, a Democrat, and Linda Chavez, a Republican who formerly headed the White House public liaison office, are front-runners on the eve of their parties' primaries Sept. 9, according to statewide polls.

Prospects for such a match have already attracted national interest. But nobody is calling it a powderpuff derby. Both these prospective candidates differ dramatically on the issues, and both are strong-willed, aggressive campaigners with ethnic, ***working-class*** roots, Moreover, Ms. Mikulski, who is of Polish descent, is known beyond Maryland as a leading feminist. And Ms. Chavez, a Hispanic American, created a stir in Washington when, as staff director of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, she opposed affirmative action programs such as racial hiring goals.

Few predict that such a match would be as tame as the Maine race of 1960.

''I would think that it will be just incredibly acerbic,'' said Ann T. Pincus, press secretary for Senator Charles McC. Mathias Jr., the Republican whose retirement leaves the open Senate seat. ''Boy, they're both just tough as nails. Either would add something very interesting to the Senate because they're not just women, they're smart.''

Just a year ago, a Chavez-Mikulski contest seemed unimaginable. The race looked like a predictable match between Senator Mathias and Gov. Harry R. Hughes, two of Maryland's most popular, and some say bland, politicians.

Then a crisis erupted in the state's savings and loan associations, with disclosures of mismanagement at some large ones. After a run by depositors, Mr. Hughes froze assets at many of the institutions, spurring disgruntled depositors to lead rallies against him. They blamed the Governor as not handling the predicament aggressively. And polls soon showed his front-runner status as an aspirant for the Senate evaporating.

Months later the Republicans found themselves in a bind when Mr. Mathias announced that he would retire.

Both developments created a major shift in Maryland's political landscape. Representative Michael D. Barnes, a ''golden boy'' in the House who has received national publicity for his opposition to the Reagan Administration's Central America policy as chairman of a key subcommittee, jumped into the race, as did the 50-year-old Ms. Mikulski, who was elected to the House in 1976.

The Republicans were so unprepared for Mr. Mathias's announce-ment that for weeks they could not find any popular politicians willing to run in a state where Democrats outnumber Republicans 3 to 1.

Enter the 39-year-old Ms. Chavez, who moved to the Maryland suburbs of Washington two years ago and only last year switched her affiliation to Republican. Though a virtual stranger to Maryland, Ms. Chavez has built a credible campaign and has a White House pledge that President Reagan will campaign for her.

Her big break came two weeks ago, when a former Baltimore businessman, Richard P. Sullivan, who was trailing Ms. Chavez in the polls, abandoned his bid, leaving her with no major competition.

''I don't think you would find two people who are more different than Barbara Mikulski and I,'' Ms. Chavez said. ''Anybody who underestimates my tenacity in a race like this is doing themselves a disservice.''

Patrick J. Buchanan, the White House communications director, who encouraged Ms. Chavez to make the race, added: ''If you have a Mikulski-Chavez race, you'll have extra media coverage, which will help Linda. It was something like a 5- or 10-in-1 shot for Linda going in there. Now, I think the odds have shortened.''

Ms. Mikulski would not discuss a possible contest with Ms. Chavez. Her campaign manager, Wendy Sherman, said, ''Whoever the Republican nominee is, the Congresswoman starts out with vastly more experience.''

One campaign issue Ms. Chavez is likely to raise is a current events quiz that was given to the candidates last month by a Baltimore television station. Answering four out of five questions correctly, she scored higher than any of the embarrassed Democrats.

More unexpected than Ms. Chavez's entry into elective politics has been Ms. Mikulski's ability to maintain a wide lead in the polls over her primary opponent, Mr. Barnes, who, like Ms. Chavez, lives in Montgomery County.

Mr. Barnes and Ms. Mikulski have such similar liberal voting records in the House that of 40 ''key'' votes tallied by Congressional Quarterly from 1979 through 1985, the two differed only five times.

But both have vastly different styles. Ms. Mikulski is outspoken and quotable and has a reputation for concentrating on issues facing her Baltimore district. The mild-mannered Mr. Barnes, while not ignoring his constituents, has tackled global issues and last year edged out Ms. Mikulski for a seat on the prestigious Budget Committee.

The most recent statewide poll of registered Democrats, conducted in the first week of August by Mason Dixon Opinion Research Inc., shows Ms. Mikulski with 45 percent, Mr. Hughes, 25 percent, Mr. Barnes, 21 percent, and 9 percent undecided.

''I really don't know why he hasn't caught on,'' said Gilbert B. Lessenco, a longtime supporter of Mr. Barnes. ''Generally, I don't think people in Montgomery County are as well regarded in Baltimore. We're more the wine and cheese set, and Mike fits that billing.''

Mr. Barnes and Mr. Hughes each say they will overtake Ms. Mikulski in the final days before the primary. In a recent television debate, Mr. Barnes said Ms. Mikulski's support was as soft as ''a bowl of mush.''

Mr. Hughes's campaign manager, Andrew Wigglesworth, said the race was ''very winnable for the Governor because now people are more concerned with the Orioles and going to Ocean City than politics.''

Yet even as Mr. Hughes and Mr. Barnes step up their attacks on Ms. Mikulski, interest is growing for a contest between two women.

In a long editorial, The Baltimore Sun praised Mr. Hughes and Mr. Barnes but endorsed Ms. Mikulski and Ms. Chavez and noted the excitement of such a race.

''A Chavez-Mikulski contest in the general election period from September to November would attract national attention,'' it said. ''The symbolism of Maryland as a progressive, inclusive state eager to narrow the gender gap in the U.S. Senate would temper our sadness in losing the moderation and vision of Mac Mathias.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Linda Chavez, Barbara A. Mikulski, Gov. Harry R. Hughes and Michael D. Barnes (NYT;Gamma-Liaison;AP;UPI)

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[***Critic's Notebook;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1210-008G-F0M4-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***New Plays With Big Ideas, Really Big***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1210-008G-F0M4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By BEN BRANTLEY,

By BEN BRANTLEY,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOUISVILLE, Ky.

**Body**

Aleskii Antedilluvianovich Prelapsarianov, the ancient Bolshevik who continues to deliver the prologue to Tony Kushner's "Perestroika" on Broadway, died here recently, in another play of Mr. Kushner's, from an uncontrolled fit of speechifying.

In "Slavs! (Thinking about the Longstanding Problems of Virtues and Happiness)," 1 of 10 works in the 18th Annual Humana Festival of New American Plays last week. Prelapsarianov (played here by Ray Fry) once again fiercely lamented the decline of the "beautiful theory" that had shaped the Bolshevik Revolution and the "mad, swirling, planetary disorganization" in which his world found itself in 1985. Shortly before his collapse, he concluded: "God is a reactionary. And the progressive people are the enemies of God."

"Slavs!," an extremely funny one-act intellectual vaudeville that is partly a reworking of other Russian-themed prologues Mr. Kushner had initially written for "Perestroika," was not only the most invigorating of the works presented here. It also proved to be the thematic cornerstone of a festival in which the sense of a world in disorienting flux, shaken by cataclysmic political and social forces, pervaded.

The sort of cozy, eccentric domestic comedies, like "The Gin Game" and "Crimes of the Heart," that helped make the festival's name years ago were nowhere to be seen this season. Topics tended to be big -- very big -- in plays that placed their characters in shifting environments with nebulous rules and wide historical implications.

Indeed, the subjects of the 10 works in the festival -- organized, as usual, by its producing director Jon Jory -- read like a table of contents for an Utne Reader: the deforestation of the American Northwest, the predations of the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, the revolutionary climate of the late 1960's, lesbian mothers (twice), the dissolution of the American family as a fatalistic parable of Good and Evil, sexually based job discrimination, breast cancer and even an "Oleanna"-style exercise inspired by the rape trial of William Kennedy Smith. Nearly all of them, to borrow a line from another festival play, Romulus Linney's "Shotgun," seemed to be "trying badly to connect political and emotional realities."

If Mr. Jory's festival is actually any bellwether of things to come, we are in for a long run of expressly topical plays in the near future. Though many of those shown here wore their subjects stiffly, very few at least were simply agitprop pieces. The dominant tone was more exasperated than dogmatic. And the phrase that concluded "Slavs!" -- the question posed by the title of Chernyshevsky's revolutionary novel, "What Is to Be Done?" -- might serve as a shibboleth for the entire event.

At this point, Mr. Kushner clearly remains in a class by himself. Though "Slavs!," vibrantly directed by Lisa Peterson, is, in many ways, simply a balder condensation of the themes of faith and apocalypse in "Angels" -- without the careful empathetic characterizations of the earlier work -- it exists on its own gleeful terms in a way that doesn't exclude a poignant sense of hope.

Set in Moscow, Siberia and, yes, Heaven, on the eve of glasnost and also after the dissolution of the Soviet Union, the play presents a host of dinosaurish party members groping for direction. It also involves a romantic triangle among a sentimental old bureaucrat, a lesbian doctor and a young internationalist cynic who oversees the laboratories where the brains of the country's great thinkers are stored and a catatonic little girl in Siberia who is a casualty of atomic experimentation.

These provide Mr. Kushner with the opportunity to play with language, myth, history and dialectic with a hyperbolic buoyancy that Gogol might have applauded. The play's ecstatic high point comes early on, in a meeting of beleaguered party members, after Prelapsarianov's untimely death from talking too much. Although others counsel mental stagnation as the only hope for survival, one blithe bureaucrat -- who because of cataracts now lives "in a world of milk-colored ghosts" -- announces: "You can only creep so far, and then you must leap! . . . What is hope but diving forward?" Leap he does, literally and giddily, only to succumb to a heart attack. "Now I'm calling security," says another party member. "And no more metaphors, please!" Fortunately, Mr. Kushner disregards this advice and the play soars to its Stygian heaven on the wings of prodigally inventive images.

"Change" resounds like a watchword throughout many of the other plays. Mr. Linney, an admired playwright of vast and uneven output, deals with the subject on a more domestic level in "Shotgun," a sour, strained portrait of divorce and its (in this case) fatal consequences, with dark Freudian motives and atavistic impulses heating up in a rural lakeside cabin one weekend.

Wendy Hammond, in one of the festival's most popular works, takes a more optimistic tack in "Julie Johnson," the story of a New Jersey housewife who goes back to school, sheds her oafish husband and falls in love with both the wonders of computer science and, picking up on the lesbian motif that, for whatever reasons, echoes throughout this festival, her longtime best friend, a waitress. The play brings to mind Willy Russell's sentimental, inspirational tales of ***working-class***-women-with-dreams, like "Educating Rita" and "Shirley Valentine," and it doesn't transcend its genre. But it has been charmingly directed by Jon Jory. And the acting, particularly from Lily Knight in the title role, is touchingly credible.

Tina Landau's "1969" weaves rock anthems from that period into a musical phantasmagoria about a high school class in a time of social ferment. It is basically an assembly of found parts and archetypes -- the class acid head, feminist agitator, hip teacher, politically conflicted black athlete, et al. -- that serve to illuminate the core story of a gay outsider discovering his sexuality. Replete with acid-trip fantasies and repeated allusions to -- groan -- "The Wizard of Oz," it is in tone similar to the classic identity-crisis novels of gay American fiction from the 60's and 70's. The freshness comes from the energetic cast and Ms. Landau's vigorous choreography.

Other plays included Phyllis Nagy's "Trip's Cinch," a slight, elliptical answer to David Mamet's "Oleanna," which describes the aftermath of the reported rape of a woman not unlike Patricia Bowman in language that strives to emulate Mr. Mamet's own conversational style; Susan Miller's "My Left Breast," a monologue in which the author's mastectomy becomes the occasion for a thoughtful, carefully constructed elegy on other forms of loss, and Marion McClinton's "Stone and Bones," a poetically resonant 10-minute play about the problems endemic to black sexual relationships.

Working on a much more ambitious scale were Jon Lipsky, whose "The Survivor: A Cambodian Odyssey" recreated the memoirs of Haing Ngor, the dispossessed Cambodian doctor who became an actor in "The Killing Fields," and Jon Klein's "Betty the Yeti," which took on every side of the ecological wars being fought over the Oregon forests. Mr. Lipsky's stylized presentation, drawing from traditional Cambodian performance, of the horrors perpetrated by the Khmer Rouge, has a guaranteed emotional pull, but its epic sweep doesn't fold neatly into two-and-a-half hours, and it is often overwhelmingly muddy.

Mr. Klein manages both some funny and achingly corny lines. But his play -- which involves, among other things, the commercial exploitation of an American Yeti (cousin to the Abominable Snowman) found in the woods -- winds in so many directions, with so many stock reversals of plot, that it snarls the thread of its central argument. Mr. Klein is, however, to be credited with going beyond the more predictable sexual themes that dominated the festival in introducing a carnal relationship between man and beast.

**Graphic**

Photo: Fred Major and Kate Goehring in Tony Kushner's "Slavs! (Thinking About the Longstanding Problems of Virtues and Happiness)." (Richard C. Trigg/"Slavs!")

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[***Ireland, North by North-Westeros - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:58V4-5R01-JBG3-64PY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By STEPHANIE ROSENBLOOM

Stephanie Rosenbloom writes the Getaway column for Travel.

**Body**

The Dark Hedges are not easy to find. You must follow a serpentine road along a bucolic stretch of Northern Ireland, past sheep, and glens and yellow fields of rapeseed until somewhere between the sleepy towns of Ballycastle and Ballymoney -- if you keep your eyes peeled and your foot off the gas pedal -- you spot a shadowy lane flanked by centuries-old beech trees. These are the Dark Hedges. Their sinewy branches twist toward the sky like the many arms of the Indian goddess Durga. The highest boughs stretch across the lane to the trees on the opposite side, their leaves overlapping, eclipsing the sun. Locals say this place is haunted by a solitary ghost known as the Grey Lady.

But lately she's had company.

''No one ever used to come here,'' said David McAnirn, a tour guide, on a rare balmy June morning. ''Now hundreds come each day.''

The reason for the deluge? It was written on the T-shirts of a handful of tourists snapping photos amid the Hedges: ''Game of Thrones.''

Chronicling a war among dynasties for an Iron Throne in the imaginary land of Westeros, the HBO fantasy series is a cult hit suffused with intrigue, sex and moody landscapes. The latter is making Northern Ireland a magnet for fans who want to visit places like the Dark Hedges, which appear in the premiere of Season 2 when Arya Stark, a noble girl masquerading as a boy, flees in a cart from her enemies. Or Cushendun, the rocky beach where, later in that season, the priestess Melisandre gives birth in a cave to a supernatural assassin.

The Northern Ireland Tourist Board has been enticing viewers to visit these and other splendors with a ''Game of Thrones'' filming locations guide on its blog (''Explore the real world of Westeros'') and promotions for ''Game of Thrones'' exhibitions last spring at the Ulster Museum and at Titanic Belfast. After all, a film or television series can raise a country's profile. New Zealand has ''Lord of the Rings.'' Sweden has ''Wallander'' and ''Millennium.'' But the success of ''Game of Thrones,'' which begins filming Season 4 this month in Northern Ireland, is particularly welcome and poignant in the capital, Belfast, which for decades had been synonymous with strife.

More than 3,500 people were killed in the sectarian fighting between British loyalists (mainly Protestants) and Irish nationalists (mostly Roman Catholics) between 1969 and the Good Friday peace agreement in 1998. The rest of the world, including people in other parts of Ireland, stayed away.

''For most of my life I was in a film set,'' said Mr. McAnirn, who was a teenager in Belfast during those years. ''And it was a horror movie.''

In the mid-1990s, tourism industry pioneers like Caroline McComb, who along with her husband operates McComb's tours and coaches, were scratching their heads trying to figure out how to convince tourists that there was more to Belfast than the Troubles, as the 30-year period of fighting is known. ''New York has its skyline,'' Ms. McComb said. ''Sydney has its opera house. Everybody was deflated and was like, 'What do we have here?' ''

These days, a lot. There's the year-old Titanic Belfast museum, which tells the story of how Belfast once built the biggest ship in the world; the recently restored S. S. Nomadic, an original tender ship to the Titanic that transported the likes of Charlie Chaplin and Elizabeth Taylor; and the new visitor center at the Giant's Causeway, a Unesco world heritage site. Belfast has also been courting the world with high-profile events like the MTV Europe Music Awards in 2011, the summit of Group of 8 industrial nations this year and, in 2014, the Giro d'Italia, one of professional cycling's three Grand Tour races.

''It's a real breath of fresh air to be able to look forward instead of back,'' said Ms. McComb, who recently began proffering a private nine-hour ''Game of Thrones'' locations tour (about $516 a person), available through Viator.com. ''People in Northern Ireland are all so eager to make tourism work for us.''

That's not to say the past is buried. This is a country of ghosts. And there are still sporadic clashes. In December, violence erupted for weeks when the Belfast council decided to cut back on the flying of the Union Jack, prompting protests from some British loyalists. The fences and walls (some 30 feet tall) that separate Catholic and Protestant neighborhoods outside the city center remain. And gates that allow passage between the neighborhoods are still sealed at certain hours.

Last month, I went to Belfast to see how the city is evolving: to visit those tinderbox neighborhoods, tour Titanic Belfast and, yes, see some of the locations in one of my guilty pleasures, ''Game of Thrones.'' Never did I feel that I was in danger, especially in Belfast's tourist-friendly center. On a recent spate of warm nights, couples and klatches of students on the cobblestone streets of the artsy Cathedral Quarter had about them the carefree air of summer.

As the city looks to the future, there is less reticence about its painful history. ''When we first started doing tours,'' Mr. McAnirn explained, ''people said, 'Don't mention the Troubles.' 'Don't mention Crumlin Road jail,' '' he said, referring to the prison that held both loyalists and nationalists during that time.

Now tours of the neighborhoods at the epicenter of the Troubles are as common as rain. And not only can you take a guided tour of Crumlin Road Gaol, but there are ''paranormal tours'' of its supposedly ghostly hot spots, like a condemned man's cell and the flogging room. The prison's corridors and exercise yards can also be rented for parties, concerts and wedding receptions (for lovers with a sense of irony).

On one of those recent mild evenings, beyond the drab rock walls that surround the jail, there were flaming torches and a Hollywood-style red carpet.

I followed it inside.

Crumlin Road Gaol sits like a mausoleum across the street from a derelict courthouse not far from Shankill Road, the main artery through a loyalist, predominantly Protestant ***working-class*** neighborhood that was at the center of the Troubles.

Flash forward to June 2013. Women in stilettos are gabbing in front of the former parcel office where prisoners used to collect their mail. There are men in suit jackets where a ''movement officer'' once logged the whereabouts of prisoners. Waiters weave through the crowd offering finger food with names designed to make a ''Game of Thrones'' fan grin (''Ned Stark's venison burgers,'' ''Joffrey's cheese and onion tarts''). Through an iron gate, a candlelit table offers ''Khalessi's mini blood sausages'' and ''Red Wedding fish with butter sauce.'' At the far end of the table: a pig on a spit.

This smorgasbord, for journalists and die-hard fans of the series, was arranged by the Northern Ireland Tourist Board and Northern Ireland Screen, a government-backed agency for the film and television industry. It was a celebration of the opening of the final leg of a traveling exhibition of ''Game of Thrones'' props: swords, crowns, costumes, a severed head (sorry, Stark devotees), petrified dragon eggs (only two eggs were on display because HBO gave the third as a wedding gift to George R. R. Martin, author of the novels that inspired the series), and the Iron Throne, upon which no fan could resist posing for a photograph.

Standing before the crowd -- including ''Game of Thrones'' actors like Maisie Williams (who plays Arya Stark), Isaac Hempstead Wright (Bran Stark) and John Bradley (Samwell Tarly) -- Peter D. Robinson, the province's unionist first minister, said of Northern Ireland: ''This is Westeros!''

It was said with pride. To many here, interest in the backdrop of ''Game of Thrones'' signifies, as Mr. Robinson put it, an emergence from ''the dark days of the past into a new era.''

''It means we're normal,'' he said, acknowledging with a wink that ''normal'' isn't exactly what comes to mind when one thinks of ''Game of Thrones.'' But he said the filming of the series in and around Belfast ''lets people see what it can be like if we have a peaceful, prosperous future.''

As I would learn the next day while driving north from Belfast on the Causeway Coastal Route, the fairy-tale quality of the landscape alone is worth a visit, whether you know the difference between Wildlings and White Walkers or not. A good chunk of the series is filmed on or near this route and the landscape is startling, as if it ought not to exist outside a child's imagination. The greens are so vibrant you suddenly find yourself questioning whether you ever really saw green before. The white horses in the fields seem like escapees from a Mary Poppins-style carousel.

For actors, the environment can be a boon. ''If you're going to play a part,'' Mr. Bradley (the lovable Samwell Tarly) told me on the aforementioned red carpet, ''especially a part as complicated as the parts you get in 'Game of Thrones,' I think you need to flush everything away. You need to get yourself into a neutral state. And then paint the character onto that blank canvas. And nothing does that more effectively than being around natural elements.''

Among the most idyllic spots shown in the series is Ballintoy Harbour, built in the 1700s and still a working harbor, located 60 miles north of Belfast. You won't see obvious vestiges of the show, but this is where in Season 2 Theon Greyjoy returns to the Iron Islands. It is also where he meets the surly crew of his ship, the Sea Bitch. I arrived one Saturday afternoon with some ''Game of Thrones'' fans, winners of a contest who were spending the day walking in the footsteps of favorite characters.

Off a bus and down a steep hill we trudged, past a graveyard, to Ballintoy Harbour, where fishing boats bobbed, their bells clanging softly. Fog made it impossible to separate ocean and sky. If a boat were to become unmoored, you might believe it could sail to Neverland.

''It's one of the most beautiful places in Northern Ireland,'' said Naomi Liston, who works in the locations department for ''Game of Thrones,'' during a panel discussion in Belfast about the show.

When I asked her why HBO chose Northern Ireland, Ms. Liston said there were many considerations: Is it cost effective? Does the area offer evocative filming locations? Does it have studio space?

''Northern Ireland,'' she said, ''ticked all the boxes.''

Even the most dedicated ''Game of Thrones'' tourist will find that Northern Ireland is more than a film set. Belfast, for instance, was once renown for shipbuilding, which becomes obvious whenever you glance toward the River Lagan and see the hulking yellow gantry cranes of the Harland and Wolff shipyards. A hundred years ago, workers built the Titanic there. The cranes, more than 300 feet tall and affectionately known as Samson and Goliath, have become a memorial to the city's industrial heyday.

In homage to its shipbuilding prowess, Belfast has spent the last few years erecting an entire quarter dedicated to its maritime history. At the center of it all is Titanic Belfast, billed as ''the world's largest Titanic visitor experience.'' That experience includes nine galleries that follow the life of the Titanic from its construction to its demise in 1912. ''Game of Thrones'' uses the nearby Titanic Studios, which consists of Paint Hall studio as well as two new 24,000-square-foot sound stages that were used in Season 3. While visitors can't freely tour them, they can easily see the studios from the Titanic Belfast grounds.

About a seven-minute walk away is Titanic's Dock and Pump-House, where visitors can descend 44 feet into the Titanic dry dock (unchanged since 1912), and stroll the original gangway balconies in the pump-well. Nearby, you can roam the recently restored S. S. Nomadic, a former tender ship to the Titanic.

You can explore these and other Belfast gems like St George's Market, the Ulster Museum, Queen's University Belfast and the Botanic Gardens. The glass dome of the Victoria Square shopping center provides unexpected bird's eye views of city landmarks like the 1860s Albert Memorial Clock -- the clock leans, inspiring a local joke about it having both the time and the inclination. A few blocks away is Linen Hall Library, which was founded in 1788 and is the oldest library in Belfast. On wooden shelves labeled Irish Fiction you'll find works by George Bernard Shaw and W. B. Yeats, a reminder of how much literature has been wrung out of the little emerald isle.

At night in the Cathedral Quarter, everything spills into the streets: beer; the sound of live jazz; merrymakers at the Spaniard tapas bar (a favorite of some ''Game of Thrones'' cast members); young people at Duke of York pub on tiny Commercial Court where beneath cafe string lights they drink standing or crowded onto bright red benches. An adjoining alley painted with murals connects to what looks like an old parking lot where I found a few dozen people leaning against yet another mural. This one had a familiar sight: the yellow Harland and Wolff cranes.

But these are not the murals for which Belfast is known. Those are in the Protestant and Catholic ghettos, and no trip would be complete without visiting them. On a Sunday morning I met up with Paddy Kane of Cabtoursni.com, a 65-year-old taxi driver born in West Belfast. ''I'm going to take you into what would have been known as the most dangerous spot,'' he said.

I climbed into the passenger seat.

''This wall is the longest, the highest and the oldest,'' said Mr. Kane as we stood beside a barricade that has divided Protestant and Catholic neighborhoods for more than 40 years. ''It's been up longer than the Berlin Wall.''

Belfast is trying to move on, yet a visit to these neighborhoods broadcasts separateness with its fences and gates known as ''peace lines.'' Some are made of brick. Some of steel. All of them make the dreaded Wall in ''Game of Thrones'' look welcoming.

Guidebooks will tell you to take a ''black taxi'' tour to see these neighborhoods and the political murals on the gables of the red brick houses. What they don't tell you is that not all of the ''black taxis'' are black, and that the quality of the tours varies greatly from driver to driver. Most are drivers who either worked in a Protestant neighborhood or a Catholic neighborhood during the Troubles.

Mr. Kane, who lost a brother, an uncle and a nephew in the fighting, was one of them. Speaking with a spare, Hemingway-like elegance, he showed me a flour mill with two entrances:one on the Protestant side of a wall, the other on the Catholic side. As we walked the stark streets looking at gates and walls, I said the word ''unbelievable.''

''Unbelievable?'' said Mr. Kane, his pale blue eyes meeting mine. ''I lived it.''

In a Catholic neighborhood we stopped on Bombay Street, which in 1969 had been burned by a loyalist mob and has since been rebuilt. Names of the dead, as young as 4, are inscribed in the Clonard Martyrs Memorial Garden. ''On the gates is the mythical bird the Phoenix,'' Mr. Kane said, pointing to a red-and-black-winged bird, ''that rose from the ashes as Bombay Street rose from the ashes.''

Next to the garden was a house with a metal grate at its back, there to protect it from any bombs that might be thrown over the wall. Mr. Kane said that at one point he saw the grating being taken down, something he took as progress. But it reappeared. Turns out the old one was just being replaced.

Change is slow. When Mr. Kane meets one of his friends, a Protestant taxi driver, they are careful to go where each is safe. ''I won't drink on his side of the fence,'' Mr. Kane said. ''And he won't drink on mine. We meet in city center.'' He, along with most people there, want to keep the peace that was brokered in 1998. ''We don't want our children and grandchildren to go through what we went through,'' said Mr. Kane, who has five sons.

He took me to a spot in a Protestant neighborhood where he said a political mural had been painted over. In its place were three pillars, each with a word: Remember. Respect. Resolution. ''A hell of a big step forward,'' he said. I asked if there is talk anymore about taking the walls down. He thinks it will be another 18 years or so before that happens. But he hopes he's wrong.

While ''Game of Thrones'' may be good for Northern Ireland, there are other, lesser-known, measures of progress. For instance, the more than 60 integrated schools. ''It's a small percentage,'' Mr. Kane said. ''But it's a start. Working together, going to school together and socializing together. That's how that wall will come down.''

I came to Belfast to look beyond the walls. To explore the mythic landscape of ''Game of Thrones'' and to glimpse the future -- slick museums and visitor centers, attractions that bring new life to the region's shipbuilding achievements. Everything in Northern Ireland -- past, present, future, fantasy -- overlaps like the leaves of the Dark Hedges. The past casts a long shadow. But, here and there, light is coming through.

Mr. Kane helped me back into the passenger seat of his car and gently closed the door.

[*http://travel.nytimes.com/2013/07/07/travel/following-game-of-thrones-to-belfast-and-beyond.html*](http://travel.nytimes.com/2013/07/07/travel/following-game-of-thrones-to-belfast-and-beyond.html)

**Correction**

A caption for five pictures on Page 7 this weekend with the continuation of the cover article about Northern Ireland was inadvertently omitted. The photographs include, counterclockwise from top, Fair Head and Murlough Bay, a site that ''Game of Thrones'' fans often visit; the Titanic Belfast museum; the entrance to the Clonard Martyrs Memorial Garden on Bombay Street in Belfast; and shopping in Linenhall Street in front of city hall. To right of map, tourists posing for photographs on the throne in the ''Game of Thrones'' exhibition at Titanic Belfast.

**Correction-Date:** July 7, 2013

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: INTO THE WOODS: In the Dark Hedges, above, where ''Game of Thrones'' is filmed, a shadowy lane flanked by centuries-old trees. At left, Alfie Allen, who plays Theon Greyjoy. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAZEL THOMPSON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

HELEN SLOAN/HBO) (TR1)

LAND AND SEA: Top, Ballintoy Harbour, where scenes from ''Game of Thrones'' have been filmed

above, the Giant's Causeway, a Unesco world heritage site near filming locations

above left, the hills looking over Garron Point on the Antrim Coast in Northern Ireland. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAZEL THOMPSON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR6

TR7) MAPS: ON THE MAP: While ''Game of Thrones'' is filmed in places like Morocco, Iceland and Croatia, home base is Northern Ireland. Here's a fan's guide to some publicly accessible locations north and south of Belfast, culled from details provided by the Northern Ireland Tourist Board and Northern Ireland Screen.

NORTH OF BELFAST: 1 The Dark Hedges, where Arya flees in a cart (Season 2)

. 2 Cushendun, the caves where the priestess Melisandre gives birth to a supernatural assassin (Season 2).

3 Murlough Bay, the backdrop for Theon's horse ride with his sister and where Davos Seaworth is shipwrecked (Season 3).

4 Ballintoy and Ballintoy Harbour, where Theon sets eyes on his ship and crew (Season 2).

5 Larrybane, the site of Renly's camp and where viewers meet the female swordsman, Brienne (Season 2).

6 Downhill Beach, where Melisandre burns the old gods (Season 2).

SOUTH OF BELFAST: 7 Tollymore Forest Park, where dismembered Wildlings are found and where Theon is chased by his torturer (Seasons 1 and 3).

8 Castle Ward, home of Winterfell (Season 1).

9 Audley's Field, the site of Robb's camp (Season 2).

10 Inch Abbey, where Robb's army is seen at the Trident (Season 1). (TR7)

**Load-Date:** July 8, 2013

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[***WASHINGTON TALK: POLITICAL MEMO;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-97X0-0007-H181-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ASSESSING WHAT VOTERS SAID BEFORE THEY SAY IT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-97X0-0007-H181-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1228 words

**Byline:** By E.J. DIONNE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Sept. 14

**Body**

It will be two months before the winners of the 1986 elections are known. But the groundwork for winning the interpretation of the elections is being laid now.

What's so important about winning the interpretation, as distinct from the votes? A great deal, because how victories and defeats are explained goes to the heart of battles for the parties' respective souls - and helps determine the course of public policy.

Thus, those preparing for the interpretation battle are laying the groundwork for, in essence, putting their words in the voters' mouths.

'There's a Vacuum'

Elections around the country usually produce a hodgepodge of messages and victors defying easy classification. But if backers of a particular intepretation pre-sell it widely enough, they are often gratified after the election to hear it repeated back as what the voters ''said.''

In 1986, the struggle to produce the conventional wisdom will be especially important for at least two other reasons. First, both the Republicans and Democrats face decisive choices over what directions their parties will take after President Reagan leaves office. Second, there is a consensus among politicians, poll takers and consultants that there are few, if any, national themes this year.

''There's a vacuum out there now,'' said Joan N. Baggett, the political director for the International Union of Bricklayers and Allied Craftsmen. ''There's ample opportunity for someone to start manufacturing whatever they want the election to say.''

The most important struggle over interpreting the elections is on the Democratic side; the Republicans, having power already, seem to need no alibis. The Democratic Party has been relentlessly self-critical over why it lost four of the last five Presidential elections, as well as control of the Senate.

Two Schools Among Democrats

Hoping the party will recapture the Senate, supporters of various views of the party's future are busy trying to influence how that victory will be explained. There are two discernible schools clearly at war.

Many on the party's left wing have been arguing that the Democrats have strayed much too far from a clear and principled defense of the poor and of less well-off parts of the middle class. In this view, Republicans, and Mr. Reagan in particular, were able to steal the ''populist'' banner from the Democrats because their party got too close to corporate or Washington interests.

In a newly published book, ''Right Turn: The Decline of the Democrats and the Future of American Politics,'' Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers offer a searing critique of Democratic Party elites. After analyzing poll data showing that there has been ''no right turn in public opinion corresponding to the right turn in public policy,'' the authors argue that the Democrats' best strategy would be to issue ''a broad popular program'' that would include ''full employment, protection of employee rights'' - in general a return to the battle against the people Franklin D. Roosevelt called ''economic royalists.''

Indeed, many Democrats around the country are endorsing a new ''populism'' aimed at distancing the party from the Washington and business ''elite'' and harnessing discontent in regions where the economy is sour.

The primaries last Tuesday gave this view a boost: Mark Green, a leader in the effort to find ''new ideas'' for the left, won the Democratic Senate nomination in New York, while Representative Barbara Mikulski, a vocal defender of the interests of the ethnic ***working class***, won in Maryland.

Running 'as Democrats'

Those, however, were primaries. If the consciously ''populist'' Democrats, including such Senate candidates as Kent Conrad in North Dakota, Representative Thomas Daschle in South Dakota, Ms. Mikulski and Mr. Green, are triumphant in November, the party's populist left will have grounds to point to anti-elitism and economic reform as the wave of the future. The lesson, says Ms. Baggett, would be that ''Democrats run much better when they run as Democrats.''

Meanwhile, the ''centrist'' Democratic school, led by such figures as former Gov. Charles S. Robb of Virginia, is arguing that Democrats lost ground because they were too tied to big government. The centrists are talking a great deal about productivity, balanced budgets and market incentives. Part of their agenda is to try to make the Democrats be more sympathetic to business - or, in the popular phrase, ''entrepreneurship.''

This side has candidates it will claim if they win, notably such moderate-to-conservative Senate candidates as Gov. Bob Graham of Florida, John Evans in Idaho and Representative James R. Jones in Oklahoma.

Even among the Republicans, who have not fully joined the interpretation war, some conservatives are upset over how much Republican candidates are running away from aspects of President Reagan's program and from Republican orthodoxy generally.

'Playing Defensive Baseball'

''The most worrisome thing in looking at the way Republicans are running in the country right now is their lack of aggressiveness,'' said John Buckley, press secretary to Representative Jack Kemp, the upstate New York Republican who is considering a 1988 Presidential bid. ''To the extent that the Republicans allow the Democrats to be seen as slightly folksier versions of themselves, we lose.''

Howard Phillips, chairman of the Conservative Caucus, sees the Republicans moving dangerously away from the first principles of conservatism, particularly on defense and social issues. He thus has a ready-made explanation for a Republican defeat, though he insists he doesn't want one.

''The conservative movement has been weakened by the Reagan Presidency and has to some degree been paralyzed,'' he said. ''The President has been playing defensive baseball.''

Patrick Buchanan, President Reagan's director of communications, agrees that the White House has not yet assembled an aggressive strategy. ''We don't have our theme -yet,'' he said, suggesting with that emphasis that his compatriots on the right need not despair.

Mr. Phillips is not sanguine. ''I think it's a big mess,'' he said, but he went on, ''I don't think it's a conservative mess - I think it's a Republican mess.'' In other words, if Republicans do badly, it's because they weren't true conservatives.

Drawbacks in Success

But there are moderate variations on this idea, too. David Gergen, the President's former director of communications, argues that Mr. Reagan's successes have themselves unintentionally undermined Reaganism.

Mr. Gergen notes that Mr. Reagan swept into office in 1980 in part because Americans felt their country was weak abroad and because they had lost trust in the Government at home. But he says the President's personality, along with military spending increases and cuts in taxes and domestic spending, have made Americans feel strong again - and thus, paradoxically, more open to Democratic proposals to cut the military and save domestic programs.

From the Republican point of view, of course, the easiest way out of the interpretation battle would be to hold the Senate. Then there would be nothing to explain away.

''We're going to be judged by whether or not we retain the Senate,'' Mr. Buchanan said flatly in a recent interview at his White House office. ''If we can't win the election and then interpret it properly, we ought to fold up our tents around here.''

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***Welfare Limits Left Poor Adrift as Recession Hit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55C3-FNJ1-JBG3-649M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 8, 2012 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2750 words

**Byline:** By JASON DePARLE

**Body**

PHOENIX -- Perhaps no law in the past generation has drawn more praise than the drive to ''end welfare as we know it,'' which joined the late-'90s economic boom to send caseloads plunging, employment rates rising and officials of both parties hailing the virtues of tough love.

But the distress of the last four years has added a cautionary postscript: much as overlooked critics of the restrictions once warned, a program that built its reputation when times were good offered little help when jobs disappeared. Despite the worst economy in decades, the cash welfare rolls have barely budged.

Faced with flat federal financing and rising need, Arizona is one of 16 states that have cut their welfare caseloads further since the start of the recession -- in its case, by half. Even as it turned away the needy, Arizona spent most of its federal welfare dollars on other programs, using permissive rules to plug state budget gaps.

The poor people who were dropped from cash assistance here, mostly single mothers, talk with surprising openness about the desperate, and sometimes illegal, ways they make ends meet. They have sold food stamps, sold blood, skipped meals, shoplifted, doubled up with friends, scavenged trash bins for bottles and cans and returned to relationships with violent partners -- all with children in tow.

Esmeralda Murillo, a 21-year-old mother of two, lost her welfare check, landed in a shelter and then returned to a boyfriend whose violent temper had driven her away. ''You don't know who to turn to,'' she said.

Maria Thomas, 29, with four daughters, helps friends sell piles of brand-name clothes, taking pains not to ask if they are stolen. ''I don't know where they come from,'' she said. ''I'm just helping get rid of them.''

To keep her lights on, Rosa Pena, 24, sold the groceries she bought with food stamps and then kept her children fed with school lunches and help from neighbors. Her post-welfare credo is widely shared: ''I'll do what I have to do.''

Critics of the stringent system say stories like these vindicate warnings they made in 1996 when President Bill Clinton fulfilled his pledge to ''end welfare as we know it'': the revamped law encourages states to withhold aid, especially when the economy turns bad.

The old program, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, dates from the New Deal; it gave states unlimited matching funds and offered poor families extensive rights, with few requirements and no time limits. The new program, Temporary Assistance for Needy Families, created time limits and work rules, capped federal spending and allowed states to turn poor families away.

''My take on it was the states would push people off and not let them back on, and that's just what they did,'' said Peter B. Edelman, a law professor at Georgetown University who resigned from the Clinton administration to protest the law. ''It's been even worse than I thought it would be.''

But supporters of the current system often say lower caseloads are evidence of decreased dependency. Many leading Republicans are pushing for similar changes to much larger programs, like Medicaid and food stamps.

Representative Paul D. Ryan of Wisconsin, the top House Republican on budget issues, calls the current welfare program ''an unprecedented success.'' Mitt Romney, who leads the race for the Republican presidential nomination, has said he would place similar restrictions on ''all these federal programs.'' One of his rivals, Rick Santorum, calls the welfare law a source of spiritual rejuvenation.

''It didn't just cut the rolls, but it saved lives,'' Mr. Santorum said, giving the poor ''something dependency doesn't give: hope.''

President Obama spoke favorably of the program in his 2008 campaign -- promoting his role as a state legislator in cutting the Illinois welfare rolls. But he has said little about it as president.

Even in the 1996 program's early days, when jobs were plentiful, a subset of families appeared disconnected -- left with neither welfare nor work. Their numbers were growing before the recession and seem to have surged since then.

No Money, No Job

While data on the very poor is limited and subject to challenge, recent studies have found that as many as one in every four low-income single mothers are jobless and without cash aid -- roughly four million women and children. Many of the mothers have problems like addiction or depression, which can make assisting them politically unpopular, and they have received little attention in a downturn that has produced an outpouring of concern for the middle class.

Poor families can turn to other programs, like food stamps or Medicaid, or rely on family and charity. But the absence of a steady source of cash, however modest, can bring new instability to troubled lives.

One prominent supporter of the tough welfare law is worried that it may have increased destitution among the most disadvantaged families. ''This is the biggest problem with welfare reform, and we ought to be paying attention to it,'' said Ron Haskins of the Brookings Institution, who helped draft the 1996 law as an aide to House Republicans and argues that it has worked well for most recipients.

''The issue here is, can you create a strong work program, as we did, without creating a big problem at the bottom?'' Mr. Haskins said. ''And we have what appears to be a big problem at the bottom.''

He added, ''This is what really bothers me: the people who supported welfare reform, they're ignoring the problem.''

The welfare program was born amid apocalyptic warnings and was instantly proclaimed a success, at times with a measure of ''I told you so'' glee from its supporters. Liberal critics had warned that its mix of time limits and work rules would create mass destitution -- ''children sleeping on the grates,'' in the words of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a New York Democrat who died in 2003.

But the economy boomed, employment soared, poverty fell and caseloads plunged. Thirty-two states reduced their caseloads by two-thirds or more, as officials issued press releases and jostled for bragging rights. The tough law played a large role, but so did expansions of child care and tax credits that raised take-home pay.

In a twist on poverty politics, poor single mothers, previously chided as ''welfare queens,'' were celebrated as ***working-class*** heroes, with their stories of leaving the welfare rolls cast as uplifting tales of pluck. Flush with federal money, states experimented with programs that offered counseling, clothes and used cars.

But if the rise in employment was larger than predicted, it was also less transformative than it may have seemed. Researchers found that most families that escaped poverty remained ''near poor.''

And despite widespread hopes that working mothers might serve as role models, studies found few social or educational benefits for their children. (They measured things like children's aspirations, self-esteem, grades, drug use and arrests.) Nonmarital births continued to rise.

But the image of success formed early and stayed frozen in time.

''The debate is over,'' President Clinton said a year after signing the law, which he often cites in casting himself as a centrist. ''Welfare reform works.''

The recession that began in 2007 posed a new test to that claim. Even with $5 billion in new federal funds, caseloads rose just 15 percent from the lowest level in two generations. Compared with the 1990s peak, the national welfare rolls are still down by 68 percent. Just one in five poor children now receives cash aid, the lowest level in nearly 50 years.

As the downturn wreaked havoc on budgets, some states took new steps to keep the needy away. They shortened time limits, tightened eligibility rules and reduced benefits (to an average of about $350 a month for a family of three).

Since 2007, 11 states have cut the rolls by 10 percent or more. They include centers of unemployment like Georgia, Indiana and Rhode Island, as well as Michigan, where the welfare director justified cuts by telling legislators, ''We have a fair number of people gaming the system.'' Arizona cut benefits by 20 percent and shortened time limits twice -- to two years, from five.

Many people already found the underlying system more hassle than help, a gantlet of job-search classes where absences can be punished by a complete loss of aid. Some states explicitly pursue a policy of deterrence to make sure people use the program only as a last resort.

Since the states get fixed federal grants, any caseload growth comes at their own expense. By contrast, the federal government pays the entire food stamp bill no matter how many people enroll; states encourage applications, and the rolls have reached record highs.

Among the Arizonans who lost their checks was Tamika Shelby, who first sought cash aid at 29 after fast-food jobs and a stint as a waitress in a Phoenix strip club. The state gave her $176 a month and sent her to work part time at a food bank. Though she was effectively working for $2 an hour, she scarcely missed a day in more than a year.

''I loved it,'' she said.

Her supervisor, Michael Cox, said Ms. Shelby ''was just wonderful'' and ''would even come up here on her days off.''

Then the reduced time limit left Ms. Shelby with neither welfare nor work. She still gets about $250 a month in food stamps for herself and her 3-year-old son, Dejon. She counts herself fortunate, she said, because a male friend lets her stay in a spare room, with no expectations of sex. Still, after feeding her roommate and her child, she said, ''there are plenty of days I don't eat.''

''I know there are some people who abuse the system,'' Ms. Shelby said. ''But I was willing to do anything they asked me to. If I could, I'd still be working for those two dollars an hour.''

Diverting Federal Funds

Clarence H. Carter, Arizona's director of economic security, says finances forced officials to cut the rolls. But the state gets the same base funding from the federal government, $200 million, that it received in the mid-1990s when caseloads were five times as high. (The law also requires it to spend $86 million in state funds.)

Arizona spends most of the federal money on other human services programs, especially foster care and adoption services, while using just one-third for cash benefits and work programs -- the core purposes of Temporary Assistance for Needy Families. If it did not use the federal welfare money, the state would have to finance more of those programs itself.

''Yes, we divert -- divert's a bad word,'' said State Representative John Kavanagh, a Republican and chairman of the Arizona House Appropriations Committee. ''It helps the state.''

While federal law allows such flexibility, critics say states neglect poor families to patch their own finances. Nationally, only 30 percent of the welfare money is spent on cash benefits.

''It's not that the other stuff isn't important, but it's not what T.A.N.F.'' -- the Temporary Assistance program -- ''was intended for,'' said LaDonna Pavetti of the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities, a Washington research and advocacy group. ''The states use the money to fill budget holes.''

Even in an economy as bad as Arizona's, some recipients find work. Estefana Armas, a 30-year-old mother of three, spent nine years on the rolls, fighting depression so severe that it left her hospitalized. Once exempt from time limits because of her mental health, Ms. Armas joined support groups, earned a high school equivalency degree and enrolled in community college.

Just as her time expired last summer, Ms. Armas found work as a teacher's aide at a church preschool.

''It kind of pushed me to get a job,'' she said.

Supporters of Temporary Assistance cite stories like that to argue that it promotes a work ethic. Despite high unemployment, low-skilled single mothers work as much now, on average, as they did under the old welfare law -- and by some measures, a bit more. As a group, their poverty rates are still lower. And those without cash aid, they say, can turn to other programs.

''We have reduced our caseload, and we don't have people dying in the street,'' Mr. Kavanagh said. ''There were an awful lot of people who didn't need it.''

But the number of very poor families appears to be growing. Pamela Loprest and Austin Nichols, researchers at the Urban Institute, found that one in four low-income single mothers nationwide -- about 1.5 million -- are jobless and without cash aid. That is twice the rate the researchers found under the old welfare law. More than 40 percent remain that way for more than a year, and many have mental or physical disabilities, sick children or problems with domestic violence.

Using a different definition of distress, Luke Shaefer of the University of Michigan and Kathryn Edin of Harvard examined the share of households with children in a given month living on less than $2 per person per day. It has nearly doubled since 1996, to almost 4 percent. Even when counting food stamps as cash, they found one of every 50 children live in such a household.

The Census Bureau uses a third measure, ''deep poverty,'' which it defines as living on less than half of the amount needed to escape poverty (for a family of three, that means living on less than $9,000 a year). About 10 percent of households headed by women report incomes that low, a bit less than the peak under the old law but still the highest level in 18 years.

Some researchers say the studies exaggerate poverty by inadequately accounting for undisclosed income, like help from boyfriends or under-the-table jobs. They note that asking poor people about their consumption, rather than their income, suggests that even the poorest single mothers have improved their standard of living since 1996.

Mr. Haskins, the Temporary Assistance program's architect, agrees that poverty at the bottom ''is not as bad as it seems,'' but adds, ''It's still pretty darn bad.''

Trying to Make Do

Asked how they survived without cash aid, virtually all of the women interviewed here said they had sold food stamps, getting 50 cents for every dollar of groceries they let others buy with their benefit cards. Many turned to food banks and churches. Nationally, roughly a quarter have subsidized housing, with rents as low as $50 a month.

Several women said the loss of aid had left them more dependent on troubled boyfriends. One woman said she sold her child's Social Security number so a relative could collect a tax credit worth $3,000.

''I tried to sell blood, but they told me I was anemic,'' she said.

Several women acknowledged that they had resorted to shoplifting, including one who took orders for brand-name clothes and sold them for half-price. Asked how she got cash, one woman said flatly, ''We rob wetbacks'' -- illegal immigrants, who tend to carry cash and avoid the police. At least nine times, she said, she has flirted with men and led them toward her home, where accomplices robbed them.

''I felt bad afterwards,'' she said. But she added, ''There were times when we didn't have nothing to eat.''

One family ruled out crime and rummaged through trash cans instead. The mother, an illegal immigrant from Mexico, could not get aid for herself but received $164 a month for her four American-born children until their time limit expired. Distraught at losing her only steady source of cash, she asked the children if they would be ashamed to help her collect discarded cans.

''I told her I would be embarrassed to steal from someone -- not to pick up cans,'' her teenage daughter said.

Weekly park patrols ensued, and recycling money replaced about half of the welfare check.

Despite having a father in prison and a mother who could be deported, the children exude earnest cheer. A daughter in the fifth grade won a contest at school for reading the most books. A son in the eighth grade is a student leader praised by his principal for tutoring younger students, using supplies he pays for himself.

''That's just the kind of character he has,'' the principal said.

After losing cash aid, the mother found a cleaning job but lost it when her boss discovered that she was in the United States illegally. The family still gets subsidized housing and $650 a month in food stamps.

The boy worries about homelessness, but his younger sisters, 9 and 10, see an upside in scavenging.

''It's kind of fun because you get to look through the trash,'' one of the girls said.

''And you get to play in the park a little while before you go home,'' her sister agreed.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: An illegal immigrant from Mexico, above, the mother of four American-born children, started redeeming bottles and cans in Phoenix after she lost her $164 monthly aid. Below, Tamika Shelby and her son, Dejon, 3. Because of welfare limits, she lost her $176 stipend and her job at a food bank.

Estefana Armas, 30, a single mother who spent nine years on welfare, works as a teacher's aide at Katy's Kids Preschool in Phoenix. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSHUA LOTT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A18) CHART: Fewer Receiving Welfare, But Food Stamps Soaring: The number of Americans receiving cash welfare has fallen since the 1990s, while the number receiving food stamps has risen sharply. (Sources: U.S. Dept. of Health and Human Services (welfare)

U.S. Dept. of Agriculture (food stamps)

Bureau of Labor Statistics)

**Load-Date:** April 8, 2012

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[***Immigration Law Could Create Apartheid Conditions; Paul Krugman***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5P9G-SNS1-JBG3-6058-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

(Paul Krugman)

June 19, 2007 Tuesday 12:43 EST

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**Section:** OPINION

**Length:** 1836 words

**Highlight:** Paul Krugman responds to readers&#8217; comments on his May 25 column, &#8220;Immigrants and Politics.&#8221; Kevin Blankinship, Oklahoma City, Okla.: I would disagree with you on this one, because for one, economic conditions are not as they were 100 years ago. One could argue that this country is now fully developed. As an economist, I&#8217;m surprised [&#8230;]

**Body**

Paul Krugman responds to readers’ comments on his May 25 column, “[*Immigrants and Politics*](http://select.nytimes.com/2007/05/25/opinion/25krugman.html).”

Kevin Blankinship, Oklahoma City, Okla.: I would disagree with you on this one, because for one, economic conditions are not as they were 100 years ago. One could argue that this country is now fully developed. As an economist, I’m surprised that you are not more objective on this one.

I think the end result of such heavy immigration will be to lower living standards of most Americans and cause this to degenerate into a third world country, with an economy heavily reliant on cheap labor. By the end of this century, America may well have a population larger than Europe, but I think by then we will have become a ramshackle country with a populace suffering a lower standard of living than they do now. We should instead work to control our population and encourage our neighbors and the rest of the world to do the same. We cannot solve the world’s problems by becoming a sort of lebensraum for dysfunctional countries that do not work to provide better livings standards within their own borders.

Paul Krugman: I’d just point out that people made exactly the same arguments a century ago. On the education point, the truth is that we’re not going to provide more education to adult immigrants — we’re going to have to educate their children. And that’s the same as we do with everyone’s children.

Jay Weiser, New York: The political effects of immigration in the peak years of the late 19th and early 20th centuries weren’t as one-sided as you suggest. Even with the disenfranchisement of immigrant and African-American men, the Progressives became a dominant force by 1910. They enacted a progressive federal income tax, began recognizing labor rights, and began providing social services, though as you note, these reforms don’t come to fruition until the New Deal. There are parallel movements a bit earlier in European countries, which also disenfranchised much of the non-immigrant ***working class*** in this period. Perhaps these reforms would have occurred earlier without large numbers of disenfranchised immigrants and blacks, but the political system was beginning to react to the excesses of the Gilded Age by the 1890s.

Paul Krugman: Oh, I agree — but the Progressive movement, good as it was, stalled out well before making much real dent in inequality. For most practical purposes, the Gilded Age lasted into the 1930s.

Mary, St. Louis: Thanks for your comments today on immigration reform. I am especially upset about the guest worker program. The idea of letting people into this country with no possibility of becoming citizens is exactly the wrong approach. It didn’t work very well in Germany, for example. It gives them little incentive to learn the language or to become part of the body politic. Yet, they would have plenty of incentives to remain here, again illegally.

I had not known about the economic consequences of that last mass migration here. That’s good to know. Thank you!

Paul Krugman: Back during the “bread and chocolate” days when Switzerland was very dependent on guest workers, the Swiss author Max Frisch wrote “We wanted workers, but human beings came.” I think it’s crucial that we treat everyone who comes here as a human being, not as a unit of labor power.

Edith Cresmer, New York: The solution would be to encourage and perhaps even require that immigrants become citizens and then be encouraged to vote. I believe that one goal of the settlement houses in the early 20th century was to inculcate citizenship. The proposed structure of the guest worker program, in that it discourages whole families from immigrating, is deplorable.

Paul Krugman: More than that, the guest worker program would actually require that workers be only temporary visitors. There’s some economic logic in that — as Dani Rodrik at Harvard points out, a temporary guest-worker program spreads the gains more widely — but it’s politically awful.

Len Cassamas, Atlanta: I’ve just finished reading your column about the current immigration bill and would like to hear your opinion as an economist concerning one point that keeps digging at me.

In terms of pure economics, illegal immigrants come here because there is a market for their labor that pays them better than the labor market in their native land. I realize that I’m generalizing here and acting as if the only current illegal immigrants come from Mexico and Central America. I’ll admit up front that Hispanics make up only a portion — albeit the largest portion — of illegal immigrants. My point also holds true for many of the people who come here on scholastic visas and never leave, though. How would you suggest that we deal with this market if not through an official guest worker program?

The current method of dealing with it — through draconian anti-immigrant laws and now the building of an idiotic fence — have clearly done little to stanch the flow of people from other countries to this one. Since turning away immigrants can’t be as easily accomplished as it was in the 1920s, Ellis Island remains closed. Yet the immigrants continue to pour in. How can we discourage these visitors in a humane and, from the point of view of economic theory, practical manner?

Paul Krugman: I don’t think the people who come on scholastic visas are a problem — they bring skills, and we should welcome them. Less-educated Mexicans are the real problem, through no fault of their own. But there’s a lot we could do to limit illegal immigration, through workplace enforcement that falls well short of police state tactics. And letting in a few hundred thousand on temporary work permits will do little or nothing to reduce the illegal inflow.

Jeremy Matthews, Richardson, Tex.: Can you tell me what is the difference between a progressive and a liberal? Personally, I think many people use the term “progressive” because “liberal” has been so vilified by conservatives that people are afraid to call themselves liberals. The defensiveness may be due to liberal programs back in the sixties and seventies that had their faults. On the whole though, I think most were good policy and certainly better policy than Reagan’s or current administration’s policies. The liberal programs might have needed some adjustments, but not wholesale debunking. Perhaps a liberal is further left than a progressive, but I think liberals are essentially for the same kind of progress that progressives support, and a progressive is just a liberal in sheep’s clothing.

Paul Krugman: Personally I consider myself both progressive and liberal. But I know that some people associate “liberal” with a focus on social issues rather than political economy, which is why I used the progressive label today.

Joe Beckmann, Somerville, Mass.: First, the apartheid was precisely that in the Gilded Age. Nearly half of the adult males did not or could not vote, and no women voted. And the effect of the immigration wave was the political machine, where the individual vote meant less than a beer in the bar. In spite of this attenuated participation, both urban and rural progressivism flourished albeit in two different worlds.

Second, even legal immigrants don’t vote today, and the overall turnout is abysmal, making your case for suffrage more than moot. The illness of democracy is deeper than immigration, which is only one of the milder symptoms in this context. In any case, beware of attaching so much significance to the vote in today’s political environment, since there is so little urgency and so many contested ballots and newborn exceptions like felonies, that immigration is only a shadow in an already grim democratic system.

Paul Krugman: Women’s suffrage is another matter; it was a great thing when it came, but it didn’t much affect the economic balance of power.

As for immigration and voter participation, we’re talking about matters of degree. My Princeton colleague Nolan McCarty, with Keith Poole and Howard Rosenthal, has a book — “Polarized America” — which gives immigration a significant weight in explaining the tolerance of the electorate for unequalizing policies.

Par Kettis, Castine, Maine: Takes two to tango. For each illegal immigrant, there is at least one employer who illegally hired the immigrant. When the immigration authorities make a check, the operation picks up the foreign workers and puts them in custody while nothing happens with the employers — they just call in their lawyers to start a long legal process that seems to end up in confusion. The cases against the workers, on the other hand, end up in deportations.

The apartheid aspect is important, thank you for bringing it up. The international community worked with the apartheid issue for a long time, and finally it was eliminated. Israel, of course, also has a similar problem with the growing number of dissatisfied Palestinians. The U.S. so far resists the E.U. solution: regulating immigration, but giving those who are accepted a fairly decent treatment, Scandinavia is leading with giving legal immigrants the same rights as its own citizens.

Mimi Barron, Fredericksburg, Va.: This was a valuable and often missed concept to write about in your column. The more people who are not citizens working in a country but not voting certainly does dilute democracy’s aims. I had never thought of it so clearly. This is exactly why Jimmy Carter has called Israel’s management of the West Bank and Gaza apartheid for forty years now — for the labor of Palestinians who had no say about their lives, no vote for sure, simply because Israel chose to keep the West Bank and Gaza as occupied territories and not Israel proper. This decision was made to avoid coming up against the question of whether or not Palestinians were citizens of Israel, since Israel could not claim it was a democracy and have disenfranchised Palestinians. Jimmy Carter was right. And we could be wishing the same for the millions of immigrants, legal and illegal, who are doing our work for us, whether skilled or not.

Curtis Crowson, Douglasville, Ga.: The proposed guest worker program is a horrible thing. Not only does it create a permanent indentured servant class, it will bring in less-desirable workers into the country. Because the deal isn’t that good, the best and brightest won’t take it. Most people make rational economic choices.

Currently, we benefit greatly by siphoning off the best, brightest and most ambitious of the rest of the world. The people who risk coming here illegally have great ambitions for themselves and their families. They have seen the great beacon of the American dream and they want that dream. In most cases they will work hard for it. I would rather live with illegal immigration than create a slave class with no hope for citizenship. At least you know that illegal immigrants are willing to risk much for the American dream.

The problem, as you mentioned in the article, is how to control it enough so that we aren’t exploited by the aristocracy.

**Load-Date:** August 23, 2017

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[***Brief Reprieve for Some in Lead-Tainted Town***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44Y7-50P0-01CN-H38T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 19, 2002 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 4; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1366 words

**Byline:**  By JODI WILGOREN

**Dateline:** HERCULANEUM, Mo., Jan. 18

**Body**

Carol Miller's family lives in the world of no.

No playing on the swing set until someone washes off the black dust. No barbecues at Grandma's, where the view from the picnic table is of an enormous slag pile. No digging in the backyard.

No using the ceiling fan or opening windows in the Millers' cramped house here in the shadow of the nation's largest lead smelter, whose 550-foot smokestack towers over this Mississippi River town 30 miles south of St. Louis.

"I did not choose to be a mother this way," said Mrs. Miller, who attributes the hearing loss, attention deficit and stunted growth of her four children, ages 3 to 12, to the heightened levels of lead in their blood.

"A lot of it's, 'No, don't touch this, don't touch that,' " she said. "Can you imagine a nice pretty spring day, you want that nice fresh air? But then you look at the stack, and you say no."

The Millers are one of about 100 families waiting to be temporarily relocated by the Environmental Protection Agency in a huge cleanup already under way here in Herculaneum, a ***working-class*** town of 2,800 people where one-fourth of children under 6 were recently found to have lead poisoning.

But they, and many others, say spending a few months in a motel while their lawns and living rooms are decontaminated is insufficient. These residents want the smelter's owner, the Doe Run Company, to buy them out of their homes, whose property values are inversely related to the lead levels in the streets, the soil, the children.

The relocation, offered to families that have pregnant women or young children, renews decades-old questions over the dangers of lead, which is believed to hamper intelligence and contribute to kidney failure. People here believe it is also responsible for clusters of brain cancer and multiple sclerosis around town.

Developments in Herculaneum reflect in part a change in attitudes that frequently accompanies the transformation of the Midwest's industrial belt, as company towns like this one evolve into bedroom communities of commuters.

Whispers about lead pollution have circulated for generations in Herky, as the town is known, where smelter employees once numbered 1,000, lived in company-owned homes and charged groceries against their paychecks at the company store.

But it was only after a strike that broke the union a decade ago, and the dwindling of jobs at the plant to 250, that the bonds of corporate loyalty frayed enough for people to sue the company and speak out to the local press. Previously, "your neighbors worked there, relatives of neighbors worked there, and pushing the issue would put them out of a job," said Leslie Warden, an alderwoman who went to high school in Herky and bought a house two blocks from the smelter in 1991. "A lot of people now are thinking: 'That's all well and good, but what are the consequences? Are we sacrificing our children's health and our parents' health for this company?' "

Nationally, temporary relocations for lead contamination and other environmental problems are not infrequent, although having to move so large a portion of a small town is rare, particularly when, as in Herculaneum, the danger was so long suspected.

Perhaps the best-known examples of relocations stemming from contamination by toxic chemicals were those at Love Canal, the upstate New York community where 710 families were evacuated in 1978, and Times Beach, Mo., less than an hour's drive northwest of here, which in 1982-83 was abandoned by its residents, more than 2,000 in all.

Doe Run, a subsidiary of the Renco Group Inc., a privately owned diversified holding company based in New York, has 6,000 employees and $700 million in annual sales worldwide. It has spent $15 million in the last year to clean up Herculaneum, where its smelter produces 160,000 tons of lead a year. It has reduced emissions from the stack to a projected 34 tons this year, from 81 tons in 2001 and 800 tons annually a generation ago.

After local streets tested as high as 30 percent lead, the company also started operating a street sweeper daily and recently agreed to haul its ore by rail instead of trucks. It has given 426 residents high-performance vacuum cleaners and, under direction from the E.P.A. and the Missouri Natural Resources Department, is systematically replacing contaminated soil in the town's 535 parcels.

On Main Street, where signs are posted warning children not to play even on curbs, an excavator worked today in the yard of a house with a toddler's car seat on the porch. A few doors away, orange netting lay over the dug-up soil to mark contamination below. Farther up the hill, a lawn decontaminated last week was strewn with fresh straw.

"That was one of the reasons we bought the house -- it's got a great backyard; now they can't play in it," Catherine Malugen said of her children, ages 3 and 7, and the three-bedroom brick house the family bought for $112,000 in May 2000, just a year before the contamination issue erupted in a growing public debate. "We can't sell it. Who wants to buy it? Would you buy it?"

Doe Run has purchased 60 local homes in the last decade, and 24 more families have asked to be bought out in the last year. The company has been working with regulators for years to ease the problem of contamination; no one here seems to know why the issue has heated up so over the course of the last six months.

In any event, the company sees no reason for people to move out or for the E.P.A.'s temporary relocation of some of them, which Doe Run will most likely be asked to pay for.

"We're focused on the cleanup; that's where we're spending our money," said Barbara Shepard, a company spokeswoman. "We're part of that community, we've been a part of that community for a number of years, it's our intention to continue to be part of that community. The majority of the people recognize it's a good place to live, and they want to stay."

Indeed, Betty Black, who has lived near the plant for 24 years, lets her grandchildren, and the children for whom she baby-sits daily, play outside with no more precautions than buttoning jackets against the cold. Her soil was replaced last summer.

"They're bending over backwards to clean up the town," Mrs. Black said of the company, noting that its $750,000 a year in property taxes kept local schools operating. "There are a couple of people in this town who are radicals; their mouths are always going. They're out to get what they can from Doe Run."

About 4 percent of children across the country have lead poisoning, defined as having at least 10 micrograms of lead per deciliter of blood. (The average level, for people ages 1 to 70, is 2.3 micrograms.) But the rate of poisoned children is much higher in many places, including St. Louis, a city where it is about as high as Herculaneum's, largely because of lead paint in older buildings.

For the Millers, who bought their house 13 years ago, lead is laced through daily life. Opening bottles of Sunny Delight for breakfast this morning, 3-year-old Jesse said he needed to test it for lead. Before sitting down to Cream of Wheat and toast, Joey, 12, held his littlest brother over the sink to wash hands, a ritual repeated before and after each meal.

When Carol's husband, Joe, caught a big catfish in nearby Joachim Creek last summer, they did not eat it, for fear of contamination. Joey is not allowed to sign up for Little League, because of the lead in the local park. The children spend many hours parked in front of PlayStation; when they visit Mr. Miller's mother half a mile away, they watch cartoons instead of riding bikes.

The family is eager to be relocated, though the children are reluctant to leave friends and two cats, Callie and Felix. Like others, the Millers are also wary of returning, fearful of recontamination. They hope to learn at a community meeting next Tuesday where they would go, when they would leave and how long they would stay.

After struggling to follow all the lead-related rules, Mrs. Miller is now worried about the safety of sending her children to school in a taxicab from their temporary home. And if they end up in a motel, she wonders, how will she keep Jesse, not yet 4, from falling into the pool?

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

**Graphic**

Photos: In Herculaneum, dominated by the smokestack of the Doe Run Company's smelter, decades-long emissions of lead have brought street signs warning children not to play even on curbs, and keep the Miller family's children indoors much of the time. (Photographs by Tim Parker for The New York Times)(pg. A12) Map of Missouri highlighting Herculaneum: Herculaneum was once a prototypical company town. (pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** January 19, 2002

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[***Less Authentic, More Real; Paul Krugman***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5P9G-SNS1-JBG3-604X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

(Paul Krugman)

June 19, 2007 Tuesday 12:32 EST

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**Section:** OPINION

**Length:** 1734 words

**Highlight:** Paul Krugman responds to readers&#8217; comments on his June 11 column, &#8220;Authentic? Never Mind.&#8221; Jonathan Friedman, Bryn Mawr, Pa.: Thank you for your timely article. As the presidential primary campaigns gear up, I recently had a similar thought: why is the nation so obsessed with their president coming across as a regular guy? I remember [&#8230;]

**Body**

Paul Krugman responds to readers’ comments on his June 11 column, “[*Authentic? Never Mind*](http://select.nytimes.com/2007/06/11/opinion/11krugman.html).”

Jonathan Friedman, Bryn Mawr, Pa.: Thank you for your timely article. As the presidential primary campaigns gear up, I recently had a similar thought: why is the nation so obsessed with their president coming across as a regular guy? I remember how in 2004, the big news in Philadelphia was how Kerry couldn’t understand the needs of Philadelphians after he ordered Swiss cheese on his cheesesteak. Besides the fact that Kerry was a mediocre candidate, people went for George Bush because he was the plain spoken man who related to the common person, the guy who you’d like to sit around and have a beer with. But do people really think that ordinary Joe across the street would make a good president? What other country doesn’t want its head of state to be well-spoken and elite, or even invents ridiculous barometers like the beer one? It is not even the president’s job to represent the needs of the common person in Iowa, New Hampshire, or any other state- that’s the job of their congressmen. Unfortunately, I don’t think that the public will change their perspective of presidential campaigns any time soon, which is certainly abetted by the rise of TV news and the decline in popularity of print journalism.

Paul Krugman: I’d add that the Bush people thought they saw was a fiction from the beginning. The ranch in Texas, for example, was essentially a stage prop, acquired just before the 2000 campaign. But such things go oddly unmentioned.

Samantha Wolf, Stafford Springs, Conn.: F.D.R. was born to wealth. John Edwards — as he continuously points out — was not. It is not reasonable to expect a wealthy person to divest their total net worth in order to reach out and help the needy. It is just as unreasonable and unsettling to watch a candidate advocate for the poor while rapidly accumulating personal wealth. The message I get is this: I feel for you poor folks, but I sure don’t want to be like you. I used to support Edwards, but his over-the-top lifestyle turned me off completely. If he is so passionate about ending poverty, how about setting an example rather than spouting policies? Why not spend $50 for a haircut and give back the $350 to a Katrina victim? Why build a 28,000 sq. ft. home when a 6,000 sq. ft. home would work just as well? Then give back that excess money to inner city schools.

Especially after Bush, people want to assess a candidate’s true personality. Policies are merely ideas meant to sway voters. How a candidate actually lives is more indicative of his or her character. John Edwards is a wealthy man. If he lived reasonably in a very nice home, no eyebrows would ever be raised. But his extravagance while allegedly fighting poverty is jarring and suggests to me that he is not who he seems to be. His grassroots campaign asks people to contribute what they can. As hard-hit folks dig deep to give five dollars to his campaign, John Edwards spends $400 to get his hair cut — and charges the cost to his campaign.

Paul Krugman: This makes no sense. Earned wealth is worse than unearned? A candidate should be a saint, giving it all away to the poor, unless he inherited it?

RCTNYC, New York: Good that someone has finally mentioned F.D.R. when discussing the question of whether a rich candidate could serve the poor. I have thought of F.D.R. every time that I’ve heard someone question John Edwards’ motives merely because he is wealthy.

F.D.R. was a god in my house. His New Deal saved my grandparents, Italian immigrants living in Brooklyn, from financial disaster, built housing for my uncle and aunt and their new baby, and provided many in our ***working-class*** neighborhood with a job, an education and a future. I was in my teens before it dawned on me that anyone had voted against him; indeed, if you’d grown up in Brooklyn in the 1950s or ’60s, you’d have believed that F.D.R. had been re-elected by popular acclamation. The New Deal still ranks as the one national policy in our history that served the interests of ordinary citizens.

Moreover, as far as national security is concerned — without Lend/Lease, England might have fallen to Hitler, a disaster that would have resulted in a huge loss life and had a terrible effect on the U.S.’s prospects in World War II. F.D.R. had that one right, too.

I don’t know if Edwards is the real thing, but I sure don’t hold against him the fact that he has become rich.

Paul Krugman: Yep. It’s just weird that a rich guy who promotes policies that will make him even richer is considered somehow superior to someone who made a lot of money, and proposes raising his own taxes.

Chuck Shuford, Knoxville, Tenn.: I agree wholeheartedly in principle. The problem is, as we learned with our current president, candidates talk one way and govern another. So, I think people look for as much consistency as possible. We’re voting for moving targets. And, oh yeah, you may have lost some of my fellow Tennesseans when you said that Thompson had a can of Red Man. Red Man comes in a pouch.

Paul Krugman: Whoops on the can/pouch thing. I was just following what an article in the Tennessean said. The point is, don’t trust what journalists say about authenticity; they don’t apply a consistent standard.

John Woods, Madison, Wis.: You have once again affirmed Al Gore’s premise in “An Assault on Reason.” Forget the impressions lazy journalists are projecting onto this or that candidate. Look at what they are saying and what they are doing and have done. Al Gore said he was not very good at modern politics. By which he meant, it seems, he would likely be judged inauthentic because he also lives in a big house. Never mind that he has spoken with passion and reason about the war, about illegal wiretapping, about the global climate crisis and many other issues over the past several years. What difference does that make?

Being authentic is good, it seems to me, but I’m not going to vote for the person I feel is the most authentic. I’m going to vote for the person who has the best ideas for solving all the problems the current authentic president has caused.

Paul Krugman: Indeed. And as I’ve written, policy positions often tell you a lot about character, too.

Steve Henderson, Warren, N.J.: I get your point, but authenticity can and often does matter. For example, while I agree wholeheartedly with Al Gore’s position on global warming I am not so sure that he is the best spokesman given his energy-consumptive lifestyle. In fact, it is a negative to the cause of fighting global warming. On the other hand, if he lived in a 1700 (or less) sq. ft. house, drove a Smart Car and took public transportation, and opted for taking trains instead of planes, do you just think, Mr. Krugman, whether or not that kind of authenticity would make a difference in a leader? By the way, F.D.R. wasn’t bashing rich people for being rich. That’s why he could be both rich and help the poor while maintaining his authenticity.

Paul Krugman: So who’s bashing rich people for being rich? I don’t, neither does Edwards or Gore. We just want to tax them.

Steven Hitlin, Iowa City, Iowa: I am, as an academic liberal, a big fan of your editorial work and how you use your platform. I’ve done a good bit of reading/writing on the notion of ‘authenticity’, and wanted to point out a useful distinction that Lionel Trilling, I think, made between ‘sincerity’ and ‘authenticity’ in a book by that name.

Authenticity involves the extent to which one’s actions live up to one’s values, how people’s lives reflect their inner core. Sincerity involves how much a person’s outer display mirrors their inner feelings. So, authenticity is a life-course sort of issue, whereby people actually do what they morally feel they should. Sincerity is how well, say, Bush or Reagan can get you to believe you have a window into their soul.

That way, F.D.R., and hopefully Edwards as well, are authentic if they work in service of their values. Bush is, as well, since his values involve making it easier to create wealth. What he is good at, though, is obscuring those values and seeming sincere about his in-the-moment activities and odd statements. I’ve argued that to be a good teacher, for example, living up to one’s values of educating others, we have to be insincere on days where our feelings don’t match our job requirements. Being professional often means insincerity, but in the service of higher-order principles.

Loring Ivanick, Tokyo, Japan: Your columns are an English teacher’s dream: full of facts supporting an opinion and presented concisely. As for this column, of course authenticity can be faked. I am sure we are all hoping Daniel Radcliffe is, in real life, neither a Harry Potter nor an Alan Strang, and certainly not both at the same time. You don’t have to be a trained actor to be good at faking what you are in everyday life, assuming the real you is not a wizard or a boy very much into horses, but falling within the parameters of people we meet every day. Every human being has the capability to say one thing and mean/do the other. I think we learn how to do it by the age of 7 or 8. And as with most skills, if you practice it enough, you succeed in it more and more convincingly over time. You may even begin to believe the fiction yourself. The motivation to practice is there if, by faking, you get ahead faster than by being honest.

The odd thing is, that while the average person is equally skillful at seeing through the inauthentic people at work or at school, the cloyingly friendly waiter, and the exaggerations of their family or neighbors, too many voters seem to think they need the pundits to tell them who is being more honest with them in a campaign. All they need to do is to use the same skills they use in the office, at school, in the restaurant and at home. Those include comparing the words they are hearing to the facts they already know this may involve doing a little research to find out the facts, and listening to the candidate over time to see how consistent he/she is. We can each determine whether candidates are out to benefit all of us or only themselves or their group, just as we do with the people we encounter in our everyday lives. A shame more voters don’t seem to take the time to do this and instead listen to sound bites and pundits to make their decisions.

**Load-Date:** August 23, 2017

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[***CO-OP CITY: A REFUGE IN TRANSITION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9YB0-0007-H1M8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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

**Length:** 1113 words

**Byline:** By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN

**Body**

After an 18-year history punctuated by corruption charges, power struggles and a yearlong rent strike, Co-op City in the Bronx stands as one of the most politicized parcels of New York. At the same time, it remains one of the most hopeful, still true to its conception as a refuge for the middle class.

The contradictions of Co-op City -power politics and unalloyed idealism -will converge July 9, when its 55,000 residents vote on a state proposal to raise monthly carrying charges by 31.5 percent over five years and nine months. In return, the state would make available about $140 million for construction repairs.

For the salesmen and civil servants, the accountants and bakers, the people who see Co-op City as the only way station between the decaying neighborhoods they escaped and the affluent suburbs they cannot afford, no issue is more loaded.

Profoundly Mixed Feelings

Beyond that, the referendum comes after an unusually turbulent month. First the residents voted out Charles Parness, Co-op City's longtime leader. Then they learned that a former general manager of the housing complex had admitted taking more than $1 million in payoffs from contractors. It leaves many residents with profoundly mixed feelings about what is, in effect, their hometown.

''The idea of Co-op City is magnificent,'' said Lillian Ryer, a hospital secretary who has lived there since 1970. ''You've got everything here you could want. The elderly people are safe. You're never alone. Yes, the idea is wonderful.

''Unfortunately, the practice isn't. There are too many fingers in the pie, and there always have been. Co-op City was put together with spit, glue and graft. Not enough spit and glue. But plenty of graft.''

Freedom From the Tenement

Co-op City was born out of politics - as part of Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller's mammoth statewide building program -but it was also born out of dreams. On the ruins of an amusement park called Freedomland rose 15,000 cooperative apartments, and for the ***working class*** of the Bronx they offered home ownership and freedom from the tenement.

Then utopia met the real world. Co-op City today owes $150 million in mortgage payments to the state. Some 400 apartments sit vacant - even as a waiting list grows - because major mistakes must be repaired before they are inhabitable. In Co-op City, ''CD'' doesn't mean ''compact disk'' but ''construction defect.''

When it comes to partisan politics, Co-op City is where the clubhouse meets the high-rise. With one-quarter of the Democratic vote in the Bronx, Co-op City has become the prize in a battle between one Democratic faction led by Assemblyman Eliot L. Engel and another led by Charles and Sandra Parness, allies of Stanley M. Friedman, the Bronx Democratic leader, who has been indicted in the municipal corruption scandal.

No fewer than three Democratic clubs compete in Co-op City, and one of them is split into two camps meeting on different nights and swearing allegiance to different officers. In May, a slate of candidates backed by Mr. Engel won an overwhelming victory over Mr. Parness's team for control of the board of the Riverbay Corporation, the governing body for Co-op City.

The immediate issue was the rise in carrying charges. Mr. Parness's administration negotiated a six-year, 52.5 percent increase with the state. The candidates backed by Mr. Engel won election vowing to cut a better deal, and last week the Assemblyman announced one: a 31.5 percent rise spread across five years and nine months.

Democracy and Skepticism

As an exercise in democracy, the election proved so rancorous as to make a case for the quietude of monarchy. Opponents compared the Parness family to the Marcoses and Duvaliers. The husband of one of Mr. Parness's foes, meanwhile, said his wife suffered a miscarriage after campaign literature insinuated that the couple owed back rent.

For many residents, however, the election primarily served to confirm their skepticism about whoever rules and how they do it.

''I know what's going on and it's unfortunate - we have become a political football,'' said Seymour Zverin, a retired letter carrier who has lived in Co-op City for 15 years.

''It's who you know, not what you know,'' his wife Natalie, a retired bookkeeper, added.

Difficult to Decipher

Those who try to decipher Co-op City's politics often find themselves more baffled than when they began. The Parness family and Assemblyman Engel, archenemies this year, had been allies; until 1985, in fact, the Assemblyman kept Mrs. Parness on his staff. Nor does the local press offer many clues since The Co-op City Times is owned by the Riverbay Corporation.

''You can't pick up the paper and believe what you're reading,'' said Timothy Chung, personnel director for the New York Health & Racquet Club and a resident of Co-Op City for four years. ''Who wrote this article? Someone's brother-in-law? Nobody really knows.''

Yet Co-op City's highly political nature makes sense. The complex's ability to translate population into votes -clout, in a word - has brought its residents everything from Little League fields to the only cable television service in the Bronx.

For $1,750 a room, a resident can buy not simply an apartment but also entry to a 300-acre enclave with 90 stores, 25 garden clubs, 9 Girl Scout troops and 6 schools. Without leaving the complex, a resident can find matzoh ball soup and Hunan beef, religious services for various denominations, and meetings of the Golda Meir Club, the American Legion and Overeaters Anonymous.

The combination of low prices, nearby amenities and physical isolation initially attracted a Jewish and Italian-American population, largely from the Tremont, Fordham Road and Grand Concourse sections of the Bronx. Now Co-op City is 40 percent black and Hispanic. The complex also has drawn an increasing number of young professionals such as Mr. Chung.

'Best Deal in the City'

''I honestly believe it's the best deal in the city,'' Mr. Chung said. ''When my friends ask me why I live so far away, I say, 'I pay $301 a month, what do you pay?' '$800.' And that's for a studio. I have three and a half rooms with central air-conditioning.''

Older residents like the Zverins, though, see their foothold in Co-op City threatened by an increase in carrying charges. They now pay $381 a month for a two-bedroom apartment. Under the current plan, the rate would rise to more than $500.

''I'm not pleading poverty,'' Mr. Zverin said, ''but we're about to be priced out. It's one thing if you're still working and making $30,000 a year for the family. But if you take people like us, retired, making between $15,000 and $25,000 with no prospect of it going up, you're in trouble.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Co-op City (NYT/Alan Zale); Photo of Seymour and Natalie Zverin, and Lillian and Alfred Ryer, residents of Co-op City, in their respective homes

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[***Ideas & Trends;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1R00-008G-F2G1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Who Owns a Life? Asks a Poet, When His Is Turned Into Fiction***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1R00-008G-F2G1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 20, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By JAMES ATLAS

By JAMES ATLAS

**Body**

When David Leavitt set out to write "While England Sleeps," his new novel about literary London in the 1930's, he made no secret of his debt to the poet Stephen Spender's classic memoir of the period, "World Within World." "I'm perfectly willing to admit the fact that this novel uses his life as a springboard," Mr. Leavitt said in an interview just before the book was published last fall. "I'd never deny it."

Not that it would have made any difference if he had. Having learned of the striking resemblances between the two books, Mr. Spender sued Mr. Leavitt's British publisher, Viking Penguin, which was forced to withdraw the book. In an out-of-court settlement reached last week, Viking agreed not to continue selling the novel in its present form anywhere in the world. Future editions will appear with the offending passages deleted.

The book that Mr. Leavitt thought he wrote -- a recasting of an admired precursor's work -- has instead become a legal cause celebre. How much control can a writer exert over his own life? This was not just a legal dispute over literary borrowing but a clash between two writers of different generations and with different ideas about what is appropriate for the public to know about one's private life. What the younger man conceived as a tribute was to the older man a hideous invasion of privacy.

Mr. Spender's lawyers distilled his anguish into two legal claims: that Mr. Leavitt's book constituted a breach of copyright, and that it was in violation of Mr. Spender's "moral right" to his own work. Breach of copyright means, in essence, plagiarism, but moral right is harder to define. Its intent is broad: to protect authors from having their work adapted or altered against their will.

England is far stricter than the United States when it comes to protecting authors' rights. The English press baron Robert Maxwell could terrorize journalists and potential biographers simply by threatening to sue.

"In general, it is much easier for subjects of books to prevail in English courts against writers," said Kevin Goering, a media lawyer who has handled literary cases both here and abroad. "In part this is because there is no First Amendment or other constitutional protection that could prevent plaintiffs from obtaining restraints against publication."

When does a writer cross the line between recounting, in his own words, a familiar story and pirating someone's life? Mr. Spender's memoir, a vivid reconstruction of his early years -- his friendships with the Oxford poets W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice, his adventures in Germany just before the outbreak of World War II, his travels to Spain on assignment for The Daily Worker in the midst of the Spanish Civil War -- charts a familiar intellectual pilgrimage that has been recounted in innumerable memoirs and biographies. But it's also a deeply personal book; the author's sexual confusion is never very far from the surface. The conflict between Mr. Spender's attraction to men and his desire to lead a normal domestic life -- he married twice -- is one of his primary themes.

"I suspect that many people feel today that a conception of friendship which can be labeled homosexual, on account of certain of its aspects, excludes normal sexual relationships," he wrote in the book, "and conversely that the heterosexual relationship should preclude those which might be interpreted as homosexual."

Whatever else it is, "World Within World" is a book about sexual identity and freedom. It insists upon the importance of exploring one's sexual nature -- whatever that nature may be. That it does so "within the limits of certain inevitable reticences," as Mr. Spender put it in a preface, doesn't make his book any less candid.

But the world has changed dramatically in the four decades since it was written. Reticence isn't inevitable; it's virtually unheard of. Mr. Spender's book, explicit for its day, is demure about his sex life. He speaks of "friendship," of "paternalistic feelings," of "someone I love." He makes clear that he sometimes lived with men, and hints of romantic involvements with them. The bedroom door, however, is firmly shut.

Mr. Leavitt's novel, explicit for its day, leaves nothing to the imagination. "The details of homo-erotic copulation are presented in rich profusion and in clinical, often scatological, detail," Bernard Knox noted in The Washington Post. (It was Mr. Knox, an eminent classicist and himself a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, who called attention to the parallels between the two books.) "While England Sleeps" provides one of the most graphic accounts of homosexual sex -- what the biographer Richard Ellmann once called "the precise anatomical convolutions" -- ever written for a general audience.

That Mr. Leavitt borrowed his plot from "World Within World" is beyond argument. His main character, Brian Botsford, is a writer from a family very much like Mr. Spender's; Edward Phelan, the ***working-class*** bloke he gets involved with, is modeled on the poet's friend Jimmy Younger.

Homage and Protest

Some lines in the two books are indisputably similar. Mr. Spender writes of Jimmy: "He wanted to go back to England and be an 'ordinary chap.' He would like to have a job in a factory or bottle-washing." In the Leavitt novel, Edward says: "Now I want only to go home and live simply with my family, getting a job in a factory or washing dishes." Indoctrinated with the Party line, Jimmy criticizes Spender's "bourgeois attitude"; Edward criticizes Brian's "bourgeois mentality."

There's nothing scandalous about this sort of borrowing. The history of literature is a history of appropriation. Shelley's gothic novel, "Zastrozzi," is a deliberate pastiche of novels and stories by his well-known predecessors Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe, right down to the characters' names. Joyce plundered the entire canon of English literature, adapting it for his own purposes. Literature, like property, is theft.

Mr. Leavitt intended his book as an act of homage; he said he planned to acknowledge his debt to Mr. Spender in his dedication until a lawyer for his American publisher advised him against it. Of homage and perhaps of protest: By writing frankly about matters that Mr. Spender was prevented from addressing, he would strike a blow for sexual freedom, affirm what the older writer could only intimate -- the validity of romantic and sexual love between men. Liberated from the constraints of an earlier, more repressive age, "While England Sleeps" is very much a novel of the moment.

But novels are not biographies. Fiction that draws upon real life seems more invasive than nonfiction precisely because it makes no distinction between what's true and what is not. Biography enjoys a more permissive standard of candor: the reader can assume it is based on verifiable fact. James Miller had no trouble publishing his recent biography of the French social theorist Michel Foucault, which offers a stark portrait of the homosexual underworld of baths and bars that flourished in San Francisco before AIDS; Andrew Motion got away with a biography of Philip Larkin that includes disquisitions on his preferences in pornography. Mr. Spender himself was the subject of an uninvited biography last year that covered the same territory as "While England Sleeps." (He wasn't happy about that book, either.)

It's not Mr. Leavitt's liberal appropriation of Mr. Spender's life that offended him. It's what he made of it. "I don't see why he should unload all his sexual fantasies onto me in my youth," Mr. Spender complained to The Washington Post. "If he wanted to write about his sexual fantasies, he should write about them as being his, not mine."

The facts about the poet's life are in the public domain; what he actually did in bed remains in the domain of imagination.

It's that realm that Mr. Leavitt unwittingly invaded.

**Graphic**

Photo: Stephen Spender, in a 1941 photograph by Bill Brandt. (Courtesy of J-P Kernot)

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[***WEST BANK MASSACRE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1N00-008G-F0J3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Seed Planted in Brooklyn Blooms as Violence***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1N00-008G-F0J3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By DAVID FIRESTONE

By DAVID FIRESTONE

**Body**

Baruch Goldstein's journey through the West Bank settler movement ended singularly on Friday when he fired his assault rifle at a congregation of Palestinians. But the journey began 11 years before in the same place as so many others have: the borough of Brooklyn.

Thousands of New Yorkers, many of them from Brooklyn and Queens, have moved into the white concrete houses and apartment blocks of the West Bank since the settler movement began after Israel captured the territories in 1967. Some, like Dr. Goldstein, who was born in Bensonhurst, have gravitated toward the extremes of anti-Arab furor, while others lead placid, less political lives, commuting from the territories to jobs inside Israel.

Almost all are part of a pipeline of Orthodox Jews from neighborhoods like Borough Park and Flatbush that has helped fuel the growth of Jewish settlement from a few dots on a map of the Israeli-Occupied Territories to a significant political force.

The movement's political influence has diminished since the Likud Government of Yitzhak Shamir was replaced by the Labor Government of Yitzhak Rabin in 1992. But its militant and at times violent opposition to the peace agreement between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization threatens to disrupt the peace talks.

Near the Militant Edge

Even before his attack on worshipers in the mosque in Hebron on Friday, Dr. Goldstein positioned himself near the edge of an already militant movement, issuing public calls for the forcible expulsion of Arabs from a greater Israel and referring to them as "Nazis." But in fact, Dr. Goldstein's oratory was simply an echo of Rabbi Meir Kahane, founder of the Jewish Defense League and the Israeli Kach party, who was assassinated in 1990 in New York. He was the spiritual mentor of the gunman and of many others who left the boroughs for the territories.

Much of the bristling intensity of Rabbi Kahane's movement and the settlers he influenced can be traced to tensions between Jews and blacks that began 25 years ago, producing a strain of religious combativeness that continues, in a somewhat different form, to this day.

"If you look at what made Kahane, it all took place in Brooklyn," said Rabbi Shea Hecht, a Hasidic leader who is chairman of the Crown Heights Coalition. "The riots in the sixties, the things between the blacks and the Jews going on -- it's very natural that these are the people who pick themselves up and follow him to Israel." He explained that many of those who considered themselves fighters against anti-Semitism in Brooklyn took up a similar fight when they arrived on the West Bank and encountered new hostility.

Rabbi Kahane founded his movement in Brooklyn and Queens, and it was in those boroughs that his message found its greatest appeal. His earliest organizing attempts were in ***working-class*** neighborhoods in central Brooklyn that were once heavily Jewish, but which began shifting toward black and Hispanic majorities in the late 1960's. Playing on Jewish fears of black militancy, he distributed .22-caliber rifles and organized armed patrols in areas like East Flatbush, urging young residents toward armed confrontation.

A Testing Ground?

"You're dealing with an area like Crown Heights or East Flatbush, where you have someone like Sonny Carson," Rabbi Kahane told The New York Times in 1971, referring to the black organizer. "Now, how do you get Sonny Carson out, especially when the Jews are terrified? They're afraid to call the police. They're afraid of doing anything." He added: "You don't sit down with Sonny Carson. Sonny Carson does not listen. With Sonny Carson, you walk in and you say: 'Sonny baby, you gonna get out? Or do we have to cut you up?' "

In a 1985 column in The Jewish Press, he said much the same about Arabs in complaining about Israeli Government inaction: "But Kahane the Arab understands well. He understands that Kahane understands him, that Kahane knows that there are no partial answers to the Arab threat. Kahane knows that only expulsion, ridding the land of them will save Israel. . . . And so of course the Arab is terrified of Kahane."

Dov Hikind, a state assemblyman from Borough Park and a former Jewish Defense League leader, portrayed Rabbi Kahane's Brooklyn as an early testing ground for the Jewish response to modern anti-Semitism.

"In those days, there were many communities in Brooklyn that felt themselves under siege," said Mr. Hikind, who spoke at Rabbi Kahane's funeral. "The neighborhoods were changing, and it was a natural place to get involved in organizing to deal with things like that."

Mr. Hikind said there was no connection between the muscular response to racial tension that gave rise to the Jewish Defense League and the violence that has grown out of religious nationalism on the West Bank.

Close Ties to Kahane

"There is no way in the world that Rabbi Kahane would have condoned anything like this tragedy," Mr. Hikind said. "You can't blame him for people out there who are very sick and like to latch on to him."

Friends of Dr. Goldstein say he was more than simply an admirer of Rabbi Kahane; he was a close associate, traveling frequently with him and helping organize Kach, Rabbi Kahane's Israeli political party, in the 1980's.

Barbara Ginsburg, the director of Kach International, said the two men were so close that Dr. Goldstein served as the rabbi's campaign manager for an Israeli Parliament seat.

When Rabbi Kahane moved to Israel in 1971, he quickly became a hero to many in the settler movement, centered in the ancient town of Hebron.

In his 1992 book, "Zealots for Zion," Robert I. Friedman noted that posters of Rabbi Kahane are plastered throughout the family compound of Rabbi Moshe Levinger, the father of the ultra-nationalist Gush Emunim settler movement, who lives in Hebron.

It was Rabbi Kahane, Mr. Friedman wrote, who broke the taboo on discussing the expulsion of Arabs from Israel, only to be followed by settler leaders and nationalist politicians.

Another Side of the Story

Some Brooklyn leaders say the borough's prominence in the settler movement has nothing to do with the ideology that produced Rabbi Kahane and Dr. Goldstein, but rather springs from the fact that it contains the Diaspora's largest concentration of Orthodox Jews.

"Of the 2,000 American Jews who made aliyah to Israel last year, about 25 percent came from the Brooklyn area," said Herbert Bomzer, rabbi of Young Israel of Ocean Parkway, where Rabbi Kahane's funeral was held. "Why is that? It's simply because we have so many Zionist-oriented yeshivot here who teach a great love for Israel. People grow up here and want to move to Israel and be where the action is, and nowadays, that's on the frontier."

But others among Rabbi Kahane's ideological heirs say the link is less coincidental. There is no better preparation for life in the rough neighborhoods of the West Bank, they say, than life in the rough neighborhoods of Brooklyn.

"You don't want to indict all of Brooklyn Jewry for this one case," said Steve Segal, a Brooklyn leader of the Jewish Defense Organization, an offshoot of the Jewish Defense League that says it has repudiated Rabbi Kahane. "But let's face it. You grow up in a neighborhood where you're surrounded by violence, and then you move to Israel and you run into the same garbage. We don't endorse this kind of immoral act, but that's what happens when you grow up in a bad area."

**Graphic**

Photo: Baruch Goldstein. (Reuters) (pg. 16)

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[***A Little Law School Does Battle With the A.B.A.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1WT0-008G-F1RV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MARGOT SLADE

By MARGOT SLADE

**Body**

Last year a young law school in Massachusetts failed to win accreditation from the American Bar Association.

If that occurrence seemed entirely unremarkable at the time, the same cannot be said now. In fact, it may prove to have been the flashpoint of an uprising that, in the extreme, could ultimately cripple the association's 70-year-old authority to accredit American law schools.

The spurned institution, the little-known Massachusetts School of Law, in Andover, has only 800 or so students but responded to the rejection like a behemoth. It filed an antitrust suit that challenges the A.B.A.'s accreditation process, charging that a select group of association insiders acts as a kind of cartel by imposing costly and unnecessary standards that protect the financial interests of professors, law librarians and standardized-test services.

The cost of this protection is shouldered largely by students, the suit argues, because they are frequently denied a solid legal education placing emphasis on practice -- rather than on theory -- that they could acquire from innovative law schools that see the folly of the association's standards and are unwilling or unable to abide by them.

A Rise of 'Vital Issues'

"If the bar association loses the suit, the whole house of cards falls apart," said Colin S. Diver, the dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

Like most other law school deans interviewed, Mr. Diver said he knew little about the Massachusetts School of Law and had "no opinion of whether it is any good or deserves accreditation." But the school's broadside, he said, has "raised vital legal and philosophical issues" about the association's power over legal education.

The association's accrediting officers and their supporters are less impressed, particularly with the suit's argument that the standards discriminate against innovative schools.

Henry Ramsey Jr., dean of the Howard University Law School, who is former chairman of the A.B.A.'s accreditation body, stressed that the standards were nothing other than minimum requirements, then added:

"Once you meet them, you can go ahead and be as innovative as you want. I don't think any fair-minded or objective person looking at legal education can say that the accrediting criteria stifle innovation. Just look at the schools that are innovative and have been accredited."

Attack on Two More Fronts

While the suit begins making its way through the pipeline of the Federal courts, the Massachusetts School of Law has not stopped there. It has also asked the United States Department of Education to strip the association of all accrediting power. And next Tuesday in Kansas City, Mo., it will go over the head of the A.B.A.'s accrediting arm -- the 18-member Council of the Section of Legal Education and Admissions to the Bar -- and appeal directly for approval from the policymaking House of Delegates, meeting in convention. After a floor debate on Tuesday morning, the delegates are scheduled to vote to either grant or deny accreditation.

Certainly the association's leadership cannot relish either prospect. By accrediting the school, the delegates would be overturning the decision of the legal education section, a public slap at the accrediting arm that would apparently be without precedent.

But by rebuffing the school, the delegates would be inviting a continuation of the antitrust case, its outcome uncertain.

The suit contends that within the legal education section, a small group of law school deans, professors, law librarians and practitioners have controlled accreditation for the last 20 years, rotating among formal positions on committees, councils and boards that deal with law school practices.

By enforcing its own standards on matters like student-teacher ratios, the number of hours professors may teach, even faculty salaries and the books that a school must purchase for the library, this group illegally controls competition among law schools, the suit says.

Longtime Authority

At stake in the outcome is the system that has governed American legal education for three-quarters of a century. The A.B.A., now recognized by the Department of Education as an accrediting agency, has had such power as a practical matter since 1921. It was then that the states' highest courts, which control admission to the practice of law, granted the association supervisory educational authority.

In 42 states, graduation from an A.B.A.-accredited school is now a prerequisite for taking the bar examination. "Obviously this makes it difficult for us to attract more students," said Lawrence R. Velvel, the dean of the Massachusetts School of Law. "Right now our students can take the Massachusetts bar exam, since we are accredited by the state. But they cannot practice in most other states, and they cannot transfer to or do postgraduate work at A.B.A.-approved law schools."

James P. White, who as the A.B.A.'s Consultant on Legal Education is a central member of the small group that the lawsuit portrays as a cartel, declined to speak of the suit in detail. But, like Mr. Ramsey of Howard University, he dismissed any notion that the standards had been a negative influence on education.

Mr. White also noted that since 1973, when the association adopted its current standards, it had accredited 25 new law schools, more than 80 percent of the schools that had sought approval during that period. There are now 176 A.B.A.-accredited law schools in the United States, he said.

Among the association's standards is a requirement that the ratio of students to full-time faculty be no more than 30 to 1. The association also requires that faculty members be paid salaries comparable to those at competing schools, and, for the sake of research and classroom preparation, it limits the average number of hours that a professor may teach (10 a week), as well as the number of months (nine a year).

"Many of the standards are too detailed, too specific," said Lance Liebman, dean of the Columbia University Law School, "like the number of chairs you have to have in your library, the number of books on the library shelves, which doesn't make sense at a time when students can get much of this information electronically on computer."

The Cost of Education

Mr. Velvel, the dean at the Massachusetts School of Law, argues that "the current accreditation criteria strike at the very heart of our mission, which is to provide affordable, high-quality legal education to people from less-than-privileged backgrounds." These, he said, include "minority members, white ethnics, middle-aged people changing careers and members of the ***working class*** -- people who cannot afford the prevailing law school tuitions that run from $15,000 to $20,000 a year."

Tuition at his school is $9,000 a year, Mr. Velvel said, a result, in part, of using a large number of adjunct professors active in the practice of law, rather than a requisite number of full-time academics, and of relying on electronic data bases and interlibrary loans instead of "expensive hard-cover volumes of statutes and court decisions that the A.B.A. wants to see on our library shelves."

The association's officers say that the current standards have been under review for months and that new ones will probably be drawn up in the next year. "That includes the library standards, which should take account of modern technology," Mr. White said.

But he and other current and former A.B.A. officials reject the suit's contention that innovation has been stifled. Mr. Ramsey, for example, cited accredited schools like the City University of New York Law School, which has a "heavy emphasis on clinical education and service in the public sector, very different from mainstream law schools"; the Vermont School of Law, with its emphasis on environmental law, and George Mason Law School, "which certainly marches to a different drummer" by emphasizing law and economics."

**Graphic**

Photo: A lawsuit filed by the Massachusetts School of Law, in Andover, charges that the A.B.A.'s accreditation process frequently denies students a solid legal education with an emphasis on practice -- rather than on theory -- that they could acquire from innovative schools unable or unwilling to abide by the association's standards. Students at the school practiced for the American Trial Lawyers Competition. (Evan Richman for The New York Times)

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[***Land of Plenty***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NXX-W600-TW8F-G28K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By GEORGE F. WILL

George F. Will is a syndicated columnist.

**Body**

THE AGE OF ABUNDANCE

How Prosperity Transformed

America's Politics and Culture.

By Brink Lindsey.

394 pp. Collins/HarperCollins Publishers. $26.95.

AFTER the privations of the Depression and war years, Congress passed and President Harry Truman signed the Employment Act of 1946, which made it federal policy to maintain ''the propensity to consume.'' The choice of the word ''propensity'' would have seemed droll, were any Congress capable of drollery. That mild noun hardly does justice to the primal urge, the almost metabolic necessity, for consumption that Americans felt as they came up, as it were, for their first breath of air since October 1929.

Youth, too, came knocking at the door of prosperity, eager -- and able -- to participate in the fun. On Dec. 15, 1954 , ABC Tele vision showed the first installment of the series ''Davy Crockett.'' There were only three initial installments, the last of which was broadcast on Feb. 23, 1955. By then there was a nationwide craze for coonskin caps. By 1956, the average teenager's weekly income/allowance was $10.55, equal to the disposable income of a family in the early 1940s.

Yet material well-being brought a new kind of uneasiness. In his address to the 1964 Republican National Convention , which nominated him for president, Barry Goldwater spoke of ''the many who look beyond material success for the inner meaning of their lives.'' Six months later , President Lyndon B. Johnson, in his 1965 State of the Union address, spoke of a coming moment when ''freedom from the wants of the body can help fulfill the needs of the spirit.''

Ever since mass affluence, a phenomenon without precedent in the human story, exploded upon postwar America, social and political theorists have wondered, and worried, about the moral and even the spiritual consequences of material conditions. Putting scarcity behind us has been pleasant, but has it been good for us -- meaning good for our souls?

Half a century before the postwar era began, the connection between one kind of abundance and national character was postulated by Frederick Jackson Turner , who argued that America's democratic culture was shaped by the fact of the frontier, which promised land for all comers. In 1954 , the historian David M. Potter , in ''People of Plenty: Economic Abundance and the American Character,'' explored, among other subjects, how the ubiquity of advertising (also a preoccupation of John Kenneth Galbraith's ''Affluent Society,'' in 1958 ) conditions Americans' consciousness. In 1976 , the sociologist Daniel Bell warned about what he called ''the cultural contradictions of capitalism,'' by which he meant the tendency (or so he thought) of the abundance that capitalism produces to subvert the attitudes and aptitudes necessary for capitalism's success -- thriftiness, industriousness, the ability and willingness to defer gratifications.

It took confidence for Brink Lindsey, of the libertarian Cato Institute in Washington, to venture onto this well-plowed ground with ''The Age of Abundance: How Prosperity Transformed America's Politics and Culture.'' This constantly stimulating book vindicates that confidence. His thesis, stated ironically with Karl Marx's categories, is that in the second half of the 20th century, America left the ''realm of necessity'' and entered the ''realm of freedom.'' Americans ''live on the far side of a great fault line'' separating them from all prior human experience.

''Americans,'' Lindsey writes, ''have become a different kind of people,'' transformed by capitalism's fecundity. Although often ''derided for its superficial banality,'' materialism has resulted in ''a flood tide of spiritual yearning.''Various scolds and worrywarts have exclaimed, with Wordsworth, that ''getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.'' To such Jeremiahs, Lindsey provides an essentially cheerful, although not altogether so, counterpoint: affluence has made America a more libertarian, and hence a nicer, place.

First came material improvement. Until very recently, he notes, when people prayed for their daily bread, they often were praying for just that. Not so long ago, many ordinary lives of quiet desperation ended especially dismally: about 10 percent of burials in New York City in 1889 were in potter's fields. In 1900, 1.75 million children between the ages of 10 and 15 -- almost one-fifth of all children in that age cohort -- were in the work force. Children provided one-fourth to one-third of the incomes for ***working-class*** families, which spent more than 90 percent of their household earnings on food, shelter and clothing. In 1900, Americans spent nearly twice as much on funerals as on medicine, and less than 2 percent of Americans took vacations.

Fast-forward to the end of the 1950s, when suddenly the number of Americans enrolled in colleges exceeded the number of American farmers. That decade, which has more than its fair share of cultured despisers, is remembered principally for (in Lindsey's unenthralled description) ''climbing the company ladder and winning the rat race and keeping up with the Joneses.'' But these preoccupations, even obsessions, were, Lindsey says, ''freely chosen -- which meant that other choices were possible.'' The people who would eventually make other choices, and who by doing so would threaten the postwar social order, ''lay in the quiet night of suburbia, slumbering in the children's bedrooms.''

By 1960, in ''The End of Ideology,'' Daniel Bell had written that ''the workers, whose grievances were once the driving energy for social change, are more satisfied with the society than the intellectuals.'' By the end of that decade, those slumbering children had awakened and gone to college. There they worked out a stance toward life suited to the first generation that knew only a condition that no other generation had ever known -- the absence of scarcity.

''Rather than serving as a balm,'' Lindsey writes, ''affluence acted as instigator and rabble-rouser'' as Americans, and especially the young, became increasingly impatient with any conventions that restrained selfrealization. A 1962 Gallup poll found that only 10 percent of mothers hoped their daughters would emulate the choices they had made in their lives. The mothers got their wish.

Their daughters and sons were raised in accordance with precepts from another product of 1946 , Benjamin Spock's parenting manual, which took a benign view of children's instinctual lives. Soon, Lindsey says, these instincts produced a market for a new product -- ''rock 'n' roll, the music of libidinal release.'' ''Who do you sound like?'' asked a secretary at a Memphis recording studio in August 1953, when a truck driver came in seeking a singing career. ''I don't sound like nobody,'' answered Elvis Presley.

The 1960s were 129 days old when, on May 9, the Food and Drug Administration approved the birth control pill, one enabler of the decade's cultural ferments. ''More than two-thirds of women who turned 18 during the '50s,'' Lindsey reports, ''claimed to have slept with only one man by their 30th birthday. By contrast, only 2 percent of women who reached adulthood during the '70s would admit similar restraint.'' By then, Lindsey says, a great sorting-out had occurred: ''On the left gathered those who were most alive to the new possibilities created by mass affluence but who, at the same time, were hostile to the social institutions responsible for creating those possibilities. On the right, meanwhile, rallied those who staunchly supported the institutions that created prosperity but who shrank from the social dynamism they were unleashing.''

This political conflict quickly found religious expression. ''The antinomian excesses of the countercultural left'' provoked ''the dogmatic excesses of the religious right.'' Still, Lindsey believes that the new dimension of liberty -- emancipation from the preoccupation with subsistence -- has been a boon because material security has reduced ''stress.'' And that has reduced ''the appeal of inflexible moral norms,'' and unleashed a ''sustained and furious assault'' on other cultural constraints that might interfere with the pursuit of happi ness. This is why the supposedly grayflannel, buttoned-down, ''conformist'' 1950s were pregnant with the cultural commotions of the 1960s. And the 1960s culture -- the preoccupation with self- fulfillment and cultural acknowledgment -- has never ended.

Affluence, Lindsey writes, has provided ''a mad proliferation of choices -- and what, in the end, is freedom but the ability to choose?'' Well.

Praise for Edmund Burke is a kind of tic on the part of some conservatives, arising more from reflex than reflection. However, Burke provided a discomforting postulate that is a perennial challenge to conservatives of a libertarian tendency, like Lindsey: ''The effect of liberty to individuals is that they may do what they please: we ought to see what it will please them to do, before we risk congratulations.''

At one point Lindsey says that ''contrary to those under the spell of the romantic delusion, not all limitations on choice are the enemies of freedom.'' Yet elsewhere he seems to say that the task of expanding freedom amounts to, and requires, nothing more than the expansion of the range of available choices. That leaves a question -- one of the biggest questions in political philosophy since Hobbes -- unaddressed:

Is liberty valuable because it promotes virtuous behavior? Or is liberty merely necessary because, given that there are deep disagreements about what virtuous behavior is, we must agree to leave one another a lot of social space to do as we please, or we shall not have social peace?

Lindsey tantalizes readers with some pithy judgments that call for more elaboration than he supplies, as when he denounces ''the naive equation of the virtuous and the uninhibited, a proposition that collapsed the distinction between individualism and infantilism.'' And he acutely sees that ''the Aquarian project'' had its own cultural contradictions: ''Without the immensely intricate division of labor developed and constantly elaborated by capitalism, there would have been no mass affluence; without mass affluence, there could have been no counterculture.''

Lindsey is an economic thinker who, like John Maynard Keynes, has a flair for lapidary summations: ''Thus did the miracle in Bethlehem make way for the miracle on 34th Street.'' He means that there is a cultural connection between the manger and Macy's. The connection is the one that Max Weber discerned in ''The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism'' (1905). Several centuries of what Weber called the bourgeoisie's ''worldly asceticism'' -- self- denial for the purpose of accumulation -- produced abundance. And that made possible mass hedonism, ''a free-for-all of feverish and unquenchable desire,'' Lindsey says, as '' 'enough' proved an ever- receding horizon.''

He believes that ''the common commitment to chase that horizon became the glue that held an increasingly pluralistic society together.'' Piffle. America's remarkable social cohesion is not reducible to that. We are a creedal nation, dedicated to a proposition, which is approximately this: All people are created equal and have a right to spacious freedom that produces unequal outcomes.

Lindsey rightly says that ''today's typical red-state conservative is considerably bluer on race relations, the role of women and sexual morality than his predecessor of a generation ago.'' And ''the typical bluestate liberal is considerably redder than his predecessor when it comes to the importance of markets to economic growth, the virtues of the two-parent family and the morality of American geopolitical power.'' In ''the bell curve of ideological allegiance,'' the large bulging center has settled, for now, on an ''implicit libertarian synthesis, one which reaffirms the core disciplines that underlie and sustain the modern lifestyle while making much greater allowances for variations within that lifestyle.'' If so, material abundance has been, on balance , good for us, and Lindsey's measured cheerfulness is, like his scintillating book, reasonable.

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

**Graphic**

Photo (illustration by Wink)

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[***WESTCHESTER OPINION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B780-0007-H2XR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***MEMORY OF VIETNAM: A LESSON***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B780-0007-H2XR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 25, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 11WC; Page 26, Column 1; Westchester Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1139 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM SHEERIN; William Sheerin lives in Bronxville and teaches at Yorktown High School.

**Body**

NOT long ago my wife and I took a trip to Washington with our 9-year-old son. As luck would have it, we lost our way for a time after entering the District and ended up driving through what seemed a maze of residential streets before suddenly coming upon the Capitol, its columns and dome resplendent in the midafternoon sunshine.

Twenty-three years had passed since my last visit during the summer following my sophomore year in high school. So much had changed over those years - in the world, in the nation, in my own life - that it seemed strange to experience the same thrill driving along the Mall to the Washington Monument and on past the Lincoln Memorial. Yes, it was all still there, not diminished by grime or graffiti as I had imagined, but pretty much the same as it had looked back in '62.

In the evening we walked down Constitution Avenue to the city's newest monument, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. We had, of course, read about it and seen pictures of it in magazines and on television. Yet being there is an experience of another order - the simplicity of the place, the endless list of names, the reflective quality of the polished black granite all seem to lead the viewer to look for a personal meaning of one's own. To me it seemed inevitably an antiwar memorial, evoking above all a sense of human loss, of tragedy, of waste.

The light was beginning to fail and people were taking out flashlights to search for familiar names on the wall. Some were leaving mementos at the base; a few were crying. I felt like an intruder, like a voyeur gawking at someone else's private grief. And my uneasiness was tinged with something more, something approaching guilt.

On the face of it, there was no reason to feel guilty. I certainly hadn't done anything to harm any of these people whose names are inscribed on the wall, and I hadn't rooted for the enemy like some of those in the antiwar movement who were always waving their Viet Cong flags. I had opposed the war because it seemed that we were simply thowing away lives there in a futile cause. Standing up to Communism might make sense in Korea or Germany or perhaps even Eastern Europe someday - so long as we were fighting for realistic goals and alongside people who were committed to fighting for themselves. Vietnam just wasn't such a place.

Coming of age in the campus climate of the late 60's, though, this sort of thinking was definitely out of favor. The left-wing orthodoxy had it that one should oppose the war because the good guys were on the other side and our people were baby-killers or, at best, pawns of capitalist exploitation. The gung-ho right wingers were equally possessed with their ideology; any battlefield was an appropriate one if there were Communists to be killed. There was, it seemed, no middle ground.

At college, the R.O.T.C. reviews turned into an incongruous weekly spectacle - the young cadets strutting their stuff as the band played ''Garry Owen,'' the antiwar demonstrators marching around the parade ground singing Phil Ochs songs and taunting the cadets, the jocks taking breaks from their touch football games to make fun of the anti-war people and chant ''Nuke Hanoi!'' or ''Ram the Cong!'' (a variation on old Fordham cheers like ''Ram the Hoyas!'' and ''Ram the Redmen!'') It was as if many of us, whatever our backgrounds or political leanings, had come to see life itself as one more big game - get with a team, don't quibble over the game plan, bust some heads if necessary but just make sure you win. The rancor of those days, the violence, the confrontationist mentality, the ''nonnegotiable demands'' all seemed to indicate that some sort of misguided machismo had come to grip the national mood.

Of course, it was not total insanity back then. There were antiwar groups that favored communication over confrontation and which tried to personally take their message to the public at large. Eventually I made my way into such a group and enjoyed what seemed to be some modest success talking with people in the ***working-class*** neighborhoods of the Bronx and upper Manhattan, where I lived during my student days.

There were considerable numbers of people supporting the war who would, in fact, listen - if you made it clear that you weren't some wiseguy out to ''radicalize'' them or belittle their love of country. But it was slow going and sometimes it seemed as if we were laboring against the tide.

My own involvement in the antiwar movement started to ebb following the ''Moratorium Day'' protest in the fall of 1969. Proponents of Nixon's war policy had asked people to drive with headlights on during the daylight hours to show their support for the President.

I'll never forget the frustration and bitterness I felt standing with a group of friends on the corner of 207th Street and Broadway in upper Manhattan, seeing lights shining on virtually every car and truck in every direction, as far as the eye could see. So much for our ''modest success.'' Suit yourselves, you fools - I thought to myself - it's your kids who are doing the dying.

As things turned out, neither I nor any of my college friends ever set foot in Vietnam. All of us managed to avoid it - whether through a deferment, a stint in the reserves or just the good fortune of a high number in the draft lottery. And while we may not admit it openly, I suspect that more than a few of us still feel uneasy about the whole thing, still are perplexed by questions we haven't fully articulated - let alone resolved.

What is it then that we feel? Is it guilt after all? Should we feel guilty about not taking part in such an ill-conceived war? Is it rather some sense of incomplete manhood that troubles us, of being in a way untested, of not having paid our dues? Is it remorse that many of us made our own separate peace with the carnage when we found our personal way out? Or is it mostly a feeling of shame that we stood by as those of our generation who had suffered the most were made to suffer new indignities after returning home to an ungrateful nation?

As for myself, it is with a great deal of regret that I recall that Moratorium Day when frustration and a sense of futility led me to start my own phased withdrawal from the antiwar effort. And now 16 years later, standing in the gathering darkness by that long wall of names, what I felt most was a sense of profound failure - that I had been witness to such a tragedy yet had done so little in trying to change its course.

My son was standing beside me, puzzled at my long silence and restless to head up toward where the lights were coming on along the Mall. When I was a little boy, I too was restless and I couldn't wait to grow up - to take charge, to set everything right, never to feel confused or scared or helpless again. I guess it took Vietnam to teach me that such a day would never come.

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B4F0-0007-H3TV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IF LENGTH WERE ALL, OR, WHY A 10 1/2-HOUR PLAY?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B4F0-0007-H3TV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1188 words

**Byline:** By JOHN ROCKWELL

**Body**

PLEASURE is pleasure and pain is pain, but sometimes pleasure passes through pain to a higher level of pleasure. Or so, at least, was my theory when I decided to subject myself to two 10 1/2-hour plays in French on consecutive days.

The first of the two was Peter Brook's version of ''The Mahabharata,'' in its last Paris performance on May 24 before being retooled into English for a world tour next year (the production is due into an old, unused movie theater near the Brooklyn Academy of Music as part of the 1987 Next Wave Festival).

The second play was the latest offering of Ariane Mnouchkine's Theatre du Soleil, which was so much admired for its Shakespeare productions at the 1984 Olympic Arts Festival in Los Angeles. This one is by Helene Cixous and is called ''L'Histoire Terrible Mais Inachevee de Norodom Sihanouk, Roi du Cambodge.''

The Brook consists of a fearsome condensation by Jean-Claude Carriere of the 12,000-page Hindu epic, recounting the birth of heroes and gods, the partition of the world and a brutal civil war that leads to the decimation of mankind and the introduction of heavenly paradise. Mr. Brook presents this grandiose tale more or less straightforwardly, with a few elements of contemporary humor thrown in, and plenty of barnburning and flashy stagecraft, complete with magic fires and awesome battles.

Miss Cixous's play, which translates as ''The Terrible but Incomplete Story of Norodom Sihanouk, King of Cambodia,'' amounts on the surface to a detailed history of Cambodia from 1955 to 1979. But beneath that surface Miss Mnouchkine presents her usual panoply of world theater, with smothly blended elements of Kabuki, Kathakali, Peking Opera, Indonesian shadow puppetry and, no doubt, specifically Cambodian theatrical devices.

Compared with conventional Western theater - or even with Mr. Brook - this can seem cartoonish and extreme, the characters luridly made up and twisted into propagandistic parodies of their ''real'' selves. But eventually Miss Mnouchkine's style establishes itself, and the play builds to heartbreaking poignance. Both plays, in fact, were brilliantly acted, but Georges Bigot, with his Chaplinesque incarnation of Sihanouk, was the most brilliant of all.

One of the most fascinating aspects of this marathon weekend was the very question of what all this vast length meant. Super-Wagnerian time-spans seem the rage these days. Robert Wilson is the master, and had he had his way - in Los Angeles in 1984 or in Texas in 1986 - we would have been regaled with his complete ''Civil Wars,'' which was meant to be even longer (but not much longer) that either the Brook or Mnouchkine.

Is this some sort of new form of drama, or is it mere self-indulgence in desperate need of a blue pencil? The former, I think. Mr. Brook's ''Mahabharata'' could hardly have been cut: the original epic was sliced to ribbons to begin with, and its very nature as a world-embracing epic demands epic length. With Miss Cixous's play - which in fact already had whole scenes excised from the printed version ''for reasons of length'' - one isn't so sure. Cambodia's tragic tale did indeed build in its impact, with the second half more affecting than the first. But one imagines a couple of hours of nips and tucks wouldn't have damaged the overall impact that much.

Still, both plays depend in part for their impact on the sheer accumulation of plot-lines and characters, the slow and rich unfolding of a cosmic master-plan. Part of this is the Oriental nature that both works share.

We live in a time of rampant interchange between East and West. The East is so rapidly Westernizing itself that sometimes murderous reactions attempt to reverse the process, as in Iran. But the West is Easternizing itself, too - more subtly, and on the level of art rather than in technology and politics and social mores. It's not just a matter of picking Eastern themes, as in both these plays, but in adapting the epic, communal rhythms of Eastern popular theater.

That's why it seems to me to make more sense to experience each play within a single day. They are offered two ways. Either one can come on two consecutive evenings, or one can arrive at 1 P.M. and stay through until 11:30.

With the latter path, the day takes on the structure of a rite. One arrives in the late morning, in order to assure a decent seat in the unreserved arenas. Mr. Brook's Bouffes du Nord is in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of Paris, but its cafe offered Indian curry and drinks during the intermissions (at both plays casual comings and goings, common in Oriental theater, were discouraged, and the audiences maintained a rigorous attention, with next to no attrition, over the entire performance).

The Theatre du Soleil is in three airy warehouses behind a riding stable in the Bois de Vincennes. Everything is open and beautifully arranged, from the brightly painted lobby area, with its streaming sunlight through the skylights, to the middle warehouse, with the actors making up in orderly rows but in full view of the public, to the theater itself. At the intermissions, a delicious assortment of Cambodian food was offered.

Whether two such experiences make sense on two consecutive days is a matter of serious doubt; that had more to do with the exigencies of travel than the dictates of common sense. But both events make emminent, enlightening sense by themselves. This is something new in world drama, and for those who take their theater seriously, it promises remarkable rewards to come.

Both of these works were plays, but both had far more music than mere spoken drama might imply. Indeed in both, the music was nearly continuous, elaborate multinational melanges of idioms and effects, the musical equivalent of the multinational (actors from 16 countries in the Brook cast) synthesis this new form of epic theater represents.

In the case of ''The Mahabharata,'' the overall musical effect was Indian, of course, and with ''Sihanouk,'' Cambodian. But Toshi Tsuchitori was primarily responsible for the Brook music, and his five-member ensemble consisted of more non-Indians and non-Indian instruments than Indian. At the Theatre(accs) du Soleil, the principal musician was a dynamo named Jean-Jacques Lemetre, with a couple of assistants. Mr. Lemetre played a dizzying assortment of instruments, most collected from around the world and some invented by him, all sketched and described in a boxed set of drawings on sale in the lobby. One could purchase an LP of the ''Mahabharata'' music, and a cassette of that for ''Sihanouk.''

In a sense, the music accompanied the action like the organ in a silent film, creating sound effects and setting the mood. But since these plays weren't silent, one is led to speculate that for both directors, their work transcends mere plays (hence the greater prominence of the directors over the mere writers of the texts) and moves into a new sort of multimedia drama. Here images and sounds assume an importance equal to language, all conspiring to create a theatrical experience closer to the mysteries of opera than to the earnest banalities of commercial American theater.

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[***STYLE on file;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1N50-008G-F0ST-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Undershirt Comes Out***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1N50-008G-F0ST-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Paula Deitz;

Paula Deitz, the coeditor of The Hudson Review, frequently writes about the history of fashion.

By Paula Deitz;   Paula Deitz, the coeditor of The Hudson Review, frequently writes about the history of fashion.

**Body**

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT THE undershirt, modest and utilitarian from the start, would come out of the drawer as the high-fashion accessory of the season?

This spring, designers like Karl Lagerfeld, Calvin Klein, Bill Blass and Ralph Lauren, as well as many others, have transformed this humble piece of underwear into a surprising and versatile look. Now worn as an outer as well as an inner garment, the undershirt communicates charm and sex appeal with an impact not felt since Marlon Brando wore one on Broadway in Tennessee Williams's "A Streetcar Named Desire."

On its way from underwear to outerwear, the undershirt, or tank top, as it is sometimes called for its resemblance to early bathing suits, acquired a revealing history. "With a fascinating persistence, clothing has sought to convey elements of boudoir privacy to the public domain," say Richard Martin, curator, and Harold Koda, associate curator, of the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Writing in their catalogue essay for the museum's 1993 exhibition "Infra-Apparel," they show how the undershirt is an example of this enduring contradiction.

In its earliest incarnations, the undershirt was linked to a precursor of women's liberation: the freedom to participate in sports. Introduced in the 1840's as a woolen undervest, the garment was considered a way to protect the delicate constitutions of ladies who dared to venture onto the playing fields. In 1880, Dr. Gustav Jaeger, a German professor of zoology and physiology, published a book promoting his "Sanitary Woollen System" for underwear and other clothing. In 1884, Lewis Tomalin, a smart London businessman, began manufacturing undergarments that made the name Jaeger synonymous with warm woolen underthings.

By the 1880's, some girls' schools and colleges were even promoting outdoor exercise. Under the new sporting gear of the day -- tailored jackets and skirts for croquet or lawn tennis -- a vest provided freedom of movement. Also insuring the undershirt's survival was the invention of the bicycle; the garment was welcome on long outings.

By the time women's stylishly shaped vests appeared in the Sears, Roebuck & Company catalogue of 1897 (at 60 cents to $5.25 a dozen), they were made of fine silk-finished Egyptian cotton with crocheted armholes and fetching ribbons. By the early 1900's, the yarns included silk, and the embellishments imported lace trimmings. The poses in the illustrations were sexy, too, emphasizing women's voluptuous curves. But when flapper dresses made boyish figures de rigueur in the 1920's, undershirts with flatter lines followed suit. A camisole, an underbodice with a square neck, also enhanced the long, smooth silhouette.

But just as undershirts began to get really stylish in the 1930's, with lightweight, open-weave knits in rayon and silk that made vests "skin-slim," most women were already considering the brassiere sufficient as underwear. And except for the rare woman who wished to be a "well-protected orchid in zero weather," as a 1937 ad for Carter's underthings put it, undershirts seemed more like children's clothing.

EXCEPT THAT MEN WERE WEARing them, too. And that's why the story picks up in 1947, when Marlon Brando took a ***working-class*** image -- a man in his undershirt -- and made it exude raw sexualityin his famous theatrical (and later film) turn as Stanley Kowalski. Undershirts were never thought of the same way again. And women embraced them with a vengeance.

"One generation's lingerie may become another generation's visible clothing," point out Martin and Koda. They note that the ultimate seduction is revealing the private realm, the "inside appearing on the outside." The Brando image and the loose, decollete fit of a man's undershirt on a woman -- to say nothing of the illicit pleasure of wearing something overtly male -- made the garment provocative. Which it still is: Nothing spelled eroticism more than the shapely model at Ralph Lauren's spring collection, coming down the runway in a fitted white ribbed undershirt worn with pin-striped men's-style trousers and suspenders.

But the undershirt is radical as well as racy. In the late 1960's, it was part of the hippie garb of protest, alternative life styles and the sexual revolution. The singer Janis Joplin epitomized the look, wearing an undershirt with beads and other ethnic paraphernalia. By the less focused 70's, the undershirt was able to evoke two very different images: Brigitte Bardot fairly bulging out of a tank top, which was becoming street wear in St.-Tropez, and Gloria Steinem speaking out, wearing an undershirt as a kind of Joan of Arc uniform. Suddenly, it was a feminist statement as well.

It was Calvin Klein who made the undershirt revival officially fashionable, with his seductive underwear ads of the 1980's, photographed by Bruce Weber.

Undershirts even went to the ball in 1992, when Karl Lagerfeld created an evening ensemble for Chanel that featured, with a black silk tulle skirt, an undershirt based upon the French working man's "marcel," appliqued with the Chanel interlocked C's. Richard Martin links this design to Chanel's penchant for adapting street styles as well as to Lagerfeld's own passion for contradiction.

Indeed, contradiction is what makes the undershirt enticing. Unlike slips or negligees, which have also been worn outside, the undershirt isn't decorative. In fact, the plainer the better.

"The cotton undershirt for the 90's is basically a functional garment, symbolic of modernism in clothes, with no reference to historic romanticism," says Harold Koda. But unlike the ubiquitous T-shirt, another classic undergarment that has emerged as a fashionable billboard for graphic designs, the undershirt has dramatic possibilities. No matter how utilitarian it is, with its scooped neck and straps cut from the body of the design, it is guaranteed to reveal the bust and shoulders.

This advantage hasn't been lost on major designers. This spring, Calvin Klein based his entire collection on layered tanks in contrasting tones and patterns of charmeuse silk, turning basic underwear into luxurious attire for day or evening. Also for evening, Isaac Mizrahi paired a man's white undershirt with a billowing taffeta skirt, an exciting, half-undressed look.

As an overgarment, there was the ankle-length, lace-trimmed black silk chiffon undershirt designed by Bill Blass, which looked like a mysterious dark shadow when layered over a white T-shirt. Dolce & Gabbana's white form-fitting undershirt-cum-vest can go over a gauzy, long-sleeved shirt; Richard Tyler's diaphanous cotton net tank dress is sheer simplicity when paired with a ribbed cotton tank top from J. Crew.

Guess has made a khaki undershirt with a military feel, which titillates because it looks like genuine macho underwear hanging out. And the shrunken look, achieved most easily with children's undershirts, reveals the midriff and more, adding a sexy allure of its own.

Whether it's sheer or opaque, silky or stretchy, floaty or shapely, the undershirt sends conflicting signals. Sensual in one way, it is also sporty -- and sensible. A symbol of no-nonsense assertiveness for one woman, it can be another's feminine fillip. That makes it a strong accessory in a season when fashion is full of extremes.

**Graphic**

Photos: Evolution of the undershirt. Sketch, far left: A mercerized silk vest in the spring 1908 Sears, Roebuck & Company catalogue.; Far left, top: In 1947, Marlon Brando lending the undershirt sex appeal in "A Streetcar Named Desire."; Near left, top: In 1970, Janis Joplin wearing it as hippie garb.; Near left, center: Karl Lagerfeld's view of the undershirt as evening wear for Chanel in 1992.; Near left, bottom: Chanel in 1994, minimizing material, maximizing effect. (pg. 56); Top, left: The tank top in St.-Tropez, 1975.; Top, right: Gloria Steinem, who made the undershirt a feminist uniform in the 70's.; Center: One of the ground-breaking photographs by Bruce Weber for Calvin Klein, 1984.; Bottom: Linda Hamilton's militant look in "Terminator 2: Judgment Day," 1991. (pg. 58) (PHOTOGRAPHS BY, TOP LEFT, MAUREEN LAMBRAY/THE NEW YORK TIMES; TOP RIGHT, THE NEW YORK TIMES; CENTER, COURTESY OF CALVIN KLEIN; BOTTOM, ARCHIVE PHOTOS/FOTOS INTERNATIONAL.)

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[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5HFD-5FR1-DXY4-X1DN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 20, 2015 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

? American Folk Art Museum: 'Art Brut in America: The Incursion of Jean Dubuffet' (through Jan. 10) This extraordinary show revisits and partly recreates a little-known chapter in outsider art history: the decade (1951-61) that the groundbreaking, still-forming Art Brut collection of Jean Dubuffet -- the artist and one of the field's earliest explorers -- spent in the East Hampton mansion of the artist Alfonso Ossorio. While seen by a host of art world luminaries, it had little impact, as proved by how many of the impressive artists here are still unknown in this country. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

? Asia Society and Museum: 'Philippine Gold: Treasures of Forgotten Kingdoms' (through Jan. 3) More than half a millennium before Ferdinand Magellan reached the archipelago now called the Philippines in 1521, a number of related societies thrived there. One of the few things known about them today is that they were astoundingly skillful goldsmiths. This gorgeous and historically intriguing exhibition presents nearly 120 pieces dating from the 10th through the 13th centuries, including bracelets, necklaces, pendants, collars, finger rings, bowls and a balance scale made entirely of gold. The star of the show is a gleaming, nine-pound sash made of gold beads that could be mistaken for a futuristic ammunition belt. 725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street, 212-517-2742, asiasociety.org. (Ken Johnson)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden: Isamu Noguchi (through Dec. 13) The Noguchi Museum and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden are to be commended for installing such a show, in which sculpture is exposed to the elements (and the wandering visitors). But this exhibition of 18 of the Japanese-American artist's sculptures parceled throughout the garden can be frustrating, as you attempt to locate his works on a specially provided map. The showcase of the exhibition is an installation of several Noguchi sculptures inside the Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden, a marriage of modern and traditional forms, and there are works just below the Native Flora Garden that offer moments of successful communion with art and curated nature. 990 Washington Avenue, at Eastern Parkway, Prospect Heights, 718-623-7200, bbg.org. (Martha Schwendener)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn' (through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Holland Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Impressionism and the Caribbean: Francisco Oller and His Transatlantic World' (through Jan. 3) Francisco Oller (1833-1917) was the most celebrated Puerto Rican artist of the 19th century. For most of his career he was a facile imitator sojourning in Madrid and in Paris, where he hung out with Impressionist painters like Pissarro, Monet and Cézanne. But it wasn't until after settling down in San Juan around age 60 that he came into his own, producing haunting landscapes and some mysteriously powerful still-life paintings that can plausibly be called great. This show presents 40 paintings by Oller and 45 works by other artists, including his European and American contemporaries and his Puerto Rican predecessors. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Frick Collection: 'Andrea del Sarto: The Renaissance Workshop in Action' (through Jan. 10) The big-guns highlights of the Frick show, this first major American exhibition devoted to the Renaissance artist Andrew del Sarto, (1486-1530) are three spectacular paintings, including ''Portrait of a Young Man'' from London and ''St. John the Baptist'' from the Palazzo Pitti, Florence. But the substance lies an array of 45 drawings, mostly in red chalk, in which we can follow del Sarto as he feels his way into compositions and molds figures into life with an angel's hand, a scientist's eye, and a striver's drive for perfection. 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, 212-288-0700, frick.org. (Cotter)

Guggenheim Museum: 'Alberto Burri: The Trauma of Painting' (through Jan. 6) This Italian artist's prescient paintings from the 1950s and early '60s -- in patched, burned and otherwise abused burlap, plastic or wood -- form a lavish, beautiful and admirable, if sometimes monotonous retrospective at the Guggenheim. Unfortunately, he may also inaugurate a bane of current art: the use of found materials so inherently affecting -- burlap is one -- that they require little of the artist. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Smith)

? Jewish Museum: 'The Power of Pictures: Early Soviet Photography, Early Soviet Film' (through Feb. 7) Revolutions sell utopias; that's their job. Art, if it behaves itself and sticks to the right script, can be an important part of the promotional package. That's the basic tale told by this exhibition of photographs and vintage films of the 1920s and '30s, but with a question added: What happens to art when the script is drastically revised? Russia was an experiment in progress in the heady years following the 1917 revolution, and avant-garde art, free-spirited by definition, was officially embraced. When Joseph Stalin came to power art became government-dictated propaganda and its makers, often under threat, towed the line. Remarkably, the show presents a dozen films -- some familiar, some not -- full-length, on a rotating schedule of four a day, in a small viewing theater built into one of the Jewish Museum's galleries. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Jewish Museum: 'Unorthodox' (through March 27) With about 200 putatively unorthodox works crowded into tightly walled-in spaces, this lively show has the feel of an Outsider Art fair -- in a good way. The paintings, drawings, collages, assemblages, ceramics, weavings and videos are variously funny, funky, quirky, eccentric, idiosyncratic and visionary. Are they truly unorthodox by the standards of a contemporary art world wherein no one wants to be thought orthodox? No, but that's O.K. It's an entertaining and intermittently exhilarating exhibition nonetheless. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Ancient Egypt Transformed: The Middle Kingdom' (through Jan. 24) Ancient Egypt is box office gold: Do a show, and people will come. Why? Mummies, Hollywood and Queen Nefertiti contribute to its allure. Also, we tend to identify with Egyptians of thousands of years ago. In art, they look exotic, but not out of reach. They drank beer, collected cats and wore flip-flops. They yearned to stay young and to live forever, with loved ones nearby and snack food piled high. Who can't relate to that? Few institutions have done a better job at illuminating Egyptian art than the Met. And it returns to the subject in an exhibition low on King Tut bling and high on complicated beauty, about a broad swath of history (circa 2030 to 1650 B.C.) that has never had a comprehensive museum showcase till now. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Andrea del Sarto's 'Borgherini Holy Family'' (through Jan. 10) This fascinating gem of a show runs concurrently with the larger exhibition ''Andrea del Sarto: The Renaissance Workshop in Action'' at the Frick Collection and adds important layers to it. It both places the Renaissance artist within the political context of his time, and it draws on modern imaging technology to reveal his method for transforming and recycling images. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Celebrating the Arts of Japan: The Mary Griggs Burke Collection'(through July 31) A lavish rollout of 160 objects that came to the Met from the Mary and Jackson Burke Foundation last spring. The Burkes loved Japanese art -- all of it -- and the collection is close to compendious in terms of media, from wood-carved Buddhas to bamboo baskets, with a particular strength in painting, early and late. The quality of the work? Japan thinks highly enough of it to have made the Burke holdings the first Japanese collection from abroad ever to show at Tokyo National Museum. Some pieces on view now will be rotated out and replaced in February, making this an exhibition to visit at least twice. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Grand Illusions: Staged Photography from the Met Collection' (through Jan. 18) With 40 works, this small, choice exhibition forms a freewheeling survey of the ways and means of staged photography -- the arranging objects or people for the camera -- and the many needs and sensibilities it has served. Its smart installation jumps between past and present, commercial and fine, pre- and postmodern, and is peppered with surprises by artists well-known and not. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Kongo: Power and Majesty' (through Jan. 3) For centuries the West assumed that African art had no history, because none had been found written down. But this tight, intense show, beautifully designed, with a stirring catalog, demonstrates otherwise. It begins in the 15th century when the rulers of Kongo peoples in Central Africa were sending luxury textiles to European courts and receiving gifts in return. It continues through the devastations of the slave trade, shifting from art made for pleasure and profit to art made to save lives and souls. It concludes with 15 sensational, just under life-size sculptures that were last-ditch responses to the slow-motion emergency of colonialism. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? MoMA PS1: 'Greater New York' (through March 7) With a multigenerational team of organizers, MoMA P.S. 1's every-five-years-roundup of New York art steps away from its founding premise of newness, the idea that it would be an update on the metropolitan market. The 158 artists on the roster range from 20-something to 80-something; a few are deceased. The notion that an ''emerging'' artist has to be young is discarded. Older artists newly in the spotlight, or back after a long delay, qualify. And history works in two directions. Art from the 1970s and '80s is presented as prescient of what's being made now, and new art is viewed as putting a trenchant spin on the past. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Cotter)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Ernest Hemingway: Between Two Wars' (through Jan. 31) Mounted on walls that have been painted tropical blue to suggest Hemingway's years in Key West and in Cuba, this show takes him all the way from high school to roughly 1950 with photographs, handwritten first-drafts and personal correspondence. But the largest and most interesting section focuses on the '20s, Hemingway's Paris years, and reveals a writer we might have been in danger of forgetting: Hemingway before he became Hemingway. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Charles McGrath)

? El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Dec. 12) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grass-roots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over two institutions, ''¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Dec. 1 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org and Nov. 28. Through Dec. 12 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org. (Cotter)

Museum of Arts and Design: 'Wendell Castle Remastered' (through Feb. 28) This eminent woodworker became noted in the 1960s for carving chic, curvy furniture out of blocks of laminated wood. In the past four years he has revived that method with the assistance of digital and robotic technologies that enable him to make bigger and more adventurous works. This engaging show focuses on pieces from those two periods. ''Suspended Disbelief,'' made this year, has an irregularly oval, glossy black table top extending horizontally and without legs some 10 feet in the air from a trio of tall conical forms resembling the tips of monstrous tendrils. It's spectacular. 2 Columbus Circle, Manhattan, 212-299-7777, madmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence' (continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Endless House: Intersections of Art and Architecture' (through March 6) This scattered but enjoyable exhibition, drawn from the museum's art collection as much as its design holdings, focuses on the single-family home as a place of experimentation and regeneration; of conflict as well as dreams. Its highlight is a series of drawings and photographs by Frederick Kiesler, the Austrian-American polymath whose Endless House -- never completed -- fused fine art, architecture, furniture and lighting design into a bulbous, unstable whole. Several artists here echo Kiesler's theme of the house as a reflection of the psychology of its inhabitants. None is more powerful than Rachel Whiteread's sober image, made with white correction fluid, of a dwelling in East London: a preparatory drawing for a now lost sculpture crafted by filling the house with liquid concrete. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Joaquín Torres-García: The Arcadian Modern' (through Feb. 15) Few artists can claim to have captured a revolution in thinking in a single image, but Joaquín Torres-García did. In 1934, Torres-Garcia (1874-1949) took a hard-won knowledge of European modernism from Paris back to his birthplace of Uruguay. He gave the transplanted movement a name -- ''The School of the South'' -- and designed for it a now-famous logo: the silhouette of the South American continent turned upside down and placed above the Tropic of Cancer, where North America was on conventional maps. And he explained the meaning: The South, as a font of creative energy, was the new North, or at least its equal. The image, and the spirit that produced it, can be found in MoMA's career survey, the artist's first major United States retrospective in four decades. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Picasso Sculpture' (through Feb. 7) Nearly a work of art in its own right, this magnificent show redefines Picasso's achievement with the first full view here in 50 years of his astoundingly varied forays into sculpture. His materials, not his female loves, become the muses, and are different each time out. The basic plotline: After introducing sculptural abstraction and space, he spent about 50 years counting the ways that the figure was far from finished. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection' (through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Soldier, Spectre, Shaman: The Figure and the Second World War' (through March 20) MoMA usually stages the years after 1945 as a triumph of American abstraction, but this vital show affirms that the human figure never disappeared from art -- especially not in battle-scarred Europe. With the end of the war, and the full revelation of the Holocaust, the human body became a sign of pathos and existential dread, notably in the fraught paintings of Francis Bacon and the spindly sculptures of Alberto Giacometti. The same was true of other European artists who received less American acclaim -- such as Jean Fautrier, whose haunted ''Otages'' (''Hostages'') are far better known in his native France. The show is drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection, and its greatest surprise comes from Jan Müller, a German émigré in New York, whose ghoulish ''Faust I'' (1956) depicts the witches of Goethe's epic as starved, traumatized wraiths. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Transmissions: Art in Eastern Europe and Latin America, 1960-1980' (through Jan. 3) Visiting this big, spirited group show is like walking into a party of intriguing strangers. For every person you recognize, there are 10 you don't know. One topic everyone's talking about, at different intensities, is the anti-institutional politics that swept Europe and the Americas in the 1960s, and almost everyone speaks the language of Conceptualism. A product of an in-house research initiative called Contemporary and Modern Art Perspectives, or C-MAP, intended to expand MoMA's narrow Paris-New York view of modernism, the show is very much the beginning rather than the end of a learning curve. But with curators exploring material new to them -- just steps ahead of their audience -- the show has a refreshing buzz of surprise as it takes the museum in a realistic new directions. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York' (continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through Jan. 10) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Jacob A. Riis: Revealing New York's Other Half' (through March 20) The Danish immigrant muckraker's stark photographs, coupled with his documents from the New York Public Library and the Library of Congress, vividly portray the changing face of poverty since Riis exposed the poor to an oblivious public 125 years ago and remind viewers of the lingering challenges. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Sam Roberts)

? Neue Galerie: 'Berlin Metropolis: 1918-1933' (through Jan. 4) Another outstanding museum exhibition joins New York's autumn roster with this ambitious, expertly designed and organized account of the rich cultural ferment of the fragile Weimar Republic. With many loans from Germany, it musters an egalitarian array of mediums into a poignant, detailed view of the tragic cost -- less in human life than in immeasurable human potential land achievement -- of Hitler's devastating rise and rule and the shattering of a great city. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Smith)

? New Museum: 'Jim Shaw: The End Is Here' (through Jan. 10) In Mr. Shaw's art, form follows polymorphous perversity. A virtuoso chameleon possessing an amazing range of skills, he does Surrealism, Pop Art, Abstract Expressionism, Conceptualism, cartoons and comic strips, psychedelic posters and myriad kitschy illustration styles all with his own endlessly inventive, comedic twist. His works range from huge to miniature and from political allegories to drawings documenting his dreams. Selections from his personal collections of found paintings and wacky religious materials add to the delirium. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'Archibald Motley: Jazz Age Modernist' (through Jan. 17) Let's take it as a good omen that the first solo show to appear in the Whitney's new home is a career retrospective of a still understudied artist. Motley (1891-1981) was born in New Orleans and lived in Chicago, where he painted the cultural life of the city's African American neighborhood known as Bronzeville, portraying it with an eye for calibrations of class and race, and with a sense of his own conflicted position within its context. The show is modest in size but has features that many larger, sexier exhibitions lack: an affecting narrative, a distinctive atmosphere, and a complex and troubling political and moral tenor. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'Frank Stella: A Retrospective' (through Feb. 7) This grand, high-spirited, slightly overstuffed exhibition pays overdue tribute to a prominent American artist whose 60-year odyssey through and beyond painting began in this city. It further anoints the Whitney's new building: The show could never have been pulled off at its old uptown address. And its ingenious installation -- alternately dazzling, oppressive and nuts -- resounds with stimulating clashes of color, style and process that bring a new unity to his contentious achievement. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Smith)

Galleries: Uptown

? 'Swedish Wooden Toys' (through Jan. 17) This presentation of more than 300 playthings from the late 16th to the early 21st centuries will be catnip for anyone into antique toys. The show features diminutive vehicles of all kinds from old-time wagons, trains and fully-rigged sailboats, to futuristic cars and a rocket ship. There are naturalistic and anthropomorphic animals, weapons, puzzles, games, dollhouses and architectural construction kits. While many of these items were produced by big manufacturers like BRIO and Playsam, many others are one-of-a-kind wonders like a miniature baking set from around 1900 that includes rolling pins, spatulas and other implements all lovingly carved from wood and fitting into a tray just eight inches long. Bard Graduate Center Gallery, 18 West 86th Street, Manhattan, 212-501-3011, bgc.bard.edu. (Johnson)

? H.C. Westermann: 'See America First: Works from 1953-1980' (through Dec. 19) No one who cares about contemporary art should miss this terrific exhibition of sculptures, drawings, prints and illustrated letters by H. C. Westermann (1922--1981). He once said that he wanted his constructions to look as if they'd been made by a mad cabinetmaker, and they do. Made with consummate craftsmanship, his constructions mainly in wood are by turns funny, philosophical and politically vehement. He was a great American original. Venus, 980 Madison Avenue, at 76th Street, 212-980-0700, venusovermanhattan.com. (Johnson)

Galleries: Other

'The Description of a New World, Called the Blazing-World' (through Dec. 13) This group show exudes a tantalizing, sci-fi vibe. Cajsa von Zeipel's metallic blue sculpture represents a character from the Japanese animated science fiction series ''Cowboy Bebop.'' In Anna Uddenberg's sculpture ''Jealous Jasmin,'' a life-size woman is trying to climb into a baby carriage as if she were a zombie intending to eat her own child. Abstract paintings by Magalie Comeau and Tillman Kaiser allude to other dimensions of reality. A psychedelic drawing from 1971 by Betty Tompkins nicely punctuates the trippy mood. Mitchell Algus Gallery, 132 Delancey Street, at Norfolk Street, Lower East Side, 212-844-0074, mitchellalgusgallery.com. (Johnson)

? 'For a New World to Come: Experiments in Japanese Art and Photography, 1968-1979' (through Jan. 10) This exceptionally informative exhibition (divided between Japan Society Gallery and New York University's Grey Art Gallery) presents about 350 photographs, photography books, paintings, sculptures and videos produced by 29 Japanese artists during a decade of ideological disillusionment following the utopian excitement of the 1960s. Most of the works are black and white and driven by abstract concepts, with many focused on the nature of photography itself. It's a dry show, but it's fascinating for its revelation of memes and trends that continue to resonate in photographic art around the world. Through Dec. 5 at Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 100 Washington Square East, Greenwich Village, 212-998-6780, nyu.edu/greyart weekend. Through Jan. 10 at Japan Society, 333 East 47th Street, Manhattan, 212-832-1155, japansociety.org. (Johnson)

Eva and Franco Mattes: 'I Would Prefer Not to Include My Name' (through Dec. 6) In their current exhibition, Eva and Franco Mattes deal with images, videos and information on the Internet that have disappeared completely at the hands of ''content moderators.'' Three short color videos, shown on monitors that are arranged like sculptural kiosks, tell the stories of current and former content moderators. Some are hired by Internet companies; others as independent contractors for anonymous ''requesters.'' Based all over the world, these workers are virtually invisible, yet, as this exhibition suggests, have a significant cultural impact. Essex Flowers, 54 ½ Ludlow Street, at Grand Street, Lower East Side, essexflowers.us. (Schwendener)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³' (through May 2017) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626--1705)' (through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Museum of Fine Arts Boston: 'Made in the Americas: The New World Discovers Asia' (through Feb. 15) One of the great gifts that multiculturalist thinking gave us was freedom from the tyranny of purity. Simply put, there's no such thing, at least not in art. Everything is a mix, and this has always been true. Globalism, which we take to be so 21st century, is as old as the hills. In this smallish show those hills encompass the Andes, the Alps, the Appalachians and Mount Fuji between the early 16th to the late 18th century. The main setting includes large swaths of North, Central and South America being colonized by various European powers, all of which had lucrative commercial links to Asia, and they were bringing Asia with them to the New World. The result: some of the most brilliant American art ever. 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, 617-267-9300, mfa.org. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue' (through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art (ongoing) The skilled refurbishing of the Atheneum's storied Morgan Memorial Building reveals as never before the museum's splendors. The Great Hall is triple-hung with European paintings encircled by a spirited art-historical Cliff Notes from Egypt to Florence. On the second floor the fabulous Cabinet of Art and Curiosities leads to even more often outstanding paintings -- Baroque to Modernism -- accompanied by an array of decorative objects, especially porcelains. 600 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., 860-278-2670, thewadsworth.org. (Smith)

Last Chance

Zoe Beloff: 'A World Redrawn: Eisenstein and Brecht in Hollywood' (closes on Saturday) In three films, large watercolors, architectural models and display cases filled with archival materials, Ms. Beloff's current show focuses on two committed communists who worked in Hollywood: the Soviet filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein and the German poet and playwright Bertolt Brecht. Eisenstein stayed in Los Angeles for six months in 1930; Brecht, fleeing Nazi Germany, was there from 1941 to 1947. Neither produced any finished work, although Eisenstein played tennis with Charlie Chaplin and met Walt Disney, and Brecht ended up testifying before the 1947 House Committee for Un-American Activities. The James Gallery, the Graduate Center, City University of New York, 365 Fifth Avenue, between 34th and 35th Streets, Manhattan, centerforthehumanities.org/james-gallery. (Schwendener)

'Donald Blumberg Photographs: Selections From the Master Sets' (closes on Sunday) In his early days shooting on the streets of New York, Mr. Blumberg discovered that parishioners walking out of the gaping door of St. Patrick's Cathedral appeared to be emerging from deep, empty space. His resulting photographs, shot from 1965 to 1967, reduce St. Pat's to a sea of black, and turn the worshipers into highly detailed, if physically awkward, specimens in the void. Soon after, Mr. Blumberg's gaze shifted from the street to his television screen, arranging images of Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon into conceptually sophisticated mosaics. Now 80, he is still shooting his TV, and though he continues to keep one eye on politics, the other is gazing at the inanities of home shopping and televangelism. Yale University Art Gallery, 1111 Chapel Street, New Haven, 203-432-0600, artgallery.yale.edu. (Jason Farago)

? 'Bruce Conner & Ed Ruscha: Smoke and Mirrors' (closes on Wednesday) The friendship between these two California artists is not well-known and their aesthetic common ground is largely unexplored. It included a love of fastidious technique, an encompassing approach to mediums (drawing, film, language, printmaking, photography) and a deep involvement with American life. This exhibition takes up the task, with the implication that further excavation would reward. Senior & Shopmaker Gallery, 210 11th Avenue, at 25th Street, Chelsea, 212-213-6767, seniorandshopmaker.com. (Smith)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/11/20/arts/design/museum-amp-gallery-listings-for-nov-20-26.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/11/20/arts/design/museum-amp-gallery-listings-for-nov-20-26.html)

**Graphic**

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[***Is Paris Kidding?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V3N-3N90-007F-G0F9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 15, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By Jim Holt;

Jim Holt writes about science and philosophy for The Wall Street Journal and Lingua Franca.

By Jim Holt;  Jim Holt writes about science and philosophy for The Wall Street Journal and Lingua Franca.

**Body**

FASHIONABLE NONSENSE

Postmodern Intellectuals'

Abuse of Science.

By Alan Sokal and Jean Bricmont.

300 pp. New York:

Picador USA. $23.

In France (where it was published a year ago), this much-maligned book has been likened to Kenneth Starr's report to Congress. Both documents arise out of a peculiarly American spasm of "rigorist purism" and "hatred," according to a columnist for Le Monde. The comparison, it must be said, is not altogether fair. "Fashionable Nonsense," though juicy in its own way, is not quite so titillating as the Starr report. Moreover, only one of its two co-authors (Alan Sokal) is American, so our culture can't entirely be blamed for it. What "Fashionable Nonsense" and the Starr report do have in common, however, is a certain confusion about the gravity and nature of the sins of their targets.

Sokal, a physicist at New York University, caused an intellectual row a couple of years ago when he fooled the editors of a modish academic journal called Social Text into publishing a sham article he had written. Bearing the title "Transgressing the Boundaries: Toward a Transformative Hermeneutics of Quantum Gravity," the article was meant to be a parody of what is loosely called post-modernist thought. It was crammed full of meaningless references to esoteric ideas in mathematics and physics, from which it leapt, in one breathtaking non sequitur after another, to radical conclusions about politics and society. As deliberately parodic as Sokal's pronouncements were, they seemed nowhere near as silly as the bits he quoted from post-modernist icons like Jacques Derrida, Jacques Lacan and Luce Irigaray and from their numerous American interpreters, who showed up in a cataract of footnotes.

It was a good joke. It had funny consequences too: academics wrote indignantly to The New York Times to insist that, despite what the parody implied, they did so believe in the existence of the external world. But Sokal was up to more than mischief. The purpose of his hoax, he declared, was to reveal the fraudulence of much post-modernist thought, especially as it abused science. There was also a political angle. Far from being a right-winger picking on the lit-crit pinkos, Sokal said, he was "an unabashed Old Leftist" (he taught in Nicaragua under the Sandinistas) who worried that the post-modern assault on objectivity was depriving the ***working class*** of the weapons needed to win the struggle against oppression -- a view shared with comrades like Noam Chomsky and Eric Hobsbawm.

"Fashionable Nonsense," which Sokal wrote with the Belgian physicist Jean Bricmont, grew out of this hoax. The authors have two stated aims. First, they wish to present the full dossier of pseudoscientific nonsense masquerading as profundity that Sokal discovered when he was composing his parody, and to explain to nonscientists exactly why it is nonsensical. Second, and more ambitious, they want to make a philosophical case against what they call post-modern relativism: the notion that physical reality is nothing but a social construct and that science, despite its pretensions to truth, is just another "narration" that encodes the dominant ideology of the culture that produced it.

The dossier part is intermittently amusing, but I'm not sure it demonstrates what Sokal and Bricmont want it to. The passages cited all come from French thinkers who cannot resist the urge to name-drop. The psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan drones on about sexual pleasure as if it were a branch of topology, the mathematical theory of abstract spaces. The literary theorist Julia Kristeva tries to ground her poetics in Godel's incompleteness theorem, which she gets exactly backward. Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, philosophers of S & M, among other topics, unbosom themselves of endless bizarre reflections on Newtonian physics.

Technical terminology from quantum theory and mathematical logic flows fast and furious, but it's mostly gibberish, as Sokal and Bricmont painstakingly show. The Parisian thinkers have only the foggiest understanding of science, and the metaphors they invoke could scarcely be more arbitrary -- when they signify anything at all. (The sociologist Jean Baudrillard, for one, has a habit of simply making up his terms, like "variable refraction hyperspace" and "fractal scissiparity.") "If the texts seem incomprehensible, it is for the excellent reason that they mean precisely nothing," Sokal and Bricmont comment. Indeed, it's hard to imagine how people could read the texts seriously. Perhaps the lofty-sounding verbiage has an incantatory force for those innocent of science. Some of these passages, if intoned in the plummy voice of, say, Jeremy Irons, could well have the meaningless beauty of a Mallarme poem.

But what is the crime here? At worst these French theorists are bluffeurs. They do not hate science; they love it too well and try to wrap themselves in its mantle. It is a tendency deeply ingrained in the culture of the Ecole Normale Superieure, the elite Paris institution where many French philosophers are trained. Its students are encouraged to extend their erudition as widely, if superficially, as possible -- to "possess the world," as Jean-Paul Sartre once put it. The philosophes of the Enlightenment took a leaf from Newton; is it surprising that their contemporary counterparts should try to take one from quantum theory and relativity?

A more distressing abuse of science is to be found right here in the United States. It arises not from an elitist, hyperrationalist culture, like that of France, but from a home-grown antielitist, antirationalist, anti-intellectual one. Traditionally, this science war, as Sokal and Bricmont refer to it in the epilogue of their book, has been waged by the religious right, but in recent decades an element of the academic left has got in on the action -- the "cultural studies" crowd. Among its leading figures is Andrew Ross, one of the editors of the journal that unwittingly collaborated in Sokal's hoax. Now, Ross is a man with a keen sense of irony, and when he complains about scientists undemocratically excluding the New Age beliefs of the masses, he may just be pulling our leg. But one gets the feeling that many of his allies are dead earnest when they denounce science as patriarchal and authoritarian, and call for its subordination to progressive interests.

The American cultural-studies types and the Parisian theorists do have something in common -- something, that is, besides a woolly way of expressing themselves. Both camps are skeptical of the notion of objective truth, that there is such a thing as a world independent of our minds that science alone can represent "as it really is." Sokal and Bricmont regard this attitude as daft, not to say dangerous. The gravamen of their book is a defense of scientific realism against its relativist enemies.

This defense is fine as far as it goes, but it does not go very far. It is the work of a moment to refute someone who claims that there is no such thing as scientific progress, or that the content of scientific theories is dictated exclusively by cultural interests. But there are other, more sophisticated arguments that the authors do not bother to address. They have been framed by philosophers of unimpeachable scientific credentials (like Hilary Putnam and W. V. Quine) and are based on powerful findings in the area of mathematical logic known as model theory. They make the authors' "realist" explanation for the success of science -- that its theories uniquely latch on to the way the world is -- seem like empty metaphysics.

THESE arguments are difficult, but their flavor can be conveyed by a simple example. As a theory whose correspondence to the world is so evident that "it has become irrational to doubt it," Sokal and Bricmont cite atomism. But what is an atom? To the greatest physicist of the 19th century, James Clerk Maxwell, an atom was "a body which cannot be cut in two." This is certainly not true of what we now call atoms. It may turn out that nothing in the world fits Maxwell's description -- in which case, when he theorized about atoms, he was referring to nothing at all. By the same token, "superstring" -- the theoretical term today's physicists use to refer to the basic constituents of reality -- may also turn out to designate nothing at all a hundred years hence. Physics will doubtless be more potent then, but not because it more accurately pictures some supposedly theory-independent "furniture of the world."

As physicists, Sokal and Bricmont have done reason a modest service by exposing a species of intellectual quackery. As philosophers, they have not pursued reason far enough -- all the way to its sometimes unreasonable-sounding conclusions.

**Graphic**

Drawing (Patrick Chappatte)

**Load-Date:** November 15, 1998

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[***Bound by an Uncommon Love***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TX9-YRD0-007F-G10V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 21, 1998, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By BILL DONAHUE;

Bill Donahue has contributed to The New York Times Magazine, Outside and others.

By BILL DONAHUE;  Bill Donahue has contributed to The New York Times Magazine, Outside and others.

**Dateline:** CENTRALIA, Wash.

**Body**

IT'S pouring, of course. The rain is coming down in sheets here at the annual picnic of the Portland, Ore., Edsel Owners Club, and all these unwavering fans of the most ill-fated car in American history are huddled under a tree. Twenty loyalists, scratching plastic forks through the greasy puddles atop their potato salad and shivering, improbably, on an August afternoon.

They are salt-of-the-earth folks. There's a paunchy couple in matching green rain slickers, and a moment ago, celebrating his refurbished Edsel, the husband said, "I done the mechanic work and she done the cooking." Everyone laughed. But now, in the rain, the Edsel people look vanquished, like a baseball team cowering in the dugout, one out from losing the World Series.

"Probably it's just a passing shower," someone says.

The downpour persists. For Edsel people, it has been a miserable century, even though their car began with a glimmer of hope. Early on, long before the Ford Motor Company released its first line of Edsels in September 1957, it enlisted the poet Marianne Moore to dream up a brand name. She suggested Mongoose Civique, Aeroterre and Utopian Turtletop -- names that might have enhanced the mystique of the first Edsel ads, with autos covered in sheets traveling, ghostlike, along desolate roads.

Ford chose instead to give its new car the leaden first name of Edsel Ford, the son of the company's founder. Neither the name nor the design inspired middle-class suburbanites to shell out $2,500-plus.

Right away, they understood that the medium-priced Edsel, built on Ford and Mercury frames, was nothing but the same-old same-old festooned with a few gimmicks. The 1958 Edsel had a round speedometer and a signature three-part grille whose middle section resembled (to invoke the ancient slur) an Oldsmobile sucking a lemon. The car also had a "Teletouch" automatic transmission that could be operated by pressing buttons on the steering wheel. Or so Ford said: because of shoddy quality control, a forceful punch was often required.

Amid a recession, chrome-laden Edsels gathered dust in showrooms. The car became so uncool that, the year after it was introduced, beleaguered owners were giving away Edsels at Sunday-school raffles.

In 1959, Ford desperately erased many of the Edsel's Jetsonesque features. It lowered the car's sticker price and rejiggered its ad campaign to pitch the car to ***working-class*** Joes. Sales still floundered, and in 1960, after selling a grand total of 109,466 Edsels, Ford threw in the towel. All told, the fiasco cost the company $350 million.

And so the Edsel now oozes that loser charisma. It shines -- like Richard Nixon, Tonya Harding and certain death-row inmates -- as the inevitable target of a most tender affection. The Edsel Owners Club has 25 chapters and a 50-ish membership, which has remained at 1,000 for two decades. Two other rival clubs collectively lay claim to 1,200 Edsel devotees, and the Edsel people retain a small but distinct niche in the vintage car world, a realm that encompasses 500,000 or so restorers bound by their need for parts. "Rolls-Royce people want their cars to be as good as new," said Dave Brownell, the technical editor of Hemmings Motor News, a thick magazine packed with tiny ads. "For Chevy guys, it matters how shiny the engine is. But Edsel people feel the need to save every Edsel they see. It doesn't matter what shape it's in, because they've got a sense of humor. They're not going to grab you by the collar and shout that they have the best car in the world."

Indeed. As the Edselites assemble outside Portland to drive north to the picnic, they are intensely subdued -- murmurous, with their hands in their pockets. Truman King, a 71-year-old former truck driver and the proud owner of a 1960 Edsel Ranger two-door, says almost nothing and drives with both hands on the wheel all the way to Centralia. Slightly built, Mr. King is ruddy and has a raspy voice. He talks quietly about a journey he just took with two friends to the national convention of the Edsel Owners Club in Detroit. "I got the hard-luck award," Mr. King said. "Broke down three times getting there." The fuel pump quit in Idaho, then again in Montana; the generator went dead in Iowa City.

THREE guys traveling around, eating steak and potatoes at diners all over the country. It sounds pleasant enough, but it still is hard to comprehend Mr. King's fervent brand loyalty. He has bought 20 Edsels since a two-door sedan he bought for $150 in 1970. He and his late wife, Bettie, often worked in the garage until nearly midnight, she cleaning parts as he installed new rings and pistons. He points out, with a dewy gleam in his eye, that for 1960, Edsel made only 295 Ranger two-door hardtops. "This car," he exulted, "it's rare."

Mr. King pulls onto the picnic grounds and carefully backs his turquoise Ranger into the long row of Edsels under the trees. The cars are cream-colored and forest green, and some are the color of pistachio ice cream; there is an enchanting music to the whole pastel procession.

"I guess things weren't so hectic back in the 50's," Mr. King says. "And once in a while you kind of wish you could go back to that area of time." He climbs out of the car gingerly and heads for the picnic table.

It is a tame picnic, no beer, no tunes, no squealing tires. Once the rain subsides, everyone wanders toward the cars, where Russ Waterhouse, 53, is lingering beside his gleaming '59 Edsel Corsair convertible. He's wearing an Edsel T-shirt, an Edsel windbreaker and an Edsel golf cap, and he is pensive. Two days ago, his third wife filed for divorce. "This," he says, gesturing, "is the second divorce this car has gone through. She knew when she married me that I'm into Edsels."

Mr. Waterhouse is a disabled iron worker (his ankle was ravaged years ago by gangrene), and he rebuilt his Corsair in 1980 while recovering from testicular cancer and undergoing chemotherapy. "Some days I was so weak I'd just limp out and work for 10 minutes," he recalled. "I'd weld a rust hole, maybe, or sand a fender or clean something." The body work alone took six months of daily devotion, and today he is still assiduously restoring his Edsels.

He keeps three in mint condition (his four others are cannibalized for parts), and his five-car garage is full of grilles, hubcaps, doors, hoods and chunks of chrome trim. And the funny thing is, he said, his friends razzed him back in high school when he drove "the Great White Snail," his parents' new '59 Edsel wagon.

But they were just joking, right? "No," Mr. Waterhouse says, "it kind of stung. And there was this girl, Carol. When I showed up one evening to take her out, her father saw the wagon and said, 'No way.' After graduation, when I went into the service, she sent me a Dear John letter."

In the distance, a few Edsels are pulling out, going home. Mr. Waterhouse will soon leave as well, in search of a small house with a shop large enough to store his cars. Soon, he will find a place of his own. He will start over.

"But eventually the Edsel's back seat -- it, uh, did work for me," he said, smirking. "And the Edsel was the family car, too. I can remember all of us going to the beach in it. I can remember riding there one time and my dad's driving and I'm in the back with a friend and we're trying to stay up all night. We're singing, 'Black Land Farmer,' 'Ballad of Thunder Road' -- all the songs on the radio, and we're singing them loud. We had a ball in that car. Over time, you know, the bad vibes fade away."

**Graphic**

Photos: Membership in the Edsel Owners Club has held steady at about 1,000 for two decades. Bob Fowler, publisher of an Edsel newsletter, admires the gathering's bounty. A line of Ford's biggest flops arrive for a picnic in Centralia, Wash. (Photographs by Larry Davis for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 1998

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[***OUR TOWNS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BPX0-0007-H00P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***FOR JERSEY TENANTS, HARD LESSONS IN REAL ESTATE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BPX0-0007-H00P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WEST NEW YORK, N.J.

**Body**

On the New Jersey bank of the Hudson River, in West New York, where the views of Manhattan's skyline are spectacular, there is now big money to be made in real estate if landlords can just get rid of their low-income tenants.

When the landlord at 6208 Palisades Avenue tried, tenants called their Mayor and their Roman Catholic Bishop.

The Mayor sent inspectors who found 55 code violations. They subpoenaed the landlord, but he never appeared in court. Months later, city officials are still not sure who he is.

Bishop David Arias sent a priest and a nun to help. ''Scared? Oh yeah,'' Marly Avila of apartment 13 told Sister Catherine Daly. Mrs. Avila showed the nun an eviction notice. ''Well, you stay right in this apartment,'' Sister Catherine said.

Bishop Arias has urged parish priests to get involved in helping tenants in this heavily Catholic area. ''People on this side of the river need someone to protect them,'' said the Rev. John Gilchrist. ''The rich have lawyers.''

The New York City real-estate boom has spread with full force to this side of the Hudson, but the elaborate laws that protect tenants from dislocation in New York City have not arrived with the same force.

Under New Jersey law, after three years' notice, a landlord can empty a building and convert to condominiums. About 8,000 people in this heavily Hispanic and Italian ***working-class*** city of 40,000 live in apartment buildings being converted, according to city officials.

In addition, a landlord converting a building to commercial use need give only six months' notice before forcing tenants out. Often, housing officials say, unscrupulous landlords issue six-month evictions, empty a building and sell it, and the new owner turns it into condominiums. An additional 2,000 people here have here been served with six-month evictions, officials said.

With so much money to be made, said Mike Corso, an aide to the Mayor, landlords have let apartments run down and harassed tenants to empty buildings faster. ''They're worth a lot more empty,'' he said.

Along the river, from Fort Lee to West New York to Jersey City, $5 billion of new construction projects are currently proposed.

West New York is a city where renters have some clout - 80 percent of residents are renters. They live in the most densely populated city in America, crowded into aging three- and four-story walk-up buildings spread over less than a square mile.

They have seen the condominium conversions in nearby Hoboken and Jersey City, and they are trying to draw the line in West New York. ''You never get a story of harmony,'' Mayor Anthony DeFino said. This has been the case at 6208 Palisades.

In December, tenants received six-month eviction notices from Alpha 6208 Inc.: ''This notice is being submitted to you as a result of your landlord's inability to generate sufficient income to meet expenses and the policy of the Town of West New York to prevent the required increases.''

Landlords say West New York has the strictest rent-control law in the state, allowing just a 2.5 percent annual increase. At 6208, tenants pay between $150 and $500 a month, not including heat.

The building had deteriorated badly in recent years, Mayor DeFino said. Milagros Gonzalez, who lives in apartment 8, said her heating unit was broken most of November. Idelina Pena, in 2, said a leak from 10 upstairs was so bad he carried an umbrella indoors. The people in 10 said their bathroom was broken for weeks and they used Mrs. Gonzalez's.

There was a water-pipe break and a gas leak in the basement, and fire alarms went off constantly, tenants said. They suspected sabotage by the landlord and formed a fire watch committee. Mrs. Gonzalez and her sister had the 11 P.M. shift. ''We're looking out the window and we're afraid,'' Mrs. Gonzalez said, ''because they want us out.''

On a cold day in January, after several tenants in the 20-unit building complained of heating breakdowns, the Mayor sent two aides, two city commissioners, the Fire Chief, a health inspector, two housing inspectors and a secretary to examine 6208. The Mayor said he was ''fed up.'' Beside code violations, Mr. Corso said, they counted 10 vacant apartments, most of them newly renovated. ''The vacant units were really nice,'' Mr. Corso said. ''One had a new bar installed.''

Several court dates followed. ''It was like a bad dream,'' Mr. Corso said.

Max Muller and Walter Butt, the owners listed in county property records, were summoned. Both missed the first hearing. Mr. Muller came to the second and said the building was now owned by Alpha Inc. The Mayor said, ''I'm tired of going in circles,'' and sent Mr. Corso to Trenton to get Alpha's incorporation papers.

''The papers said Alpha's only shareholder was Walter Butt, so I thought, 'Now we have him,' '' he said.

But at a third hearing, Mr. Butt said he had transferred control of Alpha stock to Edward Pimentel. No public record has to be made of such transfers, said George Aviles, a city attorney. ''It's a great way to hide ownership,'' he said.

The judge issued a bench warrant in February for Mr. Pimentel and directed the city to collect rents.

Mr. Pimentel has still not appeared. Mr. Muller and Mr. Butt could not be reached, and their lawyer did not return phone calls.

City officials say Martin Piccoli, a real-estate agent, was hired by the owner recently to make repairs at 6208. Mr. Piccoli said he had discussed the work with Mr. Pimentel, but did not know how to find Mr. Pimentel now - ''I have no idea and I don't want to know.'' He said money for the work is coming from rents the city collected.

''There's an awful lot of work to do,'' he said. ''This was such a horrendous situation.'' Asked why occupied units were allowed to deteriorate, he said, ''I have no idea.''

He said West New York rent control is so tight, condominium conversion is the only answer for 6208. He said he hoped to develop a conversion plan so remaining tenants could stay in the building. Asked about tenants on welfare, he said, ''I don't know.''

Mr. Piccoli said he had ''no idea'' if the eviction notices at 6208 - which would take force July 1 - would be pursued.

City officials acknowledge that the rent-control law discourages landlords from rehabilitating units and probably speeds condominium conversions. ''No question,'' Mr. Corso said. ''But we're in a housing emergency.'' The local vacancy rate is less than 1 percent, he said.

In the churches of West New York, the people ask the priests what they should do. ''After a Sunday mass, someone said their building's being renovated and they have to get out,'' the Rev. Kenneth Jones of St. Mary's said during a recent strategy session. ''Can landlords do that?'' ''We're new at this,'' Father Gilchrist said. ''We have to learn.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Mayor Anthony DeFino, Bishop David Arias and tenants of 6208 Palisades Ave. (NYT/William E. Sauro)

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[***Finding the Beat of the City's Latino Quarter - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SW1-MS50-TW8F-G001-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 29, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1891 words

**Byline:** By JEFF BAILEY

**Body**

IN a fifth-floor art gallery in Pilsen, Chicago's fashionable Latino neighborhood, vibrant guitar chords were pouring out an open window on a recent Friday night. Four Latina artists were showing their paintings, and the shoebox of a gallery was jammed with a mixed, talkative crowd. Some swayed in time to the music, swigging beer and sipping wine. The din seemed to be drawing art patrons and good-time Chicagoans from all over the huge building at 1932 South Halsted Street, the central site of an every-second-Friday art walk.

Many come to the art walk from the suburbs or other parts of the city, but like much of Chicago these days, the affair draws its real energy from the city's surging Latino population. One of the painters whose work was on display -- Carolina Reyes -- moved to Pilsen from a North Side neighborhood two years ago to paint. ''Being a Latina, I'm still searching to learn more about my culture,'' she said.

For that, there is no need for her to leave Chicago. More than 1,000 miles from the Mexican border, the city is home to about 800,000 people of Hispanic origin, mostly Mexican. That's more than a quarter of the population and gaining share daily -- this when the city shrank by nearly a million residents after the 1950s. But in Latin Chicago, there is a new boomtown to explore.

A native of a mostly Latino suburb of Los Angeles, I moved here 25 years ago; my wife, a Latina from Texas, came 12 years ago. So, it's natural we would be drawn to areas like Pilsen, where Spanish and English mix against a backdrop of brilliant mosaics and murals of Mexican heroes, and Little Village nearby, where mariachi bands carrying their instruments into restaurants could easily be south of the border. But it's more than just familiarity and the fact that eating and entertainment on the Latin side of Chicago is generally cheaper. It's where the energy is.

''It's happening so fast,'' said Carlos Tortolero, who came to Chicago from Mexico at age 3 and, as a 28-year-old school teacher in 1982, started what would become the National Museum of Mexican Art, the city's leading Latino cultural organization. ''It's becoming a very Mexican city.''

The museum made a name for itself in 2006 when it opened an exhibition about the influence of Africans in Mexico. In a city known for its racial separation, blacks flocked to Pilsen for the show. This summer, the museum will insert itself into the national political debate with an exhibition opening on the Fourth of July -- ''A Declaration of Immigration'' -- that will go beyond painting and sculpture to present data to argue that point. ''It is pro-American to be pro-immigrant,'' Mr. Tortolero said.

Immigrants certainly made Chicago one of history's great boomtowns. It grew from a nearly uninhabited swamp in the early 1800s to a metropolis of a million people by 1890. An up-to-date version of that multicultural frontier town is on display every Sunday morning at a flea market, just around the corner from where Mrs. O'Leary's cow -- in fable, anyway -- is said to have kicked over the lantern that started the Great Fire of 1871. Known as the Maxwell Street Market, it runs along Canal Street south of Roosevelt Road. (The city closed down the original location on nearby Maxwell Street in the 1990s, but the name stuck.) After more than 100 years, it still attracts immigrants and their offspring from many points on the globe. But today, as with much of Chicago, the market moves to a Latin beat. Browsers seem to move in step with the blaring Latin music as they peruse the four-block stretch of stalls that feature art, jewelry and the usual knock-off purses and leather goods.

If you see a skinny fellow with a goatee who appears to know the street-food vendors, he might be Rick Bayless, the Chicago chef and cookbook author who raised traditional Mexican cooking to gourmet status, stopping by on his day off to snack on mole and hand-pressed tortillas. The crowds become thicker around the stall for Lencho's Tacos, where people take a number and wait their turn. Well before 10 a.m., Lencho's fans are three and four deep around the counter, lined up for tacos of grilled beef, onions, cilantro and hot sauce -- a perfect on-the-go lunch for about $5.

To the north, above the stalls and the brightly dressed shoppers, rises the Loop and its towering skyscrapers, and in a single frame the city's remarkable accomplishments and its restless, unrealized dreams come into focus.

With much of Chicago's Latino population relatively new, many of the restaurants, much of the music and other cultural offerings burst with the flavor of home.

Upon arrival in Chicago, ''people are much freer to be who they are,'' says Mr. Bayless, an Oklahoma native who has adopted Mexico's cuisine with singular fervor, and in 1987 opened Frontera Grill in the River North area. Its success, along with the success of his more refined restaurant next door, Topolobampo, has spawned many other serious and un-Americanized Latin places, making Chicago an unlikely culinary standout when it comes to Latin cuisine.

Frontera is decorated with Mexican art that Mr. Bayless and his wife have collected over the years, a riot of color and images, and Latin music plays at a volume to permit dinner conversation, though you may still find your legs dancing under the table. His simplest dishes, like the tacos al carbon ($16) -- grilled meats served with guacamole, beans and tortillas made on the premises -- are memorable for their simplicity and freshness.

Mr. Bayless's restaurants are, of course, just one side of the story when it comes to Chicago's Latin cuisine. In the West Side neighborhood of Humboldt Park, a lively Puerto Rican and Mexican area, Carlos Reyna's small restaurant, Maiz, is a shrine to the many corn vessels -- tortillas, tamales, sopes -- used in traditional Mexican cooking. In the cozy storefront, Mr. Reyna waits on many of the tables himself and can help you choose a series of small dishes, like a vegetable tamale cooked in banana leaf and triangular tamales covered in mole, to be washed down by tart margaritas. He also serves bebidas frias, the sweet, refreshing mixtures of fruit and water that he grew up drinking in Mexico City. (Try the cucumber flavor.)

Mr. Reyna moved to Chicago in 1986 to pursue a career as a dancer, waiting tables to support himself. When he decided to open a restaurant, he focused on food that reminded him of home. ''I always wanted to bring it to Chicago,'' he said.

Similarly, over the last 36 years, another immigrant, Roberto Marin, has kept playing the salsa he grew up on in his native Colombia. He works days as a machine operator at an electrical components factory and plays bass most Saturday nights at Las Tablas, a mid-price Colombian steak house on Irving Park Road, north and west of downtown. As dinner wound down one recent night, half the patrons were grooving in their seats to Mr. Marin's beat, and the other half were rising to dance.

Las Tablas is in a very mixed neighborhood; Latin, sure, but also Eastern European and plenty else. And that is one of the beauties of Latin Chicago: it is spread throughout the city.

But Pilsen, on the city's near southwest side, may be the neighborhood that is most closely identified with Latin Chicago. Always ***working class***, initially Czech, and now 100 years or so old, Pilsen is mostly a neighborhood of modest cottages and three-flats -- the Chicago term for a detached three-family house. For every trendy restaurant or shop in the conspicuously gentrifying area, there remains at least a dozen stores very plainly serving local residents. It remains perhaps 90 percent Latino, and it is mostly Latinos who run those welcoming coffeehouses, upscale restaurants and trendy new stores. But apartments in the area are being fixed up, and higher rents are squeezing out some residents. Anglo newcomers in their 20s and 30s are out and about, jogging and walking their dogs.

''Right now we're co-existing,'' said Sylvia Rivera, general manager of a youth-programmed radio station, WRTE-FM (www.wrte.org), based in Pilsen and owned by the National Museum of Mexican Art. ''Hopefully, we'll be able to do that and share, as well.''

A walk east on 18th Street from the Blue Line El stop cuts through the heart of Pilsen. It is a street lined with cafes and restaurants like Cafe Mestizo (1646 West 18th Street; 312-421-5920), a laid-back coffeehouse where a T-shirt displayed on a wall announces, ''Pilsen is not for sale''; and Mundial Cocina Mestiza (1640 West 18th Street; 312-491-9908), an upscale and friendly place (for weekend brunch, try the steak and eggs, surrounded by delicious Mexican side dishes and served with warm, chewy tortillas for about $12). Farther east is Bombon (1508 West 18th Street; 312-733-7788), an elaborate Mexican bakery and wedding cake shop.

Ms. Rivera used to give tours of 18th Street and the surrounding neighborhood, but increasingly visitors arrive unguided and wander by themselves. ''It's all a good thing,'' she said.

Indeed, as the Latino population expands its influence in Chicago, as in other American cities, visitors won't have to go looking for the Latin beat. It will be all around.

PAN AMERICAN

WHERE TO STAY

In the Loop, the Hotel Burnham (1 West Washington Street; 312-782-1111) is in the landmark Reliance Building, which reopened as a boutique hotel in 1999. Rooms start at $239 and suites at $389 in June and July. It's a block away from the Blue Line train, which you can take south to the 18th Street stop (elevated at that point) for Pilsen.

The Omni Chicago Hotel (676 North Michigan Avenue; 312-944-6664) is a short walk from the Frontera Grill and Topolobampo. Rooms start at $201.75 in July.

WHERE TO EAT

The Frontera Grill (445 North Clark Street; 312-661-1434) is the home restaurant of the cookbook author and TV show host Rick Bayless. It has eye-popping art on the walls and lively music. The food ranges from tacos al carbon for $16 to nightly specials, exquisitely prepared for $36. Next door is Topolobampo, Mr. Bayless's high-end restaurant.

At Maiz (1041 North California Street; 773-276-3149), order and share a series of small traditional Mexican dishes, like tamales in mole, for $4.75 to $7.75.

Cafe Aorta (2002 West 21st Street; 312-738-2002) serves Caribbean cooking near the National Museum of Mexican Art. A Cubano sandwich is $9. Corn beef hash with Puerto Rican rice and eggs and toast is $9.

Carnitas la Michoacana (2049 West Cermak Road; 773-254-2970) serves pork fried in a giant cauldron, chopped and served in fresh soft tacos for $1.35 each. (If you've come this far, after lunch walk around the corner to St. Paul's Church, a massive pile of bricks on West 22nd Place; it once rivaled the skyscrapers of the Loop.)

Taqueria Moran (2226 North California Avenue; 773-235-2663) is a reliable and friendly Mexican diner. Try the eggs and machaca (shredded beef), $7.50; the taco plate (try the carnitas) is $6.95.

Kristoffer Cafe & Bakery (1733 South Halsted Street; 312-829-4150) is a small coffeehouse that serves baked goods as well as Mexican- and Central American-style tamales (wrapped in a green banana leaf) for $1.75 to $2.75 and stays open for the second Friday art walks on Halsted, sometimes with live music.

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

**Correction**

An article on June 29 about Latino neighborhoods in Chicago misstated the transit line that stops at the 18th Street El station in Pilsen. Since late April, it has been served by the Pink Line instead of the Blue Line.

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**Correction-Date:** July 13, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: ABOVE: The Maxwell Street Market, though no longer on Maxwell Street, remains a symbol of Chicago's diversity. BELOW: Tito Toscano gives the market a Latino flavor at his stand, where he prepares lengua, steak and tacos. (pg. TR10)

Mario Castillo's mural depicting the Maya goddess Mayahuel, left, and Juan Horta's devil costume are both at National Museum of Mexican Art. (pg. TR7)

A mural in Pilsen reflects the Mexican roots of much of Chicago's large Hispanic population. Pilsen is the core neighborhood of Latino Chicago. (pg. TR7) (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SALLY RYAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) MAP (pg. TR10) Map of Pilsen in Chicago.

**Load-Date:** June 29, 2008

**End of Document**



[***SUPPORTERS OF LaROUCHE ARE WINNING LOCAL BALLOT SPOTS IN GROWING NUMBERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BSW0-0007-H32M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 23, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 38, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1273 words

**Byline:** By PHIL GAILEY, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, March 22

**Body**

With their upset victories in the Democratic primary in Illinois, the followers of Lyndon H. LaRouche, an eccentric far rightist and anti-Communist who has run for President three times, have penetrated the American political system in a way that few had thought possible.

Until now, Mr. LaRouche and his supporters have operated from the fringe of politics, shouting their theories of bizarre conspiracies from publications and from solicitation tables in airports and on street corners. No LaRouche candidate has yet been elected to governmental office, but his supporters are increasingly winning ballot positions in local and state elections.

Warren Hamerman, chairman of Mr. LaRouche's National Democratic Policy Committee, which has no connection to the Democratic Party, said the organization had fielded 146 candidates, most of them running as Democrats, for the United States House of Representatives this year, 14 for the United States Senate, seven for governorships and more than 600 for state legislative and local party posts in 29 states. The LaRouche candidate for the Senate in New York is Webster Tarpley.

The shock waves from Illinois moved the Democratic National Committee to begin a telephone ''alert'' to state party offices asking them to monitor the views of Democratic candidates closely. The committee is also providing information on the LaRouche organization to party leaders.

Unopposed in Santa Ana

Terry Michael, a spokesman for Paul G. Kirk Jr., the Democratic national chairman, said Mr. LaRouche and his supporters ''represent the kook fringe of American politics,'' adding, ''The Democratic Party abhors their extremism and outrageous activities and we obviously have to step up our efforts to educate the public to what has become a significant threat to the integrity of our electoral process.''

In Santa Ana, Calif., local party leaders were surprised to discover that a LaRouche supporter, Art Hoffman, is running unopposed in the Democratic primary for 40th District Congressional seat. They scrambled to find a write-in candidate.

At the moment, the LaRouche organization is trying to take political advantage of the national attention it is enjoying from its Illinois upsets on Tuesday. Last Friday it held a news conference here to introduce Washington reporters to Mark Fairfield and Janice Hart, the organization's two adherents who became the Democratic nominees for Lieutenant Governor and Secretary of State in Illinois.

The man they follow with cult-like devotion heads a worldwide organization, a mix of business and political enterprises, and constantly warns of conspiracies involving the Ford Foundation, the Trilateral Commission, former Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger, Israeli intelligence and Queen Elizabeth II of Britian.

Moynihan Recounts Campaign

Mr. LaRouche, who has already announced that he will run for President again in 1988, was born in Rochester, N.H., in 1922 into what he has described as ''an evangelical Republican family.'' He is a strong anti-Communist, but his earliest political associations, after World War II, were with the Socialist Workers Party, a Trotskyite group, and other leftist organizations.

In the 1970's, Mr. LaRouche, who lives on a heavily guarded estate in Leesburg, Va., began to shift his political views sharply to the right, toward a preoccupation with a Soviet threat and strong support of nuclear power. He has been accused of anti-Semitism, but has denied that, saying he is anti-Zionist.

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Democrat of New York, said Friday that Democrats deserved some of the blame for not challenging LaRouche candidates. In a Senate speech he described how New York Democrats initially stood aside when Melvin Klenetsky, a LaRouche Democrat, ran for Mayor of New York City in 1981 and gained respectability. The next year, Mr. Klenetsky ran against Senator Moynihan and won 15 percent of the vote.

''I know no such thing as nasty as running against a fascist sect,'' Mr. Moynihan said. ''When they go after your family and you and violence is threatened and not very far from real, you have an experience.''

'Smooth-Sounding Names'

The victories by Mr. LaRouche's followers in Illinois stunned the state's Democratic establishment. And the party's gubernatorial nominee, Adlai E. Stevenson 3d, said he would not share the same ticket with the two LaRouche candidates, whom he denounced as ''adherents to an extremist philosophy steeped in violence and bigotry.'' He said he would try to form a third-party ticket, although some state Democrats have advised against such a move.

Party officials offered a variety of theories to explain the upsets. There was a low voter turnout and the regular Democratic candidates did little serious campaigning. Some suggested that ethnic bigotry might have been a factor. Mr. Fairfield's opponent was state Senator Georgia E. Sangmeister; Mrs. Hart's was Aurelia Pucinski, the daughter of a Chicago alderman.

And, perhaps most important, some state Democrats say, was evidence that many voters were not aware of the LaRouche connection.

Tim Sutton, a shoe salesman in Taylorville, told The Chicago Tribune that Democratic leaders should have warned voters about the LaRouche candidates. ''I voted for them because they had smooth-sounding names,'' Mr. Sutton was quoted as saying. The LaRouche forces scoffed at these explanations and attributed their success to a message that emphasized strong action to deal with unemployment, crime, drugs and acquired immune deficiency syndrome, or AIDS, which is associated primarily with homosexuals and drug users.

Both Mr. Fairchild, a 28-year-old electrical engineer, and Mrs. Hart, a 31-year-old New York native, promised to halt farm foreclosures, to reopen closed steel mills, to form citizen groups to hunt down drug pushers, to prosecute banks for laundering drug money and to press for mandatory screening for AIDS.

'That's Interesting, but . . .'

''They offered very simple solutions to complex problems,'' said J. Michael McKeon, a polltaker in Joliet, Ill. ''Put a head band on them and a machine gun on their shoulder and you've got a Rambo. This is not so much support for the LaRouche candidates that is being reflected but the mood of ***working-class*** people who are tired of the way the two political parties handled their problems.''

Mr. McKeon said he had been tracking growing public support for the LaRouche candidates in areas of high crime and unemployment for more than a year. Last January, he said, he wrote an analysis of his findings and circulated it among Democratic leaders both in Illinois and in Washington. ''They would say, 'That's interesting, but how do they feel about Gramm-Rudman,' '' the polltaker said, referring to the new Federal deficit-reducing law.

In his analysis, Mr. McKeon pointed out that in the Joliet area ''the LaRouche party re-elected a significant number of Democratic Party committeemen and won the county auditor nomination over the regular Democratic candidate.''

His paper continued: ''In interviews with union households who express a willingness to vote for LaRouche party candidates, most had no idea what the party stood for, but were fed up with the way the two major parties were handling crime and unemployment.''

Strong opinions are not the only thing the LaRouche forces bring to politics. According to former LaRouche disciples and law-enforcement officials, they also use strong-arm tactics to intimidate and harrass opponents.

Just before the Illinois primary, LaRouche supporters barged into the campaign office of Mrs. Hart's opponent and demanded that a worker ''take the AIDS test.''

**End of Document**



[***WHAT HAS RED, GREEN AND JOY ALL OVER?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B2R0-0007-H1C2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 11, 1986, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1134 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, June 10

**Body**

In this city, which has produced Paul Revere, John Adams and John F. Kennedy, there is only one man who has been deified by a statue erected in his lifetime - Arnold Auerbach.

A bronze monument to Mr. Auerbach sits on a bench in Quincy Market, a short, round, balding figure grasping a cigar. The inscription reads simply: ''He has made winning synonymous with Boston.''

Today a million and a half good citizens of Boston, by police count, came to pay tribute to the latest creation of the man they know as Red, the 1986 Boston Celtics, once again the world champions of basketball.

A Sweet 16th

In what has become virtually a biennial event since Red Auerbach took over the leadership of the Celtics, 16 championships in the last 30 years, the multitude of fans surrounded City Hall at noontime. No other team in professional sports can match that record, and the Celtics' success has become a matter of grave pride to the city as well as the players.

''The Celtics mean everything to Boston,'' said Edward L. Martin, an investment portfolio manager who wore a green Celtic tie with his beige suit. ''They are part of the ***working class***, the professional class, the whole city.''

In compiling the best record in the National Basketball Association this year and beating the Houston Rockets on Sunday for the title, the Celtics finished with 50 victories and only one loss in the antiquated Boston Garden before their adoring home audience.

Larry Bird, named the Most Valuable Player in the league this year and adjudged by many the best basketball player of all time, told the fans they too had played a role in the Celtics' predominance. ''If we were just unbeatable at home, it was because of you all,'' Mr. Bird said from a platform on the side of City Hall.

Below him a vast sea of green roared assent: boys in green T-shirts, girls with green shamrocks, elderly men with green caps and middle-aged women in green dresses.

One woman, a 37-year-old clerk with the Boston School Department dressed in a white golf shirt and kelly green skirt, was even named Green. ''The Celtics should go down in history,'' said Pamela Green.

''I'm going to take the rest of the day off,'' she added. And Now, the Red Sox? Daniel Gill, a square-jawed 18-year-old with sandy-colored hair from the Hyde Park section of the city, was waiting for tonight and the television broadcast of the Red Sox, Boston's baseball team. The Red Sox have not won the World Series since 1918, when Babe Ruth was their star pitcher, but they are in first place in the American League Eastern division, and hope runs high.

It has been an extraordinary year for Boston sports, Mr. Gill exclaimed. First the New England Patriots emerged from years of obscurity to win the American Football Conference championship, before bowing to the Chicago Bears in the Super Bowl. Now the Celtics.

''This is it, baby,'' said Mr. Gill, clutching a beer can. ''All we need now is the Sox.''

There was another young man some years ago, Raymond L. Flynn, who grew up the son of a poor longshoreman in South Boston and dreamed the dream of all boys here, of one day playing for the Celtics. Mr. Flynn managed to become a Celtic ball boy, and later, after an All-America performance at Providence College, he was signed by the Celtics in 1964 and made it to the final cut before the regular season.

But the Celtics had another good guard, named K. C. Jones, and elected to keep him instead.

Today Mr. Flynn could laugh about his fate. For he is the Mayor of Boston, and Mr. Jones is the Celtics' coach. On Sunday, when the Celtics beat the Rockets to win the league title, he watched the game on television in his office with a group of black teen-agers from Roxbury, part of a broad program to improve the racial climate in the city. Then he went out and hoisted a Celtics banner in front of City Hall.

''If I didn't cut Ray Flynn, he might still be with us and K. C. Jones would have been the Mayor,'' Red Auerbach told the crowd today.

Black, White and Green All Over

At the beginning of the season, some sportswriters noted that in a game now dominated by black players, the Celtics would start a lineup with a majority of whites, including Mr. Bird. Their comments annoyed Mr. Auerbach, who pointed out that the Celtics had been the first N.B.A. team to have a black player, the first to field a predominantly black team and now one of the rare teams with a black coach.

At the festivities today, there were few signs of the hostility that blighted Boston in the city's school busing crisis of the 1970's. Although a large majority of fans who attend Celtics' games are white, at least in part because many tickets are reserved years in advance, a sizable number of the celebrants around City Hall were black, draped in Irish green.

Over the years, the Celtics have never had a mascot, no cheerleaders with pompons like the hated Los Angeles Lakers, and nobody dressed up in chicken costumes to prance on the floor at halftime. In keeping with Boston's Puritan heritage, the Celtics offered only basketball, winning basketball, in an old arena without air-conditioning and a sagging parquet floor.

A Special Fan

But toward the end of the season a new phenomenon appeared, a tall, buxom blonde woman in a white knit top who quickly became a celebrity as the Celtics' biggest fan, widely sought after for interviews by television, radio and newspaper reporters.

When she sat near the Atlanta Hawks' bench at a playoff game, the coach later blamed her for his team's loss. Some of his players had been distracted, he charged.

Jan Volk, the Celtics' general manager, was not sure what to do about the commotion her presence caused. ''You can't bar someone from coming to the game just because they are very good-looking, or very ugly,'' he explained.

Regular Attendance

So she kept attending the games when she was not working at night, in places like The Fuzzy Grape in Webster, Mass., or Mister Happy's in Waterbury, Conn., striptease clubs.

Today she wanted to join in the Celtics' victory celebration, but her anatomy got in the way.

''It's hard to walk around in a crowd when you're shaped like this,'' said Busty Heart.

In the end, half a dozen police officers had to protect her from dozens of clutching admirers.

On Monday night, though it was not widely advertised, the Celtics had their annual breakup dinner at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, another Boston landmark.

In years past, the Ritz kept a blacklist for undesirable customers and maintained a strict policy requiring coats and ties for male patrons. But Bill Walton, the Celtics' 7-foot reserve center, was observed entering the Ritz in a checked sport shirt without either coat or tie.

No problem, said Patricia Cutler, the hotel's public relations manager: ''All of us here are thrilled to have the Celtics and are true fans.''

**Graphic**

photo of crowd at rally to honor the Boston Celtics (UPI); photo of Red Auerbach, president of the Celtics (AP) (page A16)

**End of Document**



[***ULSTER'S BITTER POLICE: A BATTERING ON BOTH SIDES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B680-0007-H1DW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 28, 1986, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1161 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH LELYVELD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LISBURN, Northern Ireland, May 24

**Body**

Like their father and grandfather before them, the Gracey brothers are all members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, a police force that has been toughened and tempered in the flames of unremitting sectarian conflict. Like 90 percent of their fellow officers, they are Protestants.

Gary Gracey, who is 23 years old, has twice been blown off his feet by bomb explosions, which have left him with what may turn out to be a permanent hearing impairment. His brother Nigel, five years older, has been shot at four times by the underground Irish Republican Army. Ronnie, the eldest at 36, has not only been shot at but badly beaten on two occasions in pitched battles between the police and supporters of the nationalist cause in Roman Catholic ghettos.

So the Graceys are used to the idea that they are targets. But when marauders turned the living room of the family home into a tinderbox one night last month by dousing it with gasoline and hurling in a crude fire bomb, the Graceys lost more than a home and its furnishings. They lost their bearings in the conflict that conditions every aspect of their working lives, for they knew at once that the attackers were Protestants, not Roman Catholics.

Family Faces the Unexpected

''You could expect this sort of thing from republicans but not so-called loyalists,'' Nigel Gracey said, using the political euphemisms by which the sectarian factions are usually identified.

The Royal Ulster Constabulary became a target for Protestant wrath on the day a little more than six months ago that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher signed a treaty with the Irish Republic giving Dublin a deliberately vague and ambiguous consultative role in governing the province.

The Protestant loyalists, also known as unionists, instantly expressed their loyalty to the British crown and the idea of Northern Ireland's indissoluble union with Britain, in what might seem to be a self-contradictory manner, by calling for boycotts of British institutions and assailing British officials.

The more they lashed out in frustration, the more they found themselves in conflict with the Royal Ulster Constabulary, whose members, as private citizens, were overwhelmingly sympathetic to their cause. The Rev. Ian Paisley and James Molyneaux, the leaders of the two main Protestant parties, bought newspaper advertising space in early March for an open letter to the police, telling them the British-Irish Agreement meant they were now being directed by ''a foreign power,'' one that, the letter said, ''still harbors the murderers of so many of your gallant colleagues.''

The letter was intended as a blow against the agreement, not an incitement to attacks on the police, but senior police officials appear to feel that it had that effect. In less than three months, there were 361 attacks on the homes and families of members of the force, which has 11,000 full-time officers and 2,000 reservists.

Sixty-six of these families concluded it was no longer safe for them to go on living in their Protestant enclaves, just as the minority of Catholic officers long ago had to conclude that it was unsafe for them to live in Catholic areas.

Most Protestant political and church leaders, including Mr. Paisley and Mr. Molyneaux, condemned the attacks. One who stopped short of outright condemnation was Peter Robinson, a member of Parliament from Mr. Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party who is now widely portrayed as having taken his mentor's mantle as the most unyielding Protestant politician in the province.

''It will be a very sad development,'' Mr. Robinson commented in an interview, ''if we end up having the police force as a third community living in its own protected police estates.'' That would be the result, he seemed to be suggesting, if the British-Irish Agreement were not shelved.

Protestant constables who conclude that their families are at risk in ***working-class*** Protestant areas tend to take refuge by heading upscale into middle-class suburbs where Catholics and Protestants still manage to withstand the sectarian apartheid that now relentlessly defines embattled inner-city sections. In a small way, such forced moves underscore the message that the British and Irish Governments are seeking to convey through their agreement, that cooperation is the only way out of their bitter impasse.

The attacks on the police reached a zenith in April after street violence in Portadown in which a young Protestant was killed by a plastic bullet fired from a police riot gun. They have since tapered off but never quite ended.

According to an officer of the Police Federation, the union that speaks for Northern Ireland's constables, the ordinary officer lives now with the grim conviction that the attacks will again reach epidemic proportions in the summer, the season when loyalist movements take to the streets to march under their traditional banners.

The question of whether the attacks were organized or orchestrated is answered ambiguously by Andy Tyrie, the head of the Ulster Defense Association, the largest of the Protestant paramilitary groups.

''I'd be telling lies if I said members of our organization hadn't anything to do with it,'' said Mr. Tyrie, who conceded that the police have no choice as to how they carry out their duties. ''Their only choice is to resign, and I wouldn't ask them to resign,'' he said.

'Nothing But Criminals'

At the same time, Mr. Tyrie thought the attacks conveyed an important message to the police. Putting it into words, he said, ''We find it very difficult to see you beating up loyalists and then coming back in the evenings to our communities.''

''A lot of these people calling themselves loyalists are really nothing but criminals,'' Constable Nigel Gracey reflected as he stood in the burned-out living room of his father's home. As serving officers, the Gracey brothers dutifully declined to discuss their views of the agreement. But their father, who retired from the force 22 years ago, felt no such constraint.

''I'm a member of the Orange Order and the Black Institution,'' Fred Gracey said, naming two die-hard Protestant groups, ''and I believe our identity is threatened.'' At the same time, he was quick to point out that Catholic neighbors helped to extinguish a fire that was so intense that it melted the clock on the kitchen wall. The Catholic neighbors, he said, now felt impelled to move out of the public housing development here in Lisburn, a bedroom community south of Belfast, figuring that they could not be safe where police families were threatened.

Fred Gracey told the story as if it were the unraveling of a curse, mentioning the gruesome murder and dismemberment some 15 years ago of a Protestant neighbor who strayed into a Catholic area and whose fatherless sons then became fodder for lawless Protestant groups, the sort that could have been responsible for the attack on his home.

''It's not over yet,'' Gary Gracey said. ''This is nothing compared to what's going to happen.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Isobel Gracey and Fred Gracey (Pacemaker)

**End of Document**



[***Inmates, Gumshoes and Aristocrats***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52RY-DVX1-DXY4-X53M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 1, 2011 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section MT; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 8; SUMMER MOVIES/ DVD'S

**Length:** 2637 words

**Byline:** By STEPHANIE ZACHAREK and CHARLES TAYLOR

**Body**

The Women In Cages Collection

IN Gerardo de Leon's 1971 ''Women in Cages,'' a sadistic lesbian prison matron played by the magnificent B-movie actress Pam Grier (below, center) sizes up a shapely incoming inmate. ''This is going to be just like back home,'' she says with a sneer, ''but different!'' Welcome to the sick, sexy world of cheap-as-heck women-in-prison sexploitation films, where the dialogue is loose, the hot pants are tight, and the rules are cruel. (''No fornicating with anyone of any kind!'' a prison official barks in Jack Hill's ''Big Bird Cage,'' from 1972, introducing a range of heretofore unimagined possibilities.)

The schlock entertainment impresario Roger Corman ruled the women-in-prison genre in the early '70s, and now ''The Women in Cages Collection'' conveniently gathers three of these films in one place -- the third is Mr. Hill's ''Big Doll House,'' from 1971 -- so you can program your own mini-festival without even leaving your cell.

Of these three pictures, de Leon's is the roughest, featuring an array of sexualized torture sequences that are suggested rather than shown. Mr. Hill's pictures, on the other hand, are affectionate and good-natured, though no less twisted. In ''The Big Bird Cage'' sex-crazed, revenge-hungry inmates descend on the cruel prison guard who has long taunted them and, even though he's made his sexual orientation clear, force their favors upon him.

There's no polite way to put it: these aren't exactly nice girls. But in their skimpy prison wear (these movies were all shot on skinflint budgets in the steamy Philippines), the actresses who played them -- among them Roberta Collins, Anitra Ford and, of course, Ms. Grier -- form a sweaty, radiant army of antiestablishment disaffection. They find their own kind of freedom behind bars. (Shout! Factory, June 21, DVD $19.93; Aug. 23, Blu-ray $39.99) STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

The Sophia Loren Award Collection

THE movies offer images more refined (but few as radiant) than that of Sophia Loren striding, triumphantly pregnant, through the streets of Naples in the first episode of Vittorio De Sica's 1963 omnibus comedy ''Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.'' Ms. Loren, always a woman, never a girl, is one of the screen's natural comics, because the world doesn't weigh her down. Sex and love and hardship are part of life's great shared joke, whether she plays a peasant or a kept woman.

When she has to suffer in De Sica's rather stiff 1970 melodrama ''Sunflower,'' as the wife of a soldier (Marcello Mastroianni) missing on the Russian front, it doesn't suit her. She's much more at home lolling so happily in bed with Mastroianni that she doesn't know if it's morning or night.

Is it any wonder that Mastroianni's reaction to her, as it often is in the films they made together for De Sica, is one of blissful befuddlement? When, in the famous scene from another episode of ''Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow,'' Ms. Loren strips for him as he sits on a bed, his fists to his mouth, his eyes wide, he looks like a kid who has just been told that every morning for the rest of his life will be Christmas. For an actor thought to embody the Latin lover, Mastroianni (above, with Ms. Loren) was (in the way that Johnny Depp can be) an almost passive seducer, happy to take in the pleasures that Ms. Loren brought his way, through his sleepy eyes, which radiated bemused resignation.

The three movies in this collection (''Marriage Italian Style,'' from 1964, is also included) have none of the purity and intensity of De Sica's great humanist masterpieces: ''The Bicycle Thief,'' ''Shoeshine'' and ''Umberto D.'' You're aware at times that the comic tone is forced, but you'd have to be a real grouch to reject the sunny broadness.

In ''Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow,'' when the word passes among the female street vendors of Naples that, because she is pregnant, Ms. Loren's character will not go to jail for selling contraband cigarettes, suddenly the street seems to be putting on a show for us, preparing for a feast to celebrate the movies' earthiest Madonna. (Kino-Lorber, May 17, DVD collection $49.95; individual titles on Blu-ray: ''Sunflower'' and ''Marriage Italian Style'' $29.95 each; ''Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow'' $39.95) CHARLES TAYLOR

The Makioka Sisters (1983)

WHEN ''The Makioka Sisters'' was released in 1983, there was nothing quite like it on the movie landscape: a lush yet restrained period melodrama set in Japan on the eve of World War II, it was shot in thrumming, vibrant colors instead of the predictable, softer tones reserved for period movies. Based on a novel by Junichiro Tanizaki, ''The Makioka Sisters'' is about four women who fret and squabble -- politely -- as they try to find a suitable husband for the third-eldest sister. The director, Kon Ichikawa, had made a deeply satisfying version of the traditional woman's movie for the art-house crowd -- you might call it Osaka Sirk.

But ''The Makioka Sisters,'' as beloved as it was by many of those who saw it on its theatrical release, was a great movie that got away. It was more a quiet secret than a grand sensation.

Now this beautifully restored version gives it a chance at new life. There's a gentle, drifting mournfulness about the film -- it is, partly, the story of a proud, once-influential family losing its status in the modern age -- and Kiyoshi Hasegawa's cinematography sets the tone by capturing the passing of the seasons, from the pinkish-white purity of cherry blossoms to the red-hot orange of autumn leaves. One of the story's most understated relationships -- the subterranean yearning felt by one of the Makioka husbands (Koji Ishizaka) for his young sister-in-law, the shy, melancholy (and unmarried) Yukiko (Sayuri Yoshinaga, above right, with Yuko Kotegawa) -- is traced so delicately that you're barely prepared for the picture's tender, wrenching ending.

''The Makioka Sisters'' is a sleeping beauty that has been tucked away for a long time. At last a new audience will have the chance to wake it from its spell. (Criterion, June 14, DVD $29.95; Blu-ray $39.95) STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

Something Wild (1986)

JONATHAN DEMME'S screwball nerve rattler ''Something Wild'' came and went so fast in the fall of 1986 that few people connected it to another American film released around the same time, David Lynch's ''Blue Velvet.''

Mr. Demme's movie, which grows out of the traditions of the American road comedy and Preston Sturges's celebrations of the eccentricities of ordinary Americans, has no stylistic affinity to Mr. Lynch's surrealist shotgun marriage of ''Peyton Place'' and the Hardy Boys. But both films understand how the freedom and mobility of American life are tied to its violence and volatility.

Mr. Demme's unlikely hero Charlie Driggs (Jeff Daniels) toils on Wall Street by day and goes to his suburban home at night. His routine is interrupted by Audrey (Melanie Griffith, in her best movie performance), a sexy punkette in a Louise Brooks bob who picks up Charlie at a Manhattan lunch counter and whisks him away, first to a no-tell motel in New Jersey, then to her high school reunion in Pennsylvania. (Below, Mr Daniels and Ms. Griffith in the film.)

Mr. Demme gives us the poignancy of seeing the light of life come back into Charlie's eyes. (Mr. Daniels's performance gives the role of the ordinary man more soul than it's had since the heyday of James Stewart.) But by the time he realizes it's Audrey he wants, her ex-con ex, Ray (Ray Liotta, who's terrifying), has shown up, and he's not about to let Audrey go.

E. Max Frye's brilliant script prepares us for every tonal change, but the picture can still shake you up. I've seen audiences reveling in the movie's spirit of liberation and fun one minute and literally shaking in their seats the next. (I was one of them the first time I saw it.) But that abrupt plunge, from the joyous heights to the criminal depths, gives the movie weight and puts a price on freedom. Freedom also has a price for the people whom Mr. Demme and his cinematographer, Tak Fujimoto, show us, the ***working-class*** and black Americans, the people who became invisible in the Reagan era.

A road comedy of lovers making their way through America in tough times, ''Something Wild'' inevitably calls up ''It Happened One Night.'' But its real spiritual kin is Sturges's ''Lady Eve.'' Like that film it's about a man who must learn to recognize his beloved for who she is -- rather than his fantasy of her -- before he can be worthy of her. The movie's other great romance is Jonathan Demme's with the crazy plurality of America. Everyone is invited to the party he gives. (Criterion, May 10, DVD $29.95; Blu-ray $39.95) CHARLES TAYLOR

Kiss Me Deadly (1955)

''A midget among dwarfs.'' That's how the director Paul Schrader described Ralph Meeker amid the populuxe baroque of Robert Aldrich's ''Kiss Me Deadly,'' from 1955, adapted from the Mickey Spillane novel. Meeker plays Spillane's private detective, Mike Hammer, but while A. I. Bezzerides's screenplay retains the convoluted brutalism of Spillane's plots, this Hammer is no hero. Meeker portrays Hammer as a feral slug, using the meaty thickness of his features to convey a perpetual surliness that remains whether Hammer is -- barely -- tolerating a police interrogation, or pimping out his secretary-girlfriend, Velda (Maxine Cooper), to make a quick buck by obtaining proof of infidelity for suspicious wives.

Sadism is the only thing that makes Hammer come alive, snapping the rare Caruso 78s of an opera singer or slamming a dresser drawer on a seedy coroner's fingers when the guy attempts to shake him down. Hammer is out of the gutter just far enough to be able to see over the curb. That inch of metaphoric height is about all that lifts him above the movie's hoods, whom we meet when (off screen) they use a pair of pliers to torture to death the barefoot hitchhiker (the young Cloris Leachman) Hammer picks up.

The movie's propulsive thuggishness is a result of how much Aldrich hated Spillane's novel and his detective. From the opening, in which the credits roll in reverse from the top of the screen down as Hammer zips along the highway in his Jaguar convertible, to the Pandora's-box finale in which a Malibu beach house, and possibly Southern California along with it, goes up in an atomic explosion, Aldrich applies a virtuoso pummeling to the material. The plot is barely coherent. What holds the movie together is the way Aldrich deploys his directorial flash as a weapon against a postwar culture that has confused nihilistic force with strength.

Ernest Laszlo's cinematography unites the clean, sunlit lines of Hammer's swanky bachelor pad with the vertical shadows and bars of Los Angeles's flophouses and saloons and deserted nighttime streets. There, at least, Aldrich seems to be saying, the sleaze isn't pretending to be anything else. (Criterion, June 21, DVD $29.95; Blu-ray $39.95) CHARLES TAYLOR

The Music Room (Jalsaghar) (1958)

WE all talk about certain movies as being timeless, pictures that age gracefully or barely at all. We love them more every time we watch them. But there are also movies that live and breathe in a sphere of their own, pictures that seem capable of suspending time.

Satyajit Ray's ''Music Room'' -- or ''Jalsaghar'' -- is one of them. Chhabi Biswas (above left, in foreground with Gangapada Bose) is Roy, a landowner from a respected, aristocratic family who has seen his riches dwindle over the years, though he barely brings himself to acknowledge it. He sells the last of his family's jewels to pay for his son's coming-of-age celebration; and he frequently indulges in his greatest pleasure, inviting musicians to entertain himself and his guests in his lavish music room. His pride causes him to compete with a money-grubbing, self-made neighbor and also brings him great sorrow.

But ''The Music Room'' -- in a league with ''The Leopard'' and ''The Magnificent Ambersons'' -- isn't a cautionary tale, but a lush, delicately stippled account of a grand flameout. Ray gives us images so simple in their beauty -- a boy and his servant perched on the back of a gleaming, freshly bathed elephant, ambling through the surf as if life could hold nothing but the greatest joy -- that they almost seem unreal.

Ray's movies have occasionally made their way into American revival houses in patchwork prints of varying quality, and ''The Music Room'' has previously been available domestically only on scratchy VHS. Thanks to this luminous restoration, it now seems to glow from within, like a long-lost moon that has, at last, decided to show its face. (Criterion, July 19, DVD $29.95; Blu-ray $39.95) STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

Other Releases

THE balmy season kicks off with the most nightmarish summer vacation on film: Catherine Breillat's harrowing ''Fat Girl'' (Tuesday). There's a gentler idyll to be found the same day in Ingmar Bergman's ''Smiles of a Summer Night.'' And also, perhaps, the greatest American political film, certainly the most thrilling: the 1962 ''Manchurian Candidate,'' which comes to Blu-ray. On May 10 W. C. Fields admires Mae West's symmetrical digits in ''My Little Chickadee,'' and Michelle Williams and Ryan Gosling discover the bliss of young love and the hell of marital decay in the devastating ''Blue Valentine.''

Jeff Bridges gives one of his least remarked on and most impressively controlled performances in the solid thriller ''Jagged Edge,'' out on May 17, when the Blu-ray version arrives of the grand poolroom showdown between Paul Newman's Fast Eddie and Jackie Gleason's immaculate Minnesota Fats in ''The Hustler.''

Shout! Factory continues to supply the B-movies of the producer Roger Corman and the impressive talents he hired. On May 24 we get Ron Howard's two films for Mr. Corman -- ''Eat My Dust!'' and ''Grand Theft Auto'' -- as well as Peter Fonda in Jonathan Demme's ''Fighting Mad'' (on a disc with ''Moving Violation''). That same day Charlie Chaplin gets even with Hitler for, as Francois Truffaut put it, stealing his mustache, in ''The Great Dictator.''

One week later, on May 31, John Wayne gives 'em hell in Howard Hawks's final film, ''Rio Lobo,'' while ''Stanley Kubrick: The Essential Collection'' gathers many of the director's films on Blu-ray. On June 7 the Marx Brothers' campaign to destroy any semblance of sanity of order reaches Blu-ray, as their early comedies -- ''The Cocoanuts,'' ''Animal Crackers,'' ''Duck Soup,'' ''Monkey Business'' and ''Horse Feathers'' -- are released. And you can't get them unless you say ''swordfish'' (see ''Horse Feathers'').

The Coen brothers' remake of ''True Grit'' also appears that day, as does John Huston's magnificent adaptation of the Kipling story ''The Man Who Would Be King.'' Ann-MargretandTuesday Weld saunter through ''The Cincinnati Kid'' on June 14. And, oh, yeah, Steve McQueen shows up too.

Anarchy arrives on June 28, when Criterion releases Louis Malle's adaptation of Raymond Queneau's novel ''Zazie Dans le Metro,'' the charming adventures of a little girl from the provinces and her drag-queen uncle on the loose in Paris.

In ''13 Assassins,'' on July 12, Takashi Miike offers a baker's dozen of bad news messengers in this martial-arts fest. In dreamier fare Criterion's Blu-ray edition of the greatest of all fantasy films, Jean Cocteau's ''Beauty and the Beast,'' arrives July 19. Roman Polanski's macabre comedy ''Cul-de-Sac'' makes its debut on DVD and Blu-ray on July 26, as does Jean-Pierre Melville's ''Leon Morin, Priest'' starring Jean-Paul Belmondo.

On Aug. 2 Cocteau makes his second home video appearance of the summer with the DVD and Blu-ray release of his ''Orpheus.'' The same day the complete works of Jean Vigo arrive, including his only feature, ''L'Atalante,'' one of the most lyrical and profoundly beautiful films ever made. CHARLES TAYLOR

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**Graphic**

PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEW WORLD PICTURES/PHOTOFEST

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[***Like Pied Piper, the Puck Lures the Young***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1WS0-008G-F1RM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By GEORGE JUDSON,

By GEORGE JUDSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** DARIEN, Conn.

**Body**

Where do the little boys get their big dreams? At center ice here at the Darien Ice Rink, under the championship banners, beneath the electronic scoreboard, at 5 o'clock on Saturday mornings.

They enter the rink with puffy eyes and hair matted by sleep, lugging equipment bags as big as they are. Some come directly from Friday night sleepovers; some, an hour or two later, will be back in bed. In the locker rooms, they slump on benches while moms and dads lace their skates.

But just after 5, the Lightning and the Mighty Ducks are on the ice, standing as tall as 10-year-olds can in skates and full hockey armor. The buzzer sounds, the referee drops the puck, and parents shout as the players dash across the ice. If this is a Saturday morning before the sun is even up, what must the rest of life hold?

"These teams are in last place, and that's the worst; to be in last place and play at 5 A.M.," said Maureen D'Erasmo of New Canaan, whose son Will was on the ice.

Even so, she said: "They all assume they're going to play high school, college, pro. But it's so good for them. It gives them ambition. It gives them discipline."

Across the country, youth hockey leagues take over ice rinks every weekend from October through March, putting sticks in the hands of boys, and some girls, as young as 5. Mites, Squirts, Pee Wees, Bantams, Midgets: the age divisions set by USA Hockey, the amateur sport's governing body, lead ever upward toward the Olympic team.

Last season, according to USA Hockey, 250,000 boys and girls played in its youth leagues, a 28 percent increase since 1989; nearly 25,000 played in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey -- in New York City as well as in suburbs and small towns. As a surge in the birth rate swells the number of aspiring players, a shortage of rinks in the metropolitan area has resulted in long waiting lists.

Here, where nearly 700 children from Darien and nearby towns skate in two leagues, Darien Youth Hockey and Mid-Fairfield, the level of play is so high, so early, that a 9-year-old who moves into town and discovers hockey is already too old to start skating. By then, some classmates have been on travel teams, competing across Connecticut, for three years.

Dana Dunlop's older son missed out for just that reason, she said. But her younger son, Mark, who was just 3 when they moved to Darien, was bitten early by the hockey bug.

"For a while, he wanted to be a professional Zamboni driver," Mrs. Dunlop said after sending Mark, now a first grader, onto the ice for a Mid-Fairfield program that teaches children age 5 and 6 the basics of hockey skating.

Most Important: Getting Up

Mark and nearly 60 other boys were learning how to stop on a dime, how to skate backward, how to pass the puck, and most basic of all, how to get up after falling. Next year, eligible for Mite teams for ages 6 through 9, many will be skating better than their parents.

Like two current Mites, Alex Howe and Jonathan McClellan, they will also be wearing about $300 of equipment, from skates to helmet (with chin, mouth and face protectors) to pads (neck, shoulder, hip and knee) and gloves. The cost of gear and rink time help explain the growing preppie element in a once ***working-class*** sport; it can better afford the $395 that Darien Youth Hockey charges for recreational play, plus the $300 to $500 to play on a travel team.

The elaborate gear and the arena aura of the rinks combine with the precocious speed of hockey to make it the sports equal of a video game for 8-year-olds like Alex and Jonathan, who both vowed, "I'm going to turn pro."

"His first year, and he's going to turn pro," Alex's mother, Cynthia Howe, said with a nervous laugh as his team won, 1-0. She had resisted hockey, she said, because of the time it can demand of families. Travel teams play four games a weekend; Darien teams might play games 75 miles apart on the same day, or in a tournament in New York or Canada.

After the game, though, standing between locker rooms, she jumped when a door burst open and a Bantam travel team stomped toward the ice. They were hulking teen-agers, not little boys with high voices. "This is what gives me the creeps," she said. "When they get this big."

Pee Wee, the Great Divide

But by Pee Wee, for ages 12 and 13, only the serious skaters are left. Mid-Fairfield, by then, offers only travel teams; recreational playing is over. For the first time, players are allowed to body-check. Some don't like the rougher game. Everyone's in junior high school, pulled in new directions.

The unbridled excitement is found among the Mites, where both children and their parents are learning the game. Players, organized into three lines according to their ability, spill off the benches at two-minute intervals to play the comparable line from the other team.

The younger, and less able, a line's players are, the louder parents seem to yell. Mothers yell louder than fathers. None of it appears to have any effect.

"Hey ref, how about a back check?" a father shouted during Alex's game, when a 6-year-old Shark tottered up to a tiny Whaler and pushed him down from behind with the force of one puppy playing with another.

As seven players stood around the puck, poking at it with their sticks like little boys torturing ants, Valerie Smith, the wife of a Whalers coach, shouted advice so loudly that she startled a passer-by.

"There are a few parents who get carried away," said Frank Volpicelli, the president of Darien Youth Hockey. "But usually one phone call will take care of it."

The 12-Minute War

After the games, parents crowd the locker rooms to help their sons with skates and tape, and to help the coaches with cheers for the team. The boys again slump on benches, their faces flushed, their hair now matted with sweat. Each has played a total of 12 minutes; they look as if they've been to war.

But they are already moving on to thoughts of the next game, or of lunch at the Silver Star Diner. Jonathan McClellan's Kings lost, 5-0, against a tough Penguins team with older players, but he seemed unfazed as a coach praised them. "Guys, you had 14 shots on that goalie. That was a fine job. He was very good."

Jonathan was happy with how he played. "That team is second in the league," he said. "Besides," he whispered, "they tripped us."

Then his eyes brightened. "Want to see my tape roll?" he asked, reaching into his equipment bag. The future hockey pro held up a ball of used tape as big as a melon.

**Graphic**

Photo: Before the blue line can be crossed and the puck sent flying, the Mites in Darien, Conn., must learn to skate. (pg. A1); After an action-filled 14-13 victory, members of the Whalers of the Youth Hockey League in Darien, Conn., adjourned to the locker room, where a parent was on hand to help Dwight Smith and his weary brother, Travis, center, with their equipment, at top. Loyal parents, above, watched the game. (Photographs by Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times) (pg. B4)

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[***No More Raging at a Yellow Bus; In Yonkers, Cooler Heads Look Back at Years of Desegregation***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44WY-BN50-01CN-H0JB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:**  By WINNIE HU

**Dateline:** YONKERS, Jan. 12

**Body**

The Web site of the Yonkers Public Schools neatly sums up a two-decade battle over desegregation here with a drawing of light- and dark-skinned students standing beside a tree of knowledge. Bright turquoise letters proclaim this "a unique, culturally diverse community."

But this sunny vision of racial harmony glosses over the more painful effects of a long-running federal lawsuit against the school system, the state's fourth largest. Since 1986, Yonkers schools have been overseen by a federal monitor and integrated through a host of court-ordered measures, including magnet programs and busing, that have put neighbor against neighbor.

The clearest result has been more diversity in each of the city's 41 public schools, but whether that diversity has paid off academically for minority students is still a matter of intense debate. Black and Hispanic children now make up more than three-quarters of the students in Yonkers public schools, and they still consistently score lower than their white classmates on the state's standardized English and math tests.

This week, city, state, federal and N.A.A.C.P. officials announced a tentative settlement that seeks to end the bitter litigation and federal intervention. Under a five-year plan, the state would provide $300 million for educational programs to improve the performance of black and Hispanic children.

If the settlement is accepted by the courts and the Legislature, this largely ***working-class*** city of 196,000 in affluent Westchester County could finally move past an issue that has fractured its neighborhoods, politics and way of life. The desegregation case not only drove many white families to leave Yonkers over the years, but also demolished the career of many an elected official who dared to support it.

"I lived with the desegregation case, and I died with it," said Angelo Martinelli, a six-term Yonkers mayor who was voted out in 1987 after he tried to cobble together a settlement. "It turned the whole city upside down."

Mr. Martinelli and others say the litigation became an all-consuming priority that drained the city's resources, scared off businesses and residents and tarnished Yonkers's reputation as a nice place to live. But N.A.A.C.P. leaders and their supporters say the lawsuit they brought 21 years ago forced reluctant city leaders to integrate the schools, and guaranteed a steady flow of city and state money for education programs that benefited all students.

Though they still disagree, both sides seem weary of the struggle and ready to move on, like residents of many cities where federal courts have ended similar desegregation efforts in recent years, including Oklahoma City, Kansas City, Mo., and Charlotte, N.C.

"It's like having someone camped out in your backyard who every time you step outside, looks to see what you're doing and how you're doing it," said Dr. Marvin J. Feldberg, principal of School 22. He said that while the desegregation order helped the city address a racial divide at one time, the city's educators and others now deserved the chance to shape their own future without the government's interference.

The Yonkers branch of the N.A.A.C.P. and the federal Justice Department sued the city of Yonkers and its Board of Education in 1980 over the city's housing patterns and school system. (The state was later included as a defendant to help share the costs of the court-ordered measures.)

At the time, the eastern half of Yonkers was overwhelmingly white, while the southwestern section was black and Hispanic, largely because of the prevalence of subsidized housing there. Neighborhood schools, as a result, were segregated in the same way.

In 1985, Judge Leonard B. Sand of United States District Court ruled that Yonkers had intentionally segregated its housing and schools for 40 years. He ordered Yonkers officials to integrate the schools, and to build more subsidized housing in predominantly white sections of the city. (The tentative settlement announced this week does not affect litigation over housing.)

Under the supervision of a federal monitor, in 1986, the district turned its neighborhood schools into magnet programs for specific subjects, like culinary arts or citizenship, intended to attract students from across the city. To make these programs desirable, the city and state provided millions of dollars to refurbish older buildings, reduce class sizes and hire more teachers and counselors. For the first time, students were bused out of their neighborhoods to other schools.

Still, Yonkers officials continued to fight the desegregation order in the courts, and many people -- including some minority residents as well as whites -- rallied against what they saw as an unnecessary intrusion into their lives. A few showed their opposition by plastering bumper stickers to their foreheads at raucous City Council meetings. Others, including parents, complained about the busing, and blamed desegregation for everything from low test scores to an outbreak of lice in formerly white schools.

But Andrew A. Beveridge, a sociology professor at Queens College who served on the school board in the late 1980's, said the desegregation order forced the city to pay for educational improvements that may not otherwise have been made. "I think it's had some positive effects on the school system," he said. "After desegregation, parents would show up and wave test scores at us and say that's because of desegregation. But basically, the scores were terrible before that."

The school district, unlike its suburban counterparts, does not have its own taxing authority and must rely on city, state and federal money for operating money. Though exact figures are difficult to pinpoint, some education experts estimate that the city and state spent a total of $500 million on desegregation efforts over the years.

Today, the outcry over the desegregation order has been largely muted by changing racial and political attitudes, and the shifting demographics of the city and school district. No longer the clear minority, black and Hispanic residents now make up 41.5 percent of the population in Yonkers, compared with 18.9 percent when the lawsuit was filed. The change has been even more pronounced in the schools, where black and Hispanic students are about 75 percent of the total, compared with 35 percent in 1980.

Gary Orfield, co-director of the Civil Rights Project at Harvard University, said the growing minority presence in Yonkers reflected the influx of new immigrants across the country. In a recent study, he found that the number of black and Hispanic students in the nation's public schools had increased by 5.8 million between 1968 and 1998, while at the same time, the number of white students declined by 5.6 million.

"Basically, these changes are taking place whether or not you have a desegregation order," he said. "Every urban school district in the country has had a decline in white enrollment."

In Yonkers, the new immigrants have increasingly taken the place of many white families who pulled their children out of the schools and eventually left the city. Some remaining residents have argued in recent years that the schools are "over-integrated" because black and Hispanic students now outnumber white students in most schools.

But Leonard Buddington, president of the local N.A.A.C.P. branch, pointed out that minority students still consistently lag behind white students in test scores -- though educators have cited income and parental involvement as other factors that can affect scores. The settlement money would be used partly to finance 40 new and existing educational programs that provide more individualized attention to minority students and others.

"Desegregation is not just about physically changing where people reside, or go to school," Mr. Buddington said. "It's about changing the climate, and transforming the culture of the schools and the city to create equity in all areas of a city's life."

The long battle over desegregation has already remade the identities of schools like No. 22, which is in a predominantly white neighborhood in northwestern Yonkers. Once nearly all white, the elementary school was renamed the "Multicultural and Foreign Language School" after desegregation.

Now students like Dahcia Lyons, 10, are bused in from southwest Yonkers so that they can learn about foreign countries in a racially integrated classroom. "My parents always talk about how it's wrong to have segregation," she said. "I don't want to go through that. I think that was a bad point in Yonkers history."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Students on a school bus leaving Museum Middle School in Yonkers, where controversy over federally forced desegregation has eased after two decades of legal wrangling. (Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times) Chart: ""KEEPING TRACK: Race and Education in Yonkers"DEMOGRAPHICS Total population 1980: 195,351White (Non-Hispanic): 154,536 -- 79.1%Black (Non-Hispanic): 19,946 -- 10.2Asian (Non-Hispanic): 3,543 -- 1.8Hispanic: 16,942 -- 8.7 Total population 2000: 196,086White (Non-Hispanic): 99,346 -- 50.7%Black (Non-Hispanic): 30,591 -- 15.6Asian (Non-Hispanic): 10,345 -- 5.3Hispanic: 50,852 -- 25.9 EDUCATIONPercentage of Yonkers students who met or exceeded state standardsin English and math exams in 1999-2000. 4TH GRADE ENGLISHWhite: 66%Black: 43Hispanic: 51 4TH GRADE MATHWhite: 72%Black: 46Hispanic: 53 8TH GRADE ENGLISHWhite: 45%Black: 19Hispanic: 21 8TH GRADE MATHWhite: 33%Black: 6Hispanic: 8(Source: Queens College Department of Sociology; New York State Education Department)(pg. 33)

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[***TV Mirrors a New Generation***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3SG0-0014-52G9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JEREMY GERARD

**Body**

When the baby-boom generation was young, it saw the world through the eyes of Beaver Cleaver. Now that huge population, born in the years following World War II, is 30-something, and prime-time television is beginning to see the world through their eyes. As this strike-and-sports-delayed television season finally gets under way, programs for that postwar generation and, more notably, about it, are prominent in the network schedules.

First there was last year's surprise dramatic hit, ''Thirtysomething,'' with its circle of moody friends struggling with careers, marriages, burgeoning families and incipient middle age. Next came ''The Wonder Years,'' a midseason replacement that managed the neat trick of having a 30-someone look back at growing up in the late 60's. The ABC programs, welcomed by critics and viewers (''The Wonder Years'' tied for the 10th-highest-rated series last year, according to the A.C. Nielsen Co.) were rewarded in August with Emmys for best dramatic and comedy series, respectively.

Now come ''Baby Boom'' and ''Almost Grown,'' two new weekly series that also focus on characters born in the first wave of the postwar generation - the decade between 1946 and 1955. ''Baby Boom,'' a half-hour comedy based on last year's movie of the same name, is about a single woman on the fast track at a New York consulting firm suddenly confronted with motherhood when she inherits a toddler. (The NBC series, starring Kate Jackson, begins Wednesday night at 9:30.) ''Almost Grown,'' which will begin next month on CBS, concerns a New Jersey couple who fell in love as high school students and follows them through sex, drugs and rock-and-roll in the 60's, marriage in the Me Decade and uncoupling in the 80's.

''Culturally, what's happened is: the boom generation kisses 40,'' said Kim LeMasters, the 38-year-old president of the entertainment division of CBS. ''We suddenly have enough time under our belts to look back. We can tumble back and begin to examine it.''

These four series focus on the struggles of a postwar generation that grew up expecting to inherit a better, easier world than the one their parents lived in, only to find that nothing - shelter, family, love, friendship, wealth - comes easily, even to those raised on the well-tended lawns of suburbia. This generation grew up defining itself through its media images - in popular music, in movies, and of course in television itself. As a group, they tend to be introspective and alienated from the familial values of an earlier generation.

The new programs refract those elements of optimism and world-weariness through plots that aren't always neatly tied up at the end of each episode and through realistic, complex characters who don't always behave well. Invariably, the stories unfold to a pop-music beat. Several other new series - NBC's ''Day by Day,'' CBS's ''Murphy Brown'' and ''Dirty Dancing'' and ABC's ''China Beach,'' among others - use elements of the baby-boom shows, especially the music, to reach the same audience. This phenomenon has come about, in part, because suddenly most of the key people in programming at the networks are themselves baby boomers.

''There was a void in TV programming for people between the ages of 20 and 35,'' said Vicki Horwits, the 30-year-old vice president for current comedies at NBC. ''Programmers looked and said there's a whole group of people out there we can draw into TV.''

The void did not develop by accident. For years, television programmers targeted viewers under 20 years old. Some of the most successful series, such as ''Happy Days,'' used themes of growing up in the 1950's and 1960's to appeal not to baby boomers, but to contemporary teen-agers with plenty of spending money. ''I went to Hollywood in 1979,'' said Landon Y. Jones, the author of the 1980 book ''Great Expectations,'' a comprehensive study of the postwar generation, ''and asked television executives if they were bringing out anything for older audiences. They looked at me like I was from Mars. They said that the only people who watch are 17.''

The Box Office and The 'Big Chill' Factor

In the years since, however, both the film and television industries began paying attention to the maturing baby-boom generation.

''The Return of the Secaucus Seven,'' John Sayles's low-budget 1980 film about the reunion of several high-school friends in New England, begat ''The Big Chill,'' Lawrence Kasdan's hugely successful 1983 movie about the reunion of several college friends in South Carolina.

The first generation of television writers had migrated from radio to create shows such as ''The Life of Riley'' and ''The Goldbergs.'' Now, however, movies have become the primary influence on television. ''American Graffiti,'' which spawned ''Happy Days,'' and ''M\*A\*S\*H,'' which became one of the most influential series in television, are the two most obvious examples. The new baby-boom programs are created by writers who saw what was selling at the box office and who were of course baby boomers themselves.

On television, the first signs of an appeal to the postwar generation could be seen in dramatic series such as ''The Rockford Files,'' ''Hill Street Blues'' and ''St. Elsewhere,'' and comedies such as ''Cheers'' and ''Moonlighting.'' With their hip, quirky plots, sophisticated humor and an almost palpable skepticism, the shows won over an upscale audience with plenty of disposable income - viewers that advertisers lusted after.

It was a natural step to begin creating programs not only for that audience, but about it, as well. ''We're all putting on shows that we're going to like,'' said Ted Harbert, the 33-year-old vice president for prime time at ABC Entertainment.

''Thirtysomething'' represented a major change in the networks' attitude toward baby boomers. ''It seems to me that this is part and parcel of the 'Big Chill' factor,'' Mr. Jones said. '' 'Thirtysomething' seems to me to be the first show that got to the difficulties of baby-boom life. There's something nostalgic about the attitudes of the 'Thirtysomething' people - they're like World War I veterans, like they've been through a war together.''

The Pros and Cons Of Navel Contemplation

No one was more surprised by the success of ''Thirtysomething'' (which will begin its second season in early December on ABC) than the two men who created it, Edward Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz, both 36. ''It had been our conviction that only our friends would watch,'' said Mr. Zwick. ''But it's watched also by those 10 years older and 10 years younger. The issues of honesty in a marriage, trust in friendship, cut across generational lines. The idea that it may have come to herald some shift of focus on a generation was the greatest surprise to us. The currency is the currency of the baby-boom generation.'' That generation was raised to see itself as the center of the universe, and its self-absorption is much in evidence in the baby-boom shows. Critics of ''Thirtysomething'' have lamented its obsessive concern with upscale young white people, and with navel-contemplating episodes in which little seemed to actually happen. Fans, on the other hand, have responded to the series' focus on the personal problems of young adults in the 80's, at least as that notion was being reflected back from the flattering mirror of popular culture. Like ''Thirtysomething,'' the film ''Baby Boom'' last season offered a not-altogether-disapproving look at having it all. ''Baby Boom,'' the comedy series, is being written and produced by Nancy Meyers and Charles Shyer, the authors of the screenplay for the movie. Brandon Tartikoff, the 39-year-old president of NBC entertainment, said that ''Baby Boom'' is a further step in the evolution of the family series after ''The Cosby Show'' - still television's most popular series and now in its fifth season.

And it is an evolution that Mr. Tartikoff clearly expects to appeal to an audience broader than the baby-boom generation. ''We are in the business of trying to achieve a mass audience whenever we can,'' said Mr. Tartikoff.

''I sat in a theater in Los Angeles on a Saturday afternoon and saw 'Baby Boom,' and I was probably the youngest moviegoer in the room. The 'Love Boat' crowd was all around me. I thought, here's something about a person in the 35-to-49-year-old age group, with a kid, and the 'Love Boat' crowd is loving it. Obviously, it was broader than 'Thirtysomething.' '' That broader audience has already shown early interest in the television version of the movie, indicated by high ratings for a preview episode aired earlier this season.

Mr. Harbert of ABC also said that it doesn't hurt to have an ancillary group of viewers. While ''The Wonder Years'' targets the younger, suburban members of the baby boom, they aren't the only ones watching. ''You bet, kids are watching 'The Wonder Years,' '' he said. ''Teens, young women, young men, not the 50-plus audience; which is O.K. with us.'' (The series has its season premiere late next month.) But Mr. Tartikoff also conceded that the baby-boom viewers - all 75 million of them - remain the biggest prize, and that he doesn't have to go too far afield to discern what will appeal to them: ''It's not a reach for me as a programmer - or my staff, who are primarily in their late 20's and 30's. They only have to look to their peers and friends to develop shows.''

Championing The Corporate Mom

In the ''Baby Boom'' film, J.C. Wiatt, played by Diane Keaton, exchanged the fast track for the countryside. But Ms. Meyers and Mr. Shyer decided that for the television series, J.C. would stay in Manhattan, trying to hold on to her corporate identity while creating a new one as a mother.

It is a subject on which Ms. Meyers, who is 38, and Mr. Shyer, who is 47, are apt to grow evangelical: ''We're trying to show the reality of how difficult it is, this nonstop juggling act that we do,'' Ms. Meyers said. ''We're trying to present insight into what it's like to be us - trying to be a loving parent, have some semblance of romance, trying to cover all your bases.''

In his own subversive way, the Beaver even manages to make an appearance in the first episode. J.C. is wracked with guilt, convinced that she has shortchanged her tiny ward of everything from quality time to a father. In a dream sequence she is visited by none other than those perfect TV moms: June Cleaver, the Beaver's mother, and Margaret Anderson of ''Father Knows Best'' (played by Barbara Billingsley and Jane Wyatt, the actresses from the original shows). But a nightmare it isn't: MARGARET: J.C., you know we were just actresses playing parts. J.C.: What do you mean? JUNE: We reported to work and they tied aprons on us. I am not really the Beaver's mother.

MARGARET: In real life, we were working mothers putting in a 12-hour day.

JUNE: Except we weren't called ''working mothers'' back then. There was no Ms. magazine, no women's movement, no support groups . . . I was forever comparing myself to the character I was playing, and I always came up short, too . . . J.C., aren't you being a little hard on yourself?

In the 50's, the Cleavers, the Andersons, Ozzie and Harriet Nelson and the rest presented the white, middle-class family idealized in clean living, familial love, hard work and study. They exerted a powerful cultural influence, one that real life never could truly match. Today, Mr. Shyer and Ms. Meyers, who have lived together for many years and have two children, make no apologies for the offbeat examinations of contemporary women that have characterized their work in ''Private Benjamin'' (which also made the transition to television) as well as ''Baby Boom.''

'' 'Baby Boom' - the movie - was optimistic about women,'' said Ms. Meyers. ''We didn't make J.C. a lonely woman. There are enough movies that put career women down as the enemies of family.''

Rock Around The Clock

Neither ''Thirtysomething'' nor the new ''Almost Grown'' claim the kind of agenda promised by the creators of ''Baby Boom.'' As the programming executives insist, the primary mission is to entertain - one reason music is such a constant presence in these shows. ''All the music we grew up on is hot as a pistol,'' said Mr. LeMasters of CBS. In ''Almost Grown,'' the soundtrack alone, ranging from Ellie Greenwich and Tony Powers's ''Today I Met the Boy'' through the Chambers Brothers's ''Time Has Come Today,'' will leave little doubt in the viewer's mind as to what year is being covered on a given episode.

''We're having some revisionist history going on,'' said Mr. LeMasters, ''remembering our childhood as a little more sexy than it was - cool cars, cool relationships. 'Almost Grown' will try to cross over demographically. It covers so many years - not just me taking off in the family car, but my parents yelling at me for doing it and me yelling at my kid for doing it.''

''Almost Grown'' is not the only new program to hang its coat on the historical peg of the early 1960's. CBS's ''Dirty Dancing'' (another series derived from a hit film), which had its premiere last night, also focuses on the lives of teen-agers and the music of those years. Like ''Happy Days,'' however, ''Dirty Dancing'' is a series that uses baby-boom nostalgia to target a contemporary teen audience.

Along with the four series that deal directly with the day-to-day lives of baby boomers, there are other new shows aimed at them. NBC's ''Day by Day,'' a successful midseason entry that returns tonight at 8:30, is about a couple who drop out of the rat race and open a child care center so they can be closer to their children - not the typical material of a situation comedy. And CBS's ''Murphy Brown,'' which has its debut Nov. 14, will use the tried-and-true gimmick of a nostalgic soundtrack - in this case 60's soul music.

Not Ready For Prime Time?

Of course, not all of the baby-boom series have been successful. In 1980, after just eight weeks, NBC canceled Larry Gelbart's prescient, ultra-realistic series, ''United States,'' a program that might legitimately be called the ur-''Thirtysomething.'' And last season, the same network sent the popular ''Days and Nights of Molly Dodd'' to cable, despite strong critical acclaim. With the networks' dominance of television diminished in recent years through competition from cable television and home video, the next generation of baby-boom programs has already begun to take a new turn. ''The one thing that the audience is, more than ever,'' said Mr. Harbert of ABC, ''is fickle. It is harder and harder to get them to sit down and watch an entire night of ABC programs.''

To cast the net wider, the networks are discovering baby boomers of a distinctly non-yuppie stripe. This season already has seen the debut, on ABC, of ''Roseanne,'' a kind of feminist, ***working-class*** ''All in the Family.'' ''A lot of the people in the 'have' category are going to have to figure out how to embrace the non-haves,'' Mr. LeMasters said. ''There's a desperate search for what are the values that are important today.''

Indeed, the creators of ''Thirtysomething'' have exactly that kind of program in mind. Mr. Zwick's and Mr. Herskovitz's next project, a series called ''Dream Street,'' and planned as a midseason entry on NBC, will turn the ''Thirtysomething'' concept on its ear. ''Dream Street'' is about a grittier, ***working-class*** circle of friends. And, in a tribute to the trend begun last January by Mr. Zwick and Mr. Herskovitz, Mr. Tartikoff said, ''It's already being called 'Dirtysomething.' ''

**Graphic**

Photos of Kate Jackson as a corporate mother, paperwork in hand, and Kristina Kennedy as her ward in NBC's ''Baby Boom'' (Erik Heinila) (pg. 1) Eve Gordon and Timothy Daly in CBS's ''Almost Grown'' (pg. 28)

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[***DEBATE ON DIRT ROADS: CHARM VS. COMFORT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BGG0-0007-H4MK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MARTHA L. MOLNAR

**Body**

EDWARD J. Kearin, Highway Superintendent for the town of Lewisboro, pointed down the winding dirt road where crews were pouring fill into the ruts and potholes that were the remains of the ravage each winter wreaks on the town's dirt roads. A month ago, he said, ''You'd have seen miles of mud with deep ruts, almost impassable. We got calls about cars getting stuck in mud. Well, they just have to get towed, and it's not the department's responsibility.''

Mr. Kearin, unlike many residents in Lewisboro, Bedford and North Salem -towns that have retained about a third of their original dirt roads - is ambivalent about their value. Depending on the season, his crews can spend the great bulk of their time keeping the almost 15 miles of dirt roads clear of snow, ice, ruts, leaves and dust. About 40 percent of the highways budget is spent to maintain the roads that he says people like for ''the country look.''

Certainly, he said, he ''wouldn't want to pave the last dirt road in town - one should be kept as a museum piece.'' To most residents, such roads signify the rural character they fight to retain.

''I'd rather drive through mud and dust than see it paved,'' said Donald Philhower, who lives and works on such a road in North Salem. ''Paving these roads would ruin them for horses, and anyway, too much of the world is already paved over.''

In North Salem, where some say horses outnumber people, such sentiment is perhaps understandable. Horses slip and fall on concrete, and the town's 13 miles of dirt roads have drawn horse lovers.

But strong sentiment toward preserving the rural history that these roads represent exists in towns where horses are less common.

Dirt roads are viewed as a last holdout against development. Residents say they fear that paving the dirt roads will only hasten development and detract from the country atmosphere that attracted them to the area.

''It's part of the quality of life we treasure,'' said the Town Supervisor of Bedford, Lawrence Dwyer Jr. The Town Supervisor of Lewisboro, JoAnn Simon, agreed: ''Dirt roads don't seem to make sense, of course, but it comes down to a philosophy.''

To North Salem's Highway Superintendent, Drew Outhouse, dirt roads can be ''a real pain in the neck.'' However, Mr. Outhouse said, ''I've lived here all my life, and so much has changed that I'd hate to see even more change.''

Mr. Dwyer recalls town board meetings when discussions on paving the roads drew heated opposition. Even though those who opposed paving recognized the expense of maintaining dirt roads and their inconvenience at times, ''one has to put all that into perspective'' and consider the benefits, the Town Supervisor said.

Because dirt roads are esthetically pleasing they increase home values, Mr. Dwyer contended, a view also held by many real-estate brokers. And with traffic increasing as the population grows in the northern towns and as corporate development proceeds in neighboring Somers, officials say they hope the dirt roads will discourage commuter traffic.

However, the opposite has happened, according to John A. Genovese, general foreman of the Highway Department in Bedford. Commuters have been using the dirt roads as shortcuts to avoid the rush-hour congestion on the main roads, he said.

''Just take a look at what happens around Bedford Green during rush hour, when commuters converge on the main road from all the connecting dirt roads,'' he said. And if the sheer number of cars were not enough to destroy the fragile roads, the driving speeds would be, Mr. Genovese said.

''These roads were at one time cow paths or trails. They're meant for strolling and horses, not for high traffic at high speeds,'' he said.

The work follows the seasons, Mr. Genovese said. In winter, snow removal, a major expense for any town, is especially cumbersome on dirt roads where plow blades frequently dig into the mud. But rain can be worse, because it instantly freezes on a cold surface that then needs sand, sometimes as often as six times a day.

Spring brings a new set of problems. Ditches have to be repaired, holes filled and entire roads regraded to make them smooth and give them the convex shape necessary to keep runoff flowing. When wetness dries, dust takes over, so calcium chloride must be applied to bond the loose earth. After summer storms, patching is necessary, and in the fall, when a vacuum scoops up leaves on paved roads, graders must pull the leaves off dirt roads for trucks to haul away.

Even so, Mr. Genovese adds, no one is happy. Complaints about punctured tires and lost hubcaps come in regularly. And while some residents want the roads smoother, others want them rougher, hoping that will slow down drivers.

Attitudes not only vary among people but also among the same people over the course of the seasons, as Mr. Outhouse of North Salem relates.

''I remember one family that moved into a house on a dirt road and they were carrying on about how wonderful it was to live on a dirt road, how countrylike and everything. This was in late summer,'' he said. ''Well, come springtime, I got a call from them demanding to know when we were going to pave the dirt road.''

In an unexpected twist, the dirt roads are viewed by lifelong residents, who grew up when the towns had mostly dirt roads, as a concession to the newer residents. It is an economic and social issue, say residents of Croton Falls, a ***working-class*** hamlet bordering I-684 in North Salem.

''There's always been the west side and the east side of town, even in my father's time,'' said Fred Daros, a lifelong resident of Croton Falls. Of dirt roads, Mr. Daros continued: ''We call them the millionaire's hobby. They have 20 or 30 acres and horses and say the roads are fine because there's no traffic. But I travel those roads all winter and I see the highway department scraping those roads all the time.''

''I don't have horses so I don't care. I've seen dirt roads come and I've seen dirt roads go,'' says Raymond Cole, another lifelong resident of Croton Falls.

''Sure, I think they're wonderful, but they should maintain them themselves, not out of my own pocket,'' he adds.

The towns have, in fact, begun to concede to practical imperatives, although in small measure. Each year Lewisboro paves over at least one of its particularly troublesome dirt roads, which both the Highway Department and residents on the roads agree are no longer worth maintaining.

In Bedford and North Salem steep slopes and intersections are being paved. But those decisions are carefully made because, as Mr. Dwyer put it, ''Once you start patching you're well on your way to paving.''

Dirt roads remain part of the master plan for development in Bedford, where together with parks, sanctuaries, trails and green belts they are considered important to the town's conservation plan. And in at least two new subdivisions in North Salem the new roads put in have been dirt. In all three towns, residents and officials consider them as permanent as the many historical landmarks that they seek to preserve.

**Graphic**

Photo of Drew Outhouse of North Salem; Photo of John A. Genovese of Bedford (NYT/Alan Zale); Photo of equipment spreading soil on Broad Brook Road

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[***THEATER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B560-0007-H54H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***POLITICAL DRAMA WITH ECHOES FROM THE STEINWAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B560-0007-H54H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DENA KLEIMAN

**Body**

A Steinway grand sits center stage. Its keyboard faces the audience, and shortly into the first act one of the play's principals is commanded to play.

He complies. But it is no simple task, because at that point the audience has just been told this is the great Russian composer Dmitri Shostakovich and what he is about to play is one of his own compositions.

''I always take a deep breath when Austin [Pendleton] sits down to play,'' said Frank Corsaro, the director of ''Master Class,'' a political drama by David Pownall that opens Thursday at the Roundabout. ''As actors, they're prepared to go on with their nerves. But not as pianists.''

To find an actor who can also play the piano is no small feat.

But in ''Master Class'' - which deals with an imaginary meeting between Joseph Stalin, Stalin's minister for cultural affairs, Shostakovich and Sergei Prokofiev - the challenge was quantum leaps beyond. Not only must all four of the actors play the piano during the performance, three of them must do so exceptionally well.

According to Mr. Pownall, the play was inspired by an actual meeting Stalin called in 1948 to purge Russian music of its ''perversions.'' It takes place during one night in a green marble reception room of the old Kremlin in which Stalin and his minister confront the two composers.

Over the course of the play, the composers are commanded by Stalin to play the piano as well as to defend their work in the light of the leader's desire to make musicians contribute to the ideological goals of the state.

''Someone suggested taping the music and faking it,'' said Mr. Corsaro, elaborating on the challenge of casting the play. ''But we couldn't fake it. How do you convince an audience that these are great composers? The music is too integral a part. We have to show a great composer on stage. We need to create a presence.''

So Mr. Corsaro conducted his search for actors who could also play piano, to find performers who not only had musical ability but were also suitable for the roles. He eventually settled on Len Cariou, Mr. Pendleton, Werner Klemperer and Philip Bosco.

Mr. Cariou, who plays Stalin, had already played the part in a production of the play in Canada. Mr. Pendleton was selected as Shostakovich after John Rubinstein turned down the role. Mr. Bosco, who plays Zhdanov, Stalin's minister, already had a prevous commitment to the Roundabout, according to Mr. Corsaro. Mr. Klemperer, who plays Prokofiev, is the son of the late German conductor Otto Klemperer.

In no instance, Mr. Corsaro said, did he ask any of the actors to read for the roles. He already knew their work as actors. As for their musical abilities, he simply showed each of them the music and asked if they could play it. When each said ''yes,'' Mr. Corsaro said he took them at their word.

''This is not the sort of play in which you conduct auditions,'' said Mr. Corsaro. ''You need to know the people. You need to know their natures.'' Mr. Pownall, who is 48 years old, said he became interested in Stalin as a young boy in war-torn Britain. It was a time when Stalin was still known as ''a good man'' in the same ranks as Churchill and Roosevelt. His name was always mentioned in conversations about ''the War,'' in which Mr. Pownall's father was killed when the writer was 5. Only later, Mr. Pownall said, did he and the rest of the world become aware of what the playwright described as Stalin's ''evil on a massive scale.''

It was Stalin's ''duality,'' Mr. Pownall said, that intrigued him, adding that he is fascinated with how despots justify their evil deeds. Mr. Pownall said he learned that Stalin played the piano and became interested in how music might have affected the Soviet leader.

''He was like me,'' Mr. Pownall said of Stalin. ''He was a choirboy. He went to a seminary. He was involved with the musical side of being a Russian priest. There's a ghost of myself there. I came from a ***working-class*** family in Liverpool and was sent off on scholarship to public school. He was transplanted and isolated and didn't want to be at the seminary either. It was music that sustained him. As a city boy from Liverpool it was music and the land for me.''

Mr. Pownall said that he knew that Stalin was critical of music before the war, particularly of Shostakovich and Prokofiev, whom he thought did not sufficiently identify with the aspirations of Communism. He said that Stalin expected musicians ''to do their job the same way as an agrarian did.''

''A composer was as much a part of the five-year plan as a factory worker,'' said Mr. Pownall.

An acquaintance, aware of Mr. Pownall's interest, passed along to him minutes from a 1948 conference that Stalin called in an effort to change the course of Russian music. Mr. Pownall said it was just the kind of event that triggered what could be the setting for a play that explored these issues, specifically whether it is possible not only to ''see the future but also hear it.'' He said he tried to imagine what might have gone on behind the scenes after that conference.

''I use music to make Stalin re-evaluate himself as a man,'' said Mr. Pownall. ''He is forced to show who he is. To give his humanity some existence. He remains an abomination, but a complex, strange and even more frightening creature.''

As for the artists, Mr. Pownall said, ''they survive.''

''The message is that you must not ever give up the resistance to that kind of power,'' said the playwright. ''But you must make that resistance cunning. It is about two brave men who survived and made great music in a criminal empire.''

Mr. Pownall's original script called for the character of Shostakovich to begin his musical performance with the first movement of the composer's first piano concerto. But Mr. Corsaro, whose long history as a director of opera makes him a natural for combining music and theater, decided that technically the concerto was too demanding for an amateur. He and Jack Lee, the play's musical director, substituted ''The Golden Age Ballet,'' an earlier work by the composer, as well as an excerpt from one of his trios for piano, violin and cello.

Later in the play the character of Prokofiev is taunted by Stalin and in response sits down at the piano and plays an excerpt from ''Peter and the Wolf.'' At one point, Zhdanov goes to the piano and starts playing a prelude by Chopin. The character of Stalin composes a melody at the piano and then commands the group to help him compose a cantata.

Mr. Corsaro said that he has been careful not to be critical of the actors' musical forays and hopes that as they go on they will become increasingly confident and that the trills will become longer and the pieces themselves a bit faster.

''It will get better,'' Mr. Corsaro said with confidence, adding what every musician knows - ''with practice.''

**Graphic**

Photo of a scene from ''Master Class'' with Philip Bosco, Austin Pendieton, Len Cariou and Werner Klemperer (NYT/Jim Wilson); Photo of Frank Corsaro

**End of Document**



[***Conversations: John P. Morris;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TJT0-0024-J31W-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Disillusioned Teamster Boss Doubts Even He Can Save Labor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TJT0-0024-J31W-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** JOHN P. MORRIS

By PETER T. KILBORN

By PETER T. KILBORN

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA

**Body**

JOHN P. MORRIS is a union boss who thinks the American labor movement is just about dead. "The last chapter will be written in the next five years," he says.

He is Pennsylvania's and much of the mid-Atlantic's top Teamster, representing 140,000 members, and in some ways he fits the stereotype of his profession. Sixty-seven years old, the hot-tempered scion of Irish anthracite miners, he is quick with the four-letter slur and his one good fist. He has a stump for a right hand, a twice-broken nose, four-times-broken collar bones and the scars of clubbings, stabbings and surgery on his chin, chest, back and across a kneecap.

But one piece of the Teamster stereotype doesn't fit. Fourteen years ago, the Government disclosed eavesdropping tapes of a mobster telling a corrupt Teamster he would like to do away with Johnny Morris for refusing to sell out his members in a wage dispute. "So clean, it seems, he was marked to die," the Philadelphia Inquirer wrote then. Now, he is the sole member of the policy-making General Executive Board of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters to remain after reformers took over in January 1992.

It is 7 P.M. in the memento-strewn conference room of the headquarters of his 3,300-member Teamsters Local 115 in northeast Philadelphia, a flat and sprawling, largely white ***working-class*** community of row houses, framed now with Christmas lights. He and his wife of 47 years, Mary Jean, live in one and raised a son and a daughter there.

Mr. Morris says big business, 12 years of Presidents Reagan and Bush, and now, to his fury, President Clinton are driving the 1.4 million-member International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the biggest of the 89 unions in the A.F.L.-C.I.O., and just about all but the public employee unions, into the grave the mob once wished for him. Pennsylvania is a bastion of union power, with about 35 percent of all workers carrying union cards. Nationwide, the total is less than 16 percent.

Some people would blame firebrands like Mr. Morris for the decline. Strikes and wage demands can induce employers to close, go abroad or automate. To Mr. Morris, however, a job that pays less than $7 or $8 an hour, without any benefits, is not worth saving. In his view, a business that fails after a Morris-led strike for higher wages has no business being in business.

Feelings of Betrayal

Instead, he partly blames the labor movement, especially unions that have failed to recruit new members. He blames A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders in Washington, who have never negotiated a contract or put their livelihoods on the line. But mostly, he blames the Government and national labor laws that he sees tilting ever more heavily against unions' efforts to recruit and keep members.

"Corporations do what they want," he said, "and there's nothing the people can do about it. Corporations can move, shut their plants down, dump their people like trash. The Republican Party is controlled by the rich. The Democratic Party is almost as controlled by the rich as the Republican Party."

In the 1992 Presidential campaign, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. assigned Mr. Morris Pennsylvania, which Mr. Clinton won. He said he had never done so much for a candidate for President. President Clinton, he said, betrayed him in signing the North American Free Trade Agreement, and with it, Mr. Morris predicts, the eventual pink slips of tens of thousands of Teamster truck drivers.

Mr. Morris is a tall man with wisps of once blond, now gray hair. He goes about in a black Cadillac, wears midnight blue suits, and has traded up his pens, from gold Crosses a few years ago to a Montblanc. He makes no apologies for the salary of $150,000 he receives as head of the local, the Pennsylvania Conference of Teamsters and the regional joint council. Chief executives of major companies collect more than 100 times as much as their shop-floor workers.

One of 12 children, Mr. Morris grew up in Mahanoy City in northeastern Pennsylvania where his grandfather and namesake, John Paul Morris, went to prison for seven years for violence against Welsh and English coal mine operators and later became a judge. His father, also one of 12, was a breaker boy, paid pennies an hour to kick slate from coal. At the age of nine, he was injured and ended up a piano tuner. Mr. Morris's right arm, a shaft with a thumb, was maimed when, at 15, he says he inadvertently touched a dangling powerline during a storm.

He created Local 115, not long after organizing his first strike. He had gone to work in the warehouse of the old Lit Brothers department store here soon after getting married and leaving the University of Scranton, where he broke his nose in a football game.

At Lit Brothers in 1946, he said, "all these markers, checkers and receivers, women, were getting $22 a week." People worked 40-hour weeks but over six days. "I had become popular with the kids from the coal mines who also got jobs there. I said, 'Go tell the people to break their lunch hour and go out to the parking lot.'

"So 380 people went down there, and I went to see the boss. 'You just put all those people on strike,' I told him. 'Get out of here,' he said. 'Just look out the window.' I went downstairs, and got up on the platform. I was 20 years old. I said, 'You're all on strike.' All I could hear was 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph.' The women started crying."

Sabotage

Work resumed when Mr. Morris agreed to the appointment of an arbitrator. But he sabotaged the talks. The store was advertising a sale of fur coats. "Me and another kid went down to the fur department and we stuffed pigeons in the sleeves of these expensive coats," he said. "When the store opened, women went in there and they're putting on these coats and the pigeons are flying. The supervisor came after me. 'You've done it! you've done it! What's going to happen next?' I said: 'Sign the contract. Here it is, right here. Sign it.' He signed it." The $22 weekly wage was raised to $30, and Lit agreed to a five-day week.

Since then, Mr. Morris has made a much bigger business of organizing. Between April of last year and last month, he said, his mid-Atlantic joint council conducted 174 organizing drives, mostly of small employers. He won 116 to bring in 3,329 new members, which more than offset the Teamster jobs lost in the region. He runs a school that, in eight years, has trained 767 organizers.

Mr. Morris takes pride in a good, mean strike in which the people on the picket line have nothing to lose. "What we do," he said, "is take the people who are on strike and find them other jobs. They might not have as good an income, but we make sure they have jobs. Then we have people volunteer to picket. The boss can't fire them."

He concentrates on small, low-wage employers, nearly all with fewer than 50 employees. "Get them a health benefit," he said. "Get them vacations. Get them clean bathrooms. Get them safety rules. Do all those things, and they'll make good members."

But Mr. Morris says that in today's political climate, none of that can save the house of labor. "Working people are not going to get decent pay anymore," he said. In place of the labor movement, he said, "I think there'll be social unrest. I think there'll be something like the civil rights movement. It's my hope it will turn into a third party. Not a labor party. A third party."

**Graphic**

Photo: John P. Morris at Teamsters Local 115 in Philadelphia, Pa. (Bill Cramer for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 12, 1993

**End of Document**



[***THE NATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V670-0024-J16P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***As Gunfire Gets Closer, Fear Comes Home***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V670-0024-J16P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 12, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By FRANCIS X. CLINES

By FRANCIS X. CLINES

**Body**

FANS of evolution, people who find that silver thread of adaptive progress in the darkest, most random events, might just as well focus on one particular passenger in last week's Long Island commuter train carnage who took out his cellular phone and tenderly approached the coherent among the bleeding gunshot victims waiting aboard the train for trauma aid. "Who can I call for you? Give me a number?" the man pleaded.

Good: Fight the national rage of 9-millimeter technology with electronic highway technology. Do something. Don't just wallow there in the mortal phenomena. Cling to the appearances of reasonableness, even as our latest gunman did. "Reasons for this" the stalker had thoughtfully jotted down beforehand in a pocket list of aggravations that seemed the usual welter of paranoid precision. At the end he punctiliously added: "In case of emergency, call. . ." and gave his phone number back in New York City where he lived alone and stoked his rage, preparing an emergency, indeed, for strangers not to be spared his sense of grievance.

The victims all are most precious losses, as with all this year's thousands across the national toll of violence by criminals and the criminally insane -- a ***working-class*** father and son shot side by side, an exemplary young immigrant lawyer taken from her husband, a little girl's doting father bestilled amid his new commuting routine. The pistol slayings stirred another national sensation that prompted the Clinton Administration to float another gun-control proposal, but the local politics of the issue remain as contrary as ever with each fresh shooting spree. This time the suburban venue was the key to freshening the news value of more gun deaths: the idea of innocent lives and hopes being smashed open amid a most vulnerable, lulling means of passage, a commuter train on its soporific nightly trundle back from high-risk urban America.

At the news, the rest of us took up our familiar spectator roles. How quickly the radio call-in shows adjusted, some people actually taking the topical bait and discussing "bias crime," as if a meticulous list of ethnic and institutional complaints should be taken literally. Driving back from the shooting scene, you could hear the usual mix of queries ("How could this. . .etc.?") and vicarious righteousness ("It's time that we. . .etc."). But mainly there was a sense of media poultice, of the surrounding innocents, wounded by fresh horrific news, needing to restore that chimera, the belief we can respond effectively to abnormality.

At the wheel came easy notions of menace ingrained. Menace? Well, look at the squeegee guys at the red light. Do they know they're being officially targeted by the new city administration, counter-menaced in a way by the rest of us who don't much like being hustled by the threat of filthy beggar rags and brigands' leers across life's hermetic windshield?

"Disorder is a precursor of serious crime," says George L. Kelling, a criminal justice professor at Northeastern University who has been studying squeegee beggars, as if they were urban fauna in the latest documentary on evolution. "More and more there is a demand to do something about this sense of disorder in the streets," the professor says, championing the current "broken window" thesis of New York City's Mayor-elect Rudolph W. Giuliani, which holds that if small incursions are tolerated, larger felonies are sure to follow.

So, a micro approach. The squeegee pests are to be arrested for their menace now, even as they are studied like antibodies in society's petrie-dish researches against crime. Who knows? Amid the urban anomie beyond the windshield, not so far away now from the commuter mayhem, the thesis seems no less fruitless than gun control. At a red light, a squeegee man named Matt begs to differ with the broken-window thesis. He says the real key to keeping life these days is in guessing precisely which ones among those of us who jut and mouth out from the general throng of angry Americans just might be armed for emphasis. "I mean, we got kids in this city packing 9-millimeter pistols, and the city ought to be figuring out how to stop them from moving on to assault rifles, am I right?" asks Matt, a man after Jules Feiffer's heart.

Feiffer long ago exhausted the satirical arts, in words and pictures and theater, of alerting the nation to its unspeakable criminal violence. Reality has outraced him, most awfully, lately, in instances of small-town and suburban kidnap-murders of children across the country that underline growing community frustration at violent crime's reach beyond the cities. In the St. Louis region, the bodies of two little girls have police hunting another serial killer -- modern America's haunting crime figure in real life, in entertainment movies and in popular docudrama pastiches of both. The statistics of violent crime may be dropping slightly, but the poignant detail of fresh depradations can stun the nation. In one of the Missouri murders, the young victim's parents had taken the precaution of giving her a personal alarm, a device that was found wailing and abandoned on the street.

Amid the high volume of murders, it seems to take lethal intrusion into previously secure situations, such as the suburban commuter routine or small-town home life, to heighten demands for remedy. This was the case with one horrendous California tragedy this fall, the kidnapping at knife-point of a 12-year-old girl from a slumber party. She turned up murdered, lost to life in Petaluma, a small town used for staging Ronald Reagan's now classic "Morning in America" commercials.

Thus can grisly incongruity grow, along with the toll. As it proceeds, the latest detailed news of random violence, whatever it will be (and it will), seems of value mainly for scraps of mercy amid the crimson woe. "They must have been asleep," says one commuter eyewitness in a gentle depiction of the three men she saw slumped in the blood- and tissue-smeared train.

The gunman, identified as Colin Ferguson, a 35-year-old immigrant from the island of Jamaica, had ridden out from the city, with a swath of angry institutional and ethnic grievances jotted on notes in his pocket, to stalk commuters as they neared Garden City.

While the public is plunged deeper into this grisly evidence of the prevalence and risks of gun play, legislators remain most wary of the political risks of gun control. The latest incremental idea to be talked about by the Clinton Administration, picked up from Mayor-elect Giuliani, is to somehow license the nation's legions of gun owners and make them prove their proficiency. There undoubtedly will be another burst of proposals at the next particularly noticeable volley of violent crime.

"I had strange thoughts the whole time," says a commuter who fled down the aisle. "Half of it didn't seem real. When it dawned on me it was really going on, this guy shooting -- pop, pop, pop -- I thought: 'Here it's only a minute before my stop. I was so close to freedom. Why couldn't this guy have done this a minute later?' " With such candor did the survivor describe not so much the surprise of the event but the familiar sense of removal he craved and normally has when the latest twist of violence comes down. Another passenger lost these critical bearings after he was shot and still wondered if this could be true. Before the pain swept him, the traveler remembers thinking: "This is a story in a newspaper like any other day. This is a sick story."

**Graphic**

Photo: Seeking order in chaos: Officers collect evidence after the murders on the Long Island Rail Road. (Vic Delucia/The New York Times)

Graph: "Crime Looms Larger" tracks percentage of respondents since 1990 who cited crime and violence as the most important problem facing America today.

The economy and jobs continue to be most frequently cited as the most important problem, named by about 30 percent of the respondents in the most recent survey.

Based on New York Times/CBS News Polls that interviewed people by telephone nationwide. The last survey in November had 1,334 respondents.

**Load-Date:** December 12, 1993

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[***Furor Over Rollins Revives Images of Acumen and Loose Lip***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V9H0-0024-J05J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 28, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By IVER PETERSON

By IVER PETERSON

**Body**

Edward J. Rollins's reputation as a canny political manager may have been restored in Christine Todd Whitman's upset victory in the race for Governor of New Jersey. But so was his reputation as a political workhorse who regularly says things that injure and infuriate his employers, often to the public indignation and private delight of their Democratic opponents.

Political consultants who have worked with and against Mr. Rollins say that the election of Mrs. Whitman and the weeks of controversy that followed his statement about payments to black ministers show the 51-year-old Republican has a golden touch at politics but a tin ear for the effect of what he sometimes says.

"The problem with Ed Rollins is that this was not an aberration," said Roger Stone, a Republican consultant who has been a bitter critic of Mr. Rollins. "You can go through his record and see that he has an extensive record of saying things that hurt him and that hurt his clients."

Yet consultants say Mr. Rollins survived his miscues, and may survive this latest crisis, because of the premium modern campaigns put on star-quality handlers. In the absence of strong political party systems to screen candidates and to handicap their prospects, politicians and their big-money contributors often judge candidates at least in part by the caliber of their consulting firms.

"Choosing a consultant is the first decision candidates make after they decide to run," said Jay Severin, a Manhattan-based Republican consultant. "They don't want to walk into a room and say, 'Hey, I got a great idea for a campaign commercial,' they want to say, 'I just hired Ed Rollins.' When you can say that, people say, 'Wow, you're a serious candidate; you may actually win.' "

In the days since Mr. Rollins's boast -- and subsequent retraction -- that the Republicans spent $500,000 to hold down the black urban vote, politicians, grand jurors, lawyers and reporters have grappled with a single question: Did it happen?

And while the answer is no clearer than two weeks ago, the consultants who know Mr. Rollins say that though his mouth has gotten him into trouble before, he's never been accused of lying. Instead, it has been Mr. Rollins's truthfulness that has got him and his employers into trouble.

When Mr. Rollins infuriated President Reagan by publicly deriding the political prospects of his daughter Maureen's maiden political campaign, he was proven right at the polls.

When he disparaged Geraldine Ferraro's contribution to the 1984 Democratic ticket as "the biggest bust politically in recent years," he was correct in the sense that Mrs. Ferraro did not bring new support to Walter F. Mondale's Presidential bid.

And in 1984, Mr. Rollins, as White House political affairs director, forced President Reagan to apologize to a key senator after Mr. Rollins publicly boasted that the White House had "beat" the senator's "brains in" to get a key vote in Congress. No one, however, denied that the political manhandling had taken place.

At the same time, Mr. Rollins has made enemies of important Republicans. When George Bush was President, Mr. Rollins clashed with the White House after urging Republican Congressional candidates to distance themselves from Mr. Bush over his repudiation of the no-new-taxes promise. Last year, Mr. Rollins also made his famous switch to work, briefly, for Ross Perot's Presidential campaign, after first assuring President Bush of his support.

Even during the Whitman campaign, there were instances when Mr. Rollins showed an odd deafness to the racial and ethnic content of some political speech, politicians and consultants said. Early in the campaign, he encouraged Mrs. Whitman to hire Larry McCarthy, the originator of the Willie Horton ads that helped defeat Michael Dukakis in 1988, and which many found racist. The day after the announcement, Mrs. Whitman had to back down on the selection.

Dangerous Territory

"Anytime you talk about anything regarding race in New Jersey, or a quote unquote ethnic joke, that is dangerous to the nth degree," said Garabed (Chuck) Haytaian, the Republican speaker of the State Senate. "And you just don't do that. Period." Mr. Haytaian had planned to hire Mr. Rollins to run his campaign next year for the United States Senate seat held by Sen. Frank R. Lautenberg. He canceled that plan on the day Mr. Rollins made his statement about payments to black ministers.

Aside from his initial denials, and his interrogation in state and Federal investigations, Mr. Rollins has kept an abiding public silence since the storm broke. Messages requesting comment for this article were left with his Washington office, but the calls were not returned. Mr. Rollins has not been charged with breaking any law.

As the investigations continued, and in the absence of proof one way or the other, the most arresting gloss on the affair has been the idea, circulating quietly among Democrats and Republicans alike in New Jersey, that the Whitman campaign may have paid some money, but to inner-city political con artists, not real leaders.

The Hustlers Come Out

"I take the position that Rollins or his people probably did pay out some money -- not as much as he said, but some," said Robert Brown, the Mayor of Orange, a mostly black city. "So if he did pay some people to affect the turnout, then Rollins got taken, he got rolled, by some of the hustlers who time after time come out during elections and say they have the keys to the black vote."

People who have worked with Mr. Rollins in the past maintain that his strength lies in campaign work at the grass-roots level, precisely where, he first said and then denied, the New Jersey vote-suppression campaign took place. Michael Deaver, President Reagan's White House advertising director, recalled that Mr. Rollins, as the day-to-day manager of Mr. Reagan's 1984 re-election campaign, willingly did nitty-gritty work that others disdained.

"I think one of Rollins's great qualities was his ability to work with the rank and file, the grass-roots people in a campaign," Mr. Deaver, now a public relations consultant, said in an interview. "That was a real asset in the White House, because there weren't a lot of people who liked to do that kind of work."

Added to Mr. Rollins's familiarity with street-level politics is his proud assertion, made in a 1982 interview, that the "one thing" he brought to Republican campaign work from his earlier life as a Democrat was a willingness to use "hard ball" tactics to win elections.

James Carville, Gov. Jim Florio's campaign consultant, facetiously suggested that Mr. Rollins blurted out his revelation as a kind of catharsis. Some political consultants, who like many others declined to speak for attribution about Mr. Rollins's problems, surmised that Mr. Rollins, a ***working-class*** man in a party full of blue bloods, found it easier to build up his public standing by cultivating inside information to reporters than by more slowly and painstakingly cultivating his position within the plush-carpet Republican society.

Reporters who covered the Whitman campaign often found Mr. Rollins a more uncalculating source of information than his rival, Mr. Carville, and Mr. Severin, the consultant, found a particular irony in the fact that Mr. Rollins was brought low by talking to people whose stories had helped build him up.

"Ed Rollins has always valued his relationship with reporters," said Mr. Severin. "It's part of the symbiotic relationship between the guys who choreograph the campaign and the guys who report the campaign."

As for the critical question -- whether the Whitman campaign tried to keep black Democrats at home on Election Day, Victor Kamber, a Washington-based operative with ties to labor unions, said both sides may be guilty of saying too much.

"I'm as liberal as you can get, and in terms of these churches being outraged over the notion of street money being used on Election Day, I think they're being hypocrites," Mr. Kamber said. "The black church has always been such a voice in the African-American community that to ignore it would just be foolish. You do with your target of opportunity whatever you can within the law."

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[***HOCKEY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TW30-0024-J0BX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bourque, at 33, Is Still Mr. Defense***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TW30-0024-J0BX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JOE LAPOINTE

By JOE LAPOINTE

**Body**

Ray Bourque will probably still be a Boston Bruin when the team leaves Boston Garden for its new arena in 1995. It only seems as if Bourque was playing when the old barn opened in 1928.

Now 33 years old and a 15-year veteran, Bourque is in Manhattan for the National Hockey League All-Star weekend. He will appear in Madison Square Garden tomorrow in his 13th midseason classic, where he is the career leader in assists with 10.

Today he is likely to excel once again in the puck-shooting segment of the skills competition.

"I've won it three of the last four years," said Bourque, a smile spreading across his craggy facial features under bushy eyebrows and a bristly haircut. "The pressure will be on me this year."

Over the weekend, some of Bourque's Eastern Conference teammates and Western Conference rivals probably will ask him for his autograph or for a souvenir stick.

"There's a lot of things that one exchanges," said Bourque, who might do some swapping himself. "The odd jersey. Some sticks. It's a time to get a lot of stuff autographed by a lot of the top players."

As the league takes its midwinter break, Bourque still remains one of its top stars and best ambassadors, one of the classiest members of the senior class. He leads all defensemen in points with 53 on 13 goals and 40 assists this season.

Off the ice, Bourque's resume begins with family values and ends with charity work. In a sense, Bourque's understated elegance is appropriate for this thus-far uneventful season, filled with too many games ending with score lines like Florida 3, Anaheim 2.

"Ray understands that he is a role model as a superstar and he takes pride in it," said Gord Roberts, another one of Boston's veteran defensemen. "He's the kind of a guy who leans out the bus window to sign that last autograph."

Mike Milbury, Boston's assistant general manager, said Bourque "knows right from wrong and how a player should conduct himself both on and off the ice. He has earned the respect of his teammates and of his colleagues around the league. He loves coming to the rink."

Bourque is from St. Laurent, a ***working-class*** suburb of Montreal. His mother died from cancer when he was 12 and his father struggled financially. "The family was poor as church mice," said Steve Freyer, Bourque's agent.

Lise Desmarais, Bourque's older sister, said she still lives in the old neighborhood and neighbors come to her and her husband "if they have a need to see Raymond" about their problems or requests. One such recent case was a young hockey player whose father died from cancer. His coach brought the boy to the Forum to meet Bourque.

"Ray told him 'I know how you feel,' " said James Desmarais, Bourque's brother-in-law. Lise Demarais said the Bourque family grew up in an apartment house on Crevier Street that had eight units and 54 children stacked from floor to ceiling in bunk beds.

A Messy Signing

In St. Laurent, a slice of fried bologna served on Saturday night is called "Crevier Steak." It's meat for families having a good week financially.

"We weren't from a rich background," said Bourque's sister. "My mother lost a few babies and there were a few handicaps. And five of us are alive, healthy and strong."

Bourque signed a new contract last fall, but the signing was preceded by an unpleasant salary arbitration with the Bruins' general manager, Harry Sinden, the first such confrontation of Bourque's career. Bourque lost and was awarded $2.25 million, instead of the $4.25 million he requested.

"It was extremely painful and very difficult," said Freyer, Bourque's agent. "Harry Sinden was on a crusade to protect his salary structure and to make a statement to the league that someone had to draw the line in the sand. We kept our mouths shut and let Harry do his end-zone dance."

Might Be a Bargain

When feelings calmed down and negotiations resumed, Sinden and Bourque settled on a five-year, $12.5 million deal that saved face for both sides. The length is flattering for an athlete older than most of his colleagues, and perhaps a wise investment for Sinden; Bourque might be a bargain in five seasons, if market prices keep increasing.

Perhaps this is why he works to keep what he has earned. Because of off-ice conditioning in the summer, Bourque remains in top shape, still playing about 30 minutes each game. He has won the Norris trophy as the league's best defenseman four times and is a top contender this season.

Roberts said Bourque has talked to him about the two Stanley Cup rings Roberts earned while playing in Pittsburgh. Bourque would like one, too, although it's not quite an obsession. Milbury, a former player and coach, has had similar conversations with Bourque.

"He knows it's a very elusive thing, and that a lot of it is fate and luck," Milbury said.

"I don't lose sleep over it," Bourque said.

"But, obviously, it's something I'd love to have," he added. "It's the one thing lacking in my career so far. I'm always optimistic that, every year we go into, I always hope and I always think that we are going to have a good shot to get there. I take care of myself. I do a lot of working out in the summer time and it pays off. I really love the game. I think that's the big thing. I really enjoy myself and I think it shows up in my play."

A Master at Work

It certainly does, along with many other things. To focus on Bourque for an entire game is to witness and enjoy a blend of energy, savvy and skills of the highest order. Such a game was played Wednesday night in Montreal, a 3-3 tie. Only eight seconds after the opening faceoff, Bourque took the puck at his own blue line and suddenly fired it more than 100 feet at the Montreal net. Goalie Patrick Roy of Montreal had to react quickly to block the surprise shot.

On defense, Bourque frequently broke up Canadiens' passing combinations with interceptions and, with one economical motion, he would sweep the puck away with passes that started attacks in the other direction. Such moments drew murmurs of admiration from the hockey sophisticates in the Forum.

In Boston's attacking zone, Bourque sees the wide angles well, finding teammates like Joe Juneau with long passes and picking his spots to jump deep from the blue line toward the net. Against Montreal, he helped create Cam Neely's power-play goal with a pass to Juneau. When protecting his own goalie, Bourque has the knack of holding, hooking and shoving opposing forwards just long enough to nullify the danger but not long enough to get penalized.

Kirk Muller, one of Montreal's power forwards, was frequently frustrated by Bourque's tactics, but not bitter.

"He's very strong on his skates, you can't bump him off the puck, you've got to battle him all the time," Muller said. "He uses his strength and he's smart about it and he can hold you off without getting those penalties. He's having a great year. Sometimes he controls the game even now. Players admire his durability and his consistency."

**Graphic**

Photo: At 33 years old, Ray Bourque remains one of the N.H.L.'s leading stars and best ambassadors. (pg. B9); Ray Bourque, who has won the puck-shooting segment of the skills competition in three of the last four years, is seeking another victory. (pg. B11) (Rick Stewart/Allsport)

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[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5HCG-DXV1-JBG3-61SW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 13, 2015 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

? Asia Society and Museum: 'Philippine Gold: Treasures of Forgotten Kingdoms' (through Jan. 3) More than half a millennium before Ferdinand Magellan reached the archipelago now called the Philippines in 1521, a number of related societies thrived there. One of the few things known about them today is that they were astoundingly skillful goldsmiths. This gorgeous and historically intriguing exhibition presents nearly 120 pieces dating from the 10th through the 13th centuries, including bracelets, necklaces, pendants, collars, finger rings, bowls and a balance scale made entirely of gold. The star of the show is a gleaming, nine-pound sash made of gold beads that could be mistaken for a futuristic ammunition belt. 725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street, 212-517-2742, asiasociety.org. (Ken Johnson)

? American Folk Art Museum: 'Art Brut in America: The Incursion of Jean Dubuffet' (through Jan. 10) This extraordinary show revisits and partly recreates a little-known chapter in outsider art history: the decade (1951-61) that the groundbreaking, still-forming Art Brut collection of Jean Dubuffet -- the artist and one of the field's earliest explorers -- spent in the East Hampton mansion of the artist Alfonso Ossorio. While seen by a host of art world luminaries, it had little impact, as proved by how many of the impressive artists here are still unknown in this country. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

? El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Dec. 12) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grass-roots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over two institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Dec. 1 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Dec. 12 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org. (Holland Cotter)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden: Isamu Noguchi (through Dec. 13) The Noguchi Museum and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden are to be commended for installing such a show, in which sculpture is exposed to the elements (and the wandering visitors). But this exhibition of 18 of the Japanese-American artist's sculptures parceled throughout the garden can be frustrating, as you attempt to locate his works on a specially provided map. The showcase of the exhibition is an installation of several Noguchi sculptures inside the Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden, a marriage of modern and traditional forms, and there are works just below the Native Flora Garden that offer moments of successful communion with art and curated nature. 990 Washington Avenue, at Eastern Parkway, Prospect Heights, 718-623-7200, bbg.org. (Martha Schwendener)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn' (through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Impressionism and the Caribbean: Francisco Oller and His Transatlantic World' (through Jan. 3) Francisco Oller (1833-1917) was the most celebrated Puerto Rican artist of the 19th century. For most of his career he was a facile imitator sojourning in Madrid and in Paris, where he hung out with Impressionist painters like Pissarro, Monet and Cézanne. But it wasn't until after settling down in San Juan around age 60 that he came into his own, producing haunting landscapes and some mysteriously powerful still-life paintings that can plausibly be called great. This show presents 40 paintings by Oller and 45 works by other artists, including his European and American contemporaries and his Puerto Rican predecessors. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Frick Collection: 'Andrea del Sarto: The Renaissance Workshop in Action' (through Jan. 10) The big-guns highlights of the Frick show, this first major American exhibition devoted to the Renaissance artist Andrew del Sarto, (1486-1530) are three spectacular paintings, including ''Portrait of a Young Man'' from London and ''St. John the Baptist'' from the Palazzo Pitti, Florence. But the substance lies an array of 45 drawings, mostly in red chalk, in which we can follow del Sarto as he feels his way into compositions and molds figures into life with an angel's hand, a scientist's eye, and a striver's drive for perfection. 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, 212-288-0700, frick.org. (Cotter)

Guggenheim Museum: 'Alberto Burri: The Trauma of Painting' (through Jan. 6) This Italian artist's prescient paintings from the 1950s and early '60s -- in patched, burned and otherwise abused burlap, plastic or wood -- form a lavish, beautiful and admirable, if sometimes monotonous retrospective at the Guggenheim. Unfortunately, he may also inaugurate a bane of current art: the use of found materials so inherently affecting -- burlap is one -- that they require little of the artist. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Smith)

? Jewish Museum: 'The Power of Pictures: Early Soviet Photography, Early Soviet Film' (through Feb. 7) Revolutions sell utopias; that's their job. Art, if it behaves itself and sticks to the right script, can be an important part of the promotional package. That's the basic tale told by this exhibition of photographs and vintage films of the 1920s and '30s, but with a question added: What happens to art when the script is drastically revised? Russia was an experiment in progress in the heady years following the 1917 revolution, and avant-garde art, free-spirited by definition, was officially embraced. When Joseph Stalin came to power art became government-dictated propaganda and its makers, often under threat, towed the line. Remarkably, the show presents a dozen films -- some familiar, some not -- full-length, on a rotating schedule of four a day, in a small viewing theater built into one of the Jewish Museum's galleries. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Ancient Egypt Transformed: The Middle Kingdom' (through Jan. 24) Ancient Egypt is box office gold: Do a show, and people will come. Why? Mummies, Hollywood and Queen Nefertiti contribute to its allure. Also, we tend to identify with Egyptians of thousands of years ago. In art, they look exotic, but not out of reach. They drank beer, collected cats and wore flip-flops. They yearned to stay young and to live forever, with loved ones nearby and snack food piled high. Who can't relate to that? Few institutions have done a better job at illuminating Egyptian art than the Met. And it returns to the subject in an exhibition low on King Tut bling and high on complicated beauty, about a broad swath of history (circa 2030 to 1650 B.C.) that has never had a comprehensive museum showcase till now. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Andrea del Sarto's 'Borgherini Holy Family'' (through Jan. 10) This fascinating gem of a show runs concurrently with the larger exhibition ''Andrea del Sarto: The Renaissance Workshop in Action'' at the Frick Collection and adds important layers to it. It both places the Renaissance artist within the political context of his time, and it draws on modern imaging technology to reveal his method for transforming and recycling images. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Grand Illusions: Staged Photography from the Met Collection' (through Jan. 18) With 40 works, this small, choice exhibition forms a freewheeling survey of the ways and means of staged photography -- the arranging objects or people for the camera -- and the many needs and sensibilities it has served. Its smart installation jumps between past and present, commercial and fine, pre- and postmodern, and is peppered with surprises by artists well-known and not. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Kongo: Power and Majesty' (through Jan. 3) For centuries the West assumed that African art had no history, because none had been found written down. But this tight, intense show, beautifully designed, with a stirring catalog, demonstrates otherwise. It begins in the 15th century when the rulers of Kongo peoples in Central Africa were sending luxury textiles to European courts and receiving gifts in return. It continues through the devastations of the slave trade, shifting from art made for pleasure and profit to art made to save lives and souls. It concludes with 15 sensational, just under life-size sculptures that were last-ditch responses to the slow-motion emergency of colonialism. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? MoMA PS1: 'Greater New York' (through March 7) With a multigenerational team of organizers, MoMA P.S. 1's every-five-years-roundup of New York art steps away from its founding premise of newness, the idea that it would be an update on the metropolitan market. The 158 artists on the roster range from 20-something to 80-something; a few are deceased. The notion that an ''emerging'' artist has to be young is discarded. Older artists newly in the spotlight, or back after a long delay, qualify. And history works in two directions. Art from the 1970s and '80s is presented as prescient of what's being made now, and new art is viewed as putting a trenchant spin on the past. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Cotter)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Ernest Hemingway: Between Two Wars' (through Jan. 31) Mounted on walls that have been painted tropical blue to suggest Hemingway's years in Key West and in Cuba, this show takes him all the way from high school to roughly 1950 with photographs, handwritten first-drafts and personal correspondence. But the largest and most interesting section focuses on the '20s, Hemingway's Paris years, and reveals a writer we might have been in danger of forgetting: Hemingway before he became Hemingway. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Charles McGrath)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection' (through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Arts and Design: 'Wendell Castle Remastered' (through Feb. 28) This eminent woodworker became noted in the 1960s for carving chic, curvy furniture out of blocks of laminated wood. In the past four years he has revived that method with the assistance of digital and robotic technologies that enable him to make bigger and more adventurous works. This engaging show focuses on pieces from those two periods. ''Suspended Disbelief,'' made this year, has an irregularly oval, glossy black table top extending horizontally and without legs some 10 feet in the air from a trio of tall conical forms resembling the tips of monstrous tendrils. It's spectacular. 2 Columbus Circle, Manhattan, 212-299-7777, madmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence' (continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Endless House: Intersections of Art and Architecture' (through March 6) This scattered but enjoyable exhibition, drawn from the museum's art collection as much as its design holdings, focuses on the single-family home as a place of experimentation and regeneration; of conflict as well as dreams. Its highlight is a series of drawings and photographs by Frederick Kiesler, the Austrian-American polymath whose Endless House -- never completed -- fused fine art, architecture, furniture and lighting design into a bulbous, unstable whole. Several artists here echo Kiesler's theme of the house as a reflection of the psychology of its inhabitants. None is more powerful than Rachel Whiteread's sober image, made with white correction fluid, of a dwelling in East London: a preparatory drawing for a now lost sculpture crafted by filling the house with liquid concrete. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Joaquín Torres-García: The Arcadian Modern' (through Feb. 15) Few artists can claim to have captured a revolution in thinking in a single image, but Joaquín Torres-García did. In 1934, Torres-Garcia (1874-1949) took a hard-won knowledge of European modernism from Paris back to his birthplace of Uruguay. He gave the transplanted movement a name -- ''The School of the South'' -- and designed for it a now-famous logo: the silhouette of the South American continent turned upside down and placed above the Tropic of Cancer, where North America was on conventional maps. And he explained the meaning: The South, as a font of creative energy, was the new North, or at least its equal. The image, and the spirit that produced it, can be found in MoMA's career survey, the artist's first major United States retrospective in four decades. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Picasso Sculpture' (through Feb. 7) Nearly a work of art in its own right, this magnificent show redefines Picasso's achievement with the first full view here in 50 years of his astoundingly varied forays into sculpture. His materials, not his female loves, become the muses, and are different each time out. The basic plotline: After introducing sculptural abstraction and space, he spent about 50 years counting the ways that the figure was far from finished. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Soldier, Spectre, Shaman: The Figure and the Second World War' (through March 20) MoMA usually stages the years after 1945 as a triumph of American abstraction, but this vital show affirms that the human figure never disappeared from art -- especially not in battle-scarred Europe. With the end of the war, and the full revelation of the Holocaust, the human body became a sign of pathos and existential dread, notably in the fraught paintings of Francis Bacon and the spindly sculptures of Alberto Giacometti. The same was true of other European artists who received less American acclaim -- such as Jean Fautrier, whose haunted ''Otages'' (''Hostages'') are far better known in his native France. The show is drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection, and its greatest surprise comes from Jan Müller, a German émigré in New York, whose ghoulish ''Faust I'' (1956) depicts the witches of Goethe's epic as starved, traumatized wraiths. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Transmissions: Art in Eastern Europe and Latin America, 1960-1980' (through Jan. 3) Visiting this big, spirited group show is like walking into a party of intriguing strangers. For every person you recognize, there are 10 you don't know. One topic everyone's talking about, at different intensities, is the anti-institutional politics that swept Europe and the Americas in the 1960s, and almost everyone speaks the language of Conceptualism. A product of an in-house research initiative called Contemporary and Modern Art Perspectives, or C-MAP, intended to expand MoMA's narrow Paris-New York view of modernism, the show is very much the beginning rather than the end of a learning curve. But with curators exploring material new to them -- just steps ahead of their audience -- the show has a refreshing buzz of surprise as it takes the museum in a realistic new directions. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York' (continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through Jan. 10) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Jacob A. Riis: Revealing New York's Other Half' (through March 20) The Danish immigrant muckraker's stark photographs, coupled with his documents from the New York Public Library and the Library of Congress, vividly portray the changing face of poverty since Riis exposed the poor to an oblivious public 125 years ago and remind viewers of the lingering challenges. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Sam Roberts)

? Neue Galerie: 'Berlin Metropolis: 1918-1933' (through Jan. 4) Another outstanding museum exhibition joins New York's autumn roster with this ambitious, expertly designed and organized account of the rich cultural ferment of the fragile Weimar Republic. With many loans from Germany, it musters an egalitarian array of mediums into a poignant, detailed view of the tragic cost -- less in human life than in immeasurable human potential land achievement -- of Hitler's devastating rise and rule and the shattering of a great city. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Smith)

? New Museum: 'Jim Shaw: The End Is Here' (through Jan. 10) In Mr. Shaw's art, form follows polymorphous perversity. A virtuoso chameleon possessing an amazing range of skills, he does Surrealism, Pop Art, Abstract Expressionism, Conceptualism, cartoons and comic strips, psychedelic posters and myriad kitschy illustration styles all with his own endlessly inventive, comedic twist. His works range from huge to miniature and from political allegories to drawings documenting his dreams. Selections from his personal collections of found paintings and wacky religious materials add to the delirium. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'Archibald Motley: Jazz Age Modernist' (through Jan. 17) Let's take it as a good omen that the first solo show to appear in the Whitney's new home is a career retrospective of a still understudied artist. Motley (1891-1981) was born in New Orleans and lived in Chicago, where he painted the cultural life of the city's African-American neighborhood known as Bronzeville, portraying it with an eye for calibrations of class and race, and with a sense of his own conflicted position within its context. The show is modest in size but has features that many larger, sexier exhibitions lack: an affecting narrative, a distinctive atmosphere, and a complex and troubling political and moral tenor. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'Frank Stella: A Retrospective' (through Feb. 7) This grand, high-spirited, slightly overstuffed exhibition pays overdue tribute to a prominent American artist whose 60-year odyssey through and beyond painting began in this city. It further anoints the Whitney's new building: The show could never have been pulled off at its old uptown address. And its ingenious installation -- alternately dazzling, oppressive and nuts -- resounds with stimulating clashes of color, style and process that bring a new unity to his contentious achievement. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Smith)

Galleries: Uptown

? 'Swedish Wooden Toys' (through Jan. 17) This presentation of more than 300 playthings from the late 16th to the early 21st centuries will be catnip for anyone into antique toys. The show features diminutive vehicles of all kinds from old-time wagons, trains and fully-rigged sailboats, to futuristic cars and a rocket ship. There are naturalistic and anthropomorphic animals, weapons, puzzles, games, dollhouses and architectural construction kits. While many of these items were produced by big manufacturers like BRIO and Playsam, many others are one-of-a-kind wonders like a miniature baking set from around 1900 that includes rolling pins, spatulas and other implements all lovingly carved from wood and fitting into a tray just eight inches long. Bard Graduate Center Gallery, 18 West 86th Street, Manhattan, 212-501-3011, bgc.bard.edu. (Johnson)

? H.C. Westermann: 'See America First: Works from 1953-1980' (through Dec. 19) No one who cares about contemporary art should miss this terrific exhibition of sculptures, drawings, prints and illustrated letters by H. C. Westermann (1922--1981). He once said that he wanted his constructions to look as if they'd been made by a mad cabinetmaker, and they do. Made with consummate craftsmanship, his constructions mainly in wood are by turns funny, philosophical and politically vehement. He was a great American original. Venus, 980 Madison Avenue, at 76th Street, 212-980-0700, venusovermanhattan.com. (Johnson)

Galleries: 57th Street

Galleries: Chelsea

? 'Bruce Conner & Ed Ruscha: Smoke and Mirrors' (through Nov. 25) The friendship between these two California artists is not well-known and their aesthetic common ground is largely unexplored. It included a love of fastidious technique, an encompassing approach to mediums (drawing, film, language, printmaking, photography) and a deep involvement with American life. This exhibition takes up the task, with the implication that further excavation would reward. Senior & Shopmaker Gallery, 210 11th Avenue, at 25th Street, Chelsea, 212-213-6767, seniorandshopmaker.com. (Smith)

Galleries: Other

? Jared Bark: 'Photobooth Works, 1969-1976' (closes on Sunday) This taut, museum-quality show reveals a rich, largely unknown chunk of 1970s art: a series of works that thoroughly explore the aesthetic possibilities of the common photo booth. Combining stage, studio and darkroom, the booth fostered body art, serial imagery, narrative work, Minimalist abstraction and even early appropriation art, yielding 8-inch strips of four images that, when combined, formed small, astute, highly original artworks. Southfirst, 60 North Sixth Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, 718-599-4884, southfirst.org. (Smith)

Zoe Beloff: 'A World Redrawn: Eisenstein and Brecht in Hollywood' (through Nov. 21) In three films, large watercolors, architectural models and display cases filled with archival materials, Ms. Beloff's current show focuses on two committed communists who worked in Hollywood: the Soviet filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein and the German poet and playwright Bertolt Brecht. Eisenstein stayed in Los Angeles for six months in 1930; Brecht, fleeing Nazi Germany, was there from 1941 to 1947. Neither produced any finished work, although Eisenstein played tennis with Charlie Chaplin and met Walt Disney, and Brecht ended up testifying before the 1947 House Committee for Un-American Activities. The James Gallery, the Graduate Center, City University of New York, 365 Fifth Avenue, between 34th and 35th Streets, Manhattan, centerforthehumanities.org/james-gallery. (Schwendener)

? 'For a New World to Come: Experiments in Japanese Art and Photography, 1968-1979' (through Jan. 10) This exceptionally informative exhibition (divided between Japan Society Gallery and New York University's Grey Art Gallery) presents about 350 photographs, photography books, paintings, sculptures and videos produced by 29 Japanese artists during a decade of ideological disillusionment following the utopian excitement of the 1960s. Most of the works are black and white and driven by abstract concepts, with many focused on the nature of photography itself. It's a dry show, but it's fascinating for its revelation of memes and trends that continue to resonate in photographic art around the world. Through Dec. 5 at Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 100 Washington Square East, Greenwich Village, 212-998-6780, nyu.edu/greyart. Through Jan. 10 at Japan Society, 333 East 47th Street, Manhattan, 212-832-1155, japansociety.org. (Johnson)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

'Donald Blumberg Photographs: Selections From the Master Sets' (through Nov. 22) In his early days shooting on the streets of New York, Mr. Blumberg discovered that parishioners walking out of the gaping door of St. Patrick's Cathedral appeared to be emerging from deep, empty space. His resulting photographs, shot from 1965 to 1967, reduce St. Pat's to a sea of black, and turn the worshipers into highly detailed, if physically awkward, specimens in the void. Soon after, Mr. Blumberg's gaze shifted from the street to his television screen, arranging images of Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon into conceptually sophisticated mosaics. Now 80, he is still shooting his TV, and though he continues to keep one eye on politics, the other is gazing at the inanities of home shopping and televangelism. Yale University Art Gallery, 1111 Chapel Street, New Haven, 203-432-0600, artgallery.yale.edu. (Jason Farago)

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³' (through May 2017) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626--1705)' (through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Museum of Fine Arts Boston: 'Made in the Americas: The New World Discovers Asia' (through Feb. 15) One of the great gifts that multiculturalist thinking gave us was freedom from the tyranny of purity. Simply put, there's no such thing, at least not in art. Everything is a mix, and this has always been true. Globalism, which we take to be so 21st century, is as old as the hills. In this smallish show those hills encompass the Andes, the Alps, the Appalachians and Mount Fuji between the early 16th to the late 18th century. The main setting includes large swaths of North, Central and South America being colonized by various European powers, all of which had lucrative commercial links to Asia, and they were bringing Asia with them to the New World. The result: some of the most brilliant American art ever. 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, 617-267-9300, mfa.org. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African-American Artists in Dialogue' (through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art (ongoing) The skilled refurbishing of the Atheneum's storied Morgan Memorial Building reveals as never before the museum's splendors. The Great Hall is triple-hung with European paintings encircled by a spirited art-historical Cliff Notes from Egypt to Florence. On the second floor the fabulous Cabinet of Art and Curiosities leads to even more often outstanding paintings -- Baroque to Modernism -- accompanied by an array of decorative objects, especially porcelains. 600 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., 860-278-2670, thewadsworth.org. (Smith)

Last Chance

Brigid Berlin: 'It's All About Me' (closes on Sunday) Ms. Berlin was a bit player in the 1960s and '70s art world, known for her brassy roles in Andy Warhol's films like ''Chelsea Girls'' (1966). She is an artist, too. She recorded herself on cassette tapes, and a selection of these are on display and running as a soundtrack in the gallery. On the walls are Polaroid self-portraits from the early '70s; then there are the ''Tit Prints'' from the '90s, which Ms. Berlin made by applying colored inks to her breasts and pressing them against paper. In an era when the exposed female breast is once again a political issue, Ms. Berlin's prints seem less of a lark and more like a strident, celebratory statement by an artist who was never shy about exposing anything. Invisible-Exports, 89 Eldridge Street, between Hester and Grand Streets, Lower East Side, 212-226-5447, invisible-exports.com. (Schwendener)

? R.H. Quaytman (closes on Sunday) Two years ago, the New York artist R.H. Quaytman was invited to do a show at the Tel Aviv Museum of Art. She traveled to Israel to research themes for new body of work, and found one in a piece of 20th-century Modernist art: Paul Klee's 1920 monoprint ''Angelus Novus,'' a jewel in the collection of the Israel Museum in Jerusalem. Mysteries followed when she discovered that Klee had placed his angel on a printed portrait of Martin Luther, who, late in his life, gave voice to violent anti-Semitism. Ms. Quaytman, a subtle and intellectually scrupulous artist, explores these complications and adds some of her own in a show of paintings as tight and expansive and emotionally rich as a book of interlocked poems. Miguel Abreu Gallery, 36 Orchard Street, Lower East Side, 212-995-1774, miguelabreugallery.com. (Cotter)

Rachel Rossin: 'Lossy' (closes on Saturday) The centerpiece of this show is a virtual reality work that Ms. Rossin is showing alongside her near abstract paintings. Unlike the seamless environment you generally see in video games, Ms. Rossin's includes lots of white space; objects and fragmented forms float within it, occasionally disintegrating. Ms. Rossin has achieved something, forging a connection between abstract painting and augmented perception that opens up a fourth dimension that existed only in theory for earlier painters. Zieher Smith & Horton, 516 West 20th Street, Chelsea, 212-229-1088, zsandh.com. (Schwendener)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/11/13/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-nov-13-19.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/11/13/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-nov-13-19.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY ÁNGEL FRANCO /THE NEW YORK TIMES)

**Load-Date:** November 14, 2015

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[***DEMOCRATS SCRUTINIZE LAROUCHE BLOC***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BR70-0007-H0G5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 30, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 22, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1220 words

**Byline:** By ROBIN TONER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, March 29

**Body**

To the followers of Lyndon H. LaRouche Jr., the surprise victories of their candidates in the Democratic primary in Illinois were a vindication of their ''rich ideas'' and the first fruits of their 1986 campaign to run hundreds of candidates in Democratic primaries around the country.

At the same time, Democratic Party leaders appear both shaken and mobilized by the upsets and are giving new scrutiny to the electoral efforts of Mr. LaRouche and his followers.

At a news conference this week, Warren Hamerman, chairman of the vehicle for Mr. LaRouche's efforts, the National Democratic Policy Committee, capitalized on the upset victories of two LaRouche-backed candidates who won Democratic nominations for Lieutenant Governor and Secretary of State in Illinois less than two weeks ago.

He said that the group had 780 candidates seeking office nationwide and that the United States and the world ''are on the verge of the greatest economic depression of this century, and perhaps of several centuries.'' He said there was an ''active, unwholesome cover-up'' on AIDS and that the spread of acquired immune deficiency syndrome could be linked to the policies of the International Monetary Fund.

The Price of Inattention

Among other things, Mr. LaRouche and his followers denounce Communists, Zionists, Jane Fonda, narcotics gangsters, the Rockefellers, Henry A. Kissinger, the Trilateral Commission, the Queen of England and international terrorists, often campaigning vociferously from card tables at street corners and in airline terminals.

The National Democratic Policy Committee has no connection with the Democratic Party's Democratic National Committee. The group advances the LaRouche philosophy, a mixture of conspiracy theories and charges that many American institutions and leaders are variously allied with such forces as the Soviet Union or ''the drug lobby.''

Until the Illinois primary, Democratic leaders largely ignored or dismissed the group as a nuisance. Now many of those leaders view the Illinois results as the dismaying price of inattention. ''The people in Illinois went to sleep at the wheel and let an accident happen,'' said Bob Slagle, the Texas Democratic chairman.

He and other Democratic leaders say they will not make the same mistake. National and state party leaders are alerting their organizations to the LaRouche goals and philosophy and trying to get an accurate gauge of how many LaRouche-affiliated candidates are running and where.

In Texas, the state party is sending out material to some 18,000 local party leaders and activists, Mr. Slagle said. The Democratic National Committee is following up phone calls to state party chairmen with a memorandum on the LaRouche organization.

Careful Democratic Approach

Democratic leaders are seeking to fashion a carefully calibrated approach to the LaRouche group. They are reluctant to confer political credibility on it by appearing to treat it as a serious electoral threat. At the same time, they say, they want to make sure people do not unwittingly vote for LaRouche-affiliated candidates.

''LaRouche candidates thrive on making Democratic leaders respond to them through the news media,'' said the memorandum sent to state party chairmen this week by Paul G. Kirk Jr., chairman of the Democratic National Committee. It adds, ''Do not engage in public debates with these people.'' But, he said, ''The success they achieved in Illinois, while it can best be described as a fluke, means that we must engage in additional voter education.''

Mr. Hamerman said this week that at least 780 candidates were running throughout the country with the support of the National Democratic Policy Committee. He refused to release a list of the candidates but said that ''to my knowledge,'' each was ''openly running as a LaRouche Democrat.''

'Save Western Civilization'

He added: ''Lyndon LaRouche is viewed by these candidates as the greatest political leader and economist of the 20th century, and they're proud to be associated with him. They feel he's leading the battle to save Western civilization.''

Mel Klenetsky, co-director of political operations for the National Democratic Policy Committee, said, ''We want to take Congress in 1986.''

Mr. LaRouche, who is 63 years old, has already announced his fourth run for the Presidency. In 1976, he ran under the banner of the U.S. Labor Party, his previous political organization; in 1980 and 1984, he competed in the Democratic primaries.

A book, ''A Program for America -The LaRouche Democratic Campaign,'' provides a review of Mr. LaRouche's policies and philosophies, as well as many of his personal attacks. It was published in November 1985 by the LaRouche Democratic Campaign.

In the book, Mr. LaRouche writes that he is committed to ridding the Democratic Party of ''the sickness of radicalism.'' He says that the ''crowd we associate with the Trilateral Commission'' ran the policies of the four previous administrations and has dominated the policies of the Reagan Administration. He also says the State Department's actions often ''do the work of the Soviet empire.''

The book also says that after Mr. LaRouche began an expose of the ''drug lobby,'' ''certain leading Jewish members of the drug lobby activated their friends and lawyers in the Anti-Defamation League of B'Nai B'rith, and the campaign to tar LaRouche as an anti-Semite was on.''

Asked about the book, Mr. Klenetsky said it represents ''Mr. LaRouche's program'' and not all the candidates backed by the National Democratic Policy Committee may agree with the whole program.

Why They Chose Democrats

Mr. Klenetsky, who has run for Mayor of New York and for a United States Senate seat from New York, said LaRouche supporters have made their efforts within the Democratic Party because they feel their natural constituency is there and they want to help ''rebuild'' the party.

Others suggest the LaRouche activists decided they could achieve greater success by running within the Democratic Party than making a third-party effort. In some states, LaRouche activists appear to have focused on minor offices or races in heavily Republican areas where the Democratic Party has had difficulty fielding a candidate, according to Democratic leaders.

Milton Copulos, a senior policy analyst at the Heritage Foundation who has studied the LaRouche movement, said its activists ''are extremely competent at identifying issues of great concern to ***working-class*** America,'' like drugs. ''In Illinois, it appeared that they used a whole combination of those types of issues, touching on them only superficially, and not really exposing the extremeness of their views,'' he said.

Mr. Hamerman said the group was able to provide candidates with ''very little money,'' but that it did organize candidate schools, provide issue and policy material and is currently developing slide shows for candidates to use. The first is ''AIDS Is Deadlier Than Nuclear War,'' he said.

Democratic leaders say that once those policies are known by the voters, the LaRouche political organization will slip quietly out of public consciousness. ''In the long run, I think the Illinois thing is the worst thing that's going to happen to them, because it's put their philosophy on the front pages of the newspaper,'' said James M. Ruvolo, chairman of the Ohio Democratic Party.

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[***To Speak of the Unspeakable***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TP0-5560-007F-G36V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 20, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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

**Length:** 1346 words

**Byline:** By Richard A. Shweder;

Richard A. Shweder, a cultural anthropologist, is a professor of human development at the University of Chicago. He is editor of "Welcome to Middle Age! (And Other Cultural Fictions)."

By Richard A. Shweder;  Richard A. Shweder, a cultural anthropologist, is a professor of human development at the University of Chicago. He is editor of "Welcome to Middle Age! (And Other Cultural Fictions)."

**Body**

AFTER SILENCE

Rape and My Journey Back.

By Nancy Venable Raine.

278 pp. New York:

Crown Publishers. $23.

There are a lot of reasons people don't like to talk about rape. They feel upset, horrified, embarrassed, polluted, even cursed by the very thought of it. You do not have to go to Sri Lanka, where the locution "being shamed" is a local euphemism, or to India, where it is believed that emotions if expressed are dangerous and don't go away, to learn that women who are sexually assaulted don't want to discuss their experiences and certainly don't want to seek revenge by making the rapist the subject of their next book. Even in Manhattan, among loquacious, psychologically minded Westerners who believe that the emotions if left unexamined are dangerous, one of the best ways to stop dinner-party conversation dead is to start describing what it felt like to be raped. There are few published first-person accounts of the experience of being sexually pillaged and its aftermath. "After Silence" is one of the first and, I would wager, it is always going to be one of the best.

In 1985, Nancy Venable Raine was 39, divorced and living alone in a ***working-class*** area of Boston. She was attacked and tied up in her home and for several hours violated by an intruder whose face she never saw. "After Silence" is a profound and revelatory narrative of her suffering. Raine, who is a poet and essayist, tries to come to terms with unbidden feelings of shame, with the desecration of her spiritual essence -- the identity of the person she was before the rape seemed "to belong to someone else" -- and with the unwelcome yet insistent belief that she was responsible for her own defilement. The book is her attempt to "drain the swamp of victim-blame" and to write her way back to wholeness and out of hell by constructing a blameless and shameless modern narrative about the meaning of rape.

Raine is so honest a psychological explorer that she recognizes that rape is different from other kinds of assault -- mugging, say -- precisely because it evokes feelings of perversity and self-loathing, which silence the voice of pain. Her reports on the silence are poignant. Shortly after her publication of an essay in The New York Times Magazine in 1994 describing the rape, she goes for lunch at Chez Panisse in Berkeley, Calif., where she introduces herself to "the woman with the amber necklace," a well-known patron of the arts. "I thought your article was well written," the woman says. "But let's face it, no one wants to hear about such terrible things." Raine attends a dinner party in New York. The woman seated next to her recoils: "I just can't imagine how you can write about something so . . . so very personal." Another dinner party, this one for professional women, each of whom is invited by their hostess to talk about her current work. Full of apprehension she describes her project. A long silence. The hostess moves on to the next guest: "Well," she says. "Shall we get off rape to something . . . agreeable?" A rape victim, a close friend and a major character in the narrative -- "the bravest woman I know" -- does not want her real name used in the book. Raine herself could not for a long time bring herself to discuss the rape with either her niece or stepdaughter. Shame is a silencing emotion, she remarks. It presupposes wrongdoing.

Her analysis of the experience of self-blame is deep. She writes: "The sense that I was responsible for the rape supported a more important belief, one that I could not give up, although it had been severely damaged. It was the belief that I could control what happened to me, that my actions had a bearing on the outcome of my life." In other words, the mental link between misfortune and personal agency and the tendency to blame yourself may simply be corollaries of a universal (and, I would argue, correct) intuition that effort deserves to be exercised in life precisely because the world is just -- effort is rewarded, you reap what you sow -- at least in the long run, at least in the aggregate.

Even more profound, because so unsettling and human, is Raine's examination of the idea that surviving rape implies consent, in the mind of the victim at least. She writes of the shadow cast over her by her compliance, of feeling sexually perverse because she had made a compact with the rapist. "I did have what appears to be 'consent.' I instinctively 'decided' to live -- unlike any number of female saints half-remembered from my childhood who chose death over the loss of their 'virtue.' I did make 'a deal with the devil.' "

Raine thinks the experience of rape shouldn't be different from the experience of other kinds of violence and assault. She wants the modern story of rape to be about violence and assault (plus the residual trauma associated with posttraumatic stress disorder, or PTSD) pure and simple, as though a forcible violation of the sanctity of the womb per se, the physical locus of social reproduction, carries no special or additional significance. Her claim that rape is just a crime of violence rather than a sexual act is bound to remain controversial. Why can't it be both? Not just an assault but a desecration, and of a special kind. Not just harm but an outrageous breach of the moral order that deserves a special kind of retribution. Raine is spectacular in her use of a premodern theological discourse of monsters and demons, heaven and hell, shame, pollution, contagion, grace, redemption and absolution for giving voice to her true feelings. Yet as she shifts from the premodern conception of rape as an abomination to a more new-fashioned (and, I think, morally thinner) discourse about rape as essentially traumatic assault, her powerful tone turns hortatory. She seems to have got back her sanity in exchange for becoming an advocate of an overmedicalized and reductive contemporary party line. Sanity is important, of course, and Raine has probably made the right trade. But as an admirer, I much prefer her voice to that of the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of the American Psychiatric Association. "The technical language of psychotherapy," she herself recognizes in passing, "seems especially removed from the actual experience."

There are anthropological reports about peoples like the Mehinaku Indians of Brazil, whom Thomas Gregor describes, where sexual coercion does not result in severe trauma and is not associated with shame or dishonor. There are resilient individuals who are endowed with mental gifts and coping capacities that make it possible for them to get on with their lives after a sexual assault without life-altering symptoms of distress. Judging from available evidence, many women do not experience posttraumatic stress disorder after being raped. Raine recognizes this. "Every rape," she tells us, "intersects with an individual victim's pre-existing character traits." We can only be grateful that Raine is the sort of person who requests nitrous oxide when she gets her teeth cleaned, who remembers exactly where she was and what she was wearing when she first tied her own shoelaces, who believed early in life that fearing something makes it happen, who felt it was unfair that only girls did housework and who began keeping a diary when she was in the fifth grade. She brings to her encounter with the abomination ("I experienced the world as a place that included real demons from a real hell") gifts that make it possible for her to give character and voice to terror, rage, shame, pollution, panic, depression, helplessness, isolation and depersonalization. Whatever one thinks of the discourse of PTSD as a way of talking about rape, its psychiatric proponents have never before had so authentic and qualified a front-line correspondent.

According to Veena Das, an anthropologist who has written about the suffering of raped and abducted South Asian women, "Denial of others' pain is not about the failings of the intellect but the failings of the spirit." "After Silence" is a book that dignifies the human spirit. It should be read by everyone.

**Graphic**

Drawing.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1998

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[***BEST SELLERS: August 23, 1998***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TH8-KCH0-007F-G01B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 30, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 22; Column 3; Book Review Desk; Column 3;; List

**Length:** 1411 words

**Body**

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| This | Last | On |
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| Week | Week | List | Fiction |
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| 1 | 1 | 2 | RAINBOW SIX, by Tom Clancy. (Putnam, $27.95.) John Clark, heading an international task force, investigates terrorist incidents in Switzerland, Germany and Spain. |
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| 2 | 3 | 9 | I KNOW THIS MUCH IS TRUE, by Wally Lamb. (Regan Books/HarperCollins, $27.50.) A troubled man must care for his schizophrenic identical-twin brother and face the nightmares that have bedeviled their family. |
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| 3 | 5 | 3 | THE FIRST EAGLE, by Tony Hillerman. (HarperCollins, $25.) Two Navajo policemen pursue a mysterious killer -- a plague or a person? -- in the Southwest. |
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| 4 | 2 | 6 | POINT OF ORIGIN, by Patricia Cornwell. (Putnam, $25.95.) Dr. Kay Scarpetta battles an old enemy, a serial killer who has escaped and is resuming her crimes. |
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| 5 | 4 | 13 | SUMMER SISTERS, by Judy Blume. (Delacorte, $21.95.) Two young women from very different backgrounds come of age together on Martha's Vineyard. |
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| 6 | 6 | 19 | MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE, by Nicholas Sparks. (Warner, $20.) After finding a seaborne bottle containing an enigmatic letter, a divorced woman encounters love. |
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| 7 | 7 | 11 | BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY, by Helen Fielding. (Viking, $22.95.) A year in the life of a 30-something single woman in London. |
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| 8 | 8 | 6 | A NIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR, by Jewel Kilcher. (HarperCollins, $15.) The singer-songwriter's poems contemplate love, family, Alaska and life on the road. (+) |
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| 9 | 11 | 9 | THE KLONE AND I, by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte, $17.95.) A woman believes she has found Mr. Right, a high-tech expert, then is amazed to meet his clone. |
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| 10 | 9 | 40 | MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA, by Arthur Golden. (Knopf, $25.) The life of a young woman growing up in Kyoto who has to reinvent herself after World War II begins. |
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| 11 |  | 1 | MOON MUSIC, by Faye Kellerman. (Morrow, $25.50.) Detective Romulus Poe's investigation of a showgirl's murder uncovers much of Las Vegas's sordid past. |
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| 12 | 10 | 16 | A WIDOW FOR ONE YEAR, by John Irving. (Random House, $27.95.) Three looks at the complex emotional life of a writer and single mother. |
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| 13 | 15 | 4 | COAST ROAD, by Barbara Delinsky. (Simon & Schuster, $24.) A California architect puts his life on hold when his former wife falls into a coma after a car accident. |
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| 14 | 12 | 60 | COLD MOUNTAIN, by Charles Frazier. (Atlantic Monthly, $24.) A wounded Confederate soldier journeys home toward the end of the Civil War to meet an old love and a new world. |
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| 15 | 13 | 7 | LOW COUNTRY, by Anne Rivers Siddons. (HarperCollins, $25.) The husband of a South Carolina woman considers turning the island she inherited into a resort. |
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| Week | Week | List | Nonfiction |
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| 1 | 1 | 45 | TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE, by Mitch Albom. (Doubleday, $19.95.) A sportswriter tells of his weekly visits to his old college mentor, who was near death's door. |
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| 2 |  | 1 | THE DAY DIANA DIED, by Christopher Andersen. (Morrow, $27.) An account of the events surrounding the death of the Princess of Wales. |
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| 3 | 2 | 11 | A PIRATE LOOKS AT FIFTY, by Jimmy Buffett. (Random House, $24.95.) While traveling from the Florida Keys to the Amazon, the singer-songwriter reflects on his half-century of life. |
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| 4 | 5 | 84 | THE MILLIONAIRE NEXT DOOR, by Thomas J. Stanley and William D. Danko. (Longstreet, $22.) An analysis of the lives of wealthy Americans. (+) |
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| 5 | 4 | 102 | ANGELA'S ASHES, by Frank McCourt. (Scribner, $25.) An Irish-American writer recalls his childhood amid the miseries of Limerick. |
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| 6 | 3 | 12 | \*A WALK IN THE WOODS, by Bill Bryson. (Broadway, $25.) A journalist finds beauty and humor while hiking the Appalachian Trail. |
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| 7 | 6 | 11 | A MONK SWIMMING, by Malachy McCourt. (Hyperion, $23.95.) The writer and actor (and brother of Frank McCourt) remembers his life in America and Ireland. |
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| 8 | 7 | 22 | CITIZEN SOLDIERS, by Stephen E. Ambrose. (Simon & Schuster, $27.50.) The United States Army from Normandy to the Bulge to Germany's surrender. |
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| 9 | 8 | 13 | TITAN, by Ron Chernow. (Random House, $30.) The life of John D. Rockefeller Sr. |
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| 10 | 9 | 17 | WE ARE OUR MOTHERS' DAUGHTERS, by Cokie Roberts. (Morrow, $19.95.) The television news anchor's personal reflections on women in politics and business and as mothers, wives, sisters and friends. |
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| 11 | 11 | 89 | CONVERSATIONS WITH GOD: Book 1, by Neale Donald Walsch. (Putnam, $19.95.) The author addresses questions of good and evil, guilt and sin. (+) |
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| 12 | 10 | 20 | THE GIFTS OF THE JEWS, by Thomas Cahill. (Talese/ Doubleday, $23.50.) What Western civilization owes an ancient nomadic tribe. |
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| 13 | 12 | 9 | SHIP OF GOLD IN THE DEEP BLUE SEA, by Gary Kinder. (Atlantic Monthly, $27.50.) An account of the wreck of a side-wheeler off the Carolina coast in 1857 and the efforts of a group to recover its treasure in 1989. |
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| 14 | 15 | 54 | \*THE MAN WHO LISTENS TO HORSES, by Monty Roberts. (Random House, $23.) The memoirs of a professional horse trainer. |
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| 15 | 13 | 215 | \*MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL, by John Berendt. (Random House, $25.) The mysterious death of a young man in Savannah, Ga. (+) |
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| This | Last | On |
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| Week | Week | List | Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous |
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| 1 | 1 | 16 | SUGAR BUSTERS! by H. Leighton Steward et al. (Ballantine, $22.) A diet designed for losing weight, increasing energy and combating disease. (+) |
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| 2 | 2 | 21 | THE 9 STEPS TO FINANCIAL FREEDOM, by Suze Orman. (Crown, $23.) Practical and spiritual steps for managing your money. (+) |
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| 3 | 4 | 232 | MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS, by John Gray. (HarperCollins, $25.) Improving communication and relationships. (+) |
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| 4 | 3 | 13 | IN THE MEANTIME, by Iyanla Vanzant. (Simon & Schuster, $23.) Ways to find what you truly need, particularly "the love that you want." (+) |

Rankings reflect sales, for the week ending Aug. 15, at almost 4,000 bookstores plus wholesalers serving 50,000 other retailers (gift shops, department stores, newsstands, supermarkets), statistically weighted to represent all such outlets nationwide. An asterisk (\*) indicates that a book's sales are barely distinguishable from those of the book above. A dagger (+) indicates that some bookstores report receiving bulk orders. Expanded rankings are available from The New York Times on the Web: [*www.nytimes.com/books*](http://www.nytimes.com/books).

And Bear in Mind

(Editors' choices of other recent books of particular interest)

ACHESON: The Secretary of State Who Created the American World, by James Chace. (Simon & Schuster, $30.) An engrossing biography of a public servant whose vision, self-confidence and personal integrity are still enshrined in international institutions and American attitudes.

BRAVE NEW WORLDS: Staying Human in the Genetic Future, by Bryan Appleyard. (Viking, $23.95.) A journalist's lucid, readable, apprehensive forecast of what genetic knowledge, especially when converted to genetic power, is likely to do to us if we don't watch out.

CAMBODIA: Report From a Stricken Land, by Henry Kamm. (Arcade, $25.95.) A retired correspondent of this newspaper, familiar with Cambodia since 1970, examines its tortured past and present and despairs of its future.

ECOLOGY OF FEAR: Los Angeles and the Imagination of Disaster, by Mike Davis. (Metropolitan/Holt, $27.50.) When the current, historically anomalous habitability of Los Angeles departs, Davis predicts, ways will be found to blame the poor for the natural disasters and the consequences that ensue.

THE GIRL IN THE FLAMMABLE SKIRT: Stories, by Aimee Bender. (Doubleday, $21.95.) Confused, libidinous young women who aren't sure what they want or how to get it are frequent in the population of this insouciant first collection.

THE MAN WHO ONCE WAS WHIZZER WHITE: A Portrait of Justice Byron R. White, by Dennis J. Hutchinson. (Free Press, $30.) A legal scholar and former clerk of Justice White peers through, or at least at, the veil of privacy and inscrutability that this judicial nonconformist has long worn.

THE MOURNERS' BENCH, by Susan Dodd. (Morrow, $24.) A novel in which two ***working-class*** sisters in the South and a male teacher from Yankeeland assume tragic configurations, from which the survivors are able to escape by humor, irony and real interest in what's happening.

SLOW MOTION: A True Story, by Dani Shapiro. (Random House, $23.95.) The cautionary confessions of a former spoiled, alcoholic rich kid who discovered that life is earnest when her parents were involved in a catastrophic accident.

TOWARDS A NEW MUSEUM, by Victoria Newhouse. (Monacelli, paper, $45.) An architectural historian of great range and scope provides a gatherum of ideas, questions and critiques that are inspired, or should be, by the museum boom of the last 30 years.

VAST EMOTIONS AND IMPERFECT THOUGHTS, by Rubem Fonseca. (Ecco, $24.) An engaging Brazilian novel whose hero, a movie director, is uncomfortably close to a murder and ungovernably obsessed with Isaac Babel's fiction.

**Load-Date:** August 30, 1998

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[***100 Notable Books of 2012***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:575V-NFH1-JBG3-6216-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 2, 2012 Sunday

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**Body**

The year's notable fiction, poetry and nonfiction, selected by the editors of The New York Times Book Review.

FICTION & POETRY

ALIF THE UNSEEN. By G. Willow Wilson. (Grove, $25.) A young hacker on the run in the Mideast is the protagonist of this imaginative first novel.

ALMOST NEVER. By Daniel Sada. Translated by Katherine Silver. (Graywolf, paper, $16.) In this glorious satire of machismo, a Mexican agronomist simultaneously pursues a prostitute and an upright woman.

AN AMERICAN SPY. By Olen Steinhauer. (Minotaur, $25.99.) In a novel vividly evoking the multilayered world of espionage, Steinhauer's hero fights back when his C.I.A. unit is nearly destroyed.

ARCADIA. By Lauren Groff. (Voice/Hyperion, $25.99.) Groff's lush and visual second novel begins at a rural commune, and links that utopian past to a dystopian, post-global-warming future.

AT LAST. By Edward St. Aubyn. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $25.) The final and most meditative of St. Aubyn's brilliant Patrick Melrose novels is full of precise observations and glistening turns of phrase.

BEAUTIFUL RUINS. By Jess Walter. (Harper/HarperCollins, $25.99.) Walter's witty sixth novel, set largely in Hollywood, reveals an American landscape of vice, addiction, loss and disappointed hopes.

BILLY LYNN'S LONG HALFTIME WALK. By Ben Fountain. (Ecco/HarperCollins, $25.99.) The survivors of a fierce firefight in Iraq are whisked stateside for a brief victory tour in this satirical novel.

BLASPHEMY. By Sherman Alexie. (Grove, $27.) The best stories in Alexie's collection of new and selected works are moving and funny, bringing together the embittered critic and the yearning dreamer.

THE BOOK OF MISCHIEF: New and Selected Stories. By Steve Stern. (Graywolf, $26.) Jewish immigrant lives observed with effusive nostalgia.

BRING UP THE BODIES. By Hilary Mantel. (Macrae/Holt, $28.) Mantel's sequel to ''Wolf Hall'' traces the fall of Anne Boleyn, and makes the familiar story fascinating and suspenseful again.

BUILDING STORIES. By Chris Ware. (Pantheon, $50.) A big, sturdy box containing hard-bound volumes, pamphlets and a tabloid houses Ware's demanding, melancholy and magnificent graphic novel about the inhabitants of a Chicago building.

BY BLOOD. By Ellen Ullman. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $27.) This smart, slippery novel is a narrative striptease, as a professor listens in on the sessions between the therapist next door and her patients.

CANADA. By Richard Ford. (Ecco/Har­perCollins, $27.99.) A boy whose parents rob a bank in North Dakota in 1960 takes refuge across the border in this mesmerizing novel, driven by fully realized characters and an accomplished prose style.

CARRY THE ONE. By Carol Anshaw. (Simon & Schuster, $25.) Anshaw pays close attention to the lives of a group of friends bound together by a fatal accident in this wry, humane novel, her fourth.

CITY OF BOHANE. By Kevin Barry. (Graywolf, $25.) Somewhere in Ireland in 2053, people are haunted by a ''lost time,'' when something calamitous happened, and hope to reclaim the past. Barry's extraordinary, exuberant first novel is full of inventive language.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Jack Gilbert. (Knopf, $35.) In orderly free verse constructions, Gilbert deals plainly with grief, love, marriage, betrayal and lust.

DEAR LIFE: Stories. By Alice Munro. (Knopf, $26.95.) This volume offers further proof of Munro's mastery, and shows her striking out in the direction of a new, late style that sums up her whole career.

THE DEVIL IN SILVER. By Victor LaValle. (Spiegel & Grau, $27.) LaValle's culturally observant third novel is set in a shabby urban mental hospital.

ENCHANTMENTS. By Kathryn Harrison. (Random House, $27.) Harrison's splendid and surprising novel of late imperial Russia centers on Rasputin's daughter Masha and the hemophiliac ­czarevitch Alyosha.

FLIGHT BEHAVIOR. By Barbara Kingsolver. (Harper/HarperCollins, $28.99.) An Appalachian woman becomes involved in an effort to save monarch butterflies in this brave and majestic novel.

FOBBIT. By David Abrams. (Black Cat/Grove/Atlantic, paper, $15.) Clerks, cooks and lawyers at a forward operating base in Iraq populate this first novel.

THE FORGETTING TREE. By Tatjana Soli. (St. Martin's, $25.99.) In Soli's haunting second novel, a mysterious Caribbean woman cares for a cancer patient on an isolated California ranch.

GATHERING OF WATERS. By Bernice L. McFadden. (Akashic, $24.95.) Three generations of black women confront floods and murder in Mississippi.

GODS WITHOUT MEN. By Hari Kunzru. (Knopf, $26.95.) Related stories, spanning centuries and continents, and all tethered to a desert rock formation, emphasize interconnectivity across time and space in Kunzru's relentlessly modern fourth novel.

HHhH. By Laurent Binet. Translated by Sam Taylor. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $26.) This gripping novel examines both the killing of an SS general in Prague in 1942 and Binet's experience in writing about it.

A HOLOGRAM FOR THE KING. By Dave Eggers. (McSweeney's, $25.) Eg­gers's novel is a haunting and supremely readable parable of America in the global economy, a nostalgic lament for a time when life had stakes and people worked with their hands.

HOME. By Toni Morrison. (Knopf, $24.) A black Korean War veteran, discharged from an integrated Army into a segregated homeland, makes a reluctant journey back to Georgia in a novel engaged with themes that have long haunted Morrison.

HOPE: A TRAGEDY. By Shalom Auslander. (Riverhead, $26.95.) Hilarity alternates with pain in this novel about a Jewish man seeking peace in upstate New York who discovers Anne Frank in his ­attic.

HOW SHOULD A PERSON BE? By Sheila Heti. (Holt, $25.) The narrator (also named Sheila) and her friends try to answer the question in this novel's title.

IN ONE PERSON. By John Irving. (Simon & Schuster, $28.) Irving's funny, risky new novel about an aspiring writer struggling with his sexuality examines what happens when we face our desires honestly.

A LAND MORE KIND THAN HOME. By Wiley Cash. (Morrow/HarperCollins, $24.99.) An evil pastor dominates Cash's mesmerizing first novel.

MARRIED LOVE: And Other Stories. By Tessa Hadley. (Harper Perennial, paper, $14.99.) Hadley's understatedly beautiful collection is filled with exquisitely calibrated gradations and expressions of class.

NW. By Zadie Smith. (Penguin Press, $26.95.) The lives of two friends who grew up in a northwest London housing project diverge, illuminating questions of race, class, sexual identity and personal choice, in Smith's energetic modernist novel.

ON THE SPECTRUM OF POSSIBLE DEATHS. By Lucia Perillo. (Copper Canyon, $22.) Taut, lucid poems filled with complex emotional reflection.

PURE. By Julianna Baggott. (Grand Central, $25.99.) Children battle for the planet's redemption in this precisely written postapocalyptic adventure story.

THE RIGHT-HAND SHORE. By Christopher Tilghman. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $27.) A dark, magisterial novel set on a Chesapeake Bay estate.

THE ROUND HOUSE. By Louise Erdrich. (Harper/HarperCollins, $27.99.) In this novel, an American Indian family faces the ramifications of a vicious crime.

SALVAGE THE BONES. By Jesmyn Ward. (Bloomsbury, $24.) A pregnant 15-year-old and her family await Hurricane Katrina in this lushly written novel.

SAN MIGUEL. By T. Coraghessan Boyle. (Viking, $27.95.) Two utopians from different eras establish private idylls on California's desolate Channel Islands; this novel preserves their tantalizing dreams.

SHINE SHINE SHINE. By Lydia Netzer. (St. Martin's, $24.99.) This thought-provoking debut novel presents a geeky astronaut and his pregnant wife.

SHOUT HER LOVELY NAME. By Natalie Serber. (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, $24.) The stories in Serber's first collection are smart and nuanced.

SILENT HOUSE. By Orhan Pamuk. Translated by Robert Finn. (Knopf, $26.95.) A family is a microcosm of a country on the verge of a coup in this intense, foreboding novel, first published in Turkey in 1983.

THE STARBOARD SEA. By Amber Dermont. (St. Martin's, $24.99.) Dermont's captivating debut novel, whose narrator is a boarding school student and a sailor, takes pleasure in the sea and in the exhilarating freedom of being young.

SWEET TOOTH. By Ian McEwan. (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday, $26.95.) The true subject of this smart and tricky novel, set inside a cold war espionage operation, is the border between make-believe and reality.

SWIMMING HOME. By Deborah Levy. (Bloomsbury, paper, $14.) In this spare, disturbing and frequently funny novel, a troubled young woman tests the marriages of two couples.

TELEGRAPH AVENUE. By Michael Chabon. (Harper/HarperCollins, $27.99.) Chabon's rich comic novel about fathers and sons in Berkeley and Oakland, Calif., juggles multiple plots and mounds of pop culture references in astonishing prose.

THE TESTAMENT OF MARY. By Colm Toibin. (Scribner, $19.99.) This beautiful work takes power from the surprises of its language and its almost shocking characterization of Mary, mother of Jesus.

THIS IS HOW YOU LOSE HER. By Junot Díaz. (Riverhead, $26.95.) The stories in this collection are about love, but they're also about the undertow of family history and cultural mores, presented in Díaz's exciting, irresistible and entertaining prose.

THREE STRONG WOMEN. By Marie NDiaye. Translated by John Fletcher. (Knopf, $25.95.) In loosely linked narratives, three women from Senegal struggle with fathers and husbands in France. This subtle, hypnotic novel won the Prix Goncourt in 2009.

TOBY'S ROOM. By Pat Barker. (Doubleday, $25.95.) This novel, a sequel to ''Life Class,'' delves further into the lives of an English family torn apart by World War I.

WATERGATE. By Thomas Mallon. (Pantheon, $26.95.) This novelistic re­imagining of the ''third-rate burglary'' proposes surprising motives for the break-in and the 18-minute gap, and has a sympathetic Nixon.

WHAT WE TALK ABOUT WHEN WE TALK ABOUT ANNE FRANK: Stories. By Nathan Englander. (Knopf, $24.95.) Englander tackles large questions of morality and history in a masterly collection that manages to be both insightful and ­uproarious.

THE YELLOW BIRDS. By Kevin Powers. (Little, Brown, $24.99.) A young private and his platoon struggle through the war in Iraq but find no peace at home in this powerful and moving first novel about the frailty of man and the brutality of war.

NONFICTION

ALL WE KNOW: Three Lives. By Lisa Cohen. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $30.) The vanished world of midcentury upper-class lesbians is portrayed as beguiling, its inhabitants members of a stylish club.

AMERICAN TAPESTRY: The Story of the Black, White, and Multiracial Ancestors of Michelle Obama. By Rachel L. Swarns. (Amistad/HarperCollins, $27.99.) A Times reporter's deeply researched chronicle of several generations of Mrs. Obama's family.

AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE: Sam Snead, Byron Nelson, Ben Hogan, and the Modern Age of Golf. By James Dodson. (Knopf, $28.95.) The author evokes an era when the game was more vivid and less corporate than it seems now.

ARE YOU MY MOTHER? A Comic Drama. By Alison Bechdel. (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, $22.) Bechdel's engaging, original graphic memoir explores her troubled relationship with her distant mother.

BARACK OBAMA: The Story. By David Maraniss. (Simon & Schuster, $32.50.) This huge and absorbing new biography, full of previously unexplored detail, shows that Obama's saga is more surprising and gripping than the version we're familiar with.

BEHIND THE BEAUTIFUL FOREVERS: Life, Death, and Hope in a Mumbai Undercity. By Katherine Boo. (Random House, $27.) This extraordinary moral inquiry into life in an Indian slum shows the human costs exacted by a brutal social Darwinism.

BELZONI: The Giant Archaeologists Love to Hate. By Ivor Noël Hume. (University of Virginia, $34.95.) The fascinating tale of the 19th-century Italian monk, a ''notorious tomb robber,'' who gathered archaeological treasures in Egypt while crunching bones underfoot.

THE BLACK COUNT: Glory, Revolution, Betrayal, and the Real Count of Monte Cristo. By Tom Reiss. (Crown, $27.) The first Alexandre Dumas, a mixed-race general of the French Revolution, is the subject of this imaginative biography.

BREASTS: A Natural and Unnatural History. By Florence Williams. (Norton, $25.95.) Williams's environmental call to arms deplores chemicals in breast milk and the vogue for silicone implants.

COMING APART: The State of White America, 1960-2010. By Charles Murray. (Crown Forum, $27.) The author of ''The Bell Curve'' warns that the white ***working class*** has abandoned the ''founding virtues.''

DARWIN'S GHOSTS: The Secret History of Evolution. By Rebecca Stott. (Spiegel & Grau, $27.) Stott's lively, original history of evolutionary ideas flows easily across continents and centuries.

A DISPOSITION TO BE RICH: How a Small-Town Preacher's Son Ruined an American President, Brought on a Wall Street Crash, and Made Himself the Best-Hated Man in the United States. By Geoffrey C. Ward. (Knopf, $28.95.) The author's ancestor was the bane of Ulysses S. Grant.

FAR FROM THE TREE: Parents, Children, and the Search for Identity. By Andrew Solomon. (Scribner, $37.50.) This passionate and affecting work about what it means to be a parent is based on interviews with families of ''exceptional'' children.

FLAGRANT CONDUCT. The Story of Lawrence v. Texas: How a Bedroom Arrest Decriminalized Gay Americans. By Dale Carpenter. (Norton, $29.95.) Carpenter stirringly describes the 2003 Supreme Court decision that overturned the Texas sodomy law.

THE FOLLY OF FOOLS: The Logic of Deceit and Self-Deception in Human Life. By Robert Trivers. (Basic Books, $28.) An intriguing argument that deceit is a beneficial evolutionary ''deep feature'' of life.

THE GREY ALBUM: On the Blackness of Blackness. By Kevin Young. (Graywolf, paper, $25.) A poet's lively account of the central place of the trickster figure in black American culture could have been called ''How Blacks Invented America.''

HAITI: The Aftershocks of History. By Laurent Dubois. (Metropolitan/Holt, $32.) Foreign meddling, the lack of a democratic tradition, a humiliating American occupation and cold-war support of a brutal dictator all figure in a scholar's well-written analysis.

HOW CHILDREN SUCCEED: Grit, Curiosity, and the Hidden Power of Character. By Paul Tough. (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, $27.) Noncognitive skills like persistence and self-control are more crucial to success than sheer brainpower, Tough maintains.

HOW MUSIC WORKS. By David Byrne. (McSweeney's, $32.) This guidebook also explores the eccentric rock star's personal and professional experience.

IRON CURTAIN: The Crushing of Eastern Europe, 1944-1956. By Anne Applebaum. (Doubleday, $35.) An overwhelming and convincing account of the Soviet push to colonize Eastern Europe after World War II.

KAYAK MORNING: Reflections on Love, Grief, and Small Boats. By Roger Rosenblatt. (Ecco/HarperCollins, paper, $13.99.) This thoughtful meditation on the evolution of grief over time asks the big questions.

LINCOLN'S CODE: The Laws of War in American History. By John Fabian Witt. (Free Press, $32.) A tension between humanitarianism and righteousness has shaped America's rules of warfare.

LITTLE AMERICA: The War Within the War for Afghanistan. By Rajiv Chandrasekaran. (Knopf, $27.95.) A beautifully written and deeply reported account of America's troubled involvement in ­Afghanistan.

MEMOIR OF A DEBULKED WOMAN: Enduring Ovarian Cancer. By Susan Gubar. (Norton, $24.95.) A feminist scholar recounts her experience and criticizes the medical treatment of a frightening disease in a voice that is straightforward and incredibly brave.

MY POETS. By Maureen N. McLane. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $25.) Part memoir and part criticism, this friendly book includes essays on poets canonical and contemporary, as well as lineated poem-games.

THE OBAMAS. By Jodi Kantor. (Little, Brown, $29.99.) Michelle Obama sets the tone and tempo of the current White House, Kantor argues in this admiring account, full of colorful insider anecdotes.

ODDLY NORMAL: One Family's Struggle to Help Their Teenage Son Come to Terms With His Sexuality. By John Schwartz. (Gotham, $26.) A Times reporter's deeply affecting account of his son's coming out also reviews research on the experience of LGBT kids.

ON A FARTHER SHORE: The Life and Legacy of Rachel Carson. By William Souder. (Crown, $30.) An absorbing biography of the pioneering environmental writer on the 50th anniversary of ''Silent Spring.''

ON SAUDI ARABIA: Its People, Past, Religion, Fault Lines -- and Future. By Karen Elliott House. (Knopf, $28.95.) A Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist unveils this inscrutable country, comparing its calcified regime to the Soviet Union in its final days.

THE ONE: The Life and Music of James Brown. By RJ Smith. (Gotham, $27.50.) Smith argues that Brown was the most significant modern American musician in terms of style, messaging, rhythm and originality.

THE PASSAGE OF POWER: The Years of Lyndon Johnson. By Robert A. Caro. (Knopf, $35.) The fourth volume of Caro's magisterial work spans the five years that end shortly after Kennedy's assassination, as Johnson prepares to push for a civil rights act.

THE PATRIARCH: The Remarkable Life and Turbulent Times of Joseph P. Kennedy. By David Nasaw. (Penguin Press, $40.) This riveting history captures the sweep of Kennedy's life -- as Wall Street speculator, moviemaker, ambassador and dynastic founder.

PEOPLE WHO EAT DARKNESS: The True Story of a Young Woman Who Vanished From the Streets of Tokyo -- and the Evil That Swallowed Her Up. By Richard Lloyd Parry. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, paper, $16.) An evenhanded investigation of a murder.

RED BRICK, BLACK MOUNTAIN, WHITE CLAY: Reflections on Art, Family, and Survival. By Christopher Benfey. (Penguin Press, $25.95.) Mixing memoir, family saga, travelogue and cultural ­history.

RULE AND RUIN. The Downfall of Moderation and the Destruction of the Republican Party: From Eisenhower to the Tea Party. By Geoffrey Kabaservice. (Oxford University, $29.95.) Pragmatic Republicanism was hardier than we remember, Kabaservice argues.

SAUL STEINBERG: A Biography. By Deirdre Bair. (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday, $40.) A gripping and revelatory biography of the eminent cartoonist.

SHOOTING VICTORIA: Madness, Mayhem, and the Rebirth of the British Monarchy. By Paul Thomas Murphy. (Pegasus, $35.) An uninhibited and learned account of the attempts on the life of Queen Victoria, which only increased her popularity.

SHORT NIGHTS OF THE SHADOW CATCHER: The Epic Life and Immortal Photographs of Edward Curtis. By Timothy Egan. (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, $28.) A deft portrait of the man who made memorable photographs of American ­Indians.

THE SOCIAL CONQUEST OF EARTH. By Edward O. Wilson. (Norton, $27.95.) The evolutionary biologist explores the strange kinship between humans and some insects.

SOMETIMES THERE IS A VOID: Memoirs of an Outsider. By Zakes Mda. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $35.) The South African novelist and playwright absorbingly illuminates his wide, worldly life.

SPILLOVER: Animal Infections and the Next Human Pandemic. By David Quammen. (Norton, $28.95.) Quammen's meaty, sprawling book chronicles his globe-trotting scientific adventures and warns against animal microbes spilling over into people.

THE TASTE OF WAR: World War II and the Battle for Food. By Lizzie Colling­ham. (Penguin Press, $36.) Collingham argues that food needs contributed to the war's origins, strategy, outcome and aftermath.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: The Art of Power. By Jon Meacham. (Random House, $35.) This readable and well-researched life celebrates Jefferson's skills as a practical politician, unafraid to wield power even when it conflicted with his small-government views.

VICTORY: The Triumphant Gay Revolution. By Linda Hirshman. (Harper/Har­perCollins, $27.99.) Written with knowing finesse, this expansive history of gay rights from the early 20th century to the present draws on archives and interviews.

WHEN GOD TALKS BACK: Understanding the American Evangelical Relationship With God. By T. M. Luhrmann. (Knopf, $28.95.) Evangelicals believe that God speaks to them personally because they hone the skill of prayer, this insightful study argues.

WHY BE HAPPY WHEN YOU COULD BE NORMAL? By Jeanette Winterson. (Grove, $25.) Winterson's unconventional and winning memoir wrings humor from adversity as it describes her upbringing by a wildly deranged mother.

WHY DOES THE WORLD EXIST? An Existential Detective Story. By Jim Holt. (Liveright/Norton, $27.95.) An elegant and witty writer converses with philosophers and cosmologists who ponder why there is something rather than nothing.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2012/12/02/books/review/100-notable-books-of-2012.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2012/12/02/books/review/100-notable-books-of-2012.html)

**Graphic**

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[***In Quake-Threatened Cities, Quick Growth Invites Disaster - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7XW8-6PC0-Y8TC-S0TN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ANDREW C. REVKIN

**Dateline:** ISTANBUL

**Body**

As he surveys the streets of this sprawling mega-city, Mustafa Erdik, the director of an earthquake engineering institute here, says he sometimes feels like a doctor scanning a crowded hospital ward.

It is not so much the city's modern core, where two sleek Trump Towers and a huge airport terminal were built to withstand a major earthquake that is considered all but inevitable in the next few decades. Nor does Dr. Erdik agonize over Istanbul's ancient monuments, whose yards-thick walls have largely withstood more than a dozen potent seismic blows over the past two millenniums.

His biggest worry is that tens of thousands of buildings throughout the city, erected in a haphazard, uninspected rush as the population soared past 10 million from the 1 million it was just 50 years ago, are what some seismologists call ''rubble in waiting.''

''Earthquakes always find the weakest point,'' said Dr. Erdik, a professor at Bogazici University here.

Istanbul is one of a host of quake-threatened cities in the developing world where populations have swelled far faster than the capacity to house them safely, setting them up for disaster of a scope that could, in some cases, surpass the devastation in Haiti from last month's earthquake.

Roger Bilham, a seismologist at the University of Colorado who has spent decades studying major earthquakes around the world, including the recent quake in Haiti, said that the planet's growing, urbanizing population, projected to swell by two billion more people by midcentury and to require one billion dwellings, faced ''an unrecognized weapon of mass destruction: houses.''

Without vastly expanded efforts to change construction practices and educate people, from mayors to masons, on simple ways to bolster structures, he said, Haiti's tragedy is almost certain to be surpassed sometime this century when a major quake hits Karachi, Pakistan, Katmandu, Nepal, Lima, Peru, or one of a long list of big poor cities facing inevitable major earthquakes.

In Tehran, Iran's capital, Dr. Bilham has calculated that one million people could die in a predicted quake similar in intensity to the one in Haiti, which the Haitian government estimates killed 230,000. (Some Iranian geologists have pressed their government for decades to move the capital because of the nest of surrounding geologic faults.)

As for Istanbul, a study led by Dr. Erdik mapped out a situation in which a quake could kill 30,000 to 40,000 people and seriously injure 120,000 at the very minimum.

The city is rife with buildings with glaring flaws, like ground floors with walls or columns removed to make way for store displays, or a succession of illegal new floors added in each election period on the presumption that local officials will look the other way. On many blocks, upper floors jut precariously over the sidewalk, taking advantage of an old permitting process that governed only a building's footprint.

Worse, Dr. Erdik said, as with a doctor's patients, not all of the potentially deadly problems are visible from the outside, and thousands more buildings are presumed to be at risk. ''Little details are very important,'' he said. ''To say that a building is in bad condition is easy. To say that one is safe is hard.''

Some of Turkey's biggest builders have readily admitted to using shoddy materials and bad practices in the urban construction boom. In an interview last year with the Turkish publication Referans, Ali Agaoglu, a Turkish developer ranked 468th last year on the Forbes list of billionaires, described how in the 1970s, salty sea sand and scrap iron were routinely used in buildings made of reinforced concrete.

''At that time, this was the best material,'' he said, according to a translation of the interview. ''Not just us, but all companies were doing the same thing. If an earthquake occurs in Istanbul, not even the army will be able to get in.''

Echoing other engineers and planners trying to reduce Istanbul's vulnerability, Dr. Erdik said that the best hope, considering the scale of the problem, might well be that economic advancement would happen fast enough that property owners could replace the worst housing stock before the ground heaved.

''If the quake gives us some time, we can reduce the losses just through turnover,'' Dr. Erdik said. ''If it happens tomorrow, there'll be a huge number of deaths.''

But when a potent quake hit 50 miles away in 1999, killing more than 18,000 people, including 1,000 on the outskirts of Istanbul, the city was reminded that time might not be on its side. That earthquake occurred on the North Anatolian fault, which runs beneath the Marmara Sea, just a few miles from the city's crowded southern flanks.

The fault, which is very similar to the San Andreas fault in California, appears to have a pattern of successive failures, meaning the section near Istanbul is probably primed to fail, said Tom Parsons, who has studied the fault for the United States Geological Survey.

Istanbul stands out among threatened cities in developing countries because it is trying to get ahead of the risk.

A first step was an earthquake master plan drawn up for the city and the federal government by Dr. Erdik's team and researchers at three other Turkish universities in 2006. Such a plan is a rarity outside of rich cities like Tokyo and Los Angeles.

Carrying out its long list of recommendations has proved more challenging, given that the biggest source of political pressure in Istanbul, as with most crowded cities, is not an impending earthquake but traffic, crime, jobs and other real-time troubles.

Nonetheless, with the urgency amplified by the lessons from Haiti's devastation, Istanbul is doing what it can to gird for its own disaster.

The effort to prepare is coming from the top, with tighter building codes, mandatory earthquake insurance and loans from international development banks for buttressing or replacing vulnerable schools and other public buildings.

But a push is also coming from the bottom, as nonprofit groups, recognizing the limits of centralized planning, train dozens of teams of volunteers in poor districts and outfit them with radios, crowbars and first-aid kits so they can dig into the wreckage when their neighborhoods are shaken.

Mahmut Bas, who leads the city's Directorate of Earthquake and Ground Analysis, is charged with consolidating and coordinating everything from building inspections to emergency response. Yet the bureaucracy is almost as sprawling and inefficient as the dizzying web of smog-shrouded streets, clogged with an estimated six million vehicles.

Mr. Bas said collapsing buildings were just one of many threats. One prediction about a potent quake concluded that 30,000 natural gas lines were likely to rupture. ''If just 10 percent catch fire, that's 3,000 fires,'' he said, adding that the city's fire stations are able to handle at most 30 to 40 fires in one day.

Still, keeping vital structures standing -- those fire stations, hospitals and schools -- remains the prime priority.

Under a program financed with more than $800 million in loans from the World Bank and the European Investment Bank, and more in the pipeline from other international sources, Turkey is in the early stages of bolstering hundreds of the most vulnerable schools in Istanbul, along with important public buildings and more than 50 hospitals.

With about half of the nearly 700 schools assessed as high priorities retrofitted or replaced so far, progress is too slow to suit many Turkish engineers and geologists tracking the threat. But in districts where the work has been done or is under way -- thoseclosest to the Marmara Sea and the fault -- students, parents and teachers express a sense of relief tempered by the knowledge that renovations only cut the odds of calamity.

''I hope it's enough,'' said Serkan Erdogan, an English teacher at the Bakirkoy Cumhuriyet primary school close to the Marmara coast, where $315,000 was spent to add reinforced walls, jackets of fresh concrete and steel rebar around old columns and to make adjustments as simple as changing classroom doors to open outward, easing evacuations.

''The improvements are great, but the building may still collapse,'' he said. ''We have to learn how to live with that risk. The children need to know what they should do.''

In a fifth-grade classroom, the student training that goes with the structural repairs was evident as Nazan Sati, a social worker, asked the 11-year-olds what they would do if an earthquake struck right at that moment.

At first a forest of hands shot toward the ceiling. Ms. Sati quickly told them to show, not tell. In a mad, giggling scramble, the students dove beneath their desks.

But the threat for children, and their parents, also lies outside the school walls, in mile upon mile of neighborhoods filled with structures called gecekondu, meaning ''landed overnight,'' because they were constructed seemingly instantly as hundreds of thousands of migrants from rural regions flowed into the city seeking work in the past decade or two.

That kind of construction is commonplace in many of the world's most unstable seismic zones. Dr. Bilham at the University of Colorado has estimated that an engineer is involved in just 3 percent of the construction under way around the world.

Peter Yanev, who has advised the World Bank and the insurance industry on earthquake engineering and is the author of ''Peace of Mind in Earthquake Country,'' noted that in Turkey and other developing countries, even when someone with an engineering degree was involved, that was no guarantee of safe construction because there was little specialized training or licensing.

In the face of such problems, efforts are under way in Istanbul's crowded ***working-class*** and poor neighborhoods to train and equip several thousand volunteers to be ready to respond when, not if, the worst happens.

On a sunny Saturday morning, Mustafa Elvan Cantekin, who directs the Neighborhood Disaster Support Project, navigated back streets to meet with one team deep in the city's Bagcilar district, where one estimate projects that some 4,200 people would be likely to die in a major earthquake.

Dr. Cantekin, a Turkish engineer educated at Texas A&M University and tested in the 1999 earthquake zone, has helped create 49 neighborhood teams in the city, each with a shipping container loaded with crowbars, generators, stretchers and other emergency gear.

Through the project, paid for by a Swiss development agency and private companies, he has traveled to Morocco, Jordan and Iran to help initiate programs there based on Istanbul's.

A map on his lap showed that the neighborhood was on the border of red and orange danger zones delineating the worst seismic risks. He pointed to one building after another where there was no permanent roof but instead columns poking skyward in anticipation of a landlord finding a new tenant and adding yet another unlicensed floor -- and another layer of risk.

As his car crawled through mazes of traffic-choked streets, Mr. Cantekin said the harsh reality for the dozens of small communities within a mega-city, as with the residents of shattered towns in Sichuan Province in China after the 2008 earthquake there, was that they would have to be self-reliant when the quake hit.

''China has the biggest civil defense capability in the world, but it still took three or four days to reach the collapsed towns,'' he said. ''If there is the big one here, you are all alone to cope with whatever you have, at least for the first 72 hours.''

Outside a community center where children sat at computers playing Farmville on Facebook, Mr. Cantekin inspected the container contents with the team leader, Cuma Cetin, 36, a father of five and a factory worker.

''We're not waiting for the disaster,'' Mr. Cetin said as he and his team, dressed in orange coveralls, accompanied Mr. Cantekin while he pointed out fatal flaws in nearby buildings.

Along an avenue that was a stream bed four decades ago, in a spot where houses were built on sediment instead of bedrock and thus particularly vulnerable, Mr. Cantekin led the team into a ground-floor area beneath four stories of apartments with laundry flapping in the breeze on balcony after balcony.

The columns holding up this part of the building are too thin, he said, pointing to cracks that have already scarred the concrete surface.

''This is one of the first to go,'' Mr. Cantekin said, before they walked on to the next one.

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

**Correction**

A map on Thursday with an article about the risks posed by poor construction in Istanbul and other growing cities in the developing world threatened by earthquakes mislabeled one city. It was Almaty, Kazakhstan -- not Tashkent, Uzbekistan.

**Correction-Date:** March 1, 2010

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: A student in Istanbul shows what he was taught to do if an earthquake hits Turkey, a likely event. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHAN SPANNER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A1)

THREAT PREPAREDNESS: Istanbul is reinforcing the walls at its most vulnerable school buildings, but progress is slow.

If a quake occurs on the fault near Istanbul's coast, left, volunteers are trained to respond, center, but many ancient structures, right, already damaged by quakes, and shoddy buildings may crumble. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHAN SPANNER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(A12) MAPS: Where Shoddy Construction Could Mean Death: Seismologists believe a major quake in Istanbul is inevitable. This analysis, by engineers, predicts numbers of deaths in a nighttime temblor based on the type of construction in each area. It estimates that citywide deaths could reach 30,000.

VULNERABLE CITIES: Istanbul is one of many urban areas in earthquake zones. Those mapped below have more than one million people and large districts of poorly constructed housing typical of poverty-stricken cities. Even moderate shaking in these places could result in the destruction of many buildings. (Sources: Koeri-Bogazici University, Istanbul (Istanbul analysis)

Center for International Earth Science Information Network and Center for Hazards and Risk Research, Earth Institute at Columbia University)(A12)

**Load-Date:** February 25, 2010

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[***ON WASHINGTON;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VHN0-0024-J31P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The WASP Descendancy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VHN0-0024-J31P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 31, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 6;; Section 6; Page 46; Column 3; Magazine Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1234 words

**Byline:** By Maureen Dowd

By Maureen Dowd

**Body**

I never thought I'd be having tea with someone who had tea with Edith Wharton. But to spend an afternoon with Susan Mary Alsop in her Georgetown drawing room is to realize that our country is not so old, after all, that its history can be spanned in a single afternoon. Many people come to Washington to make history, but few know it as personally as Mrs. Alsop does.

In 1934, when she was 16, Susan Mary Jay was taken by her Great-Aunt Harriet to tea with Wharton at her country house outside Paris. The young girl hoped the famous expatriate would talk about Marcel Proust and Aldous Huxley. But the writer, a plump, elderly woman in a shapeless suit wound about with scarves, was less like the enchanting Ellen Olenska than the tiresome Lawrence Lefferts.

She wanted to hear the latest dish from New York -- about old Harry, who'd lost a packet on the stock market, about friends whose daughter had divorced, about the disagreeable news that the Vanderbilt house on Fifth Avenue had been replaced by a department store called Bergdorf Goodman.

"I was devastated when I found she was a gossipy old girl," recalls Mrs. Alsop, picking up sugar cubes with silver tongs, on a tea tray covered with linen and lace. "Or perhaps it was just that my aunt was so tedious, a wonderful old girl, but perfectly illiterate."

Feather-thin and 75 years old, Mrs. Alsop is a charming remnant of a patrician Washington that has largely disappeared. Her town house, with its green walls, peacock screens, Gilbert Stuarts and John Singer Sargents, is so timeless it may as well be Etruscan.

Once, high-born people from socially prominent families in New York and Boston and the old South -- like the Lovetts, Bruces and Wisners -- dominated the foreign-service and intelligence communities. They were not drones and drudges; they felt quietly superior to government. Joseph Alsop, the acerbic columnist she married in 1961, called his crowd "the ever-diminishing group of survivors of the WASP ascendancy." It was a world of perfect manners and closely held power, not hugs and meaningful exchanges.

The men had a self-confident "Let's overthrow the government of Guatemala" panache. Their wives exerted more subtle power, as hostesses of envied salons. "If women were smart, they'd shut up," Mrs. Alsop recalls, in a voice described by her friend Nancy Mitford as "like that of an Englishwoman who has once lived in the United States." "You simply could not sit between Isaiah Berlin and Jack Kennedy and talk about your children."

They gentrified Georgetown, an unfashionable ***working-class*** neighborhood with a large black contingent. As Mrs. Alsop told Town & Country magazine: "The blacks kept their houses so well. All of us had terrible guilt in the 30's and 40's for buying places so cheaply and moving them out."

The gentry, and the hostesses, faded through the 70's. Unlike Pamela Harriman, Mrs. Alsop had no desire to get involved in politics. Unlike Alice Roosevelt Longworth, a cousin of Joseph Alsop's, she did not have the money or sharp tongue to play grande dame. So, at 56, separated from Mr. Alsop, she became a writer of history, and an institutional memory of the WASP descendancy.

Her aristocratic air mingles with a fine zaniness. "She's a cross between Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Betty Boop," says one admirer. She wafts about town in a wardrobe featuring fishnet stockings, Givenchys, Balenciagas and black Reeboks. She is always reaching for her alligator purse, to fish out another Merit and a Bic lighter.

It is a measure of her spirit that, one day last winter, she marched into a downtown topless bar, which she grandly calls "a bordello," to complain to the manager that, because their phone numbers were so similar, she was getting midnight calls from "damn fools" looking for "Mabel" or "Josie."

"It was an extraordinary place," she reports, "very dark, filled with men at tables knocking back God knows what, with a naked girl dancing on stage."

She came here as a child, the daughter of a foreign-service officer and descendant of John Jay, the first Chief Justice. As a teen-ager, she chafed at the town's stuffy formality. "There were a terrible lot of unattractive, pimply young men who worked in real estate," she says. "I hate to say that, some of them are alive today, actually." She persuaded her widowed mother to move back to New York, where she could see Ivy League beaus.

But when she returned in 1941 as the wife of Bill Patten, a State Department official who was a Groton and Harvard grad, she was thrilled by the more informal wartime Washington. Franklin Roosevelt Jr. sometimes called with an invitation to supper with his parents.

"We'd drive our Chevrolet right up to the door of the White House, and then they'd show you up and there was the President in that upstairs study shaking up dry martinis, which I adored," she says. "There would be what he called 'Uncle Joe's Bounty,' a large bowl of fresh caviar sent by Stalin."

She said everyone filled up on caviar because Mrs. Roosevelt, who cooked on Sunday nights, was "the worst cook in the world, you know. When she put the chafing dish full of scrambled eggs on the table, they'd be heavier than lead and Mr. Roosevelt would look so depressed."

Her husband, in failing health, took a posting in Paris in 1945. She spent the next 15 years there, meeting Ho Chi Minh, Garbo and Churchill, and wearing "madly becoming" creations sent over on loan by admiring designers like Christian Dior, who named his 1947 polka-dot "Miss New York" number for her. After her husband died, she came back with her two children in 1961 to marry his old classmate, Mr. Alsop, and she was once again in the center of things.

Journalists and pols were cozier then. President Kennedy sipped 1945 Lafite-Rothschild at the Alsops' Georgetown home, and the Alsops dined at the White House. "Jackie was never very relaxed -- she's more fun now -- but she was very witty and played up to Jack and he loved it," Mrs. Alsop says.

She recalls the embassy dinner during the Berlin wall crisis, when Robert McNamara confided that he was trying to learn the twist by practicing in front of a mirror. "It was so pathetic, but he was desperate to be, sort of, with it," she said.

Then there was the time Nancy Reagan, eager to join the Georgetown inner circle, asked Mrs. Alsop to give a ladies' lunch. Mrs. Alsop made the mistake of inviting two French friends, one the wife, one the former mistress, of a famous banker. At lulls in the conversation, the wife made incomprehensible cracks to her old rival. Afterwards, an aide to Mrs. Reagan called and said the First Lady had wondered about "the two Frenchwomen who hated each other."

"So Mrs. Reagan was much smarter than we thought, you see," Mrs. Alsop says.

Washington clings to a strict social hierarchy, and many here feel wistful for the elite salons, when elegant hostesses could flatter you and make you feel like a speck of dust, at the same time.

Mrs. Alsop is not among the nostalgic. Fiercely addicted to the present, she gets most excited talking about Hillary Clinton and health care. "She's more impressive than Mrs. Roosevelt in a way, don't you think?" she asks. "There's nothing sentimental about Hillary Clinton."

When I express surprise that someone who met the Coolidges has not yet met the Clintons, she demurs.

"My dear girl," she says, "you're making me a glamour girl and I'm just an old lady."

**Graphic**

Photo: Susan Mary Alsop in her Paris apartment, 1947.

**Load-Date:** October 31, 1993

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[***Sock Burning And Sailing: The Rites Of Spring***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C2N-F660-TW8F-G20K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 2, 2004 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 1; HAVENS

**Length:** 1428 words

**Byline:** By STEVE KURUTZ

**Dateline:** ANNAPOLIS, Md.

**Body**

AS the last snowstorm of the winter mercifully passed them by, blanketing cities to the north instead, several dozen members of the Eastport Yacht Club gathered behind their two-story clubhouse on the banks of the Chesapeake Bay. Like most get-togethers at the club, this one involved spirited drinking and boat talk, but there was a sense of occasion in the air, too.

The late-March sky, a deep, soft blue, was warming, as was the small bonfire. Nearby, a man was shucking Chesapeake oysters bought from W. H. Harris Seafood, their flavor sweeter, he proudly stated, than oysters harvested down in the Gulf of Mexico. Around 5 on this Friday afternoon, a silence fell over the parking lot and one of the club's founding members and its judicious, white-haired historian, Fred Hecklinger, addressed the crowd.

''Each year, on the vernal equinox,'' he began dramatically, ''we gather and burn our socks to celebrate the coming of spring.'' Technically, the sun wasn't to pass over the Equator and into the Northern Hemisphere until 1:49 a.m. the next day, but everyone was happy to hurry it along. Untying their shoes, they tossed their old socks on the flames with great fanfare. One woman burned her bra to loud cheers. A little boy danced around the fire. ''Young man,'' Mr. Hecklinger said in his patriarchal voice, ''this is toxic waste.'' The boy giggled.

As nautical traditions go, sock burning is hardly distinguished, nor is it widespread. But the club members were in the mood for whimsy. The long winter is unpleasant for many, but in Annapolis, a town whose identity is tightly anchored to sailing, it is regarded as a calamitous error on the part of Mother Nature. It means four months of dry-docked boats, vacant marinas and gusting winds squandered on furled sails.

One club member, Dave Hanson, best summed up the local view toward the winter months. ''You can never start spring too early,'' he said.

During springtime, Annapolis, a town of 36,000, awakes from its slumber and an energetic mood emerges, along with a flurry of activity. At the Annapolis Harbor Boat Yard, John Clarke and his crew are working overtime, sanding, varnishing, bottom painting, to prepare boats for the sailing season, which runs from April to November. The Annapolis Sailing School will soon begin teaching class out on Back Creek, and on April 28 the venerable Annapolis Yacht Club begins its Wednesday night racing series.

The person who started the sock burning, a longtime marine worker named Bob Turner, was present, and somebody asked him when it began. ''Things were a little fuzzy in those days,'' he said. ''It had to be after '68 or I wouldn't have remembered it, and before 1980 because then I was married and settled down.'' Later, when the crowd's attention had sufficiently passed, he filled in the story.

There were several bad winters back in the mid-70's, he said, with the winter of '77, when the bay froze, particularly brutal. So on the first day of spring that year he rounded up his fellow boat workers, bought some beer and held the first sock burning.

In Annapolis, socks are regarded the same way that shackles are to a prisoner. No one wears them in the summertime, and a sure way to herald warmer weather is to char the dreaded things to ash. ''It's illegal to wear socks in Eastport,'' one man said seriously.

It is hard to overestimate the importance of boating in Annapolis. The town's location, along the Chesapeake -- a sand-bottomed, protected bay without the presence of severe tides -- makes it an ideal setting for sailing, as does its proximity to Baltimore and Washington. ''Annapolis is close to some of the most populated cities in the country,'' said Rick Franke, who runs the Annapolis Sailing School, ''but you can get on a boat and within minutes be in a cove that's completely desolate and peaceful.''

Founded in 1649, the town remains one of those rare places where everyone speaks a common language. The local drink is rum, for its high-seas lineage. The preferred shoes are Top-Siders (worn without socks, of course). A bad winter is defined as one in which the water freezes and boating activity is forcibly suspended.

There is even an Annapolis face. It is broad and robust, set off with a gray or white beard and made of leathery skin colored red by the effects of wind and alcohol. It conveys heartiness, wisdom, a life fully lived, and you get the sense younger men can hardly wait for their beards to whiten and their smooth skin to harden.

Annapolis is a military town (home to the Naval Academy) and as the state capital, a political town, too. But even the trim midshipmen and suited politicians play a supporting role to the water, which is the real star here. There is the Severn River and the Magothy River, Spa and Back Creeks, and, of course, the Chesapeake. And the only thing capable of upstaging the water is the boats.

JOHN CLARKE stood on one of the only bare patches of earth he could find, the rest of his boatyard a maze of stored vessels, suspended, like beached whales, on jack stands ready to be worked on. ''The No. 1 rule in a marina is dirt is money,'' he said. ''It's like a never-ending chess game around here trying to cover every inch of the yard.'' Mr. Clarke, a laconic man with a dry wit, runs what he calls ''a service station for boats,'' working on about 2,000 a year, and right now the Annapolis Harbor Boat Yard is full. Every spring, a boat needs to be sanded and special paint applied to its hull to keep marine life from attaching and causing drag. There may also be wood to revarnish and repairs to be made to the masts or any number of on-board systems -- electrical, heating, etc.

''In December, the work is months away,'' he said. ''But now the months have become weeks, and the weeks are becoming days. It's incredibly hectic.''

Mr. Clarke's yard, like many marine operations, is in the Eastport section of Annapolis, a ***working-class*** neighborhood that is home to establishments like the Boatyard Bar and Grill, where the salty, bedraggled marine crews like to drink. Mr. Clarke, a bit bedraggled himself, having been out late at a concert the night before, has spent his life around boats.

''I'm one of those weird cats who just love boats,'' he said. ''I've built them. I've raced them. I like feeling the boat sail through the water, the click of the winch when you ease a sheet and the boat picks up a half knot. I like the independence and the isolation.''

In the fall, after four years of tending to other people's boats, Mr. Clarke plans to set sail aboard his own. He and his wife and their two children are going to climb on their 35-foot sailboat and, as he put it, ''noodle south.''

''We're going to sail down the inland waterway and around Cape Canaveral,'' he said. ''Maybe sail past Cuba, too. I don't know, it may sound a little silly.''

It didn't sound silly at all.

''Well,'' he said, ''we have an opportunity, and we never want to wake up and say, 'What if?' ''

Generally speaking, if you have not made it into the water by Memorial Day, you have missed the season -- and when that happens it is no small tragedy. During this year's sock burning, one club member giddily threw a hand-sewn doll into the fire. He was burning his boat mechanic in effigy, he said, because the no-good fink had dallied and now his boat would never be ready in time. As he told the story, he had the forlorn look of a boy who became sick the night before the big game and must watch, longingly, from the sidelines.

Bob Polk had no intention of spending the sailing months on land. On the first day of spring he awoke at 7:30, varnished four boards, cooked breakfast and drove with his wife, Patti, to Bert Jabin's Yacht Yard -- a sprawling lot filled with dry-docked boats on the southern shore of Back Creek -- to finish work on the Liberty, their 46-foot Hunter sailboat.

The Polks are avid sailors, and among the first to go into the water every April and the last to come out in December. Talking to the couple, it was easy to imagine the coming months in Annapolis. By May the boatyard would be nearly empty, silence replacing the constant sound of ropes clanging against bare masts. The rivers and the bay would be dotted with colored sails, and into the fall the weekends would be chock-full with races.

It was easy to see further, too, when the season would end and another long winter in Annapolis would begin. What will happen when December rolls around and the Liberty returns to the yacht yard, Ms. Polk was asked? ''Oh,'' she said, ''I'll cry and cry.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: THE SPIRT OF ANNAPOLIS -- Boats get under sail on the Chesapeake, where the dome of the Maryland State House plays a supporting role. In this city, water and boats get top billing.

HARBINGERS -- Jabin's Yacht Yard is busy, so spring is here. From left, Ann Miller grinds a hull, Carl Coscia peels detailing tape, and John Davie buffs a propeller. (Photographs by Marty Katz for The New York Times)(pg. F3)

TOASTED -- Fred Hecklinger burns his socks, marking the end of winter.

OUT OF DRY DOCK -- A sailboat gliding along the Chesapeake Bay earlier this week off Annapolis, Md., a sailing center. (Photographs by Marty Katz for The New York Times)(pg. F1)Map of Maryland highlighting Annapolois. (pg. F3)

**Load-Date:** April 2, 2004

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[***Prime Time for Mrs. Chris-Tuh-Fuh***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C34-8900-TW8F-G2H3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 4, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 29; ART

**Length:** 1646 words

**Byline:** By DEBORAH SONTAG

**Body**

ADRIANA LA CERVA, the Mafia moll otherwise known as Chris-tuh-fuh's fiancee, leaned over a plate of eggs in a Manhattan coffee shop and stage-whispered her malady: ''Irritable bowel syndrome.'' Then she slapped the table, laughed, and turned back into Drea de Matteo, the New York actress who plays Adriana on ''The Sopranos.''

''God, I just love saying that in her accent,'' Ms. de Matteo, 32, said in a voice throatier and more assertive than that of sweet, innocent, cocaine-snorting Adriana. Ms. de Matteo gets to recite a litany of medical terms in tonight's episode when both Adriana and Tony end up in doctors' hands, in Tony's case for squamous cell carcinoma, a kind of skin cancer. ''Squamous,'' Tony confides bashfully to Adriana, and Ms. de Matteo said that it took dozens of takes for James Gandolfini to say that with a straight face.

In person, Ms. de Matteo is Adriana deflated, with the big hair and the big chest considerably flattened. The stiletto heels give way to canvas sneakers, the sequined miniskirts to ripped blue jeans, the Jersey whine to Manhattan fast talk. Where Adriana is ditzy and excitable, Ms. de Matteo is cool and no-nonsense, an East Village chick with a rock 'n' roll sensibility. Her cellphone rings with a Charlie Daniels Band tune (''The Devil Went Down to Georgia''), her ears bear multiple studs and hoops, and she is seriously tattooed.

The contrast is disconcerting, because Ms. de Matteo has inhabited her character so completely that Adriana took on a life of her own. But, alas, Adriana is a concoction, one requiring three hours of hair, nails, falsies, make-up and wardrobe to create. In fact, the show's creator, David Chase, originally considered Ms. de Matteo too WASP-y looking to play an Italian-American. In the pilot, he cast her in a bit part as a snooty restaurant hostess.

Adriana, introduced later, was never meant to last beyond one episode. But Ms. de Matteo's portrayal was so rich that she made the character into a pillar of the show, an electric presence whose brazen sexuality, unapologetic bad taste and craven materialism are somehow anchored in tenderness, humor and pathos. With her layered performance, Ms. de Matteo has attracted a broad fan base, some drawn to Adriana as bimbo and others as representation of ''what Milton called 'cloistered innocence,' '' in the words of Regina Barreca, an English professor at the University of Connecticut and editor of ''A Sitdown With the Sopranos'' (Palgrave MacMillan, 2002).

In tonight's episode, Ms. de Matteo moves front and center, underscoring how crucial her character's conflicted evolution has become. Given her secret life as a reluctant F.B.I. informant, Adriana -- whose lowly status was highlighted in a previous episode where Paulie Walnuts pawed through her dresser and sniffed her panties -- clearly has the potential to play a pivotal role in the denouement of the HBO series. (If she doesn't get whacked first, that is.)

Adriana is the least evolved of the principal female characters. All the women are complicit and self-deceiving to a considerable extent. But as Professor Barreca noted in a conversation, Carmela, Meadow and Janice are more conscious that while they have no authority in their universe, they do have power: the power of knowledge and the power to pass judgment. In contrast, the childlike Adriana has been particularly slow in grasping and manipulating her power. She begins to do so over the course of this season, which is the fifth and probably the penultimate.

Ms. de Matteo tries not to judge Adriana because, she says, she wouldn't be able to play her if she did. Instead, she views her character protectively. ''I treat her like she's me at 7,'' she said. She sees Adriana as the only innocent on the show, the only character who has no personal agenda (beyond supporting her man). ''You can say anything you want about her -- idiot, jerk, dummy, I've heard it all -- but she's all heart,'' Ms. de Matteo said. Granted, she continued, Adriana has limited self-awareness and terrible self-esteem. ''She doesn't realize she deserves better,'' Ms. de Matteo said. ''It's all tied into how deeply she hates herself.''

Pausing, Ms. de Matteo nibbled at a potato pancake. ''You know what?'' she said. ''I don't want to sound like I'm taking myself too seriously when it comes to the character.''

Ms. de Matteo took pains to check herself for any comment or action that hinted at celebrity pretentiousness. She chose a nondescript cafe on St. Marks Place for lunch, and her grand entrance consisted of crushing a cigarette underfoot and collapsing a plastic I Love New York umbrella. She is, she sought to emphasize, a down-to-earth, hard-living, neurotic New Yorker who doesn't want to lose sight of the fact that she happened to get a lucky break.

She talked about bumping into another actress recently, a woman she hadn't seen since they were both hookers in bed with the same guy on ''Feds,'' a 1997 TV show. ''This girl was, like, 'I'm so proud of you with ''The Sopranos,'' ' '' she said. ''And I felt guilty. I feel guilty toward friends who are still struggling and are probably way better actresses than me, too. Maybe it's because I grew up so insecure. I never felt entitled to anything.''

As Ms. de Matteo describes it, she spent most of her youth as a self-denigrating loner while her parents -- her father, Albert, owns a successful furniture company and her mother, Donna, is a playwright and a playwriting teacher -- were absorbed in their careers. A child of privilege, she started life in a gated waterside community called Malba in Queens, then moved with her family into an Upper East Side brownstone previously owned by Aretha Franklin. She was cared for by a Nicaraguan nanny and educated at an elite Catholic girls' school. (It was a big joke in her family when they saw her ironing on television, Ms. de Matteo said.)

Though she wasn't raised in the gum-snapping, ***working-class*** Italian-American culture that Adriana comes from, she does have a family connection. ''My mother loves Adriana because she understands that a life like hers does exist,'' Ms. de Matteo said. ''She grew up in that world, where the women cook and clean and get a black eye now and again, and she totally broke out.''

During her teenage rebel years, Ms. de Matteo kept running back to Queens, where her grandmother lived, and sprinkling her speech with ''youse'' and ''ain't.'' ''My mother wanted so badly to get me out of that world and I wanted so badly'' to irritate her, she said. ''And now I'm earning a living back in that world!''

After years of therapy, Ms. de Matteo matured out of her depressive, self-destructive state, rebonded with her parents, graduated from New York University with a degree in film and began an acting career. But in the process, she said, she lost patience for ''anybody's garbage, including my own, and that means that I don't tolerate the schmoozing and packaging too well.''

On one hand, she isn't good at it, she said. ''I was such a nervous loser the one time I went on David Letterman that they won't have me back,'' she said, adding that she spent much of her appearance trying to joke away visible sweat stains under her arms. On the other hand, she describes herself (using the salty language that routinely punctuates her conversation) as constitutionally averse to the phoniness in the entertainment industry.

''I don't do the (expletive) red carpet,'' she said. ''Which means: walk it, talk to the press, wear some stupid (expletive) outfit and they pretty much cast you in other films based on what (expletive) designer you're wearing for the evening. It's really not for me.''

As Ms. de Matteo describes it, ''The Sopranos'' provides incomparable professionalism, camaraderie and working conditions. But the show's success in creating a fictional universe has its downside, too. Although Ms. de Matteo has done several independent films, she said that directors do not seem eager to envision her in nonethnic roles; one sent her agent a note before an audition cautioning Ms. de Matteo, as if she were really Adriana, to go easy on the makeup.

Michael Imperioli, who plays Christopher, said that he wasn't worried about his friend's future. ''If Drea gets typecast, it's because people hadn't known her before and then she created such an indelible character,'' he said. ''That's the way our industry is. But independent films are more willing to give opportunities. And I think Drea is going to find her stride in producing and directing film and theater.''

Indeed, Ms. de Matteo said that she would probably be happiest creating an eclectic creative universe for herself. She already owns Filth Mart, a vintage clothing store, with an ex-boyfriend. She is producing a tribute to Waylon Jennings with her current boyfriend, Shooter Jennings, 24, the late country singer's son and a singer-songwriter himself. She is looking for and finding writing talent among her mother's students and working to turn one of her mother's plays into a film.

And the acting opportunities, ethnic though they may be, are very much there. Last week, she landed the part of Matt LeBlanc's sister on ''Joey,'' a spinoff of ''Friends.'' As she wrote in a heavily punctuated e-mail message, ''Yes, playing another Italian lady, but this time funny, no black eyes, no heroin and, on NBC, no swearing or smoking!!!''

As our lunch ended, Ms. de Matteo slipped on her red leather motorcycle jacket, vintage eighth grade. We walked through the East Village toward the apartment where she lives with her boyfriend, her former nanny (whom she now takes care of), a Great Dane, an English bulldog and two cats. Sometimes, she said, fans follow her, asking for ''just one Chris-tuh-fuh.'' That day, she melded into the street scene without notice, lighting a cigarette and flipping open a cellphone.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Drea de Matteo as herself, left, and after three hours of hair, nails, falsies, make-up and wardrobe, below, as Adriana La Cerva on ''The Sopranos.'' (Photo by Ann Johansson/Corbis, for The New York Times)

(Photo by Barry Wetcher/HBO)

**Load-Date:** April 4, 2004

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[***'MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE' PROBES THE LIFE OF LONDON'S PAKISTANIS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BVV0-0007-H0PX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 16, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 2; Page 19, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; INTERVIEW

**Length:** 1155 words

**Byline:** By Annette Insdorf; Annette Insdorf, an associate professor at Columbia and Yale, is the author of ''Indelible Shadows: Film and the Holocaust.''

**Body**

Recent films like ''A Passage to India,'' ''Gandhi'' and ''Heat and Dust'' - not to mention public television's ''Jewel in the Crown'' -have explored the cultural conflicts of the British in India. In contrast, ''My Beautiful Laundrette'' offers a refreshingly complementary angle. Far from the epic canvases and pavilions of the ''Raj'' dramas, this offbeat British satire cast a wry eye on Pakistanis in contemporary London.

''My Beautiful Laundrette,'' which opened recently - to laudatory reviews - at the Embassy 72d Street after its United States premiere at the Miami Film Festival, was directed by Stephen Frears (''Gumshoe,'' ''The Hit'') as a low-budget film for British television. But its reception at the 1985 Edinburgh Film Festival was so enthusiastic that it was immediately picked up for theatrical distribution in England, where it has been breaking box-office records.

For Mr. Frears, a 44-year-old English director (veteran of two dozen films for television besides the three features), the critical and commercial success of ''My Beautiful Laundrette'' continues to be a delightful surprise. ''It never crossed my mind!'' he exclaimed during a recent trip to New York, when asked why he didn't make the film for theatrical release. ''Given the intimacy of the material, it was just sensible to spend no more than $900,000, and to make it in the most straightforward way possible.''

Written by the 29-year-old Anglo-Pakistani playwright Hanif Kureishi, ''My Beautiful Laundrette'' tells the story of Omar (Gordon Warnecke), a young Pakistani who takes over the dilapidated laundromat of his profiteering uncle Nasser (Saeed Jaffrey). Together with his friend Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis) - a white ***working-class*** punk who once belonged to the fascist National Front - Omar converts it into a glitzy gathering place called ''Powders.''

In the background are Nasser, who boasts a white mistress (Shirley Anne Field); Omar's leftist father (Roshan Seth), living (and drinking) in a rundown house by the railway line; and the other Pakistanis flagrantly getting wealthy. Family members squeeze one another out of money in what is essentially a chummy syndicate.

When asked what attracted him to the screenplay, Mr. Frears answered: ''It's an entirely original perspective on Britain, and it's right on. It's what you see when you walk down the street. It's serious, but funny and charming too.

''Normally, films that deal with immigrants are depressing and bleak, treating immigrants as victims,'' he continued. ''But here, they are as funny, outrageous, rich, vivacious and corrupt as the rest of us. It's quite clear that immigrant writing is where good material is coming from: they have something to say, whereas many English writers have become more exhausted.''

Mr. Frears ascribed the film's popularity in England to the fact that ''it's very cheeky about Mrs. Thatcher.'' No, she does not appear in ''My Beautiful Laundrette,'' but the director explained, ''It's a good picture of Britain: isolated communities, somehow exploiting the situation - the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer; people struggling to maintain private values and dignity. The problems in England are terrible, and you don't hear the sound of laughter in Britain.''

As if realizing that his analysis was sounding quite gloomy, Mr. Frears added: ''It's a completely ironic film, isn't it? We wanted people to have a wonderful time, but to make the film provocative, turning everything on its head.''

Among the film's satiric targets are the ''Raj'' nostalgia (''it was enjoyable putting the anti-Raj films jokes in,'' he admitted); sexual stereotyping (Omar prefers Johnny to Nasser's tempting daughter), and gleefully greedy capitalism (''There's money in muck,'' Nasser proclaims about the laundromat business).

The freedom Mr. Frears feels in treating such controversial issues comes from the nature of British television. ''There's a tradition in Britain - pioneered by directors like Ken Loach - of material like this being done in the best part of TV,'' according to the director. ''And the good writers have been writing in television.''

About the current state of the British cinema, Mr. Frears was less enthusiastic. ''Being a British film director is like a terrible cross you have to bear,'' he said with a sheepish grin. ''It's like the wicked fairy came down at your christening and gave you this stigmata. Economically, it's very difficult because - in terms of the world - the audience is so small. If you make a film for $3 million about Britain, you can't get your money back. I figured that 'Laundrette' - which is clearly about Britain - has no commercial potential, so I'll make it cheap.

''If you're a British film director and want to make a film about England, people look at you as if you said something ghastly and feel sorry for you,'' he continued. ''The alternative is to make films for the American market, as David Puttnam does -'The Killing Fields,' for example. Someone like Alan Parker doesn't kid himself: he makes American films.''

It might seem surprising that English-language movies should have the same international distribution problems as films made in French- or Spanish-speaking countries. Nevertheless, Mr. Frears insisted, ''because of the common language with America, El Dorado is sort of dangled in front of the British film maker. You think you'll be understood in Texas. But of course the gap between England and Texas is greater than between Texas and Argentina.''

For this reason, he is thrilled that ''My Beautiful Laundrette'' has found receptive audiences beyond Britain. ''It was just voted the most popular film at the Rotterdam Film Festival,'' he said excitedly, ''not by the critics but by the audiences.''

Mr. Frears suggested that the credit was less his than the actors'. ''They're splendid!'' he declared. ''Daniel Day Lewis is sort of the white hope in England now. And when I saw him in 'Room With a View,' I was really impressed.'' In James Ivory's new film adaptation of the E. M. Forster novel (currently at the Paris), Mr. Day Lewis plays a priggish aristocrat. (The actor's versatility might be partly attributed to his lineage: He is the son of Poet Laureate Cecil Day Lewis and the grandson of Sir Michael Balcon who - as head of Ealing Studios - produced such classic comedies as ''Kind Hearts and Coronets.'') Mr. Frears seemed most proud of having brought Shirley Anne Field back to the screen, from which she had been absent eight years. ''She was the thinking man's pinup of the 50's,'' he said of the actress who co-starred with Laurence Olivier in ''The Entertainer,'' with Albert Finney in ''Saturday Night and Sunday Morning'' and with Michael Caine in ''Alfie.''

Although Mr. Frears has been acclaimed for his bold visual style, he defers to a strong script and performers: '' 'Get the good actors and then keep out of their way' is my attitude,'' he concluded.

**Graphic**

Photo of director Stephen Frears; Photo of Gordon Warnecke and Daniel Day Lewis

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[***SPORTS OF THE TIMES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-C290-0007-H3V5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TENNIS HONORS CHUCK MCKINLEY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-C290-0007-H3V5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 23, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 5; Page 6, Column 1; Sports Desk

**Length:** 1087 words

**Byline:** By GEORGE VECSEY

**Body**

HE was always a battler. His father was a pipefitter and belonged to no country club, so young Chuck McKinley took a bus to the Y.M.C.A. in downtown St. Louis for his recreation. He swam and played table tennis and dreamed of being another Stan Musial or a football player.

''One day the coach said, 'I'll bet you play tennis,' and I said, 'No, only rich kids play sports like that,' but I tried it, just slashing around. The thing that helped was that I knew the terminology from table tennis.''

He was also an athlete, a rugged 5-8, 160-pound plug of a man when he finished growing, and instead of becoming a Hall of Fame baseball or football player he became a Hall of Fame tennis player.

The battler who won Wimbledon and helped the United States win the Davis Cup in 1963 was named to the Tennis Hall of Fame on Friday along with Tony Roche and John Newcombe of Australia, Nicola Pietrangeli of Italy, the late Dorothy Round Little of Great Britain, and the protocol expert, Ted Tinling. The induction ceremonies will be held at the Hall in Newport, R.I., on July 12.

For Chuck McKinley, at the age of 45, the battle continues. In the past year he has undergone surgery for a brain tumor, rallying with the help of his wife, Fran, his children and his many friends. The letters and calls help remind him that for one short burst in the early 60's, he was the people's choice.

He was not a pugnacious player but an exuberant one. Last year, even while undergoing the tests and the surgery, McKinley was pleased to discover a new player who reminded him of himself, skinning his knees and pushing himself toward perfection.

''That kid from West Germany,'' McKinley says, referring to Boris Becker, last year's Wimbledon champion. ''He doesn't know any way but all out. He's young. He's like me, bumps and scrapes all over him.''

Becker's boyish exuberance seems doubly refreshing in an age when John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors have often acted offensively, the way Connors did a few hours after McKinley was honored on Friday at the Lipton tournament. Connors refused to leave his chair and defaulted his semifinal match with Ivan Lendl, a gesture of contempt to all that should earn him a healthy suspension.

In a different age, McKinley was handed a whopping three-month suspension for behavior that would be garden-variety today.

It happened in 1960, when he was 19 years old. In a Davis Cup challenge-round loss to Italy, McKinley heaved his racquet into the stands at match point, and had to sit out three months and stay on probation for a year.

''That suspension upset me a lot,'' he said years later. ''It meant missing the U.S. Indoors, and I had my heart set on winning. When I was banned from playing, it upset my confidence and set back my game. I wouldn't be honest if I pretended I really understood why I was suspended. I threw my racquet - right. But it wasn't because I was annoyed with the crowd or anyone else. I was just angry with myself.''

Today that gesture might draw a fine, which most of the professionals could certainly afford. In McKinley's time, a three-month suspension was galling, but it did not cost thousands of dollars, either, since there was scarcely any money in tennis.

McKinley was a natural athlete who was discovered by Bill Price, an instructor at the Y.M.C.A. in St. Louis, who later teamed him with Earl and Cliff Buchholz. McKinley commuted from his ***working-class*** suburb, realizing tennis would be the way to gain a college scholarship, at Trinity of San Antonio, Tex.

''I've had three great teachers,'' McKinley said the other day. ''Bill Price, then Clarence Mabry at Trinity, and then Billy Talbert. After I lost to Rod Laver in the finals of Wimbledon in 1961, I realized I did not have a good forehand, particularly on wide shots, so I spent the year of 1961-62 working on that with Clarence. After a while, I'd cheat, hoping they'd hit it wide to me.''

In his next Wimbledon, McKinley lost but he received a valuable lesson from Talbert, the American captain. McKinley recalls: ''Billy was a player. He saw me hanging around Wimbledon, watching the other matches, and he said, 'It tires you out just being here. If you need to, practice, but otherwise, go to the movies, go to the hotel.' ''

Following that regimen, McKinley raced through the 1963 Wimbledon, winning seven matches in straight sets and needing only 77 minutes to beat Fred Stolle of Australia in the final, 9-7, 6-1, 6-4. Stolle later said, ''He just knocked it down my throat.''

Later that year McKinley helped the United States regain the Davis Cup, beating Australia in Adelaide, a victory he equates with his Wimbledon triumph, and he is pained to see McEnroe and Connors drop off the United States team.

''I always respected McEnroe for playing, but with him dropping out of it, you just wish they'd want to fly the flag more,'' McKinley says. ''When they do play, they act as if they're doing us a favor. I mean, that's America, to do what you want, but it's also good to help the country.''

Shortly after his Davis Cup triumph, McKinley tapered down his tennis activity to work as a stockbroker. He has three children, Heather, 19, from his first marriage, and two boys, Sandy, 12, and Brian, 8, from his second marriage, and he and his family moved from New York to Dallas 10 years ago.

The brain tumor was discovered last spring, and Fran McKinley says her husband chose to have ''conservative'' surgery combined with ''experimental'' treatment that avoided chemotherapy, in order to provide what she calls ''quality time.''

There have been some vision and short-term memory problems, and he no longer plays tennis with promising youngsters, but McKinley was well enough to travel to Boca Raton, Fla., for the ceremony Friday. He said he will definitely attend the induction ceremonies in July at the historic Newport Casino with its grass courts where he won the now-defunct Casino Invitational in 1962 and 1964.

When asked about battling his illness, McKinley said succinctly: ''You've got to do what you've got to do.''

He added: ''At first, I didn't know if it was a sympathy vote or what, but the more I thought about the Hall of Fame, the better I felt about the selection. I wish I could have accomplished more that I can't do now, but c'est la vie.''

Anybody who saw him hurl his way to the top would agree with Chuck McKinley's selection to the Hall of Fame. He was not only a champion, he was a champion from the Y.M.C.A., a pipefitter's son, who brought new energy, new dreams, to the center courts of tennis.

**Graphic**

Photo of Chuck McKinley with his wife, Fran, and son, Brian, after being inducted into the Tennis Hall of Fame (NYT/Susan Greenword)

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[***MAKING IT WORK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TK00-0024-J35S-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Angel of the Airwaves***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TK00-0024-J35S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 13;; Section 13; Page 3; Column 1; The City Weekly Desk; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 1188 words

**Byline:** Al Angeloro

By DOUGLAS MARTIN

By DOUGLAS MARTIN

**Body**

IT IS around 2:30 A.M., and yet another livery-cab driver is calling WNYE-FM. "This is B-24 from Black Pearl," he says, giving his car number and the name of one of Bedford-Stuyvesant's biggest car services. Sirens, coughing exhausts, a dog's barking and other sounds of the night thump and bang in the background.

"Are you watching your back?" asks Al Angeloro.

"Always," the driver answers.

In the jangled, jazzy clutter of New York City's wee hours, Mr. Angeloro sometimes seems to be one of the drivers' few friends. Sitting in a dreary basement in downtown Brooklyn, he dishes out the pulsating, electrified music of Africa and the Caribbean to those who crave it. In some crazy sense, he is whistling past the graveyard for drivers fearing instant death; so far this year, 40 have been killed, 2,000 robbed.

These drivers -- like most of the show's audience of computer programmers, car-wash attendants, emergency-room nurses and all the other soldiers in New York's army of the night -- come from far, far away. Most are recent immigrants, often illegal, and work 60 or more hours a week.

In recent months, Mr. Angeloro has been offering the drivers more than a good beat that's easy to dance to. He has been inviting Capt. Richard Savage, the head of the Police Department's task force on taxi crime, to go on the air and give safety tips. Stay off less-traveled streets, the captain advises. Avoid some address where the security is known to be lax.

Mr. Angeloro's special relationship with his listeners means a lot to Captain Savage, particularly since it helps ease fears of the police harbored by people from Haiti and other dictatorships.

"He's certainly someone who cares about his cabdrivers," Captain Savage said. "He calls them his drivers."

The show, "New York International," is broadcast daily from 1 A.M. to 6:30 A.M. Since WNYE (91.5 FM) is owned by the Board of Education, there are no commercials. There is just song after song after song, occasionally punctuated by a comment.

Listeners include insomniacs and sophisticates eager to progress beyond Paul Simon's latest third-world enthusiasm. But the drivers are central. It is they -- and their passengers -- whom Mr. Angeloro greets immediately upon coming on the air.

"If you're listening for the first time in a taxi, welcome to New York," he says. "If you're listening in a taxi and the driver is courteous and the car is clean, our tipping policy is 25 percent."

But words are few. The music begins with "Pygmy music from northeast Cameroon going into Zaire," Although calls come in constantly, he puts few on the air. "People want to dance," he explains. "This is almost like a jukebox."

Off the air, unbeknownst to listeners engrossed in the latest from Kanda Bongo Man, he is talking to a cabbie from Zaire who is at 146th Street and Eighth Avenue. They banter about business for awhile, and Mr. Angeloro promises to play a song by Diblo Dibala, a singer from Zaire.

The show is based on the conviction that nobody listens to the words anymore. From Cuban charanga music to Zairean soukous to Martinique's zouk to Haitian voodoo rock, it is the endless beat of the wildly playful melodies that matters.

This eclecticism is what Mr. Angeloro insists makes the show unusual, although more and more of this music is available on other stations. For instance, he says Spanish stations, many of which he admires, play only Spanish-language salsa, rather than the emerging African salsa.

What is unarguable is that this world beat music is geared to the changing mosaic of New York. "New York is becoming an African-Caribbean city," the disk jockey said. "Brooklyn is the Caribbean."

Mr. Angeloro was born and grew up in Bensonhurst, the son of ***working-class*** parents. Radio was his fascination. As a youth, he would huddle under his covers late into the night listening to voices he still adores. There was Long John Nebel, who staged seances on the moon and interviewed Martians. There was Daddy Sears out of Memphis, the disk jockey who discovered Little Richard.

Most important were the black disk jockeys on WNJR out of Newark. He was swept away with the new sounds they launched into the crackling night, and it was Bo Diddley and all the rest of the great black rock-and-rollers who shaped his musical tastes the most.

"Radio is the theater of the mind," he said, remembering the worlds he has visited throughout the medium. His current musical obsession is but another step on this quest.

He made a detour in 1966, going to Brooklyn Law School to avoid the draft. But after a short stint with Legal Aid, he called a local jazz station and landed a job reporting and reading news. Wearing many different hats, he has been on the air without a stop since 1973.

Some stations for which he has worked have closed; some have gone all-sports or country; one turned to an exclusively Christian format. Although Mr. Angeloro developed his third-world format on a three-hour show on WBAI, he came to see that station as "a left-wing cult" because many people at the station supported Cuba's Communist revolution. He sees the revolution as bankrupt, not least because it gets in the way of the country's great music.

"If you've got any kind of brain, that's not how you see the world," he said.

Mr. Angeloro is paid nothing. In nearly three years at WNYE, he has made ends meet by working part time as an administrative law judge for the state Human Rights Commission, putting in a couple of days a week counseling drug addicts, and collecting a bit of unemployment.

The free-form nature of the show continues past sun-up. Nothing is planned. Callers' requests are sometimes played instantaneously, and balance is achieved by keeping a chart of what has been played. Most radio stations, by contrast, are completely programmed in advance, Mr. Angeloro said.

The night veers toward early morning. With street sounds audible in the background, a driver from the Ivory Coast calls to ask for a song by Kofi Olomides, an eerily romantic rocker from Zaire. Somebody else wants Zin, a hot Haitian band. Mr. Angeloro dishes out a treat, a cut from an unreleased concert tape given to him by Baaba Maal, the superstar of Senegal.

The disk jockey sits in his rectangular underground bunker, sips strong coffee, and snatches a page or two of "The Hobbit," which he is rereading with delight. He recalls his favorite listener compliment.

"You no prejudice," an African voice said several months ago. "You play anything."

Dial Tones: Seeking Baaba Maal

Hearing the sort of African-Caribbean music that some call World Beat is catch-as-catch can, even in New York. Tunes pop up on jazz and rock stations, particularly when a famous artist is in town. Here are four shows that offer more regular doses:

WNYE-FM (91.5) "New York International," from 1 A.M. to 6:30 A.M. every morning.

WKCR-FM (89.9) The "African Show," from 9:30 PM to 11:30 PM Sunday.

WNYC-AM (820) & FM (93.2) "Afropop," National Public Radio, broadcast simultaneously on both stations from midnight Thursdays to 1 A.M. Friday.

WNWK-FM (105.9) Less predictable. Presents a variety of ethnic programming at different times.

**Graphic**

Photo: Al Angeloro takes to the air in the wee hours on WNYE-FM, playing a mix of music geared toward the changing mosaic of New York, including Cuban charanga music, Zairean soukous, Martinique's zouk and Haitian voodoo rock. (Steve Hart for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 30, 1993

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[***BEST SELLERS: September 6, 1998***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TJR-BJJ0-007F-G2K2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1410 words

**Body**

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| This | Last | On |
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| Week | Week | List | Fiction |
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| 1 | 1 | 3 | RAINBOW SIX, by Tom Clancy. (Putnam, $27.95.) John Clark, heading an international task force, investigates terrorist incidents in Switzerland, Germany and Spain. |
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| 2 | 3 | 4 | THE FIRST EAGLE, by Tony Hillerman. (HarperCollins, $25.) Two Navajo policemen pursue a mysterious killer -- a plague or a person? -- in the Southwest. |
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| 3 | 2 | 10 | I KNOW THIS MUCH IS TRUE, by Wally Lamb. (Regan Books/HarperCollins, $27.50.) A troubled man must care for his schizophrenic identical-twin brother and face the nightmares that have bedeviled their family. |
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| 4 | 5 | 14 | SUMMER SISTERS, by Judy Blume. (Delacorte, $21.95.) Two young women from very different backgrounds come of age together on Martha's Vineyard. |
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| 5 | 4 | 7 | \*POINT OF ORIGIN, by Patricia Cornwell. (Putnam, $25.95.) Dr. Kay Scarpetta battles an old enemy, a serial killer who has escaped and is resuming her crimes. |
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| 6 | 6 | 20 | MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE, by Nicholas Sparks. (Warner, $20.) After finding a seaborne bottle containing an enigmatic letter, a divorced woman encounters love. |
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| 7 | 7 | 12 | BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY, by Helen Fielding. (Viking, $22.95.) A year in the life of a 30-something single woman in London. |
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| 8 | 10 | 41 | \* MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA, by Arthur Golden. (Knopf, $25.) The life of a young woman growing up in Kyoto who has to reinvent herself after World War II begins. |
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| 9 | 8 | 7 | A NIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR, by Jewel Kilcher. (HarperCollins, $15.) The singer-songwriter's poems contemplate love, family, Alaska and life on the road. (+) |
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| 10 | 9 | 10 | THE KLONE AND I, by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte, $17.95.) A woman believes she has found Mr. Right, a high-tech expert, then is amazed to meet his clone. |
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| 11 | 12 | 17 | \* A WIDOW FOR ONE YEAR, by John Irving. (Random House, $27.95.) Three looks at the complex emotional life of a writer and single mother. |
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| 12 | 11 | 2 | MOON MUSIC, by Faye Kellerman. (Morrow, $25.50.) Detective Romulus Poe's investigation of a showgirl's murder uncovers much of Las Vegas's sordid past. |
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| 13 | 13 | 5 | COAST ROAD, by Barbara Delinsky. (Simon & Schuster, $24.) A California architect puts his life on hold when his former wife falls into a coma after a car accident. |
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| 14 | 14 | 61 | COLD MOUNTAIN, by Charles Frazier. (Atlantic Monthly, $24.) A wounded Confederate soldier journeys home toward the end of the Civil War to meet an old love and a new world. |
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| 15 | 15 | 8 | LOW COUNTRY, by Anne Rivers Siddons. (HarperCollins, $25.) The husband of a South Carolina woman considers turning the island she inherited into a resort. |
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| Week | Week | List | Nonfiction |
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| 1 | 1 | 46 | TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE, by Mitch Albom. (Doubleday, $19.95.) A sportswriter tells of his weekly visits to his old college mentor, who was near death's door. |
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| 2 | 2 | 2 | THE DAY DIANA DIED, by Christopher Andersen. (Morrow, $27.) An account of the events surrounding the death of the Princess of Wales. |
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| 3 | 3 | 12 | A PIRATE LOOKS AT FIFTY, by Jimmy Buffett. (Random House, $24.95.) The singer-songwriter reflects on his half-century of life. |
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| 4 | 5 | 103 | ANGELA'S ASHES, by Frank McCourt. (Scribner, $25.) The author's childhood amid the miseries of Limerick. |
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| 5 | 6 | 13 | \*A WALK IN THE WOODS, by Bill Bryson. (Broadway, $25.) A journalist finds beauty and humor while hiking the Appalachian Trail. |
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| 6 | 4 | 85 | THE MILLIONAIRE NEXT DOOR, by Thomas J. Stanley and William D. Danko. (Longstreet, $22.) An analysis of the lives of wealthy Americans. (+) |
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| 7 | 8 | 23 | CITIZEN SOLDIERS, by Stephen E. Ambrose. (Simon & Schuster, $27.50.) The United States Army from Normandy to the Bulge to Germany's surrender. |
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| 8 | 7 | 12 | \*A MONK SWIMMING, by Malachy McCourt. (Hyperion, $23.95.) The writer and actor (and brother of Frank McCourt) remembers his life in America and Ireland. |
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| 9 | 10 | 18 | WE ARE OUR MOTHERS' DAUGHTERS, by Cokie Roberts. (Morrow, $19.95.) The television news anchor's reflections on mothers, wives, sisters and friends. |
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| 10 | 12 | 21 | THE GIFTS OF THE JEWS, by Thomas Cahill. (Talese/ Doubleday, $23.50.) What Western civilization owes an ancient nomadic tribe. |
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| 11 | 11 | 90 | CONVERSATIONS WITH GOD: Book 1, by Neale Donald Walsch. (Putnam, $19.95.) The author addresses questions of good and evil, guilt and sin. |
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| 12 | 9 | 14 | TITAN, by Ron Chernow. (Random House, $30.) The life of John D. Rockefeller Sr. |
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| 13 | 14 | 55 | THE MAN WHO LISTENS TO HORSES, by Monty Roberts. (Random House, $23.) The memoirs of a professional horse trainer. |
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| 14 | 15 | 216 | MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL, by John Berendt. (Random House, $25.) The mysterious death of a young man in Savannah, Ga. |
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| 15 |  | 1 | THE ROARING 2000s, by Harry S. Dent Jr. (Simon & Schuster, $25.) An economist discusses the prospects for the upcoming millennium. (+) |
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| 16 | 13 | 10 | \*SHIP OF GOLD IN THE DEEP BLUE SEA, by Gary Kinder. (Atlantic Monthly, $27.50.) The efforts to recover sunken treasure from an 1857 shipwreck. |
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| Week | Week | List | Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous |
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| 1 | 1 | 17 | SUGAR BUSTERS! by H. Leighton Steward et al. (Ballantine, $22.) A diet designed for losing weight, increasing energy and combating disease. (+) |
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| 2 | 2 | 22 | THE 9 STEPS TO FINANCIAL FREEDOM, by Suze Orman. (Crown, $23.) Practical and spiritual steps for managing your money. (+) |
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| 3 | 3 | 233 | MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS, by John Gray. (HarperCollins, $25.) Improving communication and relationships. (+) |
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| 4 | 4 | 14 | \*IN THE MEANTIME, by Iyanla Vanzant. (Simon & Schuster, $23.) Ways to find what you truly need, particularly "the love that you want." (+) |

Rankings reflect sales, for the week ending Aug. 22, at almost 4,000 bookstores plus wholesalers serving 50,000 other retailers (gift shops, department stores, newsstands, supermarkets), statistically weighted to represent all such outlets nationwide. An asterisk (\*) indicates that a book's sales are barely distinguishable from those of the book above. A dagger (+) indicates that some bookstores report receiving bulk orders. Expanded rankings are available from The New York Times on the Web: [*www.nytimes.com/books*](http://www.nytimes.com/books).

And Bear in Mind

(Editors' choices of other recent books of particular interest)

ACHESON: The Secretary of State Who Created the American World, by James Chace. (Simon & Schuster, $30.) An engrossing biography of a public servant whose vision, self-confidence and personal integrity are still enshrined in international institutions and American attitudes.

AND BOTH SHALL ROW: A Novella and Stories, by Beth Lordan. (Picador USA, $21.) A collection, in an assured and distinctive voice, about relentlessly unglamorous characters whose experiences go beyond words and cannot be named, though Lordan is able to describe them.

ECOLOGY OF FEAR: Los Angeles and the Imagination of Disaster, by Mike Davis. (Metropolitan/Holt, $27.50.) When the current, historically anomalous habitability of Los Angeles departs, Davis predicts, ways will be found to blame the poor for the natural disasters and the consequences that ensue.

KAATERSKILL FALLS, by Allegra Goodman. (Dial, $23.95.) Little actually happens in this first novel, but the author discovers form and sensibility in the small excitements and grand rhythms of life in an Orthodox Jewish community.

THE MOURNERS' BENCH, by Susan Dodd. (Morrow, $24.) A novel in which two ***working-class*** sisters in the South and a male teacher from Yankeeland assume tragic configurations, from which the survivors are able to escape by humor, irony and real interest in what's happening.

THE MURDER OF HELEN JEWETT: The Life and Death of a Prostitute in Nineteenth-Century New York, by Patricia Cline Cohen. (Knopf, $27.50.) A meticulous investigation of an 1836 crime, once notorious because its probable perpetrator was acquitted through what looked like male privilege.

SLOW MOTION: A True Story, by Dani Shapiro. (Random House, $23.95.) The cautionary confessions of a former spoiled, self-destructive rich kid who discovered that life is earnest when her parents were involved in a catastrophe.

SUMMER OF DELIVERANCE: A Memoir of Father and Son, by Christopher Dickey. (Simon & Schuster, $24.) An angry, affectionate, hypnotic account of conflict and reconciliation between a son and his father, the brilliant literary celebrity and impassioned, inveterate liar James Dickey.

THE TENNIS PARTNER: A Doctor's Story of Friendship and Loss, by Abraham Verghese. (HarperCollins, $25.) A wise, lyrical, controlled narrative about tennis, medicine and friendship and their spiritual costs and benefits.

VAST EMOTIONS AND IMPERFECT THOUGHTS, by Rubem Fonseca. (Ecco, $24.) An engaging Brazilian novel whose hero, a movie director, is uncomfortably close to a murder and ungovernably obsessed with Isaac Babel's fiction.

**Load-Date:** September 6, 1998

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[***10 Bombs Shatter Trains in Madrid, Killing 192***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BX6-20J0-TW8F-G2J4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 12, 2004 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 5; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1; BOMBINGS IN MADRID: THE ATTACK

**Length:** 1386 words

**Byline:** By ELAINE SCIOLINO; Dale Fuchs contributed reporting for this article.

**Dateline:** MADRID, March 11

**Body**

Ten bombs ripped through four commuter trains in Madrid during the morning rush hour on Thursday, killing at least 192 people and wounding more than 1,400 in the deadliest terrorist attack on a European target since World War II.

The Spanish authorities initially blamed the Basque separatist group ETA. But after finding a van near Madrid with detonators and a tape of Koran verses, they held open the possibility of Islamic terrorism.

A group claiming links to Al Qaeda took responsibility for the attacks in a letter delivered to an Arabic newspaper, but an American counterterrorism official said the claim should be viewed skeptically.

Spain, an American ally in the war on Iraq, has 1,300 troops stationed there and was explicitly threatened in an audiotape last October reportedly made by Osama bin Laden.

As the country struggled to absorb the devastation, three days before general elections, Prime Minister Jose Maria Aznar said, ''March 11 now has its place in the history of infamy.''

The bombings came in coordinated explosions in quick succession shortly before 8 a.m. The police found and detonated three other bombs.

At the main Atocha commuter station in the heart of Madrid, just a block from the Prado Museum, an explosion cut a train in two, sending pieces of metal high into the air. Bloody victims crawled from mangled train cars and staggered into the streets. Other victims were found burned to death in their seats.

There, and at the nearby Santa Eugenia and El Pozo stations, broken bodies and body parts were thrown along the platforms as rescue workers struggled to separate the dead from the wounded.

Amet Oulabid, a 23-year-old carpenter, said he got off the front of the train at the Atocha station just seconds before the bomb went off in one of its rear cars.

''I saw bodies flying,'' he said. ''There was a security guard dripping with blood. People were pushing and running. I saw a woman who had fallen on the tracks because people were pushing so hard. I escaped with my life by a hair.''

At El Pozo, just east of downtown Madrid, Luz Elena Bustos, 42, got off a nearby bus just 10 minutes before the explosion at that station.

''There were pieces of flesh and ribs all over the road,'' she said. ''There were ribs, brains all over. I never saw anything like this. The train was blown apart. I saw a lot of smoke, people running all over, crying.''

People combed the city's major hospitals in search of family members who they thought were aboard the trains. ''Oh, please, God! This can't be happening,'' said Carmen Gomez, 47, sobbing as she studied a patient list in vain at Gregorio Maranon Hospital, seven hours after the terrorist attack. ''How could a human being do this?''

Most of the victims were ordinary middle- and ***working-class*** people and university students commuting into Madrid, though children were also among the dead.

Spanish authorities immediately pointed to the Basque group ETA, which has been seeking independence for more than three decades.

''It is absolutely clear that the terrorist organization ETA was seeking an attack with wide repercussions,'' Interior Minister Angel Acebes told a hastily called news conference. But later, he was less categorical, after investigators found the van with the detonators and the Koran tape.

The van, which had been stolen in Madrid on Feb. 28, was found in Alcala de Henares, the birthplace of Cervantes, which was the departure point for three of the four trains bombed Thursday morning.

''Because of this, I have just given instructions to the security forces not to rule out any line of investigation,'' Mr. Acebes said. But he added that ETA remained the ''main line of investigation.''

He said more than 220 pounds of dynamite packed into backpacks had been used in the attacks.

Arnaldo Otegi, leader of Batasuna, ETA's political wing, which has been banned in Spain, said ETA probably was not behind the attacks. He said the attack could have been the work of ''Arab resistance.''

Another senior Spanish official said in an interview that the bombs used titadine, a kind of compressed dynamite found in a van containing 1,100 pounds of explosives that was intercepted last month as it headed for Madrid. Two suspected ETA members were arrested at the time.

The official added that the government believed that the dynamite was stolen from France three years ago. ''This material has a kind of signature on it,'' the official said.

On Dec. 24, the police foiled a plot that would have detonated two bombs in a train after it arrived at a Madrid station. They seized a man with a bomb in San Sebastian, a Basque city. He had a ticket for the train, and when the police halted the train and searched it, they found a second bomb.

The letter claiming responsibility for the attack on Thursday was delivered to Al Quds Al Arabi, a London-based Arab newspaper. It also said an attack on the United States was on the final stages of preparation.

''We bring the good news to Muslims of the world that the expected 'winds of black death' strike against America is now in its final stage,'' the letter said, adding that the strike was ''90 percent'' ready ''and, God willing, near.''

The government declared a three-day period of mourning, and political parties called off all remaining campaign events, although the elections will proceed Sunday as scheduled.

Some Spaniards are calling the attacks the country's ''9/11,'' and the front page of a special edition of the biggest daily, El Pais, ran the headline, ''11-M,'' for ''11 Marzo.''

''All of Spain is suffering,'' said Mariano Rajoy, the front-runner in Sunday's election and leader of the governing Popular Party, who has made the fight against terrorism a centerpiece of his campaign and pledged to follow Mr. Aznar's policies. ''This is a moment to put aside differences and show unity with the victims and their families.''

Jose Luis Rodriguez Zapatero, the leader of the Socialist Party and Mr. Rajoy's main rival, said, ''I hope that these scum, these criminals, fall as swiftly as possible into the hands of the police'' so ''we can put an end to ETA.''

The bombs were contained in plastic bags and backpacks that were planted on four trains. The police quickly sealed off the bomb sites and blocked off surrounding streets.

The police had been put on alert for a possible terrorist attack as the country prepared to go to the polls. But the attacks clearly took Mr. Aznar, his government and the Spanish people by surprise.

In an interview on Wednesday, Mr. Aznar, who survived a terrorist attack by ETA in 1995, when he was the opposition leader, boasted that terrorism ''is a lot weaker than it was.''

The security situation seemed so secure that King Juan Carlos attended the soccer match on Wednesday evening between Spain's star-studded Real Madrid team and Munich.

On Thursday, the king, accompanied by his wife, Queen Sofia; their son and heir, Prince Felipe; and his fiancee, Letizia Ortiz, visited a hospital in central Madrid to comfort survivors and their families.

ETA has been fighting for a separate Basque homeland in northwestern Spain and southwestern France for more than three decades and has been branded a terrorist group by the United States and the European Union.

If ETA is found to be responsible, that could widen the margin of victory for Mr. Rajoy and improve the chances of the Popular Party to win an absolute majority of 350 seats.

It would also indicate a sharp change in its tactics and targets. ETA almost always gives warnings in advance and claims responsibility, and has never conducted an attack of this magnitude. Its deadliest attack came in Barcelona in 1987, when 21 people were killed in a supermarket.

ETA has been severely damaged by cooperation between Spain and France, and last year the group killed only 3 people, compared with 23 in 2000 and 15 in 2001.

Thousands of people have died in Europe over the decades in violent attacks by groups like ETA in Spain and the Irish Republican Army in Northern Ireland, but no single incident has approached the scale of Thursday's attacks here.

Libyan terrorist operations killed 270 people in the bombing of an American airliner, Pan American Flight 103, over Scotland in 1988, and 171 people in a French airliner brought down over Africa in 1989.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Rescue workers removing the dead and wounded yesterday from one of the four Madrid commuter trains that were bombed. At Atocha station, one couple waited for aid as paramedics administered to others. The bombings occurred in quick succession during the morning rush hour. (Photographs by Associated Press [top, above left and center]

above right, Reuters)(pg. A1)

Police tape covers the stolen van, found in Alcala de Henares, that the police suspect may have been used in the train bombings yesterday. (Photo by Atlas Spain, via Associated Press)(pg. A9)Chart: ''Five Miles of Track, a Deadly Commute''At least 192 people died and 1,400 were injured in Madrid when explosions tore apart trains at three stations along a five-mile stretch of commuter rail during morning rush hour.Train Station: Atocha7:39 a.m. -- Three explosions on a train at the station kill at least 34 people.7:42 a.m. -- About 500 yards away, on a second train, four explosions near the front and rear cars kill at least 64 people.Police find and disable other bombs in the area.El Pozo7:42 a.m. -- Explosions on a double-decker train at the station kill at least 67 people.Santa Eugenia7:42 a.m. -- Explosion in the fifth car of a train moving through the station kills at least 16 people.Alcala De HenaresSpanish authorities discover detonators and an Arabic tape of Koran verses in a van.(Source by The Interior Ministry of Spain)(pg. A9)Map of Spain highlighting Madrid, locations of explosions (Atocha, El Pozo, Santa Eugenia) and Alcala De Henares. (pg. A9)

**Load-Date:** March 12, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Landlord's Dream Confronts Tenants' Rent-Stabilized Lives - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SS3-6JG0-TW8F-G216-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 15, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 25

**Length:** 1840 words

**Byline:** By MARC SANTORA

**Body**

When George Boyd arrived the other day at the East Village apartment building where he has lived since 1978, he found his neighbor Alistair Economakis, who at 37 is half his age, politely holding the door open. Mr. Boyd, a retired telephone worker, nodded and walked through, but there was no exchange of pleasantries, no neighborly chitchat.

Yet this encounter was the most face-to-face communication the two men had had in months.

Mr. Boyd and Mr. Economakis live in a building at war, a century-old five-story tenement torn by the peculiarities of New York real estate. Mr. Economakis is the landlord, and since 2003 has been trying to convert the building's 15 rent-stabilized apartments into an 11,000-square-foot home for himself, his wife, their two children and a British bulldog named Leo. Mr. Boyd is one of nine remaining tenants, who pay $675 to $1,200 per month for one-bedroom apartments; his is on the third floor, sandwiched between spaces that the Economakis family currently occupies.

In a way, each faction is living a version of the New York real estate dream. Anyone might envy the Economakises, who work at a family-owned apartment-management company and lucked into buying the building for $1.3 million -- what some one-bedroom condos in the area cost today. They have both the cash and the connections to create a sprawling showpiece. But there are also countless New Yorkers who would sacrifice their firstborns (or at least a beloved pet) for a charming if cramped perch like Mr. Boyd's in a coveted neighborhood where comparable spaces command twice or three times as much.

But these dreams have turned into a five-year nightmare including three court rulings, the most recent from the State Court of Appeals this month; countless letters written by lawyers; dueling Web sites; and dozens of skirmishes over the use of air-conditioners and the positioning of flowerpots. The Economakises reached financial settlements with six of the original occupants, turning those units into a three-story space for themselves and a duplex for guests. Now that the Court of Appeals has sent the case back to housing court, lawyers estimate a resolution could still be two years away.

And so the combatants cohabitate, their armaments and battle scars evident in the worn hallways dotted with ''Save the Tenement, Fight the Mansion'' posters. Outside each apartment door hangs a security camera, which the tenants say makes them feel spied on. Opposite the Economakis family's front door hangs a voodoo-style evil eye.

''They fought the Civil War for four years,'' Mr. Boyd said. ''And we are ready to fight for as long as it takes.''

At its core, the fight involves a law allowing landlords to displace rent-stabilized tenants if the landlords will use the space as their primary residence. The Economakis family has prevailed, thus far, on the principle that the law applies even to a building this large. But the tenants continue to press the notion that given the scope of the proposed home -- which calls for seven bathrooms, a gym and a library -- the owners are just trying to clear them out so they can sell the building off to become so many market-rate condos.

Mr. Economakis insists his family would never have subjected itself to years of argument -- and tens of thousands in legal bills -- if they did not want to live there. He acknowledged that it is a lot of space, but said that having the place to themselves is also a matter of privacy. He said that the family long ago offered, as a halfway measure, to let the tenants in the five rear apartments stay, along with a couple on the first floor, and said he would happily sign a promise to turn over the profits to the existing tenants if he sold within 20 years.

''We really believe that, as owners, we have a right to live in the building,'' he said.

Built in 1903, the red-brick building at 47-49 East Third Street, like many in the neighborhood, has been home to generations of immigrants. A kosher butcher once occupied one of the two street-level storefronts (later, a bookmaking operation was rumored to operate out of the back). Now, a woman occasionally sells Tibetan souvenirs there.

A major fire in the 1970s cleared the residents out. After the building underwent significant repairs, Mr. Boyd was among those to repopulate it in 1978. By 2002, the building was in precarious financial shape, and a company created by Mr. Economakis and his wife, Catherine, bought it as an investment. At the time, the couple were expecting their first child and looking to move from their walk-up on Smith Street in Brooklyn.

''Once we realized we wanted to make this building our home, nothing else compared,'' said Mrs. Economakis, 36, who, along with her husband, works for her father's company, Granite International Management, which manages about a dozen apartment buildings in Manhattan and Brooklyn. ''I love this building, and I love this neighborhood.''

Part of the charm, she said, is that the block includes the Hells Angels headquarters and Maryhouse, one of the city's most enduring Roman Catholic missions for the homeless.

But the tenants contend that the home the Economakis family envisions is exactly what threatens the character of the neighborhood they claim to love. They see the Economakises as the embodiment of heartless gentrification, an extension of the Chase Bank branch that recently replaced the nearby Second Avenue Deli, members of the latte class with no concern for the ***working-class*** tradition of the neighborhood.

''It is about more than just people wanting to keep their homes,'' explained David Pultz, 56, a movie-lab technician. ''It is about the soul of a neighborhood.''

The battle is all the more awkward because the parties live under the same roof, which the owners recently adorned with a new cornice (the tenants deride it as cheap, Chinese imported plastic; Mr. Economakis said it is actually from Canada). One window on the conflict is, well, the windows: Some of those opening onto Third Street are double-hung six-over-six panes; others sit in battered wood and vinyl frames.

Behind the fancier windows are the owners' quarters: Most of the building's second floor has been remodeled into an open kitchen, living and dining space; an internal staircase leads down to a playroom and nanny's room, or up to the couple's bedroom and an adjacent one shared by their sons, ages 2 and 4. To get to their other space -- a duplex that doubles as an office and accommodations for the Greek relatives who frequently visit -- the family must go through the common hallway, with its peeling paint, old tin-plated adornments and cracking tile.

Janet Dunson, a 45-year-old teacher and actress who moved into the building in 1990, is still piqued about an encounter while the owners were renovating.

''My cat, then a kitten, got out of my apartment,'' Ms. Dunson wrote in an e-mail message. ''When I realized and went after him, I stepped into one of his units, which stood wide open, empty and under construction, to ask a workman if he had seen my cat. He had not, and I then found my cat one flight below. End of story.

''But the next week I got a letter from Economakis accusing me of trespassing,'' she said. ''He also claimed that he doubted I had a cat and was just using that as a ruse to enter his premises. I can't tell you how many letters were exchanged back and forth over that 'incident.' ''

Mr. Economakis has a starkly different recollection.

''First, I was in my apartment when Ms. Dunson walked in unannounced, and to my surprise,'' he wrote in his own e-mail message when asked about the cat incident. ''Second, I never doubted she had a cat. What I doubted was that she was looking for a lost cat; her behavior was suspect for no other reason than it was not what I would expect from a person who had lost a cat.

''As a pet owner (and as detailed in my letter to her regarding this incident, which I attached), if I had lost my pet, I would have explained to the person I encountered, no matter who it was, that I was looking for my pet.'' He said that Ms. Dunson ''didn't even take the time to explain that she lost a cat, just asked 'if I had seen one' and ran off immediately.''

Other tenants describe struggles over how many sets of keys they are entitled to, the acceptable size of Christmas wreaths, and access to the roof, now guarded by an alarm. They say Mr. Economakis refused to repair their dilapidated mailboxes but built a large monogrammed one for his family. One received a written warning about leaks, encouraging him to drip dry inside the shower.

For their part, the Economakises say they are made to feel unwelcome in their own home, constantly being spied on by hostile troops, and are wary of lingering too long in the hallways with their young children.

As the case returns to housing court, the question will be whether a judge believes that the Economakises plan to use all the space as their home.

The original plans for the renovation, now among thousands of documents in a public court record, include a master suite filling the fourth floor, four other bedrooms, a double-height living room and an elevator. One of the two storefronts would become a garage.

''We have had lawyers, architects, all kinds of people going through our apartment, opening drawers and poking around,'' Mrs. Economakis said. ''Why would anyone put themselves through this unless they really wanted to live here?''

For the tenants, the silver lining has been getting to know their neighbors in a way that few New Yorkers do. They pet-sit for each other, carry one another's groceries, and talk not just about the litigation, but their lives.

''We've become a wonderful, big family,'' said Ursula Kinzel, who is a software editor and president of the tenants' association. ''We've learned that if we stick together, then you can accomplish things. We could not have fought this individually.''

The tenants said they rejected the landlord's offer in the early days of the struggle to leave the five rear apartments intact because they did not want to split up. (They declined to say how much the legal battle has cost or how they have financed it.)

Barry Paddock, who pays $950 a month for 375 square feet, said that he and his roommate try to be civil to the couple, but have also tried to shame them into submission. ''They are incredibly nice in person,'' Mr. Paddock said of his landlords. ''And at the same time they are carrying out these vicious evictions. I just can't stand to have small talk and pretend it is a normal neighbor-to-neighbor chat.''

Last year, the tenants staged a rally outside the building and some 400 people showed up. Mostly, they lodge their silent protest daily on their doors. Mr. Pultz has his evil eye, while his first-floor neighbor, Laura Zambrano, has one poster giving the dictionary definition of the word hubris and another quoting Flaubert:

''Two things sustain me. Love of literature and hatred of the bourgeois.''

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about a dispute between Alistair Economakis, the owner of a fivestory East Village tenement, and his tenants over Mr. Economakis's plans to convert the building's rent-stabilized apartments into a mansion for his family misidentified the Brooklyn street on which the family lived before moving to the East Village. It was Pacific Street, not Smith Street.

**Correction-Date:** June 22, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: George Boyd, left, and Barry Paddock are two of nine holdouts at a building that the owners want to convert. (PHOTOGRAPH BY RUBY WASHINGTON/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(A25)

Mailboxes marked ''not in use'' reflect a building in transition. The owners say they are made to feel unwelcome in their home.

Tenants have been making their views known with postings on their doors and rallies. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUBY WASHINGTON/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(A28) DRAWING: Out of Many Homes, One?: This five-story tenement building at 47-49 East Third Street has been the subject of a five-year legal battle. The owners, Alistair and Catherine Economakis, want to convert the building into an 11,000-square-foot home. But 9 of the 15 units are still occupied by rent-stabilized tenants, who pay $675 to $1,200 per month. Here is a look at the current occupancy, and the way the owners said they wanted to use it, according to architectural plans filed with the city.

**Load-Date:** June 15, 2008

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[***A Professor Revives Prokofiev's Robots***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BS5-8K40-TW8F-G2HS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 22, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 4; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 1; IN PERSON

**Length:** 1641 words

**Byline:** By JOHN SULLIVAN

**Dateline:** PRINCETON

**Body**

SIMON MORRISON bent forward and, with an easy sweep of his hand, popped a disc into his office CD player. He straightened as music from an early Prokofiev ballet crashed from the speakers, a harsh wash of grating horns and driving drums. It is difficult music for a casual listener, as mechanical as the din on a factory floor. Unlike some of Prokofiev's later work, there is little lyricism, as dancer and machine merge, no soft resting place for the ear.

But Dr. Morrison, a tall, thin assistant professor of music at Princeton University, was rapt. He finds a spare beauty in this music, grace in its discord.

It makes sense that he would. In some ways, the ballet, ''The Steel Step,'' is Dr. Morrison's wayward baby. After more than 75 years, in which the work had all but vanished, he is reviving it. If all goes well, Dr. Morrison and his collaborators will present the ballet at Princeton's Berlind Theater in the spring of 2005. It will be the first time that the ballet -- originally written as a pro-Communist work -- has been performed in full since it opened in Paris in 1927.

''It is a huge undertaking,'' Carolyn Abbate, who heads Princeton's music department, said of the reconstruction of the ballet. The job involves platoons of dancers, an expert in historic dance reconstruction, a designer from England who spent seven years recreating the original set, an orchestra, a conductor and Dr. Morrison. ''It is practically the Army Corps of Engineers,'' she added.

Prokofiev was a difficult composer. Perhaps best known for his children's work, ''Peter and the Wolf,'' his later pieces were stained by his life in the Soviet Union. Several of his Soviet-era works celebrated Stalin's rule and, for some, that approval of Stalin has made it difficult to accept some of his art.

''There are some nice tunes,'' Richard Taruskin, a leading scholar on Russian music, said, referring to Prokofiev's Stalin-related work. ''But I am not very sympathetic to the view that we can listen to the glorification of a mass murderer because we like the tunes.''

Dr. Morrison understands that, but he believes Prokofiev can be approached in the way he wrote his music, outside the ordinary world. ''He really believed that his creativity was something divorced from the concerns of the real world,'' Dr. Morrison said. ''The comment is paradoxical because a lot of his works, certainly his official Soviet works, are lodged in time and space like no others.''

Dr. Morrison's career did not always focus on resurrecting controversial pro-Soviet works of art.

In fact, Dr. Morrison, who is 39, began as a tuba player from Winnipeg, Manitoba. He was good enough to play for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation band, but when he attended the University of Toronto, he was exposed to the avant-garde Russian composers of the early 20th century and ''was hooked on the music,'' he said. He abandoned the tuba for the piano and journeyed from musical performance to musical analysis.

''It is a music that is comprised of drives, energies that are almost things you can't quantify,'' he said of the Russians. ''With Prokofiev, concepts -- religion, politics -- in his music, these are translated into abstract ideas.''

After a year as an exchange student in Russia as the Soviet Union was collapsing, Dr. Morrison wrote his master's degree thesis on Prokofiev's first Soviet opera, ''Semyon Kotko,'' which was started in 1938.

On the surface, the piece is a typical paean to the Socialist ideal. But it also reflects the conflicts that most artists, Prokofiev included, faced under Stalin, according to Dr. Morrison.

The story, about the defense of the homeland against German invaders, found official disfavor after the Soviet Union signed a nonaggression pact with Nazi Germany in 1939; Prokofiev was forced to change the text to reflect the new political reality. But even the changes did not save the work, which was ultimately banned by Stalin. And the Soviets eventually arrested Prokofiev's old friend and the opera's producer, Vsevolod Meyerhold, and killed him.

The piece ''has an extraordinarily beautiful musical score,'' Dr. Morrison said. But he said the work falters toward the end, probably because Prokofiev collapsed under the external political pressure he faced.

''That is the Prokofiev dilemma,'' he added.

Born in Ukraine in 1891, Sergei Prokofiev was a son of the solid upper middle class. His father was an agricultural engineer; his mother was musically inclined and determined to secure her son a place in the St. Petersburg Conservatory. Once there, Prokofiev made a name for himself as a skilled pianist but was considered a difficult and unusual composer.

There is a detachment in photographs of Prokofiev. Somewhere in the wide forehead and deep-set eyes, there's a sense that the composer is standing back, observing. ''He presented himself as someone of very little emotion,'' Dr. Morrison said. ''That is the nature of his music; it is forged out of steel.''

In June 1914, as World War I was starting, Prokofiev moved to Paris, where Russian composers like Stravinsky were establishing themselves. When he toured the United States, his early work was described as savage; he was sometimes called the Bolshevik pianist. He eventually gained stature and several of his early pieces were celebrated, but Prokofiev was not the leading composer in the West that he had hoped to become.

''When he was in Paris, he was second banana to Stravinsky,'' said Michael Pratt, who is scheduled to conduct the Princeton University Orchestra in the performance of ''The Steel Step.'' ''He came to the United States, and he was second banana to Rachmaninoff.''

Of the work, Mr. Pratt said: ''This is a machine piece, a machine ballet. This is not the lyrical side of the composer.''

Prokofiev completed ''The Steel Step'' in 1926, in Paris. The two-act ballet was written for the groundbreaking Ballets Russes, founded and led by the flamboyant impresario Diaghilev. The work drew inspiration from the blocky and mechanized Constructivist art of the period, and the artist Georgy Yakulov designed an elaborate set. Yakulov's set included a large locomotive and robot-like figures that symbolized the fusing of dancers and machines.

The story celebrates the rise of industrialism and the ***working class*** in Russia. It begins in a rural village, where the hero and the heroine meet on the eve of civil war. After separation and trials, the two are reunited in the final act and dance the triumph of proletarian spirit. The plot seems trite today, and Diaghilev, an anti-Communist, recast the ballet, Dr. Morrison said, changing Prokofiev's original intent. When it was eventually staged, in 1927, the ballet was interpreted as a condemnation of Soviet rule and the subservience of workers to their machinery.

Dr. Morrison became interested in the piece while doing research in Russia and Paris for essays on Russian ballet. Eventually, he collaborated on an essay about ''The Steel Step'' with Lesley-Anne Sayers, a professor at the University of Bristol in England who had reconstructed a model of Yakulov's original set. During the collaboration, they realized that the entire ballet, hard as the work would be, could be rebuilt.

''It is my pathology to pursue difficult subjects,'' Dr. Morrison said.

Ballet is an ephemeral art, he says, its ''history is packed with ghosts.'' Before film was common, ballets were frequently lost after performances because the choreography was often difficult to record. In the case of ''The Steel Step,'' researchers were able to put together some of the program by referring to the music and to historical records, but most of the work will be a recreation in the spirit of the performance.

Ze'eva Cohen, head of Princeton's dance program, expects that student dancers will fill most of the roles. ''The dance is about trying to capture the common man in the street,'' she said. ''It is not supertechnical, except for the lead couple.''

Dr. Morrison also has some familiarity with dance. He took a few ballet classes at the well-known Laban Center for Movement and Dance in London two years ago. Among the lithe professionals and young hopefuls, Dr. Morrison, a 37-year-old former hockey defensemen, was not a typical student.

''It was ridiculous,'' he recalled. But the training made him familiar with basic ballet moves.

Dr. Morrison has been shuttling between Princeton and Moscow, where he is working on a new Prokofiev project. In addition to supervising production of ''The Steel Step,'' he wants to answer this lasting question about Prokofiev: Why did the he return to the Soviet Union in 1936.

By most accounts, the move was a mistake. Prokofiev's wife, Lina, was condemned and sent to a prison camp, and much of Prokofiev's later work was co-opted by the Soviets. Still, Prokofiev seemed committed to Russia until his death on March 5, 1953, the same day that Stalin died. In his autobiography, Prokofiev said he had returned to Russia because he found a better reception for his music.

''I care nothing for politics -- I'm a composer first and last,'' he said, according to a Prokofiev Web site, Prokofiev.org. ''Any government that lets me write my music in peace, publishes everything I composed before the ink is dry and performs every note that comes from my pen is all right with me.''

Dr. Morrison thinks there is something more. He thinks Prokofiev believed that through his art, he could create a place apart from the outside world.

''He created a mental space for himself that kept him going,'' he said. ''Prokofiev worked 24 hours a day, every day, to close himself off from the madness. And on that level he was able to separate himself. But clearly, the madness existed.''

And, in a little more than a year, New Jersey balletgoers will get a taste of Prokofiev's place apart.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Simon Morrison, a Princeton professor, is bringing back a Prokofiev ballet last performed in the 1920's. ''The Steel Step'' is a far cry from ''Peter and the Wolf.'' (Photo by Dith Pran/The New York Times)(pg. 1)

Simon Morrison's central question: How did a tuba-playing hockey player from Manitoba fall for avant-garde Russian composers? (Photo by Dith Pran/The New York Times)(pg. 4)

**Load-Date:** February 22, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Not Hot Just Yet, But Newark Is Starting To Percolate***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NNF-WVM0-TW8F-G3DM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 6, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 1; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front ; Pg. 37

**Length:** 1727 words

**Byline:** By ANDREW JACOBS

**Dateline:** NEWARK, May 2

**Body**

You live where?

Such is the reaction that Ron Saleh and other new residents of this long-suffering city inevitably get when they tell friends they have moved here from New York, Hoboken or one of the region's manicured suburban bubbles.

But the question, frequently delivered with an expression that combines awe with disgust, is often followed by another: You pay how much?

Mr. Saleh, 37, a public relations executive who most recently had addresses in Washington, Atlanta and Roosevelt Island, takes a certain pleasure in forcing Manhattan-centric friends to cross the Hudson, and watching their skepticism melt to envy as he shows off the smartly restored two-bedroom house he rents for $1,400 a month -- about $1,000 less than he would pay for a two-bedroom apartment in Manhattan.

''When they realize this is 20 minutes from Midtown and they see all the energy and all the hip people living here, they want to make the move, too,'' he said last Sunday as he mixed cocktails in his kitchen for a crowd of friends, most of them recent transplants like himself. ''It's not quite there yet, but Newark is about to get hot.''

After four decades of economic stagnation and bad publicity, New Jersey's largest city -- stuck in the public imagination as a place of stolen cars, ailing public schools and a busy international airport -- is sprouting stylish new restaurants, art galleries and bars that dispense $10 cocktails.

A new indie music festival is expected to draw thousands to the heart of downtown next month, and city officials say that applications for 22 condominium projects have poured in since January, twice the number for all of 2006, with Shaquille O'Neal, Queen Latifah and Tiki Barber among those kicking around development proposals.

Though its struggle against blight and crime is hardly past, some residents say Newark is enjoying the kind of psychic rebirth that has helped transform scores of other downtrodden cities into nesting grounds for the young, the creative, and, with time, the well-heeled. Adjectives like bohemian and funky are increasingly tossed around, and even some skeptics are starting to believe in the moniker Newark adopted two decades ago: Renaissance City.

''I think there's a growing sense that it's cool to live here,'' said Joseph Aratow, a real estate broker who has persuaded some of his deep-pocketed clients to give their vacant commercial property to gallery owners in the hope of encouraging more artists, and the people who love them, to migrate here.

Last month Mr. Aratow helped deliver -- rent free for at least a year -- a 30,000-square-foot furniture warehouse on Market Street to Rupert Ravens, a curator who will turn it into New Jersey's biggest gallery. Mr. Ravens, who helps coordinate the city's annual artist studio tour, dreams of a Newark Biennial to rival art extravaganzas in Berlin, Venice and Miami.

''This is the first time in my life I feel like I'm in the right place at the right time,'' he said.

To describe Newark as Chelsea-on-the-Passaic would, of course, be a bit hyperbolic; in many of the city's neighborhoods, ''funky'' is a generous euphemism for dandelion-choked lots, tumbledown houses and malodorous bodegas. Residents both new and old complain about shattered car windows, sparse population and the lack of decent shopping.

''If you live downtown, you still have to drive to buy a banana,'' said Ade Sedita, who opened an arts supply store in the city in March. ''If you're comparing Newark to New York City, it's still a tough sell. That said, the opportunities here are endless for the right person.''

After decades of depopulation since the 1967 riots, Newark has gained more than 10,000 residents in the past five years, including Jennifer Girardier, a Wall Street hedge fund broker, Rachel Robbins, an actress who moved here from California, and Ms. Robbins's husband, Michael Saltzman, an urban planner who is working on several local development projects. In a city whose residents are largely poor or ***working class*** and more than 70 percent minority, many of the new arrivals are white and upwardly mobile, though neither the Census Bureau nor city officials have demographics available on the newcomers. ''Sometimes I feel like I'm in a foreign country,'' said Ms. Robbins, a platinum blonde known for her impolitic humor. ''Let's just say we're pioneers on our block.''

Last Sunday, Ms. Robbins and a racially diverse mix of two dozen newcomers and old-timers gathered in the courtyard of Mr. Saleh's home near Lincoln Park, sipping vodka tonics and dragging on Camel lights as a pair of Chihuahuas darted through their legs.

Known as the Beach, Mr. Saleh's Cape Cod is the scene of frequent soirees that draw rehabilitated gang members, underemployed artists, investment bankers and members of Mayor Cory A. Booker's inner circle.

Many who were originally drawn here by the inexpensive housing say they have become gripped by a passion for the city's resurrection. ''I think all of us envision what Newark can be and we all feel we are the seeds of that change,'' said Mr. Saltzman, 36, who bought a three-family house near Lincoln Park five years ago that has since doubled in value.

A dozen blocks south of the park on Halsey Street, a low-rise neighborhood that once teemed with small shops now is largely forlorn after nightfall. But boosters have rechristened the area Halsey Village, and city planning officials say five new restaurants are on the way along with 650 condo and rental units.

Ms. Sedita, the owner of Newark Art Supply, imagines the area as New Jersey's version of the East Village, its raggedy brownstones full of artists, office workers and students from Rutgers, Seton Hall Law School and the New Jersey Institute of Technology. On June 9, the first annual Newark Arts and Music Festival will try its luck along Halsey Street.

David Anstatt, one of the festival organizers, said he thought the time was right to capitalize on the emerging buzz about his new home.

''I think people finally realize Newark is more than just about crime and drugs,'' said Mr. Anstatt, who is an owner of 27 Mix, one of the city's new high-end restaurants. ''Everyone here feels like the city is going to pop in five years.''

That popping sound can already be heard around the corner at 1180 Raymond Boulevard, where Cogswell Realty is almost finished carving 317 rental units out of an Art Deco beauty that was once the city's most prominent office tower. Arthur Stern, Cogswell's chief executive, boasts that more than 80 percent of the tenants, most in their 20s and 30s, work in New York City, suggesting that Newark is drawing refugees priced out of Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Many people peg the city's nascent resurgence to the inauguration of the New Jersey Performing Arts Center in 1997, followed by the opening of a baseball stadium for the Newark Bears, though the minor-league team has never drawn the crowds boosters hoped. While a drop in crime and New York's soaring real estate prices have helped polish the city's appeal, some say the spirit of change was enhanced by last year's election of Mr. Booker after two decades of rule by Sharpe James, who is under investigation by state and federal authorities.

Steve Iglesias, an entrepreneur born and raised here, says the overhaul at City Hall helped persuade him to turn his family's sporting goods store in the Ironbound section into a tapas lounge that has become a popular draw for locals who used to trek to Manhattan for designer meals and late-night revelry.

''There's a feeling here of endless possibilities, and a lot of that has to do with Booker,'' he said one recent Saturday night, as a D. J. played a medley of music from the 1970s and 80s. ''At this point, if you build it, they will come.''

The heavily Portuguese and Brazilian Ironbound, with its low crime rate, teeming commercial corridor and proximity to New York-bound trains, has become relatively expensive, and that has been a boon to nearby Lincoln Park on the other side of the tracks.

The young and the intrepid have been filling up a smattering of renovated buildings near the 19th century greensward named for President Lincoln, which was once known for its constellation of jazz clubs but is now dominated by a string of drug-treatment facilities.

The city's oldest gallery, City Without Walls, forms the nucleus of the enclave, which includes apartments inside a former carriage factory and a graphic design studio, Tritonic, whose three young partners are the toast of Newark's corporate and political set. Although the neighborhood is decidedly edgy -- balloons tied to a stretch of fencing mark the most recent homicide -- three dozen ''green'' lofts and town houses are just coming on the market. The Lincoln Park Coast Cultural District, as its promoters call it, will ultimately be anchored by a Smithsonian-affiliated Museum of African-American Music.

''The amazing thing is that we never have to advertise our apartments; they just rent by word of mouth,'' said Tony Gibbons, a real estate developer who, along with two partners, is turning the former McCarter mansion that faces the park into a lavishly appointed home for foundations and nonprofit groups.

For now, Mr. Saleh's house is the most happening spot in town.

A White House aide during the Clinton Administration who learned the art of hospitality working for Club Med, Mr. Saleh's gatherings are part salon, part bacchanal, with revelers, goblets in hand, vying for seats last Sunday on the oversized lifeguard chair that dominates his tiny backyard.

As guests nibbled Gouda and tossed around a giant rubber ball, the sinking sun cast a pinkish glow on the Colleoni, a stately apartment building facing Lincoln Park that is being turned into luxury rentals. In the foreground, a pack of stray cats roughhoused in the debris of a vacant lot, and a few paces away, recently paroled felons did pull-ups in the yard of their halfway house. At one point, Mayor Booker's father sauntered through as hip-hop music blared from living room.

Day turned to night, someone called out for another cocktail, and nobody seemed to notice as a hungry cat howled and the halfway house residents, perhaps stirred up by the party on the other side of the fence, shouted at one another, their voices filled with joy.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: From top: a party at Ron Saleh's home near Lincoln Park

Rupert Ravens, left, a curator, with Joseph Aratow, a real estate broker, at 85 Market Street, once a furniture store, and soon to be an art gallery. At left, more high-end restaurants like 27 Mix on Halsey Street are coming to Newark. (Photographs by Richard Perry/The New York Times)(pg. 37)

An art gallery will soon fill this space at 85 Market Street in Newark. The city has gained more than 10,000 residents in the past five years.

Customers at 27 Mix on a recent Friday night. David Anstatt, a 27 Mix owner, says, ''Everyone here feels like the city is going to pop in five years.'' (Photographs by Richard Perry/The New York Times)(pg. 40) Map of Newark highlighting planned renovations and buildings currently under construction. (pg. 40)

**Load-Date:** May 6, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Review/Film: Remains of the Day;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VGS0-0024-J1X3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Blind Dignity: A Butler's Story***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VGS0-0024-J1X3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 5, 1993, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Weekend Desk

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**Length:** 1364 words

**Byline:** By VINCENT CANBY

By VINCENT CANBY

**Body**

IN the late 1930's, in a stately home of England called Darlington Hall, Stevens (Anthony Hopkins) is the butler. He's the supreme commander of a vast staff that includes the housekeeper, the underbutlers, the cooks, the maids, the footmen, the scullery helpers, even those people who work outside the great house. As the members of his staff are expected to serve him, so Stevens serves his master, Lord Darlington (James Fox). He serves without question. Or, as he says at one point, "It's not my place to have an opinion."

Stevens is not just any butler. Through a combination of hard work, long hours, denial of his own needs and carefully blinkered intelligence, Stevens has become what his peers would acknowledge to be a great butler. In his world he's the equivalent to Lord Darlington, someone who, when the chips are down, is to be trusted. Stevens is a man of honor and dignity, which become for him, as for the intensely dim-witted Lord Darlington, fatal flaws.

Taking this rather arcane story, adapted from Kazuo Ishiguro's award-winning novel, Ismail Merchant, the producer; James Ivory, the director, and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, the writer, have made "The Remains of the Day," a spellbinding new tragi-comedy of high and most entertaining order. Here is an exquisite work that could become a quite unlikely smash.

Nothing that Mr. Merchant, Mr. Ivory and Ms. Jhabvala have done before -- not even "The Bostonians," "A Room With a View" or "Howards End" -- has the psychological and political scope and the spare authority of this enchantingly realized film.

"The Remains of the Day," like the novel, is nothing if not metaphoric. Stevens is the proudly subservient, pre-World War II English ***working class***. Darlington Hall is England. Stevens's fierce determination to serve, and the satisfaction it gives him, are the last, worn-out gasps of a feudal system that was supposed to have vanished centuries before.

The film also has its roots in history. The people who gather around Lord Darlington recall the members of the so-called "Cliveden set." These were the high-minded, sometimes fascist-leaning, thoroughly wrongheaded English Tories who, in the years before Munich and the partition of Czechoslovakia in 1938, worked so hard to accommodate Hitler and to preserve England's rigid social hierarchies.

In one of the film's nastiest, most vicious scenes, Lord Darlington allows two of his guests to ask Stevens about his views on German war reparations and other international matters of the day. Says the mannerly Stevens in response to each question, "I'm sorry, sir, but I'm unable to be of assistance in this matter." Lord Darlington's friends have proved their point: universal suffrage is an appalling waste of time.

Yet history and metaphors never get in the way of the film's piercing social and psychological comedy. "The Remains of the Day" is so lucid and so minutely detailed that it has its own triumphant life, which is enriched by other associations without being dependent on them. Among other things, the film offers riveting, almost documentarylike sequences showing how such great houses once functioned, how dozens of guests were accommodated, how elaborate meals were prepared, how the servants preserved order among themselves through their own hierarchies.

Stevens, as wondrously played by Mr. Hopkins, is a very strange romantic hero. He's fussy, uptight, humorless and seemingly asexual. As improbable as it might seem, "The Remains of the Day" is a love story, possibly two love stories. It is most immediately about the edgy relationship of Stevens and Miss Kenton (Emma Thompson), the beautiful, lively and very efficient housekeeper whom he hires after the previous housekeeper runs off with the underbutler.

In spite of her beauty, Miss Kenton wins the sober-sided Stevens's support. She's obviously motivated by a strong need for work and would appear to be commonsensical. "I know from my own experience," she tells him early on, "how the staff is at sixes and sevens when they start marrying each other." In the months that follow, it's clear that Miss Kenton is drawn to the commanding, cool Stevens.

Yet Stevens allows nothing to come between him and his duties, which is just another way of saying between him and Lord Darlington. There isn't anything either overtly or covertly sexual about their relationship. They are servant and master, but it's a relationship so satisfactory to both, each in a different way, that it subsumes the sexual and even the romantic.

Stevens worships Lord Darlington, a well-meaning twit of dangerously serious ambitions to serve England and save it from war as Hitler consolidates his hold on Germany. Darlington Hall becomes the center of all sorts of unofficial diplomatic conferences that, Stevens understands, will decide the fate of Europe. It is through Lord Darlington that Stevens, whether he's planning a banquet for 40 or passing port in the library, sees himself as serving history. When his master is accused of being a Nazi sympathizer of possibly treasonous proportions, Stevens's world also collapses.

This is not giving away the plot. Lord Darlington's awesome naivete is made known early in the film, which unfolds in a series of flashbacks from 1958, shortly after Lord Darlington's death and the sale of Darlington Hall. The hall's purchaser is Lewis (Christopher Reeve), a rich American who, as a United States Congressman, participated in one of Lord Darlington's peace-now conferences just before Munich.

The film begins when Stevens, having been given a week's holiday by Lewis, as well as the use of the old Daimler, sets off on a journey to the west of England. His goal: to see Miss Kenton, now Mrs. Benn, whom he believes is ready to come back to Darlington Hall since the failure of her 20-year marriage. As Stevens rolls majestically through the rolling countryside, his adventures prompt a shattering re-evaluation of his life.

Harold Pinter wrote an earlier screen adaptation of the novel, but it's difficult to imagine how anyone could improve on Ms. Jhabvala's screenplay and Mr. Ivory's direction of it. Though the collaborators are sometimes less indirect than Mr. Ishiguro, the film retains the sense of the novel and is as rich in texture and incident.

In Ms. Thompson's performance, which suggests Miss Kenton's desperate, aching sexuality, the film makes coherent a passion not really believable in the novel. Ms. Thompson is splendid, even to the way Miss Kenton's carefully acquired upper-class accent, which she uses while in service at Darlington Hall, slips a few notches when she's met 20 years later.

Mr. Fox and Mr. Reeve head the fine supporting cast, which also includes notable work by Peter Vaughan, as Stevens's fearful old father; Hugh Grant as Lord Darlington's godson, an aristocrat who becomes a caustic critic of the politics of appeasement, and Tim Pigott-Smith, who plays Miss Kenton's husband, a very good role that isn't even in the book.

In the way that "The Remains of the Day" looks grand without being overdressed, it is full of feeling without being sentimental. Here's a film for adults. It's also about time to recognize that Mr. Ivory is one of our finest directors, something that critics tend to overlook because most of his films have been literary adaptations. It's the film, not the source material, that counts. "The Remains of the Day" has its own, securely original cinematic life.

"The Remains of the Day" has been rated PG (Parental guidance suggested). It would bore most children, though without corrupting them.

The Remains of the Day

Directed by James Ivory; written by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, based on the novel by Kazuo Ishiguro; director of photography, Tony Pierce-Roberts; edited by Andrew Marcus; music by Richard Robbins; production designer, Luciana Arrighi; produced by Mike Nichols, John Calley and Ismail Merchant; released by Columbia Pictures. Running time: 134 minutes. This film is rated PG.

Stevens . . . Anthony Hopkins

Miss Kenton . . . Emma Thompson

Lewis . . . Christopher Reeve

Lord Darlington . . . James Fox

Father . . . Peter Vaughan

Cardinal . . . Hugh Grant

Benn . . . Tim Pigott-Smith

Spencer . . . Patrick Godfrey

**Graphic**

Photo: Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson. (Columbia Pictures)

**Load-Date:** November 5, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Following Attacks, Spain's Governing Party Is Beaten - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BXV-3H00-TW8F-G283-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 15, 2004 Monday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section A; Column 6; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1; BOMBINGS IN MADRID: POLITICAL UPHEAVAL

**Length:** 1475 words

**Byline:** By ELAINE SCIOLINO; Helene Fouquet and Dale Fuchs contributed reporting for this article.

**Dateline:** MADRID, March 14

**Body**

Spain's opposition Socialists swept to an upset victory in general elections on Sunday, ousting the center-right party of Prime Minister Jose Maria Aznar in a groundswell of voter anger and grief over his handling of terrorist bombings in Madrid last week.

Investigators reported Sunday that there was growing evidence of involvement of Muslim fundamentalists in the attacks. They said one of five men arrested in the bombings had been linked to a suspected cell of Al Qaeda in Spain, and a Spanish antiterrorism official said several of the men had been under surveillance before the attacks. [Page A12.]

The bombings, the deadliest terror attack in Europe since World War II, turned on its head what just a few days ago seemed to be a likely victory by Mr. Aznar's Popular Party. Some voters apparently believed that Al Qaeda had plotted the attacks to punish Mr. Aznar for supporting the war, which Spaniards overwhelmingly opposed.

With each new bit of information about the investigation into the attack came accusations that Mr. Aznar's party may have tried to suppress evidence of possible Qaeda involvement by assuming that Basque separatists were responsible.

In addition to the men who have been arrested, the Spanish authorities were investigating the possible involvement in the plot of other militant Muslims previously known to Spanish intelligence officials.

One official said investigators were examining how militants active in Spain may have joined with others from abroad to carry out the attack.

The threat of terrorism became more of a reality to many in Europe. [Page A13.] In Germany, the government held an emergency meeting of its security cabinet. Interior Minister Otto Schily said Germany was asking for an emergency gathering of European police and security officials to form what he called a ''common assessment'' of the terrorism danger and to ''coordinate how to respond.''

The Socialist victory in Spain was seen as a repudiation of Mr. Aznar, whose party has been in office for eight years, and his close bonds with President Bush. It also posed a new problem for the American-led occupation force in Iraq, where Spain has 1,300 troops, because the Socialists have said they will withdraw them in the absence of a clear United Nations mandate.

Rage at the government overshadowed Election Day. Protesters shouted ''Liar!'' and ''Get our troops out of Iraq!'' at the Popular Party candidate Mariano Rajoy, the 48-year-old lawyer who had been expected to be Mr. Aznar's successor, as he voted at a Madrid polling station.

Jose Luis Rodriguez Zapatero, the 43-year-old lawyer who will become prime minister, accepted victory at his party's campaign headquarters by asking for a moment of silence for the bombing victims.

He called for ''restrained euphoria'' in light of the bombings, which killed 200 people and wounded 1,500 on four commuter trains in Madrid on Thursday.

''Terror should know that it has all of us in front of it and we will conquer it,'' he said. ''I will lead a quiet change. I will govern for all in unity. And power will not change me, I promise you that.''

In his speech conceding defeat, Mr. Rajoy praised Mr. Zapatero as a ''worthy opponent'' and pledged that the Popular Party would be ''a loyal opposition always serving the interests of Spain.''

But Mr. Rajoy noted that the election had been ''inexorably marked by the atrocious attack'' of terrorism. Mr. Aznar, who had hand-picked Mr. Rajoy as his successor, stood solemnly at his side.

The arrest of three Moroccans and two Indians and an official announcement, just hours before the polls opened, of a videotape in which a man claimed that Al Qaeda had carried out the bombings prompted accusations that the government was lying when it claimed that the violent Basque separatist movement ETA was most likely responsible.

In November, Mr. Zapatero called for the withdrawal of Spanish troops from Iraq after the death of seven Spanish secret service agents in an ambush. More recently, he softened his position, saying that if he won the election, he would withdraw the troops at the end of June unless a United Nations-led force took charge.

He also said during the campaign that Mr. Aznar's government had slavishly followed the United States, deepened European divisions over the war and damaged Spain's relationship with France and Germany.

The governing party ''has gambled everything on its blind support for the United States, or rather the Bush administration, at the price of weakening the bond between Spain and Europe,'' he said in January.

According to official election figures, the Socialists won 43 percent of the vote and 164 seats in the 350-member Chamber of Deputies; the Popular Party won 38 percent of the vote and 148 seats.

Both the Popular Party and the biggest left-wing party, United Left, lost support to the Socialists. In 2000, the Popular Party won 183 seats, compared with 125 for the Socialists.

The Socialists were short of the 176 seats to have a majority necessary to form a government, which means it must create a coalition with another party or parties.

Mr. Aznar will remain the head of government until a new government is formed, which, under complicated electoral rules and the Constitution, could take about three months.

The turnout was higher than expected. More than 77 percent of the country's 35 million eligible voters cast ballots, compared with 55 percent four years ago. In Madrid, the figure was 80 percent.

In a television appearance on Saturday night, Mr. Rajoy alienated some voters when he called spontaneous antigovernment rallies that brought thousands of people to the streets of Madrid ''serious antidemocratic events that never before happened in the history of our democracy.'' He added, ''Their aim is to influence and pressure the will of voters throughout the day of reflection.''

At a polling station in Cozlada, a tight-knit ***working-class*** suburb east of Madrid where all four of the attacked trains had passed, there seemed not to be one person who did not know someone who had died.

''Our prime minister has gotten us into a terrible, completely wrong war,'' Vanessa Bellon, a 23-year-old preschool teacher with a piercing near her lower lip, said as she voted there for the United Left Party. ''And because of it, I spent yesterday and today going to funerals. I am thinking of a 3-year-old child at my school who no longer has a mother.''

That anger was echoed in the trendy Calle Fuencarral neighborhood of central Madrid. ''We've enough of this government,'' said Nayra Delgado, a 31-year-old documentary filmmaker who voted for the Socialists. ''It's too much. They think they are kings in this country.''

At El Pozo train station, where one of the attacks occurred, the walls were covered with graffiti that read, ''Aznar Killer,'' and ''No to Terrorism.'' Red candles and bouquets of flowers were haphazardly arranged in tribute to the victims. Just across the street, the polling station was set up in a school, some of whose students had lost parents in the attacks.

''I certainly did not vote for the Popular Party,'' said a 79-year-old retired carpenter who identified himself only as Julian. ''My daughter's hand was cut off, and she almost lost a part of her leg. Aznar should come here to see that, to see these people. But he did nothing for us. He did nothing for the poor. He is one who brought us to war. I went through the civil war, and the postwar. But this is worse.''

A 26-year-old window frame maker, who identified himself only as David, said he had changed his vote from Popular Party to Socialist because of the bombings and the war in Iraq. ''Maybe the Socialists will get our troops out of Iraq, and Al Qaeda will forget about Spain, so we will be less frightened,'' he said. ''A bit of us died in the train.''

Addressing both Mr. Aznar and Mr. Rajoy, he said, ''I tell them, come to our neighborhoods, we will tell you some things about life, about these poor people who died.''

In conservative pockets of the country, people argued that stability, not change, was needed at this time of crisis. In the 12th-century, walled, hilltop city of Avila, the hometown of St. Teresa, voters said they had cast their ballots as they always did -- for the Popular Party.

The election of the prime minister involved a complicated process in which voters did not vote for one candidate but for one party list of candidates for deputies in Parliament.

Voters had the choice of 28 party lists, including mainstream parties like the Popular and Socialist parties and tiny ones like the leftist Communist Party of the Peoples of Spain and the rightist Falange, which opposes immigration and supports the memory of the late dictator Franco.

There was little chance of secret ballots; lists were laid out on open tables in polling stations.

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

**Correction**

A front-page article on Monday about the victory of the opposition Socialists in the Spanish election on Sunday misstated the percentage of eligible voters who turned out in 2000. It was 68.7 percent, not 55. (The comparable figure on Sunday was more than 77 percent.)

**Correction-Date:** March 17, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Jose Luis Rodriguez Zapatero (Photo by Agence France-Presse--Getty Images)

Supporters of Spain's Socialist party celebrated in Madrid yesterday after the party's upset victory at the polls. (Photo by Agence France-Presse--Getty Images)(pg. A1)

Spaniards headed to a polling station yesterday, above, near El Pozo train station in Madrid. One of the four commuter trains damaged in the bombings on Thursday sits in the background. Below, one of the victims of the attacks cast his vote in Madrid near the site of one of the other bombings. (Photographs by Agence France-Presse--Getty Images)(pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** March 15, 2004

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[***BEST SELLERS: August 23, 1998***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TFS-7300-007F-G2PS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 23, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 22; Column 2; Book Review Desk; Column 2;; List

**Length:** 1416 words

**Body**

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|  |  | Weeks |
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| This | Last | On |
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| Week | Week | List | Fiction |
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| 1 |  | 1 | RAINBOW SIX, by Tom Clancy. (Putnam, $27.95.) John Clark, heading an international task force, investigates terrorist incidents in Switzerland, Germany and Spain. |
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| 2 | 1 | 5 | POINT OF ORIGIN, by Patricia Cornwell. (Putnam, $25.95.) Dr. Kay Scarpetta battles an old enemy, a serial killer who has escaped and is resuming her crimes. |
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| 3 | 2 | 8 | I KNOW THIS MUCH IS TRUE, by Wally Lamb. (Regan Books/HarperCollins, $27.50.) A troubled man must care for his schizophrenic identical-twin brother and face the nightmares that have bedeviled their family. |
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| 4 | 3 | 12 | SUMMER SISTERS, by Judy Blume. (Delacorte, $21.95.) Two young women from very different backgrounds come of age together on Martha's Vineyard. |
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| 5 | 8 | 2 | THE FIRST EAGLE, by Tony Hillerman. (HarperCollins, $25.) Two Navajo policemen pursue a mysterious killer -- a plague or a person? -- in the Southwest. |
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| 6 | 4 | 18 | MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE, by Nicholas Sparks. (Warner, $20.) After finding a seaborne bottle containing an enigmatic letter, a divorced woman encounters love. |
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| 7 | 5 | 10 | \* BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY, by Helen Fielding. (Viking, $22.95.) A year in the life of a 30-something single woman in London. |
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| 8 | 7 | 5 | A NIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR, by Jewel Kilcher. (HarperCollins, $15.) The singer-songwriter's poems contemplate love, family, Alaska and life on the road. (+) |
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| 9 | 9 | 39 | MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA, by Arthur Golden. (Knopf, $25.) The life of a young woman growing up in Kyoto who has to reinvent herself after World War II begins. |
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| 10 | 12 | 15 | A WIDOW FOR ONE YEAR, by John Irving. (Random House, $27.95.) Three looks at the complex emotional life of a writer and single mother. |
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| 11 | 6 | 8 | THE KLONE AND I, by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte, $17.95.) A woman believes she has found Mr. Right, a high-tech expert, then is amazed to meet his clone. |
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| 12 | 11 | 59 | COLD MOUNTAIN, by Charles Frazier. (Atlantic Monthly, $24.) A wounded Confederate soldier journeys home toward the end of the Civil War to meet an old love and a new world. |
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| 13 | 10 | 6 | LOW COUNTRY, by Anne Rivers Siddons. (HarperCollins, $25.) The husband of a South Carolina woman considers turning the island she inherited into a resort. |
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| 14 |  | 3 | QUITE A YEAR FOR PLUMS, by Bailey White. (Knopf, $22.) Life as lived by the eccentric inhabitants of a small Georgia town. |
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| 15 | 13 | 3 | COAST ROAD, by Barbara Delinsky. (Simon & Schuster, $24.) A California architect puts his life on hold when his former wife falls into a coma after a car accident. |
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|  |  | Weeks |
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| Week | Week | List | Nonfiction |
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|  |
| 1 | 1 | 44 | TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE, by Mitch Albom. (Doubleday, $19.95.) A sportswriter tells of his weekly visits to his old college mentor, who was near death's door. |
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| 2 | 2 | 10 | A PIRATE LOOKS AT FIFTY, by Jimmy Buffett. (Random House, $24.95.) Traveling from Florida to the Amazon, the singer-songwriter reflects on his life. |
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| 3 | 3 | 11 | A WALK IN THE WOODS, by Bill Bryson. (Broadway, $25.) A journalist hikes the Appalachian Trail. |
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| 4 | 4 | 101 | ANGELA'S ASHES, by Frank McCourt. (Scribner, $25.) An Irish-American writer recalls his childhood amid the miseries of Limerick. |
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| 5 | 5 | 83 | THE MILLIONAIRE NEXT DOOR, by Thomas J. Stanley and William D. Danko. (Longstreet, $22.) An analysis of the lives of wealthy Americans. (+) |
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| 6 | 6 | 10 | \*A MONK SWIMMING, by Malachy McCourt. (Hyperion, $23.95.) The writer and actor (and brother of Frank McCourt) remembers his life in America and Ireland. |
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| 7 | 10 | 21 | CITIZEN SOLDIERS, by Stephen E. Ambrose. (Simon & Schuster, $27.50.) The United States Army from Normandy to the Bulge to Germany's surrender. |
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| 8 | 9 | 12 | TITAN, by Ron Chernow. (Random House, $30.) The life of John D. Rockefeller Sr. |
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| 9 | 8 | 16 | \*WE ARE OUR MOTHERS' DAUGHTERS, by Cokie Roberts. (Morrow, $19.95.) The television news anchor's personal reflections on women. |
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| 10 | 7 | 19 | THE GIFTS OF THE JEWS, by Thomas Cahill. (Talese/ Doubleday, $23.50.) What Western civilization owes an ancient nomadic tribe. |
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| 11 | 11 | 88 | CONVERSATIONS WITH GOD: Book 1, by Neale Donald Walsch. (Putnam, $19.95.) The author addresses questions of good and evil, guilt and sin. (+) |
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| 12 | 12 | 8 | SHIP OF GOLD IN THE DEEP BLUE SEA, by Gary Kinder. (Atlantic Monthly, $27.50.) The efforts of a group to recover sunken treasure off the Carolina coast. |
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| 13 | 13 | 214 | MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL, by John Berendt. (Random House, $25.) The mysterious death of a young man in Savannah, Ga. (+) |
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| 14 | 15 | 7 | PHILISTINES AT THE HEDGEROW, by Steven Gaines. (Little, Brown, $26.95.) A social history of the East End of Long Island, haunt of the rich and celebrated. |
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| 15 | 14 | 53 | \* THE MAN WHO LISTENS TO HORSES, by Monty Roberts. (Random House, $23.) The memoirs of a professional horse trainer. |
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| 16 |  | 1 | \* EXPLAINING HITLER, by Ron Rosenbaum. (Random House, $30.) An analysis of the many theories about the origins of Hitler's evil. |
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| Week | Week | List | Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous |
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| 1 | 1 | 15 | SUGAR BUSTERS! by H. Leighton Steward et al. (Ballantine, $22.) A diet designed for losing weight, increasing energy and combating disease. (+) |
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| 2 | 5 | 20 | THE 9 STEPS TO FINANCIAL FREEDOM, by Suze Orman. (Crown, $23.) Practical and spiritual steps for managing your money. (+) |
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| 3 | 2 | 12 | IN THE MEANTIME, by Iyanla Vanzant. (Simon & Schuster, $23.) Ways to find what you truly need, particularly "the love that you want." (+) |
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| 4 |  | 231 | MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS, by John Gray. (HarperCollins, $25.) Improving communication and relationships. (+) |

Rankings reflect sales, for the week ending Aug. 8, at almost 4,000 bookstores plus wholesalers serving 50,000 other retailers (gift shops, department stores, newsstands, supermarkets), statistically weighted to represent all such outlets nationwide. An asterisk (\*) indicates that a book's sales are barely distinguishable from those of the book above. A dagger (+) indicates that some bookstores report receiving bulk orders. Expanded rankings are available from The New York Times on the Web: [*www.nytimes.com/books*](http://www.nytimes.com/books).

And Bear in Mind

(Editors' choices of other recent books of particular interest)

BASQUIAT: A Quick Killing in Art, by Phoebe Hoban. (Viking, $29.95.) A biography, by a magazine journalist, of the hype-created wild druggie genius painter from Brooklyn who collaborated with Warhol and died at 27 in 1988.

THE BEACH: The History of Paradise on Earth, by Lena Lencek and Gideon Bosker. (Viking, $25.95.) From the Romans to the Hamptons, an engaging chronicle of beach culture; it includes an appendix on the authors' top 80 resort selections.

CAMBODIA: Report From a Stricken Land, by Henry Kamm. (Arcade, $25.95.) A retired correspondent of this newspaper, familiar with Cambodia since 1970, examines its tortured past and present and despairs of its future.

THE FATHER OF SPIN: Edward L. Bernays and the Birth of Public Relations, by Larry Tye. (Crown, $27.50.) The resourcefully researched biography of a puff artist who turned his own wedding into a publicity stunt and found experts to establish and reinforce the benefits of smoking.

ICY SPARKS, by Gwyn Hyman Rubio. (Viking, $24.95.) Icy, the hyperarticulate heroine of this first novel, struggles with her personal handicaps (she's an orphan with Tourette's syndrome) in a world that's in no hurry to help her out.

INGRATITUDE, by Ying Chen. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $20.) This author's third novel, short, resolute and tightly strung, is narrated from the grave by a woman who killed herself in order to make her mother suffer (and to make a point about women in traditional Chinese culture).

THE MOURNERS' BENCH, by Susan Dodd. (Morrow, $24.) A novel in which two ***working-class*** sisters in the South and a male teacher from Yankeeland assume tragic configurations, from which the survivors are able to escape by humor, irony and real interest in what's happening.

OPEN MINDED: Working Out the Logic of the Soul, by Jonathan Lear. (Harvard University, $35.) A wise defense of Freud by a psychoanalyst and philosopher who argues that without Freud's insights, citizens in a democratic polity are apt to believe that whatever they think and whatever they want make some kind of rational sense.

SKATING TO ANTARCTICA: A Journey to the End of the World, by Jenny Diski. (Ecco, $23.95.) A mightily disturbing memoir-cum-travel-book in which the awful blankness and emptiness of the continent runs parallel with an excursion into the terrain of a remarkably unfortunate childhood.

TOWARDS A NEW MUSEUM, by Victoria Newhouse. (Monacelli, paper, $45.) An architectural historian of great range and scope provides a gatherum of ideas, questions, critiques and inspirations that are raised, or should be raised, by the museum boom of the last 30 years.

**Load-Date:** August 23, 1998

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[***A Texas Dark Horse Runs at Full Gallop***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TF3-DC60-007F-G1S9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 20, 1998, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 12; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 1255 words

**Byline:** Garry Mauro

By RICK LYMAN

By RICK LYMAN

**Dateline:** DENTON, Tex. Aug. 14

**Body**

Garry Mauro, swift and streaked with sweat, doggedly guided a V-formation of lesser candidates across a sun-crisped lawn in a section of town called Idiots Hill, so named, residents explained, because it was once so far from downtown that people thought only an idiot would live there.

"I'm running for governor against George Bush," Mr. Mauro, 50, said when Dan Leavitt came to the door. "I'll beat that guy if you'll help me."

Mr. Mauro, the state Land Commissioner, stood there in a red tie, khaki pants and blue button-down shirt, his back a Rorschach test of perspiration. In his left hand was a leaflet and a bumper sticker, in his right a rubber mallet for hammering yard signs into the baked ground.

"I've knocked personally on nearly 7,000 doors and my supporters have hit more than 300,000," Mr. Mauro told Mr. Leavitt. "This is my 73d neighborhood walk, maybe 74th, I can't remember anymore. We're going to hit a million doors by Labor Day and that's just the beginning. I'm going to win this election car by car, house by house, neighborhood by neighborhood. Can I put a bumper sticker on your car? How about a sign in your yard?"

Mr. Leavitt thought that, no, that would not be such a good idea, but he promised to keep an open mind. "Fair enough," Mr. Mauro said, turned and stalked up the street.

"I'm a pretty strong Bush supporter," said Mr. Leavitt, a Christian religious counselor, after the candidates had left. "My big thing is issues of morality, and the governor stands for more of what I consider family values. But I do appreciate him coming here."

No one disputes that Garry Mauro is in an uphill struggle against an enormously popular incumbent who is, not incidentally, also often mentioned as one of the Republican Party's front-runners for the Presidential nomination in 2000.

In the most recent nonpartisan Texas Poll, released in mid-June, Governor Bush led Mr. Mauro 70 percent to 17 percent. Mr. Mauro challenged the validity of those figures and said his own surveys, which were being conducted by Mark Penn, one of President Clinton's pollsters, showed him trailing by only 30 percentage points.

"Texans are not focusing on the governor's race yet," Mr. Mauro said. "They're more interested in the hot weather than they are in the hot governor's race. Once they start paying attention, in late September or early October, and realize that we are right on the issues, the numbers are going to begin to shift."

At every meeting and on every doorstep, Mr. Mauro punches the four campaign points that came out of six months of research, mall surveys, focus groups and polling that preceded his announcement of candidacy on Nov. 17.

Mr. Mauro said his "Texas Families First" campaign favors a $5,000 to $6,000 raise for the state's public school teachers and an infusion of $2 billion in state money to build more classrooms, an end to the sales tax on cars, trucks and vans, a Patients' Bill of Rights to guarantee some degree of doctor choice for those in health maintenance organizations and an infusion of state money to put 10,000 more police officers on the streets.

Mr. Bush began his television campaign last week with two commercials, one emphasizing ethics and accountability, the other promising a commitment to public education.

Mr. Mauro said: "We'll have our share of 30-second TV commercials. But we won't put them on until the last four or five weeks of the campaign. Until then, we're going to go door to door. I truly believe that there is magic in knocking on doors."

Because Mr. Mauro worked with Bill Clinton on George McGovern's Presidential campaign in Texas in 1972 and also has a close relationship with Hillary Rodham Clinton and Vice President Al Gore, some have wondered whether he might be undertaking a suicide mission to try to damage one of Mr. Gore's potential opponents in 2000, assuming Mr. Gore is the Democrats' Presidential nominee.

But Mr. Mauro said he was in the race because George W. Bush could be beaten.

"I truly believe that Bush has a glass jaw," he said. "Among Texas voters, there is no real loyalty to him, no real understanding of who he is. I truly believe that 10 to 15 percent of the population thinks that his father is the governor."

Billy Rogers, Mr. Mauro's campaign manager, acknowledged that the campaign has received advice and encouragement from the White House.

"But we've received no money from the national party and only some from the Congressional Campaign Committee," Mr. Rogers said. "About 98 percent of our money has been raised in Texas."

As of the last reporting period, in June, the Mauro campaign had raised about $4 million, the Bush campaign more than $14 million.

But not to worry, Mr. Rogers said, Texas has a history of upsets in races for governor.

In 1982, Mark White came from behind to beat a Republican incumbent. In 1990, Ann Richards was trailing the Republican nominee, Clayton Williams, by 33 points in the summer. "There was never an independent poll that showed Ann ahead, never, and she won that race," Mr. Rogers said. And then, of course, Mr. Bush upset Ms. Richards in 1994 "even though she was ahead in the polls until the very last week of the race."

In campaign speeches, Mr. Mauro attacks "Austin insiders" in the state capital and emphasizes his Texas roots and middle-class background.

"Not all of us had the opportunity to go to a Connecticut boarding school or to Yale University like Governor Bush," he told a small gathering in Cleburne last week. "I went to high school in Waco and to Texas A&M -- that's right, I'm an Aggie -- and I know what ordinary Texans think. George Bush is a nice guy, but he's like his father. He's just a little out of touch with ordinary Texans."

Mr. Bush's re-election committee will happily provide a list of the 108 Democratic office holders who have endorsed the Republican incumbent over Mr. Mauro, including the retiring Lieutenant Governor, Bob Bullock, once Mr. Mauro's employer and the godfather of one of his two children.

"There's been a lot said about Democratic officials supporting George Bush," Mr. Mauro told supporters in Granbury last week. "Well, there are 3,300 Democratic officials in Texas, and he's got the support of 105 or so of them. I'm an Aggie, but even I know that he can have 105 if I can keep 3,200."

The sun was already set to broil in a cloudless sky when Mr. Mauro made his way up to yet another door, this time one in a small, ***working-class*** subdivision in Wichita Falls.

"I saw you on TV last night," Angela Wineinger said as one of her three children peered around the doorframe. "I told my husband that if you knocked on our door I was going to vote for you."

Mr. Mauro beamed. There had been some good coverage on the local station the night before, and several residents had mentioned it. The welcomes had been warmer, and already the block was flecked with Mauro yard signs and bumper stickers.

"I like Bush, I guess," Ms. Wineinger said after the candidate had left. "I've heard a lot about him. But I think it's impressive that Mauro came to my neighborhood. That really impresses me. I'm going to vote for him."

Mr. Mauro slid into the back seat of his car and slammed down half a bottle of icy mineral water. A good morning, he said, but he was disappointed by the lack of television cameras for the neighborhood walk. A campaign worker explained: Every camera in Wichita Falls had been sent out to the Dallas Cowboys' training facility in town.

Mr. Mauro finished off the water. "We can beat George Bush," he said, "But we can't beat the Dallas Cowboys."

**Graphic**

Photo: Garry Mauro, left, the Texas Land Commissioner and Democratic candidate for governor, stopped at the home of Kathy and Bill Vogelsang in Cameron in his door-to-door campaign to unseat Gov. George W. Bush. (Ted Albracht for The New York Times)

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[***Earthquake Twister Inferno: The Sequel***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TFS-7300-007F-G2R0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 23, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7; Page 5; Column 1; Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1469 words

**Byline:** By William Finnegan;

William Finnegan's books include "A Complicated War" and, most recently, "Cold New World."

By William Finnegan;  William Finnegan's books include "A Complicated War" and, most recently, "Cold New World."

**Body**

ECOLOGY OF FEAR

Los Angeles and the

Imagination of Disaster.

By Mike Davis.

Illustrated. 484 pp. New York:

Metropolitan Books/

Henry Holt & Company. $27.50.

In "City of Quartz" (1990), Mike Davis wrote, "Los Angeles -- far more than New York, Paris or Tokyo -- polarizes debate: it is the terrain and subject of fierce ideological struggle." While the first phrase that springs to mind in connection with Los Angeles might not be, for most people, "fierce ideological struggle," Davis was right. There is a long-running, highly charged debate about the history and character of L.A. It is an argument between, basically, the city's boosters, who for more than a century have been luring new residents, tourists and investment with tales of endless sunshine and opportunity, and its critics, from labor historians to urban geographers to the authors of noir fiction and film.

This heterogeneous clamor gained a commanding new voice with the publication of "City of Quartz." Davis mixed scholarship with street reporting, flinty analysis with gorgeous writing, to produce a riveting tour of Southern California's politics and culture, past and present. A self-described ***working-class*** "native son," solidly in the camp of the radical critics, Davis seemed to know the city's every odd corner and guilty secret. Few of its idols or self-delusions escaped his elegant hammer. He even trashed Frank Gehry.

With "Ecology of Fear," Davis is back with more bad news, delivered with his usual brio and a new emphasis on natural history. The whole Los Angeles megalopolis has been built, it seems, under a set of terrible delusions about the region's habitability. Everyone knows that the city must import water to live, that it is prone to earthquakes, fires, mudslides, droughts and the occasional flood. But who knew about the two "megadroughts" that, according to recent research, parched California during the Middle Ages -- one lasting 220 years, the other 140? The most severe modern drought has lasted six. Try to picture what a couple of centuries of nothing but blue skies would do to Southern California today.

Then there is a newly discovered geological form, the "blind thrust fault," buried deep in the earth and apparently posing a major, previously unsuspected earthquake threat to Los Angeles. According to Davis, moreover, the city has accumulated an enormous "quake debt" during the 210 years since the last truly catastrophic earthquake shook the area, and may now be emerging from the "stress-relaxation shadows" that such huge quakes provide. "The urbanization of the Los Angeles area has, it seems, taken place during one of the most unusual episodes of climatic and seismic benignity since the inception of the Holocene."

What the city's builders and planners have always assumed is "that the present is the key to the past, and therefore to the future" -- a philosophical error that becomes magnified in a place like Southern California, which is, in Davis's view, "a revolutionary, not a reformist landscape." It is, he says, better understood with a "neocatastrophic" model, emphasizing extreme events and abrupt changes rather than slow, gradual evolution. Of course, ordinary greed and arrogance have also been big contributors to land-use policies that have covered steep, unstable hillsides with what Davis calls "firebelt" suburbs, paved over critical flood plains and coastal wetlands, largely eliminated public open space and permitted the construction, in Los Angeles County alone, of nearly 3,000 precast concrete buildings, never mind their homicidal tendency to collapse in earthquakes.

Quake relief itself has become, for that matter, a political instrument, used by the Clinton Administration, for example, after the 1994 Northridge earthquake both to gain favor with local voters and to pump up the local economy ("seismic Keynesianism"). In the country as a whole, Federal disaster aid disbursed under new no-deficit rules has been forcing cutbacks in social spending -- "recycling natural disaster as class struggle," in Davis's trenchant phrase.

Davis is astute on the social psychology produced by disasters. "Anglo-Californians," he observes, "have always criminalized the problem of mountain wildfire," refusing to accept the natural "chaparral fire cycle" and reflexively looking instead for arsonists, usually among the outsiders and subversives of their era -- Indians and drifters at the turn of the century, later Wobblies, Okies, "Axis saboteurs," sexual deviants (in the 1950's) and, most recently, environmentalists. "Conversely, there has been a persistent tendency to naturalize the strictly human causality of tenement fire," thus directing resources away from safety inspections that demonstrably save the lives of the poor.

Another vivid example of "the occlusion of natural history by landscape ideology" is the well-kept secret that Los Angeles gets hit regularly by tornadoes. Not wanting to scare off customers, The Los Angeles Times effectively banned the "T word" from its pages for many years, preferring "freak winds" to explain the wreckage left behind by violent twisters. This reticence can still be seen today. Earlier this year, after a twister with winds up to 110 miles per hour tore the roof off a supermarket and damaged several schools, The Los Angeles Times merely noted reports of an "apparent tornado."

The enthusiasm with which Davis describes some of the disasters that litter his narrative can be unsettling. He appears to revel in what he calls "the conflagrationist potential of Los Angeles" -- emphatically including ghetto uprisings in that potential -- and repeatedly dismisses the idea that other cities might have problems as big or as bad or as exciting as L.A.'s. This fervor sometimes pushes his muscular prose over the line into bombast. It may also be responsible for the odd lapse into parochial indirection -- moments when readers unfamiliar with local history, say, will find some place they never heard of referred to as "the legendary White City."

But Davis's passionate solicitude for the abused natural world of Southern California also inspires some of his most memorable turns of phrase. A recent series of mystifying attacks on humans by mountain lions, for instance, he all but celebrates as "the emergence of nonlinear lions with a lusty appetite for slow, soft animals in spandex." In a chapter titled "The Literary Destruction of Los Angeles," the question of whom to root for when Armageddon comes is actually brought to the surface. Davis surveys a wide field of urban-apocalyptic literature, then concentrates on the great proliferation in this century of "Los Angeles disaster fiction," even breaking down the books and films of the genre into "nine major story types . . . and their principal periods of popularity." With close readings of everything from the Buck Rogers saga to "The Turner Diaries," Davis persuasively concludes that "racial anxiety" is the "abiding hysteria" of most disaster fiction.

The begged question here, however, is which subgenre Davis's own work belongs in, since his fascination with the idea of his hometown's destruction is clearly as powerful as anyone's. A clue to the source of this fascination may be found, perhaps, in his wry observation that while the literary destruction of London, which used to be a popular theme, was widely understood as the destruction of Western civilization itself, "the obliteration of Los Angeles . . . is often depicted as, or at least secretly experienced as, a victory for civilization."

At the end of "Ecology of Fear," Davis returns to the nonfictional L.A., to the "spatial apartheid," "militarization" and other evil political portents previously explored in "City of Quartz." He provides a scary "remapping" of the city, emphasizing what he calls "social control districts," with a "homeless containment zone" at the center and a "gulag rim" of prisons on the periphery. It's an evocative scheme, grimly resonating with real trends, and yet it feels out of place in this book. A final effort to tie everything together with an orbiting satellite's infrared view of the 1992 Rodney King riots as "an exceptionally large thermal anomaly" also feels like a stretch. Davis's great intellectual breadth and agility shade here into sibylline grandiloquence.

For a fine, down-to-earth account of the decline of California's public services and political institutions, readers may want to look into Peter Schrag's "Paradise Lost," published earlier this year. What Mike Davis offers in "Ecology of Fear" -- graced with a bold political and environmental vision, much splendid phrasemaking and a multitude of facts, large and small, that I bet you never knew about Los Angeles -- is a truly eccentric contribution to the ideological fray in the Golden State.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** August 23, 1998

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[***A Degree, and With It an Affordable Space***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TH8-KCS0-007F-G08K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 30, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 14WC; ; Section 14WC; Page 8; Column 1; Westchester Weekly Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1433 words

**Byline:** By MERRI ROSENBERG

By MERRI ROSENBERG

**Dateline:** WHITE PLAINS

**Body**

THE graduates, wearing crisp summer suits or floral dresses, sat patiently during the ceremony at the White Plains public Library here, waiting to receive certificates of achievement.

What was soon apparent was that -- more than the corsages pinned on their outfits, more than the photo opportunity with County Executive Andrew J. Spano and perhaps more than the certificates themselves -- the 19 graduates prized most another piece of paper.

For these once homeless people, the real payoff was a Section 8 Housing Certificate to help them obtain permanent, affordable housing through the Supportive Housing Program.

"The goal of the Supportive Housing Program is to take people from dependency and shelters to permanent housing and independence," said Richard Hyman, housing director of Westhelp/Greenburgh, a transitional shelter. "For the families, who have had to work for at least six months, pay their rent on time and meet with a caseworker, they gained independence, self-respect and a Section 8 certificate. For the county, the program offers savings in shelter costs and welfare payments."

The Supportive Housing Program is a partnership with the county, the state and the Federal Government. It requires participants to have at least six months of employment or three months of employment combined with education and training.

With a Section 8 certificate, income-eligible families -- a determination based on 80 percent of the median income for a family of four -- contribute 30 percent of their adjusted growth income toward rent and the Federal Government subsidizes the rest. In Westchester County, the rental ceiling is $800 for a one-bedroom unit, $950 for a two-bedroom unit and $1,250 for a three-bedroom unit.

Affordable housing is a critical component for many families.

"My family and I were homeless since 1989," said Patricia Richardson, who was accompanied by her husband and one of her six children. "We've been on the waiting list for Section 8 housing for five years. It came together for us when we moved to the Westhelp shelter in Mount Vernon. Now my husband and I are both employed, and we have our own four-bedroom house in Mount Vernon, thanks to Supportive Housing and Section 8.

"This program should be continued, because Supportive Housing is very important," she said. "It really works. I started work at $5.50 an hour, and moved up to $6.25 an hour. I'm going to school in September to be a nurse's assistant aide, for $16 an hour. I felt like I was in a hole and couldn't get out of the system."

Offering Section 8 certificates as an incentive to help people move away from welfare underscores the importance of affordable housing. But affordable housing is not an issue just for those families in transitional housing or on public assistance.

In a June 18 statement, the County Chamber of Commerce said, "As we approach the new century, Westchester remains deficient in its ability to produce work force development housing at levels needed to sustain economic growth and prosperity."

The lack of affordable housing throughout the county affects people in the ***working class*** and the middle-class. Whether they are police officers or firefighters who move out of the county to Putnam and Dutchess Counties, young adults who cannot return to the communities in which they were reared or the elderly, affordable housing is considered a priority.

At the ceremony in late July, Mr. Spano said: "In Westchester County, it's hard to find housing when the average entry-level salary is $25,000. I've promised 5,000 units of affordable housing in the next four years. It's very tough, and I hope we're at least able to do that."

Under the previous administration, with the recommendation of the County Housing Opportunity Commission -- established by the Board of Legislators -- a goal of 5,000 units of affordable housing was set for the year 2000. The current stock of about 2,500 units, with 270 units added yearly, has made that goal elusive. Affordable housing is dependent on zoning decisions and policies of local municipalities.

The village of Irvington, the town of Greenburgh and the cities of New Rochelle, Peekskill and Yonkers, among others, have added affordable housing units.

In Tarrytown's Talleyrand Crescent development, 60 of the 300 units are designated for occupancy as affordable housing. White Plains recently added 14 units through the efforts of a community group, Shore, which stands for Sheltering the Homeless Is Our Responsibility.

Last winter, the State Supreme Court in White Plains found zoning in the town of Cortlandt unconstitutional and ruled that the town had to allow a developer to build affordable, multifamily housing.

"We're very hopeful about the housing climate with the new County Executive," said Ellen Levy, executive director of the Washingtonville Housing Alliance, a nonprofit housing agency in Mamaroneck. "We formed a housing coalition of not-for-profits in the county a few months ago. Each group has been working in its own area to create housing. Our sense is that in a community like Mamaroneck, small, scatter-site housing improves the existing community."

Some residents in Hastings-on-Hudson, however, have been reluctant to add a four-unit affordable housing development to the village. And the recommendations for affordable housing allocations to individual municipalities are still only suggestions.

Advocates take some comfort in a few signs of progress. "Twenty-three municipalities out of 43 in the county have passed resolutions of support," said George M. Raymond, chairman of the Housing Opportunity Commission. He observed that newcomers include Tuckahoe, North Castle, North Salem and Pleasantville.

"From our standpoint," he said, "two avenues need to be pursued. We need to continue to try to convince all the municipalities of the importance of the common effort to achieve countywide goals. The second effort is to work individually with each municipality. We think that more assistance could be given to municipalities from the county and the Planning Department to identify opportunities. It's not as difficult to get money as to get acceptance. I'm optimistic that it will succeed in the long run. It will be difficult in the short run."

In some cases, for example, private developers can be induced to include a percentage of affordable housing units in their multi-unit developments.

"There's a sense that we can work toward a goal of countywide affordable housing, partly because of the change in administration and partly because of the economic change," said County Legislator Lois T. Bronz, vice chairwoman of the Board of Legislators and a member of the committee on community affairs and housing.

"It's necessary to meet the needs of our work force. There's also a better understanding of the population who will take advantage of affordable housing, which is our working population. I'm pleased to see real progress happening."

Aid in the Housing Quest

FINDING a place to live in Westchester can be a challenge. The quest is particularly difficult for those struggling to move from public assistance to the working world.

"Rents are so high, and no housing is being built," said Barbara Finkelstein, executive director of Westchester-Putnam Legal Services in White Plains. "A lot of families will be terminated from public assistance and then be homeless. Building affordable housing is the first step. Even if they're earning $9 to $10 an hour, they can't afford apartments in Westchester."

Stanley Schear, a housing advocate, said: "What's needed is a graduated program to help with rent. The crunch from welfare to workfare doesn't allow a person making the transition to go into a housing situation that grows with them."

To some observers, programs like the Supportive Housing Program offer a remedy.

"Welfare reform with services, training and a Section 8 permanent housing subsidy works even better," said Alexander Roberts, executive director of Community Housing Innovations, one of the agencies that works with the Supportive Housing Program. "The Supportive Housing Program provided the missing link that encouraged homeless individuals to become productive workers."

Lisa Lombardi, executive director of Westhelp/Greenburgh, said: "It's hard to live on $7 or $8 an hour and pay rent, pay day care, etc. Westchester is very high, with rents averaging $750 to $800 for a one-bedroom and $1,200 for a three-bedroom. We're trying hard to get landlords to take care of their properties. Our primary goal is getting clients into permanent housing and then deal with the other problems."   MERRI ROSENBERG

**Load-Date:** August 30, 1998

**End of Document**



[***LIGHT RAIL LINE IS ENVISIONED FOR WEST SIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8BB0-0007-J1BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 1; Page 25, Column 5; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1108 words

**Byline:** By MARTIN GOTTLIEB

**Body**

New York State and New York City are studying the possibility of building a light rail line -perhaps a monorail - on the West Side of Manhattan as part of an extensive change in transportation patterns being planned for the area.

The chairman of the City Planning Commission, Herbert J. Sturz, said yesterday that engineering companies had been chosen by his agency and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority to study the feasibility of such a line.

A probable site for much of its route is a well-hidden Conrail right of way that begins on Washington Street in Greenwich Village and reaches Spuyten Duyvil at the northern tip of Manhattan. Much of the line runs through a tunnel beneath Riverside Park and through an open cut 23 feet below street level between 10th and 11th Avenues, west of midtown.

Route to Television City

The first phase of such a project, Mr. Sturz said, is likely to run from the unused Penn Central rail yards between 72d and 59th Streets - where the developer Donald J. Trump has announced plans to transform the yards into a huge project called Television City - to either 42d Street or 33d Street.

At 42d Street, the line could link with an often-discussed crosstown trolley or monorail. At 33d Street it could feed into the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center and terminate at a huge storage yard the M.T.A. is completing for the Long Island Rail Road from 10th to 12th Avenues between 31st and 33d Streets.

A shuttle could link the yard with Pennsylvania Station, three blocks away. And a one-block northern extention could feed directly into the Convention Center, which is scheduled to open next April 1 amid severe concerns about the adequacy of its transportation ties to midtown.

Many of the other transportation plans for the West Side seek to address the needs of the center, which is being built without visitor parking, although it is expected to draw more than 4,000 cars on busy days.

New Parking Regulations

These are some of the concerns:

\* Severe limitations on parking and standing between Eighth and 12th Avenues from 28th to 45th Street. The regulations, which would outlaw parking and standing on many streets between 7 A.M. and 10 P.M., are scheduled to be phased in over the next three months.

\* The conversion of 49th and 50th Streets into express bus and taxi routes open to other traffic in a limited way or not at all.

\* The possible paving of some of the below-street level Conrail right of way between 50th Street and the Convention Center to accommodate the express buses.

\* The rerouting of at least four bus lines to pass the new center.

Mr. Trump's proposal and the Convention Center are merely the most public of the large development projects planned for an area west of Eighth Avenue that has long been the home of manufacturing buildings, many of which are now underused, and the Clinton residential community, one of the few remaining polyglot ***working-class*** neighborhoods south of 96th Street.

There have been persistent rumors, for example, that Madison Square Garden will relocate to a site atop the new rail yards.

Of all the proposals, however, the light rail system would be the most sweeping, creating a new transit spine in a city that has not experienced a major addition to its mass-transportation system in half a century.

Mr. Sturz's agency has been making the plans along with the Battery Park City Authority, a state agency; the M.T.A., and the city and state transportation departments. He said that, according to rough estimates, a light rail system could cost $50 million a mile, with stations and track work included, over the 12-mile length of Manhattan Island.

Meyer S. Frucher, president of the Battery Park City Authority and the author of memorandums proposing a northern expansion of his project from Chambers Street to 34th Street, said a line could be in operation 5 to 10 years from now.

Westway Trade-In Money

''We are working with the city to develop mutual plans,'' he said. ''The Governor in his State of the State address next month will talk of a major study to explore the West Side in terms of transportation and development.''

According to preliminary talk, much of the funding for the project would come from hundreds of millions of dollars in mass-transit and highway trade-in funds the city and state became eligible for when they abandoned the proposed Westway highway and development project after several court defeats.

Mayor Koch said yesterday that Mr. Trump should also pay some of the costs that would lead to benefits to his Television City project.

Other officials held out the possibility that the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey could be called on to participate if the rail line extended from the authority's underused bus terminal at the George Washington Bridge at 177th Street to the World Trade Center, which it operates.

Determining the Fare

The focuses of all the studies include the cost of the project - which would likely determine the cost of the fare -the best route for a rail line, and the form it should take.

Under the heading of light rail, Mr. Sturz said, are a number of systems including monorails, which include single rails from which cabs are suspended, cable cars and other cable-linked systems, and trolleys.

The route of a system has focused on the Conrail tracks, which are now dormant, but which are scheduled to be turned over to Amtrak so the nearly 20 Amtrak trains a day that now operate out of Grand Central Terminal can be rerouted to Pennsylvania Station, used for most of the city's Amtrak trains.

The right of way ranges in width from about 55 feet to 125 feet, with the two tracks running through it taking up between 34 and 50 feet.

Dispute Over Lower Part

At 33d Street, the line rises above grade and cuts a weaving path to Washington Street. The West Side Rail Foundation, a nonprofit organization that anticipated the current interest in the West Side, has tried for years to buy this stretch of track and is embroiled in court and bureaucratic disputes with the state and local property owners.

A rail line could either follow the path of this track or continue down West Street from 33d Street.

M.T.A. interest in the site was kindled by a study of the West Side's rail needs instigated by Robert R. Kiley, the agency's chairman, last year.

Mr. Frucher and Mr. Sturz said the collapse of Westway had led them to focus anew on the far West Side, and Mr. Sturz said Mr. Trump's plans for a 19 million-square-foot development also contributed to the effort.

''In our thinking, if we're going to have anywhere near this density, we're going to have to think of how to move people in and out of the site,'' he said.

**Graphic**

Photo of a section of the Conrail right of way from 65th Street the possible site of a West Side light rail line (NYT/Ruby Washington)

**End of Document**



[***STEWART FOUND GUILTY OF LYING IN SALE OF STOCK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BVY-09R0-TW8F-G2Y7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 6; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1; THE MARTHA STEWART VERDICT: THE OVERVIEW

**Length:** 1543 words

**Byline:** By CONSTANCE L. HAYS and LESLIE EATON; Colin Moynihan and Ian Urbina contributed reporting for this article.

**Body**

Martha Stewart, who used her image of domestic perfection to build a multimillion-dollar company, was found guilty by a Manhattan jury yesterday of lying about the reasons she sold shares of a biotechnology company more than two years ago.

Ms. Stewart, 62, is the latest and most prominent executive to be convicted since a wave of corporate scandals unfolded with the collapse of Enron.

Ms. Stewart, the founder of Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia, who had proclaimed her innocence from the start in public statements and through a carefully orchestrated image campaign, showed little emotion as the verdict in her trial on federal criminal charges was read aloud about 3 p.m.

''Guilty,'' intoned the judge, Miriam Goldman Cedarbaum. Three times she would repeat the word in connection with each of the charges against Ms. Stewart, and four times again for Ms. Stewart's co-defendant, Peter E. Bacanovic, a former Merrill Lynch stockbroker who was cleared on just one charge.

A gasp went up from the crammed spectators' section as the judge spoke. Ms. Stewart's daughter Alexis, who has watched from a front-row seat since the trial began six weeks ago, slumped and began to weep. One of Ms. Stewart's lawyers, John Cuti, wiped tears from his eyes. The jury of eight women and four men sat stone-faced as each said that he or she agreed with the verdict.

Ms. Stewart, who had seemed jubilant only a week earlier when the judge threw out a securities fraud charge against her, issued a statement in which she said she was ''obviously distressed'' by the results, adding that she planned to appeal. She is scheduled to be sentenced June 17, and unless her case is overturned on appeal, she faces a punishment of up to 16 months in prison, lawyers who have dealt with the sentencing guidelines said.

The outcome raised questions about the strategy of the defense team. Ms. Stewart's lawyers spent less than 20 minutes questioning her only defense witness. [News analysis, Page C1.]

The verdict comes at a time when many former executives have pleaded guilty or have found themselves facing trial, from companies that have come to represent the excess of the 1990's stock market boom: WorldCom, Adelphia, Tyco, HealthSouth, Enron.

While those suspected crimes resulted in some of the largest bankruptcies and investor losses in history, it was Ms. Stewart's trial in a downtown Manhattan courtroom, focused on a stock sale that netted her about $45,000, that grabbed much of the spotlight.

The verdict is also a tremendous blow to the fortunes of Ms. Stewart, who rose from humble ***working-class*** roots in Nutley, N.J., to create a catering company that came to embody her clean-cut, vaguely patrician style. She would turn that into a conglomerate of publishing, television and merchandising businesses, all of them bearing her name and, usually, her photograph as well. She took her company public in 1999, as the Internet excitement peaked, and overnight became a billionaire, at least on paper.

All that seems jeopardized with yesterday's verdict, at least as far as Ms. Stewart's signature control is concerned. She will almost certainly be required to step down as an officer and director of Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia, although she could continue to hold the majority of the voting shares, as she does now.

Trading in her company's stock, which has plunged and rebounded several times since the investigation into her ImClone trade began, was halted as news of the verdict spread, but when it resumed a few minutes later the share price fell more than 22 percent. In a conference call on Thursday, executives from Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia said they had arranged contingency plans in case Ms. Stewart was convicted.

The outcome was a spectacular victory for prosecutors from the United States attorney's office, who had wrung a guilty plea in late 2002 from Samuel D. Waksal, the founder of ImClone and a friend of Ms. Stewart, on an assortment of charges, including securities fraud.

By the accounts of two jurors, the jury got along well and worked fairly quickly. Ms. Stewart's charges were the first they agreed on, while Mr. Bacanovic's came last, according to one juror, Chappell Hartridge. Mr. Bacanovic was cleared of a charge of false documents, after jurors concluded they could not tell when a notation on a list of Ms. Stewart's stockholdings was made.

Their quick decision also calls into question the bare-bones defense strategy of Ms. Stewart's lawyer, Robert G. Morvillo, who called only one witness and questioned him for just 20 minutes.

According to Mr. Hartridge, the decision was especially influenced by the testimony of Ms. Stewart's assistant, Ann E. Armstrong, who cried on the stand but also told the court that she had taken a particular telephone message about ImClone from Mr. Bacanovic on Dec. 27, 2001, one that did not match what Mr. Bacanovic told investigators he left. The same message, ''Peter Bacanovic thinks ImClone is going to start trading downward,'' was later partly erased by Ms. Stewart after a telephone conversation with her lawyer, Ms. Armstrong said.

Ms. Stewart and Mr. Bacanovic had maintained since scrutiny of her trade first began, in early 2002 for the two of them, that they had an existing agreement to sell her ImClone shares if the price fell below $60 a share. There was no automatic sell order entered into Merrill Lynch computers, and no record of any other kind of formal agreement.

In an interview with investigators from the Securities and Exchange Commission, Mr. Bacanovic said he had tried hard to persuade Ms. Stewart to sell the stock, and she reluctantly agreed on the $60 price. Of course, she never thought it would, he said in the interview, which was tape-recorded and played for the jury at several points during the trial.

Mr. Hartridge told reporters afterward that Ms. Armstrong's testimony was the strongest the jury heard.

''She mentioned to us that Martha tried to delete the message,'' he said, adding that that convinced the panel that she had engaged in a conspiracy. ''There had to be a reason Martha was trying to delete the message,'' Mr. Hartridge said. ''I'm not sure she knew that she was being investigated at the time.

Ms. Armstrong, a government witness, held up under a gentle cross-examination and was never undermined by defense lawyers in their closing arguments. That was a stark contrast to their treatment of another main government witness, Douglas Faneuil, who told the court he handled Ms. Stewart's trade and that Mr. Bacanovic told him to tell her that members of the Waksal family were selling their stock.

Mr. Faneuil was roundly attacked by defense lawyers as a liar, a drug user and a person weirdly fixated on Ms. Stewart. Mr. Faneuil's e-mail messages, some of them describing encounters with Ms. Stewart over the telephone that ended badly for one of them, were displayed for jurors, as were telephone messages that Ms. Armstrong took for Ms. Stewart in the course of her work (one told of a senior editor at her magazine, Martha Stewart Living, asking permission to snip a single leaf from a plant on her property in East Hampton, N.Y.).

Mr. Hartridge said that the most damning testimony came from Mariana Pasternak, a longtime friend of Ms. Stewart who was traveling with her to Mexico on the day Ms. Stewart sold her ImClone shares. Testifying that Ms. Stewart told her that members of the Waksal family were selling their shares, Ms. Pasternak said that she believed she also heard Ms. Stewart say, ''Isn't it nice to have brokers who tell you these things?'' a few days later.

Another juror, Amos M. Mellinger of the Bronx, said he found the testimony of one defense witness, Heidi DeLuca, less convincing. ''She struck me as someone possibly having an agenda,'' he said.

Ms. DeLuca, who is Ms. Stewart's business manager, told the court that she and Mr. Bacanovic discussed setting a $60 or $61 price target for Ms. Stewart's ImClone stock in November 2001, and produced a document to support that. In his closing argument, Michael Schachter, a prosecutor, questioned the veracity of her testimony and suggested that she had made the document match what she decided to say.

Finally, the decision to bring celebrities into the courtroom during the trial to show their support for Ms. Stewart apparently backfired. ''It made almost no impression,'' Mr. Hartridge said. ''If anything, we may have taken it as a little bit of an insult.''

Several aspects of the ImClone trade remain mysterious, even after the verdict, and are likely to remain so. Why did Ms. Stewart care so much about a few thousand shares, when her stockholdings in her own company were so much more valuable? Why did she telephone Dr. Waksal after she made her trade, leaving a message that read ''Something is going on with ImClone and she wants to know what?'' And, as her own lawyer pointed out, if there was a plan to hide the reasons for the trade, why was the story she told as out of step as it was with the one Mr. Bacanovic told?

Mr. Mellinger called the panel's deliberations a grueling marathon, but said they were also thorough and fair. ''If I had been the one on trial, I could only hope for such a fair and meticulous hearing.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Martha Stewart leaving court yesterday in New York after being found guilty on all counts. Sentencing is scheduled for June 17. (Photo by Chang W. Lee/The New York Times)(pg. C4)

Martha Stewart leaving federal court after the verdict. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. A1)

**Load-Date:** March 6, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Rivals Sound Themes in New York Mayoral Battle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VWK0-0024-J18G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1043 words

**Byline:** By TODD S. PURDUM

By TODD S. PURDUM

**Body**

Bracing for the political fight of his career, Mayor David N. Dinkins yesterday used the moment after his easy renomination to wrap himself in the support of top Democratic politicians at a pep rally, even as his Republican-Liberal rival, Rudolph W. Giuliani, pulled hard for the crossover Democratic voters he will need to win in November.

Surrounded by Gov. Mario M. Cuomo, Lieut. Gov. Stan Lundine, Labor Secretary Robert Reich and David Wilhelm, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, the Mayor marched to a lectern on the steps of City Hall, took off his suit coat and tie, and undid the top two buttons of his white shirt. Then he lit into the Republican policies that he said Mr. Giuliani represents and that he contends have hurt New York.

"We know where we stand," Mr. Dinkins told the midday crowd, reading from his text in the undramatic style he favors. "And we know where our Republican opponent stands: anywhere and everywhere he can. To him, pro-choice means choosing a different position every day. This election is a choice between dividing our city and uniting it."

Runoff on Sept. 28

Hours later, Mr. Giuliani went to the same spot to receive the endorsement of City Councilman Michael DeMarco of the Bronx, a blunt-spoken regular Democrat and former Finance Committee chairman who has made it plain that Mr. Dinkins does not speak for the Councilman's overwhelmingly white middle- and ***working-class*** district.

"Next year this city is not going to be a partisan city, a Democratic or Republican city," Mr. Giuliani said.

The Mayor's defeat of his gadfly Democratic challengers, Roy E. Innis and Eric Ruano-Melendez, by better than 2 to 1 means that the rematch between Mr. Dinkins and Mr. Giuliani, which has sputtered and flared all year, can at last grow white hot. There will be one last sideshow, though: a runoff for the Democratic nomination for comptroller between the incumbent, Elizabeth Holtzman, and Assemblyman Alan G. Hevesi of Queens, the first such runoff for a secondary citywide office in the city's history.

As low as turnout was in Tuesday's primary -- about one-quarter of the city's more than two million registered Democrats -- it is expected to be even lower in the Sept. 28 runoff. That could favor Mr. Hevesi, who has a field organization and support among organized labor, and further hurt Ms. Holtzman, who drew her strongest support in black districts where voters, without Mr. Dinkins at the top of the ticket, may just stay home.

Ms. Holtzman was invited to the rally but, a sudden pariah in her own party councils, she did not attend, preparing instead for a news conference on an official city report that found her "grossly negligent" in taking a bank loan for her failed Senate campaign from a company whose sister concern was later awarded lucrative city bond underwriting business. By contrast, Mr. Hevesi stood just behind the Mayor in the same frame as Mark Green, the party's nominee for the No. 2 spot, public advocate.

Politics of Blocks and Tackles

That sideshow may distract from the Mayor's efforts to make his case against Mr. Giuliani, though yesterday, with just seven weeks until Election Day, both candidates' seconds made it clear that not only the campaign season but football season had begun, as they burst out in sports metaphors. The Mayor's aides warned that they were prepared to draw sharp comparisons and questions about Mr. Giuliani's record sooner rather than later, in paid television commercials, if necessary. Mr. Giuliani's team, happy with some recent polls that have shown their candidate in the lead, vowed to move straight ahead.

"You just keep driving between center and tackle," said Mr. Giuliani's strategist, David Garth. "Our way is fairly clear. A lot can be told by the way the Mayor handled himself last night, starting with the attacks. He didn't have to put out a road map to tell us where he's worried when he opens up speaking Spanish worse than I do."

The Mayor's campaign manager, Bill Lynch, asked about his boss's sharper tone, replied: "We're in campaign mode now. This is about running and tackling." Asked, in the patois of politics, if the Mayor would "go negative" on Mr. Giuliani, Mr. Lynch replied: "I don't rule out anything within the realm of campaigning. We're going to look at a number of options. My major concern is whether or not we can pull our coalition of 1989 together and expand on it and that we get the Mayor's record and vision out there."

The Mayor's supporters have been urging him for weeks to go on the offensive. Before the Mayor spoke yesterday, the Governor urged him in an unsually public exhortation to shake off his celebrated reserve.

"I don't believe David Dinkins got his due in 1989," Mr. Cuomo said. "I don't believe he got the vote he was entitled to in 1989. I don't believe he gets what he's entitled to now, in terms of credit. And I don't know exactly why.

"I have a suspicion. It may have something to do with his civility. It may have something to do with his unflappability. It may have something to do with the way he closes that double-breasted jacket. I don't know what it is. He's got this easy manner about him, and that civility maybe is mistaken for weakness.

'Marine Toughness'

"He has kept this city together. And done what he did all through this terrible recession, with that high civility and Marine toughness. Maybe what he has to show a little bit more of, just a little bit more, David, is a little bit more of the Marine toughness.

"I don't want you to lose your civility, but just show us a little bit more of the rest, and then finally he will get his due, which is not a victory on Nov. 2, it will be an enormous triumph, a huge triumph for David Dinkins."

Mayoral aides said Mr. Dinkins had made the uncharacteristic decision to shuck his suit coat before the Governor's advice.

One participant in the rally had a special role: Mr. Green, who handily won the Democratic nomination to be the city's chief ombudsman, pledged to campaign hard for the Mayor he would be sworn to monitor if he won.

"It is an anomolous situation," Mr. Green acknowledged. "I look forward to doing everything I can to see that David Dinkins is the next Mayor so next year I can be the watchdog looking over his shoulder."

**Graphic**

Photo: With a city report in front of her, Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman rejected its finding of negligence in her handling of a campaign loan. (Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)

Chart: "RESULTS: Other City Races"

\*Winner

+Incumbent

BRONX BOROUGH PRESIDENT

\*Fernando Ferrer+ . . . 72,421 . . . 87%

Monica Braggs . . . 10,821 . . . 13%

BRONX CIVIL COURT

\*Lucindo Suarez . . . 27,723 . . . 44%

Richard O. Tolchin . . . 21,107 . . . 33%

Howard E. Liker . . . 14,302 . . . 23%

BROOKLYN CIVIL COURT

\*Lila Gold . . . 54,169 . . . 52%

Solomon Handler . . . 49,968 . . . 48%

MANHATTAN CIVIC COURT DISTRICT 2

\*Marcy S. Friedman . . . 7,197 . . . 60%

Martin Shulman . . . 4,731 . . . 40%

MANHATTAN CIVIL COURT DISTRICT 3

(2 to be nominated)

\*Marilyn Shafer . . . 4,035 . . . 32%

\*Saralee E. Evans . . . 3,719 . . . 30%

Katharine S. Law . . . 2,648 . . . 21%

Eugene F. Prosnitz . . . 2,149 . . . 17%

MANHATTAN CIVIL COURT DISTRICT 4

\*Sherry Klein Heitler . . . 5,283 . . . 50%

Steven W. Smillens . . . 3,391 . . . 32%

Jay A. Litwin . . . 1,972 . . . 19%

MANHATTAN CIVIL COURT DISTRICT 7

\*Stephen S. Gottlieb . . . 8,724 . . . 65%

Alexander J. Colgan . . . 4,653 . . . 35%

(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** September 16, 1993

**End of Document**



[***IN RIOT'S WAKE, BLACK LEADER'S WORDS ROIL BRITAIN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8W30-0007-J4BX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1093 words

**Byline:** By JO THOMAS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Oct. 27

**Body**

He has been called a black militant, a gutter demagogue, a loony, an apologist for murder. He has also been called a populist and an honest man.

Bernie Grant, a Labor Party member, is the leader of the Haringey Council in north London, the highest-ranking elected black official in Britain. And he has been at the center of a storm ever since he gave voice to what many of the youths in Tottenham were thinking as they stoned and firebombed the police and hacked one officer to death three weeks ago.

The police, Mr. Grant said in an emotional speech outside the town hall two weeks ago, ''got a bloody good hiding.'' When asked at a news conference to condemn the policeman's murder, he said it was not clear who had done the killing, that it could even have been done by a policeman.

His remarks, made as the annual Conservative Party conference got under way, aroused such outrage at what was an otherwise bland, if slightly troubled, gathering that Mr. Grant was credited with having handed Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher ''another Falklands'' as a rallying point.

Resignation Is Demanded

The Tories demanded his resignation, as did 1,000 mostly white union workers in Tottenham, who marched on the Haringey Civic Center to protest his remarks. Roy Hattersley, deputy leader of the Labor Party, assailed him, and there have been many predictions that Mr. Grant, who is Labor's parliamentary candidate in Tottenham, will now lose his party an absolutely safe seat.

There are no blacks in the House of Commons, although the Labor Party, under pressure from its Black Sections Committee, has six black nominees for the next election. If the furor over Mr. Grant's remarks indicates anything, black activists agreed, it is how rare it is for anyone in power to voice such views.

At Haringey Civic Center, a 1950's concoction of glass, blond wood and stainless steel, where tiny ragged gypsy children dodge in and out of the traffic in the parking lot, Mr. Grant presents an appearance that is anything but fierce. As he ambled through the halls, wearing a rumpled suit, he had a smile and a word for most of the people he passed and he seemed to know their first names, white or black.

Mr. Grant is 41 years old, born in Guyana to parents who were school principals. The family was Roman Catholic, and before Bernie Grant emigrated to Britain at the age of 19 he had a Jesuit education - ''the classics, Latin, and all this.''

'Pure and Absolute Racism'

He sought work as a counter clerk in a post office and immediately ran into ''pure and absolute racism,'' as he recalled it. ''You had to do a written test - you had half an hour to do it - and I did it in about 10 minutes, and the guy was really angry.

''He asked me all sorts of questions, and he couldn't trip me up on anything. Then he said, 'What's a 'tanner?' '' -at that time a tanner was a sixpenny piece - ''and I thought he said a 'tenner,' so I said a ten-pound note, and his face lit up and he almost leaped with joy: 'Ah, there you are, you don't know what a tanner is, so therefore you can't be a counter clerk.' ''

He did get work as a clerk, at British Rail in King's Cross. He studied mining engineering at Heriot-Watt University in Edinburgh but quit, he said, because only white students were given scholarships for work in the South African mines.

He became an international telephone operator and an activist in the National Union of Public Employees. While the telephone job was boring, he said, ''the union job was really good because you had to pit your wits against the management.''

After a 1971 strike he joined the Socialist Labor League, a Trotskyist organization that became the Workers Revolutionary Party. He left in 1974. A year later he joined the Labor Party. As time passed, he managed to keep his credentials as a grass-roots politician.

'Reality of the Situation'

Asked about his remarks after the Tottenham riots, he said: ''I thought I said that the young people felt that the police got a bloody good hiding, but I don't know whether I said it or said that the youth are saying it. That's the reality of the situation, and that's what people don't want to face up to.

''I think my position is mild in comparison to that of the young people on Broadwater Farm Estates: people were overjoyed that a policeman had died. I never said all these things on television, but that's a fact. Absolutely.

''The young people had said they were prepared to die, that that was why the violence was so heavy. They were looking at the situation in South Africa as a sort of guide. They were saying there are black people dying in South Africa fighting for freedom - that's what they used to tell me - and they were prepared to die here, because there's a similar situation here: that the police oppress them.''

''What the youngsters have said to me,'' he continued, ''is they felt I've taken a lot of heat off the situation. I've been like a safety valve: I'm the leader of the Council. Usually a person in that position would have sold them out, would have condemned them or whatever. But along comes a person who has articulated what they'e been saying. They can hear it on television.''

In the Labor Party, he said, race ''is the one issue that the so-called extreme left and the right wing get together on quite happily.''

''They both adopt the position that we're all one class, the ***working class***, and there is no race problem here, which of course is arrant nonsense.''

Party Forms Black Sections

He and others have insisted that the Labor Party should have black sections, just as it has separate sections for women and young people. Party leaders have fought this, and party conferences have twice refused to accept the idea, but black sections have now been set up in 35 inner-city constituencies.

''This issue really embarrassed a number of white left Members of Parliament who were always supporting the black people's struggles until they started threatening them in their safe inner-city seats with their huge black constituencies,'' Mr. Grant said.

Marc Wadsworth, a television journalist and vice chairman of the Labor Party Black Sections National Committee, believes that Mr. Grant ''is our most important candidate to date.''

''He must be defended,'' Mr. Wadsworth said. ''When he speaks, it's clearly a black perspective that is being articulated, and in some sense is quite an uncompromising perspective.

''The sort of things being said are the sort of things black people, particularly black youth, want to hear said by black leaders, whether white people find them palatable or not.''

**Graphic**

photo of Bernir Grant (NYT/Jonathan Player)

**End of Document**



[***At Riot's Epicenter, Housing Market Is Thriving***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W020-0024-J4T0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ROBERT REINHOLD,

By ROBERT REINHOLD,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Sept. 4

**Body**

It is only a few minutes' walk from the infamous corner of Florence and Normandie Avenues in South-Central Los Angeles, where last year's racial disorders started, to the two-bedroom green bungalow Estella and Jose Otero recently bought as their first home.

But to Mr. Otero, a 30-year-old immigrant from Honduras, the house behind a waist-high cyclone fence and a big ficus tree on quiet West 69th Street is the ideal place to raise his two little children. "I got my American dream already," he said with a broad smile in halting English.

The Oteros help explain what might seem the oddest paradox in troubled Southern California: Even as a punishing recession has devastated real-estate prices in such affluent districts as West Los Angeles, Pacific Palisades and Malibu, the housing market remains comparatively strong in the poorest parts of the region: South-Central Los Angeles, Compton, East Los Angeles and other mostly black and Hispanic neighborhoods.

The reasons speak volumes about the complex social topography here. They have to do with the huge demand for affordable housing by ***working-class*** families, with the heavy influx of Hispanic immigrants in recent years and with an underlying stability that is at odds with the headlines about murderous gangs and drugs.

Prices Rose in Poor Areas

According to a recent study by the Business Forecasting Project at the University of California at Los Angeles, the median price of homes dropped by as much as 51 percent in richer areas of Southern California between the first quarter of 1990, when the recession started, and the first quarter of this year. For example, prices were down by 37 percent in Santa Monica, where even two-bedroom cottages were fetching $700,000 at the height of the superheated California boom.

But over the same period, the study found, prices increased in poorer urban neighborhoods, by 62 percent in heavily Mexican parts of East Los Angeles and by 43 percent in the ZIP code 90062, which includes some of the worst riot damage in South-Central Los Angeles and where one can still buy a three-bedroom house on a plot of land with a clump of orange trees for less than $150,000.

Brokers who work these areas say that the market has slowed in recent months as the recession deepens here and foreclosures mount. Even so, they say, prices have remained fairly steady, or dropped only slightly, because most of the people who live in the South-Central neighborhood have few other choices if they want to buy. And they are seeking basic shelter, not status symbols; not having inflated like prices in richer areas, prices did not have as far to fall.

"These are first-time buyers; they are buying out of necessity," said Ted Brass, a broker with the Service Company, a Century 21 affiliate in Inglewood, who sells homes mostly in black and Hispanic areas. "We are not talking about people moving up to a 4,000- square-foot house with a pool in Bel Air."

Helping to drive the market is a new infusion of loan money by banks that had tended to ignore the area before the disorders, low interest rates and higher loan limits for Government insured loans.

Growing Hispanic Clout

But probably the the most powerful leavening force has been the growing economic clout of Hispanic families, who are increasingly replacing black residents. Nearly all brokerages serving the area have hired Spanish-speaking agents and advertise in Spanish-language newspapers. "Latinos are willing to buy," said LeFrancis Arnold of Arrow Realty, who is black. "They are good for the market and the community because they've brought in homeownership. During the last recession, you could not give property away in Compton. Now there is a high demand created by Latinos."

Norma Patton, a loan officer with the Funders Mortgage Corporation, said the Hispanic buyers often come up with down payments through "family clubs" that pool resources. Lenders, she said, often bend verification rules for Hispanic buyers who tend to shun banks and often come up with thick wads of what she called "mattress money" for their down payments.

Fairly typical of such first-time buyers are Estella and Jose Otero. She came from El Salvador 20 years ago, and works as an office clerk at a gym; he came from Honduras 10 years ago and is employed as a punch-press operator. Until last February they lived in a second-floor rented apartment near downtown Los Angeles that had become increasingly cramped with two youngsters, Ashley, 5, and Jason, 3.

For five years they saved their money and finally started to search for a house of their own. That search led them to the notorious Florence and Normandie area, which, despite its reputation, is coursed with quiet side streets of modest, well-kept owner-occupied homes, mostly by blacks. Before buying, Mr. Otero came every night and looked around until midnight.

"I saw it was a quiet neighborhood, very friendly," he said. "When we moved in, the black neighbors came to my house and gave me their phone numbers. They said, 'We protect each other.' They are very happy with us. We do not make any noise." The Oteros paid $120,000 for the two-bedroom, one- bath house, which may seem like a lot in the Midwest, but is cheap in California.

Fleeing Gang Warfare

The other side of this coin is that homeownership is diminishing for younger blacks in the area. "When I sell my house, it will probably be bought by Hispanics," said Cleve Freeman, a black man who is the neighborhood block captain on West 75th Street near Crenshaw Boulevard and a veteran employee of the Southern California Gas Company.

Still, many of the more stable pockets of the South-Central neighborhood are considered havens by black families fleeing the gang warfare of the projects. And that is what drew Sharon Robinson, a home health aide and single mother of two, to West 75th Street. In July, she bought an 11-room Spanish-style stucco house for $250,000, just down the street from Mr. Freeman's well-kept bungalow behind a new cactus garden.

Before, she said, she lived in a more dangerous area farther south, where one could "stick your hand out" and touch a gangster. She feared for her 13 year-old son, DeLorean.

Still, like everywhere else in the South-Central area, 75th Street is not far from danger. The houses are mostly well kept, landscaped with oleander and bougainvillea. But there is a sometime crack house nearby, and drug dealing in the alley behind Crenshaw Boulevard, a commercial thoroughfare that suffered considerable damage in the riots.

Constantly vigilant, Mr. Freeman and his neighbors -- who include police officers, teachers and a real-estate broker -- keep a sharp eye out for trouble. They take turns trimming the foliage in front of the one vacant house, and there is seldom a burglary. "I feel safe here," said Ms. Robinson.

**Graphic**

Photo: Despite a recession that has devastated real-estate prices in the affluent districts of Southern California, the housing market remains comparatively strong in the poorest parts of the region. A few minutes away from the infamous corner of Florence and Normandie Avenues in South-Central Los Angeles, Jose Otero and his wife, Estella, immigrants from Central America, recently bought their first home. (Jim Wilson/The New York Times)

Map/Graphs: "Gainers and Loser in Los Angeles"

Map of Los Angeles.

Graphs shows change in home prices, and price per sq. foot for five areas in Los Angeles, from March 1990 to March 1993. (Sources: U.C.L.A. Business Forecasting Project, 1990 Census.)

**Load-Date:** September 5, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Television/Radio; Portrait Of a Pioneer At the Birth Of Hollywood***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4488-KM70-0109-T1N6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1408 words

**Byline:**  By JAMES GREENBERG; James Greenberg is a Los Angeles-based freelance writer.

**Body**

WHEN Samuel Goldwyn Jr. approached the writer A. Scott Berg in late 1978 to do a biography of his father, the film pioneer Samuel Goldwyn, Mr. Berg said he didn't want to do a Hollywood book. "I've read them and they're junk," he told Mr. Goldwyn.

That was before he had a look at the exhaustive Goldwyn archives then stored in a warehouse in Hollywood. Mr. Berg said the experience was like discovering King Tut's tomb. He ended up devoting the next 10 years to going through hundreds of thousands of papers, film stills and scripts, and interviewing 150 people, before publishing his 580-page "Goldwyn: A Biography."

That would seem enough time to spend with anyone. But after a documentary about his famous father stalled a few years ago, Mr. Goldwyn again convinced Mr. Berg to come to the rescue. Mr. Berg had just finished promoting his Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, "Lindbergh," and hadn't yet started working on his next book, about Woodrow Wilson. His plan was to do a shelf of 20th-century American biographies, but he was still drawn to Goldwyn. "I love that story," he said. "It's so much about survival, it's so much about the American dream." So Mr. Berg decided to commit several months to working on the movie. The outcome is a two-hour documentary written and produced by Mr. Berg and the filmmaker Peter Jones and narrated by Dustin Hoffman. It opens the 16th season of the "American Masters" series on PBS tonight.

Mr. Berg, like his hero F. Scott Fitzgerald, went to Princeton, and in Goldwyn he found his own Gatsby. Born Schmuel Gelbfisz in the Jewish quarter of Warsaw in 1879, Goldwyn married a Catholic girl from Omaha, took to wearing Savile Row suits and reinvented himself countless times. In his 40-year career as an independent producer, Goldwyn made 80 movies, including "Wuthering Heights," "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "Stella Dallas." He was a true Hollywood character, a long way from the subject of Mr. Berg's first book, the editor Maxwell Perkins, a ninth-generation American and Harvard graduate. "I thought, what better bookend to Perkins than a first-generation, Jewish-immigrant, West Coast, barely literate filmmaker," Mr. Berg said.

Shortly after "Goldwyn" was published in 1989, Mr. Goldwyn started talking to directors. He said, still baffled: "Everyone was telling me what it should be. I said, 'Why not just do the book?' " In 1998 Mr. Berg recommended Mr. Jones on the strength of a documentary he had done about Judy Garland. Mr. Jones, like Mr. Berg, came from a show business family, and Mr. Goldwyn saw him as someone who understood the town. Initially, Mr. Berg was going to be involved only as an adviser while Mr. Jones went off to direct the movie (with his co-director, Mark Catalena).

But confronted with the vast, unseen Goldwyn archive, Mr. Jones freely admits that he got carried away. "I had been making documentaries about Hollywood for 10 years and presented with all this material, I just went nuts," he said. His first draft of a screenplay was 209 pages, which would have run 10 to 12 hours.

In what Mr. Jones refers to as his Erich von Stroheim version, the emphasis would have been much more on the history of Hollywood than on the role of one producer. Mr. Goldwyn wanted to focus on telling the story of his father's survival. He called Mr. Berg "hundreds of times" and pleaded with him to help get the project back on track.

Mr. Berg, more accustomed to the solitary life of a biographer, now found himself in the unfamiliar position of being a collaborator. "I said to Peter, 'Let's have a little talk here -- you're not doing Napoleon, you're doing the life of Sam Goldwyn,' " Mr. Berg said. "I think this should be a two-hour film at most." Mr. Berg offered to play the part of Maxwell Perkins and edit the script down.

Meanwhile, Mr. Jones followed leads to "moles, collectors and crazy sources," turning up material even Mr. Berg hadn't seen before. There is film of Goldwyn being goaded by Kenneth Tynan on Edward R. Murrow's television program "Small World," and a bit from "The Dick Cavett Show" in which Laurence Olivier does a dead-on impersonation of Goldwyn. Mr. Berg particularly delighted in a rare clip in which Adolph Zucker, the co-founder of Paramount, and Mary Pickford exchange unpleasantries about Goldwyn. "Just to see their faces and the way they talk about Sam in a rather backbiting way was wonderful," Mr. Berg said.

Mr. Jones also conducted 45 interviews of his own, sometimes under unusual circumstances. Loretta Young agreed to talk to him only if he attended Mass with her in Palm Springs, Calif. But the most difficult interview of all may have been with Mr. Goldwyn. Clearly he wanted the film made, but he got teary whenever speaking about his rocky relationship with his parents. "I think Sam breaking up when he's talking about his mother's alcoholism is the single best moment in the film, because it authenticates the film," Mr. Berg said. "That moment says, 'This is for real, this is not Hollywood gloss.' "

In his book, Mr. Berg had tried to show a close-up view of Goldwyn that would shift every few pages to a panoramic shot of Hollywood and then zoom in again on Goldwyn. In adapting this method to the film, both Mr. Berg and Mr. Jones hoped every clip would reveal something about the central character or about the art of filmmaking. So a scene from "Little Foxes," which Goldwyn produced, demonstrates the cinematographer Gregg Toland's use of deep focus. "I hoped Peter would utilize the films as texts the way I used texts when I cited examples of 'The Great Gatsby' or 'A Farewell to Arms' in the Max Perkins biography," Mr. Berg said.

Mr. Berg learned how things that required pages of description in the book could be accomplished with a 10-second film clip. For instance, in a scene of great emotion from "The Best Years of Our Lives," Fredric March returns home unannounced from World War II and with the help of his children surprises his wife. "In describing the scene in the book, I can tell you what America felt looking at it, and between the lines I can tell you what I feel, but when you see it on the screen, you're allowed to feel whatever you want to feel," Mr. Berg said. "It's very hard to get that visceral reaction in print."

As Mr. Jones continued to collect images and put the pieces of the film together, Mr. Berg pared the script down to 81 pages. Obviously this was a different kind of writing for him. "You have to write the narration to fit the scene," he said. "If you have an eight-second clip, you only have that much time to condense the story. It's almost like writing a haiku."

Because there was limited film of Goldwyn speaking for himself, the narration had to be more lengthy than usual and almost take on the role of a character. Mr. Berg and Mr. Jones both had a voice in mind, and when they compared notes it was the same voice: Dustin Hoffman's.

"Hoffman is one of the few actors who can read something complicated and make it sound like he knows what he's talking about," Mr. Berg said. "Also, because he's been around long enough, he has some Hollywood history himself, and I think the Jewish element was important."

Mr. Hoffman responded instantly to the material. As coincidence or design would have it, he had been named for the actor Dustin Farnum, who starred in Cecil B. De Mille's "Squaw Man" in 1914, the first feature shot in Hollywood, which happened to be produced by Samuel Goldwyn. On a deeper level, he saw in Goldwyn an echo of his father. "We were a notch above ***working class***, and my father dreamed of being someone like Goldwyn -- that was all he ever wanted," Mr. Hoffman said. "So these emotional things really hit for me."

Recording the narration in a small Santa Monica studio, Mr. Hoffman was impressed with the quality of the writing and told Mr. Berg so. Later he learned that he had been talking to a Pulitzer Prize winner. "I was chagrined, I felt like a dummy," Mr. Hoffman said.

When the film was finally completed, Mr. Berg had a different sense of accomplishment than he was used to. "It's great to work on something and see it out there so fast," he said. Does that mean he would do it again?

"Not often, maybe never," he said, laughing. "I had a pleasant experience, but for me it's nothing like being alone in my room working on a book. One of the reasons I did it was because I needed a break between projects. Now I'm going to close the door for 10 years."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: The story of Samuel Goldwyn, his biographer says, "is so much about the American dream." (Springer/Bettmann Film Archive)

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**End of Document**



[***Saving the Chapels of Wales***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-51P0-0014-53BM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By HYWEL DAVIES; HYWEL DAVIES is an author who broadcasts regularly on the Welsh-language service of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

**Body**

INTRODUCED to Christianity through their native Celtic Church, absorbed into Roman Catholicism and transmuted through diktat to Anglicanism by King Henry VIII, the Welsh waited until the coming of the ironworks, coal mines and slate quarries late in the 18th century and throughout the 19th before molding Nonconformist denominations according to their own image and emerging with dramatic oratory and four-part harmony onto the religious center stage. Brushing aside the Anglican Church, which did not even deign to provide them with Welsh-speaking bishops, the agricultural and industrial laboring classes of Wales embarked on an extraordinary and costly building campaign. Between 1811 and 1914 they erected some 5,000 unrendered stone or stucco chapels for Baptist, Congregationalist (or Independent) and Methodist worship. These developed from simple adaptations of farm buildings into massive auditoriums with facades embodying a diversity of Greek, Romanesque, Gothic and other styles as well as late Victorian eccentricities.

With their esthetically pleasing though invariably uncomfortable pitch pine pews, lofty galleries, fine brass, iron and plaster work, and, later, splendid pipe organs, the chapels, in addition to their religious roles, became centers of rich community life. They staged cymanfaoedd canu (singing festivals based on mass musical education in the sol-fa system), eisteddfodau (cultural contests), concerts and lectures.

Though Nonconformist deacons and elders frowned on age-old Welsh pastimes such as folk dancing to the accompaniment of the harp and fiddle, they themselves created what was to some degree a new kind of entertainment. Their chapels became theaters specializing in biblical epics - each preacher an actor, each pulpit a stage. Sunday services followed a strict structure of readings, prayers, hymns and sermons, but copious outlets for emotionalism were provided through chorus repetitions, extemporary prayers and especially sermons. Preachers soared from calm introductory readings of texts, and scholarly expositions of themes, to the heights of religious fervor during which they would break into impassioned and uniquely Welsh melodic chanting to clinch their case.

A curious Anglican clergyman based in the iron town of Dowlais in the county of Glamorgan midway through the last century ventured to attend a Nonconformist gathering and reported on his experience to his superiors: ''The sight of one of these huge meeting houses during services is memorable. Next to the violent and rude gesticulations of the preacher, as in a sonorous and guttural language he denounces, expostulates, persuades and comforts, one is struck first with the vast throng of cleanly and well-dressed people that literally fills the chapel, and in the next place with the circumstance that they express sympathy with the sentiments of the discourse or prayer by ejaculations, and sometimes groans.

''The effect upon a stranger, accustomed to the well-trained congregations of England, where there are no such audible expressions of emotion, is peculiar.''

In 1904 and 1905, Wales was swept by one of its periodic religious revivals. Steel workers and quarry men hastened to prayer meetings at the end of their shifts; coal miners held services in underground sanctuaries; chapels drew packed congregations. This Great Revival, however, also proved to be Wales' last. Stricken by two world wars, social and political turmoil, the emergence of mass British-American entertainment, the decline of the Welsh language in the industrial areas and the ossification of the chapel tradition, religion is now largely irrelevant in many parts of the country.

THERE are still some 3,000 functioning Nonconformist chapels scattered throughout Wales, but half of them have a membership of 25 or less. The remainder have either closed - their pipe organs left to rot, libraries abandoned, photographs of giants of the Welsh pulpit gathering dust, Sunday school banners furled in dank classrooms - have been adapted for other uses, or have been stripped of their timber and demolished.

The Welsh Nonconformist Era has not only long ended: it is also in danger of being erased from the public memory as if it had never existed. With this in mind, a group of secularly inspired enthusiasts have established a preservationist society called Capel and have begun campaigning in favor of a recognition of chapels as examples of a unique ***working-class*** architecture. They are also seeking recognition of their contribution to Welsh life through their emphasis on democratic modes of operation and mass literacy long before either notion had found favor with the British political establishment.

The first fruit of this re-assessment is to be seen in Pontypridd in the county of Mid Glamorgan, 11 miles north of Cardiff, the Welsh capital. Here a Baptist chapel of modest proportions, whose aged congregation ceased functioning as a church in 1983, has been given new life as a historical and cultural center. Tabernacl, which was built in 1861 after its 1810 predecessor had grown too small, reflects the midway point in chapel development before early deliberate lack of adornment gave way to architectural hedonism. It was a Welsh-language church like the large majority of Nonconformist churches of its period and was among hundreds that served the booming population of the developing coal-mining valleys of Glamorgan and Gwent.

Over the years, the grime of the collieries did its work: the chapel's locally quarried brown stone became stained, its ornamental windows soiled, its portico gates corroded, and the names of its pastors, uniquely inscribed on the portico, became increasingly battered. Tabernacl degenerated from being the pride of a large and ebullient congregation to being a drab eyesore, a relic of a past that no one cared about.

That has all changed. Pontypridd Town Council has taken possession of the building, scoured its stone work, repaired its Welsh slate roof, renewed the gates, even had the names of the pastors highlighted, and has turned Tabernacl into a humming community museum in which the Nonconformist heritage of Wales has pride of place.

Though the pews have been cleared to make way for exhibitions, the chapel's character has been well preserved through the retention of the pulpit (always the central feature of Nonconformist places of worship), the pipe organ behind the pulpit, the Set Fawr, or Big Seat, reserved for church officers in front of the pulpit, the gallery and memorial tablets. The varnished woodwork gleams. The Welsh Bible remains open if unread.

Containing photographic displays of local life and of the history of chapel development throughout Wales, Tabernacl's new role as an interpretive center is enhanced by its location: it stands near an elegant stone bridge whose single arch has spanned the River Taff since 1755. Considered to be the longest of its kind in the world at the time, the bridge was built by the Rev. William Edwards, who combined his role as an Independent minister with that of an engineer.

The view from the south is sadly obscured by a nondescript later crossing, but the graceful structure can be fully appreciated from the riverside to the north. The setting does have a further blemish, provided, appropriately enough, by a derelict chapel. Capel Coffadwriaethol Eglwysbach (the Eglwysbach memorial chapel), a Wesleyan Methodist center of 1899, is a crumbling ruin immediately behind Tabernacl.

The legacy of the chapel building phenomenon is nowhere better displayed than a few miles north of Pontypridd in the Rhondda valleys. The Rhondda Fawr and Rhondda Fach (the big and little Rhondda) were a sylvan delight until midway through the last century, when Welsh entrepreneurs replaced the native woodland with mining gear and drilled down to rich seams of steam coal. With the huge growth of industry, the population surged from 951 in 1851 to 152,781 in 1911, the Welsh language being given a providential boost in the process. The miners and their families took to chapel building with such zeal that by 1914 they had raised no less than 151 of varying size and quality. They dotted the valleys' terraced streets like religious punctuation marks and contained enough seats for half the population.

Journeying into a Rhondda, which with the almost total disappearance of the mining industry is now increasingly verdant, one passes the closed collieries of Ty Mawr and Lewis Merthyr, which await rebirth as an industrial museum. A detour into Trehafod enables a visit to Bethesda Baptist chapel where the waters of the baptismal pool are now stirred only during the production of coal-dust figurines. The ***working-class*** worshipers are no more: they have been replaced by the Kingmaker Craft Shop (not open on Sunday). The trinity of Baptists, Congregationalists and Methodists are in every town, often vying for attention with an eclectic assortment of architectural embellish-ments. All are ailing. At Ton Pentre, Bethesda Congregationalist starkly reflects the situation. Rebuilt and enlarged at the end of the chapel era in 1906, its imposing facade embodies a central pediment flanked by a balustraded parapet, fluted pilasters, quoins and a very non-Nonconformist quartet of angelic gargoyles. Seating almost 1,000 people, its pitch pine interior is both beautiful and aromatic; arches from the gallery to the ceiling provide a mosque-like quality; the pipe organ is kept in glorious voice. Here was a great church. Yet its membership has collapsed to just 11 people, who cling to a tradition established in 1876 but face seemingly inevitable closure.

There are hopes that Bethesda will be listed as a building of historic importance. If so it will be in line with the aims of Capel, which was formed largely through the inspiration of Anthony Jones, a Welshman who is now president of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Professor Jones's seminal studies on Welsh chapel architecture fuel the growing campaign to record church histories, collect Nonconformist artifacts, and preserve the more noteworthy buildings.

ONE building that is almost certain to be preserved is the Unitarian Hen Dy Cwrdd (Old Meeting House) in the Trecynon area of Aberdare, which was built in 1751 and remodeled in 1862. It can be reached from Ton Pentre by traveling north up the Rhondda Valley and over the 1,900-foot-high Rhigos mountain to the Cynon Valley. Set amid narrow streets of terraced houses originally provided for iron workers and their families, diminutive Hen Dy Cwrdd has a plain exterior typical of its period but contains a galleried sanctuary that is a feat of compression. Its fate is assured by the formation of a society of admirers who intend to adapt it as an interpretive center while retaining it as a place of worship for its handful of remaining members.

Visitors to southeast Wales who are interested in the chapel theme would do well to visit the Welsh Folk Museum at St. Fagan's near Cardiff. Set in the lush grounds of Elizabethan St. Fagan's Castle, the museum has a fine collection of painstakingly reconstructed buildings, including farmhouses, mills, a working smithy and Capel Penrhiw - a converted barn of 1777 that exhibits the earliest features of chapel building. Travelers in western mid-Wales might enjoy a pause at the village of Tre'r Ddol, near Aberystwyth, where an 1841 Wesleyan chapel has become an offshoot of the National Museum of Wales. Its eclectic collection of artifacts reflects the variety of the Welsh Protestant tradition, but also includes items from a synagogue where observances ceased in 1979.

Apart from the Tre'r Ddol museum, western mid-Wales also contains one of the best known of all Welsh chapels. Built in 1828, tiny Soar y Mynydd (Soar of the Mountain) is situated in a remote recess in the wild Plynlimon hills, miles of tortuously twisting narrow roads from the nearest towns of Tregaron, Llanwrtyd Wells and Llandovery.

Whitewashed and spare in the early Puritan style, Soar amply rewards those who are prepared to leave the beaten track in search of an opportunity for contemplation. As one sits in the pews, the only sounds are those of a stream, the occasional bleating of sheep and the twitter of birds whose nests are tucked under the eaves.

Compared to the sanctuaries of the urban areas, everything seems to be in miniature. Behind the pulpit, however, the central message is proclaimed as loudly as anywhere:

''Duw Cariad Yw'' (God Is Love). Outside, on a memorial stone to an 18-year-old lad, there is another message that also gives pause for thought:

''Arafwch, mae'n daith ryfedd -Symud o'r bywyd i'r bedd'' (Slow down, it's a strange journey - Moving from life to the grave). Apart from its philosophical implications, the somber words also serve as a warning for mountain motorists.

The Welsh sense of humor, however, is also in evidence. Near a shallow step that can trip the unwary, as it did in my case, a sign reads, ''Gwylia ar dy droed pan fyddech yn myned i Dy Dduw. Keep thy foot when thou goest to the House of God. Ecc. 5:1''

HOW TO SAY IT

Following is a guide to the pronunciation of words often found on exterior plaques of Nonconformist chapels. Note that the ubiquitous Welsh ll has no English equivalent; it is reproduced by placing the tongue against the roof of the mouth and expelling air between the tongue and cheek; dd is pronounced as in the English th in this and th as in think; ch as in the Scottish loch. Capel (KA-pel) - chapel. Eglwys (EGG-looees) - church. Addoldy (ath-OL-dee) - place of worship. Adeiladwyd yn (ad-eye-LAD-ooeed un) -built in.

Annibynwyr/Cynulleidfawyr (ann-i-BUN- wir/kun-ill-eyed-VA-wir) - Independents/ Congregationalists. Bedyddwyr (bed-UTH-wir) - Baptists. Methodistiaid Calfinaidd/Wesleaidd (methoDIST-ee-eyeth/kal-VEEN-eyeth/wes LE-eyeth) - Calvinistic/Wesleyan Methodists.

Trefn yr Oedfaon (trevn-ur-oid-VA-on) -order of services.    H. D.

AMID THE HILLS AND VALLEYS

Getting There

The Welsh capital of Cardiff can be reached by air from London, by rail from Paddington Station or by road on the M4 motorway.

Tabernacl Historical Center, Pontypridd. From junction 32 on M4 at Cardiff drive six miles north on A470 and take the B4273 exit to Pontypridd signposted for Ynysybwl. Open Tuesday to Saturday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Bethesda, Ton Pentre. Take the A4058 Rhondda Valleys road from Pontypridd. About eight miles north turn into Ton Pentre at Pentre. Visits can be arranged by telephoning the church officer, Derek Clayton (443.43876).

Hen Dy Cwrdd, Trecynon, Aberdare. Twenty-four miles north of Cardiff via A470 and A4059 or from the Rhondda Valley via A4061, taking in dramatic valley views from Rhigos mountain. Contact the historian Leslie Davies to arrange visits (685.873226).

Soar y Mynydd. The chapel can be reached from Tregaron, Llandovery and Llanwrtyd Wells.

The roads are wide enough for only one vehicle at a time, but there are places set aside for passing.

Welsh-language services are held at 2 P.M. each Sunday throughout the summer.

Tre'r Ddol Old Chapel Museum. The village is eight miles north of Aberystwyth on A487. Open April to September, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Mondays to Saturdays.

The Welsh Folk Museum is at St. Fagan's, four miles west of Cardiff. Open Mondays to Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Sundays 2:30 to 5.

Other Places to See

Cardiff has the National Museum of Wales, Jacob Epstein's ''Christ in Majesty'' at Llandaff Cathedral, and a fine example of a Norman keep within Cardiff Castle.

Caerphilly is five miles north of Cardiff on A469. The views from Caerphilly Mountain of the sea plain and valleys are splendid, and the magnificent 13th-century Caerphilly Castle has imposing water defenses.

Merthyr Tydfil, the world's leading iron producer for much of the last century, is 25 miles north of Cardiff on A470.

Cyfarthfa Castle, an extravagant folly built as a family home by the iron master William Crawshay in 1825, is a museum of local history.

Blaenafon Big Pit Museum is east of Merthyr Tydfil. Take Heads of the Valleys road to Brynmawr, and B4348 to Blaenafon. Visitors descend by cage to workings dating back 200 years. Former colliers act as guides.

In rural West Wales, visitors to Soar-y-Mynydd might enjoy the contrast in architectural styles afforded by a trip to ruined Strata Florida Abbey at Pontrhydfendigaid near Aberystwyth.

Aberystwyth boasts the National Library of Wales, the University College of Wales, a grand Victorian promenade, a castle and an abundance of chapels.

Accommodations

Farms and guesthouses are an excellent way to meet local people. We enjoyed our stay with Sian and Ceri Davies at Pantyfedwen, near Pontrhydfendigaid (9745.358).    H. D.

**Graphic**

photos of chapels in Wales (Jonathan Player); maps of Wales

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[***TOP ROCKERS ARE IN TOWN, SWINGING BACK TO BASICS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8X70-0007-J0PH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 25, 1985, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 3; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1154 words

**Byline:** By JON PARELES

**Body**

THIS is the kind of weekend when first-rate rock-and-roll bands all over the United States - from Hoboken to Los Angeles - converge on the city's clubs and concert halls, some to prove themselves in the media capital, some to reclaim and expand their New York audiences.

These bands are part of rock's latest return to the basics - guitars, drums, voices, amplifiers and good ideas. The latest in haircuts and fashion accessories are less important to these bands than good old guitar riffs and good new song structures. Some are revitalizing classic styles of rock; others are putting a private twist on both words and music. But in one important way, these bands are traditionalists. They are building their audiences through live performances, night by night and city by city.

''Word-of-mouth is what keeps bands like us going,'' said the guitarist and songwriter Dave Alvin of the Blasters, who will perform tonight and tomorrow at the Ritz. ''It's a nationwide thing; there are small scenes that are healthy everywhere. There's an audience that goes to a nightclub in Charlotte, N.C., or Austin, Tex., to hear new bands - something that's an alternative to what they're getting on radio or television.''

A major contingent has arrived from California. X, which spearheaded Los Angeles-style punk-rock, will play the Beacon Theater tonight. The Blasters, who set tales about ***working-class*** winners and losers to roadhouse rock, also hail from Los Angeles. Tomorrow, the Minutemen from San Pedro, Calif., will bring their quick, dissonant, virtuosic songs to Irving Plaza. ''Face it - we're taking over your city,'' said John Doe, the singer and songwriter of X. Also arriving this weekend are the Del-Fuegos, a gritty garage-rock band from Boston, who will be opening for X; 10,000 Maniacs, a band from Jamestown, N.Y., that matches Natalie Merchant's associative lyrics to a blend of British and American folk-rock, and will be playing tonight at Irving Plaza; Beat Rodeo from Hoboken, N.J., which draws on country and folk-rock, will open tomorrow for the Blasters, and the Hoboken-based Human Switchboard, which is appearing tomorrow night at CBGB.

X has been glimpsed occasionally on MTV, miming its current single, ''Burning House of Love.'' As the 1970's ended, X was the cynosure of independent rock in Los Angeles. ''There were so many bands coming out of Los Angeles,'' Mr. Doe said, ''that there was a real buzz - you were part of a movement.''

X's songs, written by Mr. Doe and Exene Cervenka, often use the guitarist Billy Zoom's sped-up Chuck Berry riffs and punk-rock power chords to propel lyrics about domestic strife and existential dread. Their mixture of careening rock and desperate lyrics established a national cult following for X in the early 80's. Recently, however, the marriage - but not the songwriting partnership - of Mr. Doe and Miss Cervenka broke up, and the band's current album, sardonically titled ''Ain't Love Grand,'' slows X's old, breakneck tempos to approach slightly more mainstream rock. This has alienated some fans while gaining others; X's concert should reveal where the band's loyalties lie.

The Del-Fuegos, who will be opening for X, show up on television in commercials for a beer company that wanted a rough-hewn band. With their raspy lead vocalist, Dan Zanes, and an arsenal of punchy guitar riffs, the Del-Fuegos can sound like a blend of Boston's J. Geils Band and New York's Fleshtones. The X/Del-Fuegos bill at the Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway at 74th Street (787-1477), begins tonight at 8; tickets are $16.50.

It might be enlightening to compare X's songs about romantic tension with those of Human Switchboard, performing tomorrow at CBGB, 315 Bowery at Bleecker Street (982-4052). The dual vocals of Bob Pfeifer and Myrna Marcarian ride on guitar and organ lines that look back to punk and garage bands, a darkly urban sound, full of urgency. Human Switchboard plays two sets to-morrow, at midnight and 2 A.M. Sunday; admission is $6.

California's punk-rock explosion also gave rise to the Minutemen. In an uncharacteristically calm song called ''History Lesson,'' the trio's lead singer, D. Boon, drawls, ''Punk-rock changed our lives.''

Most Minutemen songs are fast, fast-changing and asymmetrical; they can sound like ordinary rock songs run through a trash compactor. On their early albums, which have now been collected as a 62-song cassette called ''My First Bells, 1980-83,'' the Minutemen crammed telegraphic lyrics and allusions to blues, rock, Captain Beefheart and jazz into songs that generally lasted less than two minutes each. They have since stretched out - sometimes to a leisurely four minutes a song - without losing their bite or virtuosity.

They will be performing early Sunday morning about 1 A.M. at Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Place at East 15th Street (477-3728); the Lower East Side's Live Skull, masters of abrasive guitar tones, will open about 11:30 P.M. tomorrow. Tickets are $10.

Minutemen to Maniacs

Where the Minutemen prize quick-crunching riffs and blurted words, often with political messages, 10,000 Maniacs - who are performing late tonight (or 12:30 A.M. tomorrow) at Irving Plaza - prefer delicacy and ambiguity.

The band has just released its first album, ''The Wishing Chair,'' and a song called ''Everyone a Puzzle Lover'' is symptomatic; even with a lyric sheet, the songs tend to propound conundrums. Whatever they may add up to, those lyrics and Natalie Merchant's singing are carried along by bounding guitar riffs and folkish melodies. Tickets are $10, or $8 with a ticket stub from the X concert.

The Blasters are the most traditionalist of the bands in New York this weekend. Not only do they draw on basic rockabilly, blues and rhythm-and-blues, they also structure their sets like old-fashioned live radio broadcasts, dedicating songs to the likes of the country singer George Jones or the blues singer Muddy Waters. Yet within those structures, particularly on the album ''Non-Fiction,'' Mr. Alvin's songs address blue-collar economics and modern disillusionment.

'Twinge of Nostalgia'

''The kind of music we play,'' he said, ''and the kind of music Los Lobos play, it just went away for a while. Now, I think we're realizing that there just might always be this kind of music, and that there are people that like it.

''What they hear in our music may have a twinge of nostalgia, but it's a good kind of nostalgia because it gets them out again; for a while, they were afraid to go to clubs because they were convinced they were out of it. In our audiences now, besides kids and trendies, is, I guess, this normal sort of group of people. That's a healthy thing.''

The Blasters are appearing late tonight and tomorrow (about 12:30 A.M. tomorrow and Sunday) at the Ritz, 119 East 11th Street between Third and Fourth Avenues (254-2800). True Believers open tonight at 11, and Beat Rodeo tomorrow at 11 P.M. Tickets are $13.50.

**Graphic**

Photos of Dave Alvin of the Blasters, Mike Watt of the Minutement, 10,000 Maniacs, Exene Cervenka of X, Phil Alvin of the Blasters (Andrea Laubach/Retna Ltd.; Richard Pasley/LGI;Ann Summa/Retna;Laura Levine;Cris Waltero/Retna Ltd.)

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[***SMALL LOUISIANA HOSPITAL FEELS EFFECT OF CASE AGAINST GOVERNOR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-97M0-0007-J10M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1209 words

**Byline:** By DUDLEY CLENDINEN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** GONZALES, La., Sept. 13

**Body**

Here, in a hot green field beside Highway 30, in the outskirts of this ***working-class*** town of 12,000 people, the steel girders rise for a private hospital, a business as well as a place to treat the ill.

New hospitals, how permits for them are approved and the money to be made from them, have been much in the news in Louisiana this year. It is because of the hospital here, among other things, that Gov. Edwin W. Edwards and seven more defendants, including his brother and nephew, face trial beginning Tuesday morning.

They are charged by a Federal grand jury with profiting from what the prosecution contends was the fraudulent issue of state certificates approving new hospitals in places where they were not needed.

Article describes threat to construction of new hospital in Gonzales, Louisiana, by American Medical International as result of upcoming trial of Gov Edwin W Edwards and seven more defendants on charges that they profited from purportedly fraudulent issue of state hospital certificates; photos; map (M)

After first denying any financial involvement with the contested certificates, Governor Edwards later said that he had earned $2 million in legal fees on four certificates granted by the state, while he was not Governor, to corporations he had an interest in.

Mr. Edwards and the other defendants have all pleaded not guilty to the charges.

Question of Need

The four certificates were issued in the four years that Mr. Edwards, who served as Governor from 1972 to 1980 and took office again in 1984, was out of office. The certificates attest that a hospital is needed and allow Federal reimbursements on some expenses. One of those four certificates was for the Gonzales hospital. The Governor earned more than $400,000 in legal fees in the sale of that certificate to American Medical International, which is building the hospital.

As the trial goes forward in New Orleans, turning on questions of the propriety of decisions made in the capital in Baton Rouge, the effect of one of those decisions resounds here in Ascension Parish, where a local hospital feels threatened by the new construction.

Lying on the flanks of Baton Rouge, divided by the broad brown waters of the Mississippi, the parish is Delta-flat, sparsely inhabited and poor.

Its small houses are home to many workers in the petrochemical industry, whose plants line the river's banks. The industry has sagged in the oil glut, and the parish voters have approved few tax increases in recent years. But one they did approve, in 1983, was to expand the small East Ascension General Hospital, owned by the parish, or county.

Would Not Add Beds

They increase was to pay off a $6 million bond issue, which financed additions to the outpatient clinic, surgery areas, pharmacy, laboratory and to build a new emergency room and X-ray facility. None of the money was to increase the hospital's capacity, which is 50 beds. The State Department of Health and Human Resources, in September 1982, denied the hospital's application for a certificate to expand by 38 beds.

The hospital's existing beds were not filled, the agency said, and there were already enough hospital beds approved and licensed in the region.

For the same reasons, the agency denied an application for a new 200-bed hospital submitted by Gonzales Community Hospital Inc., one of whose officers was Ronald F. Falgout, a former Health and Human Services official in Mr. Edwards's last administration. The Federal indictments charge that Mr. Falgout told an official of the agency that his help in getting state approval of the certificate would be rewarded if Mr. Edwards was re-elected.

After a series of appeals and negotiations, the state certificate was granted. Gonzales Community Hospital promptly sold the certificate for $1.5 million to American Medical International, an international hospital corporation with headquarters in Beverly Hills, Calif. One of Mr. Edwards's first acts in taking office was to promote that state health official.

Hospital Fears Competition

With construction of the new hospital under way, officials of the community hospital fear the competition will destroy it and the tax-paid investment of $12 million. They have filed suit in Federal court to block the new hospital, the Riverview Medical Center, from opening, contending that the certificate for Riverview is fraudulent.

When American Medical acquired the state certificate, it already knew where it would build the hospital. Through Charles D. Isbell, a nephew of Governor Edwards and a partner with him in Edwards & Isbell Real Estate, an American Medical subsidiary had optioned 30 acres on Highway 30. It got the option from Nelson Roth, then Mayor of Gonzales, for a sale price of $750,000.

''They're a smart company,'' said James A. Cobb Jr., a New Orleans lawyer who filed the suit for East Acension General Hospital. ''They were lining up community leaders. One way to do that is to buy the land from the Mayor.''

Mr. Roth says that when he gave the option for the land, he did not know what was to be the use. ''I did not know at the time it was for a hospital,'' Mr. Roth said. ''The person I was dealing with was Charles Isbell.''

Mr. Roth says he favors the private hospital because ''a government-owned hospital is primarily a burden on the taxpayer.''

Town Annexes Hospital Land

With Mayor Roth's support, and before the certificate was approved, the town of Gonzales remapped the area of the hospital site to get it within town limits.

''It was needed to bring the town sewer system out there,'' James N. Sheets, the chairman of the East Ascension General Hospital Board, who opposes the private hospital.

The necessary zoning changes for the site were also approved by the town zoning board. ''Certainly, I discussed it with them,'' Mr. Roth said, ''but I didn't say, 'Hey, I want you to do this.' ''

When state approval was won, American Medical set about building the new hospital, but it first began a new professional building next door, to attract local doctors to use the new hospital.

Movement of Doctors

Three doctors from the staff of East Ascension have bought into the new building, and will serve on the staff of the new hospital, said Kenneth R. Lacy, administrator of East Ascension. Two of them alone, he said, served more than half of the 27 patients currently admitted to the hospital.

Riverview Medical Center, which is expected to open in March, has also hired away East Ascension's emergency room staff and Mr. Sheets is afraid the competition will destroy the community hospital.

For that reason the hospital board hired Mr. Cobb, who has represented other community hospitals in areas where state certificates for new hospitals were approved. Much of Mr. Cobb's research is being used in the Government's case against Mr. Edwards and the other defendants.

''I can't wait until I get an A.M.I. vice president from Beverly Hills on the stand before an East Ascension jury of six welders,'' Mr. Cobb said.

In Beverly Hills, Mick Taylor, a spokesman for A.M.I., which had gross sales of $2.4 billion last year, said the corporation had no comment on Mr. Cobb's charges. ''We're not going to be able to address the lawsuit other than to say that our response will be filed within the next two weeks,'' he said.

**Graphic**

photo of Nelson Roth (NYT/Lodriguss); photo of Kenneth Lacey (NYT/Lodriguss); map of Louisiana highlighting Gonzales

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[***Word for Word/Therapy;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SXV-HT00-007F-G2T7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***You Are Getting Very Confused: Psychologists' Split Decisions***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SXV-HT00-007F-G2T7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1384 words

**Byline:** By TRISH HALL

By TRISH HALL

**Body**

YOU take it all with a grain of salt when you read your daily horoscope or the advice columns. But advice dispensed on the couch by a trained psychologist should carry more weight, right? Sure, but watch it: Even therapists with the best credentials can be all over the map.

That's clear from a new book, "Escaping the Advice Trap" (Andrews McMeel), by Wendy M. Williams and Stephen J. Ceci, psychologists at Cornell University. Drawing on 59 difficult cases, they gave pertinent details to at least two psychologists with doctorates and asked what they thought. Sometimes the answers were similar, but other times they diverged wildly -- indicating that all advice is subjective, determined by values and culture, even when dispensed by experts.

That doesn't mean $100-an-hour therapists are no better than tabloid astrologers or talk-radio gurus. But in the end, the authors say, people at major turning points in their lives need to seek advice from several sources, including more than one psychotherapist, just as they would seek a second opinion on a serious medical matter. Ultimately, the authors say, you have to become your own expert on yourself. Consider the conflicting advice excerpted below.   TRISH HALL

Problem: My husband allows his 7-year-old daughter from his previous marriage to sleep in our bed whenever she has a bad dream. Lately, this has turned out to be every night that she stays at our house. I believe this is a bad precedent.

Answer No. 1: Kick Her Out

From Barry Fallon, senior lecturer on psychology, University of Melbourne:

It is just inappropriate for a 7-year-old daughter to be sharing the marital bed on a regular basis. It is not normal and will not simply pass. You have two problems to address; one concerns your husband and the other your stepdaughter. If the daughter is really having bad dreams whenever she stays in your house, you need to establish what is causing this to occur. If she is using "bad dreams" as an excuse to get into bed with you and her father, this needs to be dealt with and stopped. The stopping of it has to come from her father. Discuss with him why he is so ready to accept her in the marital bed. Are there other things not right with the relationship between you and him? Is he being used by his daughter to assuage his guilt for not being with her?

Answer No. 2: Let Her Sleep

From Douglas P. Peters, psychology professor, University of North Dakota:

You should be more tolerant of your husband's dilemma: He has divorced the mother of his child and now has the task of retaining his daughter's love and affection, despite potential attempts by his ex-wife to alienate him from his daughter. . . . In some cultures across the world it is considered completely normal for children to share their parents' bed. The daughter's behavior is probably the result of insecurity and feelings of being excluded by her father's new relationship. . . . You made the decision to marry a divorced man with a child. Now his problem is your problem. . . . Try to approach the problem from the perspective of making the daughter more secure and you will undoubtedly find that over a couple of months she will no longer wish to share your bed.

Problem: I have met the most wonderful woman after years of thinking that I would never marry again. The problem is that she feels it is important that I support her when she disciplines my two children. I cringe when she does this, as I feel she is overstepping her role in their lives.

Answer No. 1: Discipline the Kids

From Ross Vasta, psychology professor, State University of New York:

First of all, stop cringing. It is perfectly reasonable for your new wife to expect your children to view her as a parent, which includes some responsibility for their discipline. Second, a problem exists here only if you and she have markedly different philosophies on child-rearing. If you do, you might take this opportunity to re-evaluate your family rule structure. . . . In short, view your new wife as an ally rather than an alien, and many of your concerns will disappear.

Answer No. 2: Discipline Her

From Jay Belsky, professor, Pennsylvania State University department of human development:

However much you are attracted to and attached to this woman, you cannot lose sight of your obligations as a parent to your children. If your friend's parenting makes you cringe, you would be negligent to do nothing. . . . Make it clear that you want her to become a parent figure to your children, but that parenting works best when a couple functions as a team. This means sharing ideas and if necessary compromising rather than having things all your way. . . . But make it a point to talk about your concerns, and hers, out of earshot of the children.

Problem: We are a large, close-knit group of siblings whose father just died. The youngest, my sister, lives 3,000 miles away and is 8 months pregnant. Our doctor told us about the many potentially negative effects of stress in the last trimester of pregnancy. . . . Do we tell my sister that her father has just died, knowing (a) that she will be unable to attend the funeral (airlines and her pediatrician will not allow her to fly); (b) that such news could have negative effects on the fetus, and (c) that as the youngest child who was very close to her father, she may feel intense anger at having been excluded?

Answer No. 1: Keep Her in the Dark

From Professor Peters:

I strongly favor delaying telling your sister until after she delivers her baby. . . . Your sister's baby has a right to be born as healthy as possible, and this takes precedence over all other considerations. None of us would condone a pregnant woman taking drugs that would have an adverse impact on this unborn child's life, and none of us ought to overlook this unborn child's right to be born free from preventable stress-related complications.

Answer No. 2: Tell Her

From Gerald P. Koocher, Ph.D., associate professor of psychiatry, Harvard Medical School:

If you value the closeness of your family and respect your sister, don't exclude her at this critical time. There are lots of things that might cause emotional stress to a pregnant woman. Most of them are not under anyone's control. Wouldn't it be better to draw her into a supportive circle of family? Imagine how she would feel if she inadvertently heard the news from some source outside the family. . . . She should also be invited to become actively involved in the funeral activities. She may not be able to attend, but she can certainly be in touch with the family by telephone. She can be invited to put thoughts on paper so they can be shared with mourners. The funeral or memorial service could be captured on videotape, allowing her to experience it if she wishes.

Problem: I am a 30-year-old man who has been dating a 32-year-old woman for three years. I care for this woman very much, but she is from a ***working-class*** family, whereas I am from an upper-middle-class family. She is uneducated, she does not speak grammatically, and in general she does not show the signs of a solid education so valued in my family. Last week this woman's father gave us an ultimatum: Either we get married by Christmas or she must break up with me. The trouble is, I do not feel ready for marriage! But I do not want to lose her either, and I have to make a choice.

Answer No. 1: Dump Her

From Melanie Anson, instructor, Citrus Community College, California:

After three years one should be ready to make a rational and emotional decision to be with a person in a marriage or mutually agreeable partnership. This man is not really interested in being with this woman except for convenience, because her grammatical errors and socioeconomic level still visibly disturb him. Thus, it is only fair to her to let her go free. Her father is right.

Answer No. 2: Dump Her Father

From David F. Ross, assistant psychology professor, University of Tennessee:

I don't care if she is formally educated -- that should be irrelevant to the decision to continue in the relationship. . . . I think this young couple should tell the father to go to hell. . . . If she doesn't have the guts to stand up to her father, I think this man should leave her because she isn't right for him. I hate families who meddle in the lives of their grown children.

**Graphic**

Drawing (Stuart Goldenberg)

**Load-Date:** June 14, 1998

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[***STRICTLY BUSINESS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W3K0-0024-J4TS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Thriving Mall Seeks Image to Match***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W3K0-0024-J4TS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 16, 1993, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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

**Length:** 1299 words

**Byline:** By DOUGLAS MARTIN

By DOUGLAS MARTIN

**Body**

MetroTech, a glistening new office development in downtown Brooklyn, and Fulton Mall, a teeming 200-store bazaar where 100,000 people spend more than $1 million a day, are two blocks from each other.

MetroTech's "corporate campus" is suits and ties, elegant landscaping and an army of exceedingly visible security personnel. Fulton Mall, at first glance, is open storefronts, street peddlers, flamboyant signs and teen-agers hanging out.

By the looks of things, MetroTech and the mall, actually an eight-block section of Fulton Street closed to automobiles, might as well be on different planets. But some property owners and merchants on the bustling commercial strip have looked to MetroTech and glimpsed the promised land.

Dreams of New Profits

The street is already profitable, built on armies of ***working-class*** shoppers who ride 4 subway lines and 11 bus lines to get there. But many merchants see even greater potential in the wallets of the thousands of newly arrived office workers, and are eager to find ways to attract those customers. The merchants also insist that they are eager to increase existing shoppers' choices by adding new enticements.

MetroTech is just the latest chapter in an elusive dream. Fulton Mall had first hoped to draw shoppers from such nearby neighborhoods as Brooklyn Heights, Cobble Hill and Park Slope as they attracted better-heeled new residents in the 1980's, but this never much happened. Then thousands of city and state workers arrived in the area as their agencies took advantage of cheaper Brooklyn rents, but these new arrivals also failed to become Fulton Mall regulars.

In fact, Fulton Mall, originally conceived by the Lindsay administration to bolster a blighted downtown, has hardly ever risen to seize new opportunities to go upscale. Its cobblestone streets are crumbling, and its towering ornamental bus stops do not keep you dry. Shops remain weighted toward beeper outlets, gold jewelry stores and going-out-of-business electronics outlets. Some stores display merchandise in huge, haphazard piles, while a not-uncommon sight is a bored store security guard perched on a high stool tapping a big club.

Here is a store offering two pairs of shoes for $14.77. There is a place offering gold caps for teeth -- "same day service." It is easy to buy a $99 suit, but harder to return it. Racks of T-shirts with gold-sequined tigers are dizzying.

"We've got a totally new marketplace, with new customers, and should we not try to accommodate their needs as well?" asked Francesco P. Cantorella, senior vice president of A. & S., the department store that stayed while Martin's, Namm's, May's, Korvette's and others left.

There are signs that the challenge of attracting new customers is being at least partly addressed. One bus stop has been replaced with a more conventional one, and the city has budgeted $300,000 to repair the cobblestones. The mall's business group, the Fulton Mall Improvement Association, has just begun a new advertising campaign on television, radio and buses, and plans to bolster its security force.

Resisting Change

But there are also indications that change will not come easily. In May longtime property owners rose up to dump the most vocal advocates of change from the association's board, then dismissed Paul A. Travis, executive vice president of Forest City Ratner Companies, the developer of MetroTech, as association chairman. One of the first acts of the new board was to slash the group's assessments, which supply its operating funds, from $847,000 to $750,000.

"In my heart, I don't think they want change," said Dan Pisark, who served as the association's executive director for only four months before being forced out by the new board.

So far, of the property owners at the mall professing to seek more prestigious merchants, only Forest City has attracted such a store, a Toys "R" Us, which will open in November.

Those who are eager to attract more affluent shoppers say the real question is whether merchants and landlords are willing to invest in the future. Will the association spend more to reverse the mall's tattered appearance? And will property owners accept lower rents to attract the national chains, such as the Gap, that they claim to seek?

It is a paradox of retailing that the biggest stores, the ones used as anchors to lure smaller stores, pay less rent per square foot. The smaller stores pay considerably more, giving landlords their profits. But this formula works best when one developer owns all the space. Fulton Mall is owned in patchwork fashion by many parties, so it is harder to reach a consensus on what strategies the mall should adopt.

Charles Chera, chairman of the association and a major property owner on the street, said he and others are ready to sacrifice to get rid of those he calls "undesirable tenants who operate from the seat of their pants." He explained that some tenants who sign high-priced leases are less than prompt with their checks.

Most important, Mr. Chera emphasized, is the mall's overall image. "If we keep renting space to the undesirables, several years from now this will not be the most exciting street in the country," he said.

Sixth in Urban Sales

The great profitability of the mall is belied by its appearance. Teen-age boys loiter around the many sneaker stores, women with children in tow sort through bins of cut-rate sweaters and sale signs never go down. At night, every store but A. & S. is protected by a steel door and the daytime crowds seem like a dream.

But this remains a highly successful shopping street. Jill Kelly, acting executive director, said Fulton Mall ranks sixth in sales among the nation's urban commercial streets. In New York, it ranked behind only Herald Square and Fifth Avenue in 1986, the last time a retail census was taken.

The reason is the number of people. "There is a lot of movement," said Cynthia Gradey, who sells incense and oils at Smith and Fulton Streets. "You're guaranteed to make a dollar."

"People spend hundreds of millions of dollars trying to re-create something like this in the suburbs," said Peter Aschkenasy, owner of the landmark Gage & Tolner restaurant.

Indeed, David Milder, principal of Danth Associates, an economic development consulting firm, said sales at Fulton Mall average $200 a square foot, compared with $234 at a giant regional mall. Rents average $75 a square foot, triple those at a regional mall.

Such stores as A. & S., Duane Reade, Modell Sporting Goods and Nobody Beats the Wiz are among these chains' most successful.

"A lot of people see that most of the customers are people of color and assume it's a failed shopping area," he said. "But it's a terribly interesting, vibrant and strong retail place."

As such, the street continues to play the role it always has for Brooklynites.

"Our shoppers are subway and bus people, by and large," said Herbert Barbanel, a property owner. "I come here to get out of my neighborhood," said Duane Jackson, a 34-year-old man from Bedford-Stuyvesant.

The property owners insist that change, in the form of more prestigious tenants, is imminent. "We're getting a lot of calls from brokers who are trying to pump up the area and bring in some large companies," said one who declined to be identified. "And where there's talk, it's the beginning of something."

Whatever happens, it seems that Fulton Mall will continue to draw enormous crowds and ring up big sales. Its challenge is to respond to a changing Brooklyn and perhaps add a whole new appeal.

A possible sign of things to come occurred the other day when Kris Christensen ventured onto Fulton Mall for a walk. In a year of working at Chase Manhattan Bank, Ms. Christensen, an executive in its institutional trust department, had never visited the mall.

"It's actually appealing," she said.

**Graphic**

Photo: Some property owners and merchants at Fulton Mall in Brooklyn have looked on MetroTech, center rear, a new office development with its visible security personnel, and glimpsed the promised land. (Nancy Siesel/The New York Times) (pg. B2)

Map of Brooklyn showing location of Fulton Mall. (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** August 16, 1993

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[***A NATION CHALLENGED; A City Under the Microscope***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4488-KMC0-0109-T1TP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 7, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 6

**Length:** 1440 words

**Byline:**  By GEORGE JAMES

**Dateline:** PATERSON

**Body**

THE faces of strangers are nothing new here. Each year, thousands of immigrants are drawn to this old industrial town by the low cost of housing. Others, it is now known, are attracted by the promise of anonymity.

In the stunning aftermath of the worst terrorist assault ever to have occurred on American soil, people who make their homes and businesses on these well-worn streets here are reeling from an awareness that something evil had lived among them.

Investigators say a handful of terrorists -- believed to have been aboard the planes that slammed into the World Trade Center, the Pentagon and dove nose first into the Pennsylvania countryside -- came and went from a one-bedroom apartment on one of the shabbier blocks along Union Avenue.

But they do not understand how it happened or how they missed it.

"I'm shocked to some degree," said Jeffery Jones, the 43-year-old councilman for the First Ward, which encompasses this area. "And I'm not sure why but I felt somewhat violated too."

These days reporters and federal investigators are converging on this neighborhood of African-Americans, Hispanics and recent immigrants who speak dozens of languages, combing the gritty streets and narrow bodegas in search of clues and traces.

In the days and weeks before Sept. 11, Alfonso Then could be found in his bodega selling Pure Delite Citrus Punch for $1.19, and Walter Winter would be tuning an engine across the street.

Matthew Faenza might have been filling prescriptions a few blocks away, at McDermott Pharmacy, and Rolando Calzada, whose family fled Cuba with only the clothes on their back, sold upscale Phatfarm sweatshirts in his store, Inner City Blues.

A group of men from Bangladesh knelt for afternoon prayer in a converted storefront called the Paterson Islamic Mission.

Life and all its ordinary acts were unfolding on any given day -- while some men in an apartment above the Then Mini-Market were planning how to attack New York City and Washington.

Long and sorrowful days have now passed since the news spread about who was staying in the apartment at 486 Union Avenue, yet people in this polyglot blue-collar neighborhood are still in a state of disbelief.

The apartment building, which now belongs to history, sits little more than a half-mile northwest of the Great Falls of the Passaic, the focal point of the epic poem, "Paterson," by William Carlos Williams, the symbolic heart of this 8.73-square-mile city that traces its beginnings to a plan developed by Alexander Hamilton in 1792 to harness the falls' power for industry.

Apartments here in the Totowa section, on the northwest side of Paterson, occupy two floors of the aging red brick building that rises above the mini-market's yellow awning, wrapped around two sides like a soiled Band-Aid. The white door leading to the apartments is spotted with graffiti.

It is here that Hani Hanjour, who is believed to have flown the plane that hit the Pentagon, passed through this door largely unnoticed to an apartment that is seen now as one of the headquarters of the hijackers.

How many of the terrorists actually stayed here is unclear, but neighbors have reported seeing Salem and Nawaq Alhamzi, two others on the Washington flight, visiting here as well as Saeed Alghamdi, who was on the flight from Newark that crashed in Pennsylvania, and Mohamed Atta, whose hijacked plane from Boston was the first to slam into the World Trade Center.

Both residents and people who make their living along this stretch of Union Avenue say the crimes committed here usually involve drug sales, with the action shifting from street to street depending on when the police crack down. Some remember when the owner of a video store was fatally stabbed in a robbery seven years ago.

But the immensity of the crime planned by the men at 486 Union Avenue is of another dimension entirely.

"Some of them look familiar, but to ever say that they've been in here definitely, you don't know," said Pam Henderson, the 37-year-old manager of McDermott Pharmacy, several blocks up Union Avenue. "I mean, how long did they live here? Chances are they were in here."

Her father, Matthew Faenza, 63, a former pharmaceutical salesman from Massachusetts who bought the pharmacy 16 years ago and now employs nine people, described the area as a "poor ***working-class*** neighborhood" that has changed over the years.

"It was once heavily populated with Italians," said Mr. Faenza. "And 15 years ago you had more blacks than Hispanics. Now it's there's more Hispanics than blacks."

He added: "In recent years there's been an influx of Middle Easterners, primarily from Bangladesh, and they have a mosque right across the street. They cause no trouble. They're good customers and not associated with the other groups."

Mr. Faenza, standing in front of a display window that was covered by a large American flag, greeted a customer, Millege Primus Jr., who was about to get into his car.

"You feeling all right?" he asked.

"I got out of the hospital yesterday," said Mr. Primus, who had a kidney removed and had a bone marrow transplant to treat his cancer. "I used to be fat," he said, laughing.

Then, in a raspy voice, he got serious. "I couldn't believe the guy was right in the neighborhood," said Mr. Primus, a 56-year-old maintenance man.

But he added, "This is a neighborhood for all kinds of people, so everybody blends right in here."

They blend so well that Walter Winter, a 44-year-old Guatemalan immigrant who has operated an auto repair shop across from the Then Mini-Market and Grocery for five years never paid much attention.

"I talk to the owner of the grocery," Mr. Winter recalled. "He said they go in with 35 cents and ask for single cigarettes. They were very cheap, these guys."

A little farther up Union Avenue, the Rev. Joseph G. Buffardi was walking in front of St. Mary's Church, where he is pastor. Ten pots on the wall were filled with yellow mums, which added a brightness to the gritty street. The church, an ochre-colored brick structure in the Romanesque style is more than 120 years old, he said.

"In the beginning, the first immigrants who were here were German," Father Buffardi said. "And then it went from German to Irish and then from Irish to Italian and now to Hispanic."

Today, only about 100 Italian-American parishioners come to mass, he said, and of 1,400 families in the parish, 1,200 are Hispanic. Most of them work in factories, other blue-collar jobs or as domestics.

"You can't get into the church on Sunday," he said. "They're out in the street."

Calling his neighborhood quiet and peaceful, Father Buffardi "You can see there's not a piece of graffiti or anything ever broken. Hispanics have an enormous amount of respect for their church, so it's nice to have a thousand eyes watching out for you."

No one in his parish lost anyone in the attacks on the trade center. "Most of my people's concerns are their sons and daughters who are in the military, who are being called up or in the National Guard," he said.

In Inner City Blues, a clothing store a short distance from the church, Rolando Calzada, 39, wondered how the men who had lived among them could hate America so much after experiencing it.

His father and mother brought him from Cuba as child in 1969 with little more than the clothes on their backs. They eventually settled in Paterson, where they took over a shoe repair on the other side of town. They converted it to a shoe store, and then it became Carlos Department Store.

"Coming from where I come from, and as proud as I am of this country, I hate to see stuff like that as far as these people who don't appreciate being here," Mr. Calzada said.

Three years ago, Mr. Calzada opened a clothing store in the neighborhood where sells Sean John warmup suits, Coogi sweaters and Phatfarm sweatshirts. His customers include members of the Giants, Knicks and other teams as well as Tim Thomas of the Milwaukee Bucks, who grew up here.

"We've worked hard and my kids are doing tremendously well in school," Mr. Calzada said. "I expect for them to be doctors one day. How can you not love this country? How can you not appreciate what it's afforded you?"

As people pondered such questions, the neighborhood was still in shock, said Councilman Jones, because terrorists were supposed to live somewhere else, not on their street, not in their neighborhood.

"We believed the worst that would happen to us is drug sales or the occasional shooting or Miss Jones might lose her apartment because she was in the hospital," he said. "We had lost sight that we are part of the world fabric and that what was happening elsewhere could easily happen to us. And now we know."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: In one of Paterson's aging red brick buildings above a mini-market's yellow awning, investigators say a handful of terrorists came and went from a one-bedroom apartment. Matthew Faenza, left, a pharmacy owner, and Millege Primus Jr. stop to talk on Union Avenue in the Totowa section. (Photographs by Keith Meyers/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2001

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[***Back to School, So Into the Mall***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W020-0024-J4SP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 5, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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**Length:** 1219 words

**Byline:** By EVELYN NIEVES,

By EVELYN NIEVES,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** JERSEY CITY, Sept. 3

**Body**

After nearly four hours at the Newport Centre Mall, it took Sabrina Williams 20 minutes to convince her two children it was time to leave.

"We bought quite a bit," Ms. Williams said, holding out four large J. C. Penney bags.

"Not my sneakers," said her 14-year-old son, Jacques, a newly minted ninth grader at Lincoln High School here.

"Not my book bag," chimed in her 9-year-old daughter Cherisa, who is entering the fourth grade at a parochial school.

"We'll get them!" said their mother, who had taken the day off from her receptionist's job to make the shopping trip. "We'll get them!"

Back-to-school shopping. At its best, the yearly ritual is equal parts chore, family social outing and nostalgia trip -- a reminder to parents about those heady days when every September held the promise of new adventures. But at its worst, the mega-shopping event, which reaches its peak this weekend with Labor Day sales, is full of trials and tribulations for both parents and children.

The pitfalls are many: fighting over the $100 nylon backpack, the $135 Doc Marten shoes, the $48 pre-faded flannel shirts; coping with the student's all-important need to fit in at a time when every piece of clothing or pair of sneakers is fraught with associations that brand the wearer as cool or nerdy forever after; buying expensive, trendy clothes for a child who will literally outgrow them in a couple of months.

"I pass Thom McAn and see $29 sneakers and wonder why he can't have those?" said Ron Aqua, shopping at the Mall at Short Hills in Short Hills, N.J., with his 14-year-old son, Sam. Sam was wearing month-old $85 Kevin Johnson basketball sneakers, which he will most likely outgrow before Thanksgiving.

Of course, parents and children have always clashed over what to buy and how much to spend.

But with consumer fetishism reaching new peaks each year (bell-bottoms, just back, are already on the way out), parents say they are often sent reeling as they try to find the exact look their children must have. (And in New York City, where asbestos will keep schools closed at least until Sept. 20, families have who-knows-how-much-more time to draw out their shopping.)

Stricter Clothing Budgets

Adding to the pressure, more families say they have stricter budgets this year than they have had before. A poll of 450 parents and teen-agers conducted by MasterCard International found that parents plan to spend an average of $265 per teen-ager on back-to-school shopping this year, compared with $277 last year. Retail industry analysts confirm the survey, citing uninspiring numbers in back-to-school sales except for high-volume discount chains.

For ***working-class*** parents, whose children want the same fashions in the same stores as parents with money to spare, satisfying the children often means sacrificing elsewhere. Even children who have to wear uniforms are far from immune: They worry about accessories.

"And at a time when there are single, working parents, simply finding the time to go shopping will contribute to the tension," said Ann P. Parelius, an associate professor of sociology at Rutgers University who teaches the sociology of the family.

In urban areas, she added, parents face the extra stress of knowing that children can be mugged and killed over clothes or sneakers.

"The parent has to worry whether what they're buying for their child is perhaps too attractive," Ms. Parelius said.

Frantic Parents and Students

As malls fill with frantic parents and students vying for the most favored book bags, notebooks, sweaters and jeans, even the most casual observer will witness a scene or two.

"Everywhere I go, I see the same thing," said Barbara Placek of Oradell, N.J. "Moms dragging along kids who don't want to be there, pointing to one set of clothes while the kids shake their heads and point elsewhere, usually at more expensive items."

But parents interviewed at New Jersey shopping malls said they try to keep scenes to a minimum.

Sandra Lagnado of Union City, N.J., was eyeing the sneakers at Modell's in downtown Newark, harrumphing over the ones her son, Carlos, 15, felt he must have. "For 50 dollars we make a deal," she said. "I say if you don't cut classes, I'll buy them."

Cecilia Hodges, of Scotch Plains, relies on another sanity saver: she sends her children off on their own in the mall, then lets them show her what they've picked out. If she agrees, they buy it.

'They're Very Particular'

"It's work," she said, shopping with her 15-year-old son, 12-year-old daughter, 15-year-old niece and 14-year-old nephew at the Short Hills Mall. After an afternoon of shopping, they had emerged empty-handed.

"I can't even count how many times we've come here," she said. "It's very tough. It's stressful."

This even though both her children and her niece all wear uniforms to school. "Even with the uniforms, they want a certain bookbag, or a certain shirt," Mrs. Hodges said. "They're very particular."

And while most parents said they were on strict budgets in theory, the reality was often something else.

Bethany Bollerman of Hackensack, N.J., said that it "was nothing today to spend $100" in the space of what appeared to be minutes at an outlet store for her four young children. Shopping for her eldest daughter involves more than just pulling clothes off the rack because Heather, who is entering the third grade, is also style-conscious.

No More Blind Buying

"We look at style, what's in vogue and for her I'll only purchase something that she says she will wear," Mrs. Bollerman said. "My days of blind buying when it comes to her are over."

Ron Aqua, of Berkeley Heights, said his credit card had become his budget. His sons, Sam and 11-year-old Ben, "won't really know what they need until they see what everyone else is wearing," Mr. Aqua said. "That's everyone with a capital E."

The psychological pressure of that "E" was emphasized by a 15-year-old Connecticut girl starting her sophomore year at a Bridgeport high school.

"You don't want to look like a geek," she said, insisting on both fashion and academic anonymity as she shopped at a Connecticut mall. "I'm being careful about all the clothes I buy because last year I wore some old sweater my grandmother gave me for the first day of school, and I never lived it down the rest of the year."

Parents Exorcise Demons

Some people say they never live it down for the rest of their lives, and it affects how they shop for their children.

Joanne Kapr of Saddle Brook, N.J., said her husband had told her to buy their four children whatever they want. It seems he was never allowed to choose what to wear until his senior year in high school, and holds to the belief that this caused him to be ostracized by his classmates.

"He said to me, 'Joanne, you get the kids whatever they want because I don't want to do to them what my parents did to me', " Mrs. Kapr said. "That's why I'm almost broke. My kids are running around in L.A. Gear and I'm wearing the $10.99 Bradlees sneaker special."

Christine Rednor, shopping at the Quaker Bridge Mall in Lawrence Township, N.J., with her 7-year-old daughter, Rebecca, could consider herself lucky. She doesn't have to break her budget. She and her daughter, who will be entering second grade, rarely disagree on clothes. And when differences do arise, "I win," Mrs. Rednor said. "This is not a democracy."

**Load-Date:** September 5, 1993

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[***REAGAN RENEWS DRIVE TO REVISE THE TAX SYSTEM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9BT0-0007-J0TF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 3, 1985, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1235 words

**Byline:** By BERNARD WEINRAUB, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** INDEPENDENCE, Mo., Sept. 0

**Body**

President Reagan, saying ''I'm back and rarin' to go,'' began his drive for an income tax overhaul today with a blunt attack on the curpent system as ''unfair, unworkable and unproductive.''

In a campaign-style Labor Day speech that marked the opening of a heightened effort by the Ppesident to push for his program, Mr. Reaean stood in front of the brolze statue of Harry S. Truman in the Old Courthouse Square and repeatedly linked the tax proposal to the populism that epitomized Truman's Presidency.

Support dor Plan in Congress

The plan has been criticized in Congress and elseuhere. Members of the Congressional tax-writing committees say they found lackluqter support for the plan among constituents last month but would nevertheless support it. [Page D20.] Mr. Reagan, standing in the steamy, sun-drenched square, said, ''Our fair share tax program is a good deal for the American people and a big step toward economic power for people who've been denied power for generations.''

Pres Reagan, in campaign-style Labor Day speech in Independence, Missouri, starts drive for income tax overhaul with blunt attack on current system as 'unfair, unworkable and unproductive'; Reagan, standing before statue of Harry S Truman in Old Courthouse Square, repeatedly links his tax proposal to populism that epitomized Truman's Presidency; photos (M)

''I think Harry would be pleased,'' Mr. Reagan told the crowd of several thousand farmers, trade unionists and others. He said his program would benefit middle-class and ***working-class*** families but was opposed by special interests. The speech today began what White House officials call ''the fall offensive,'' which Mr. Reagan's advisers say could be a pivotal point in his Presidency. Mr. Reagan plans a trip a week in the next few months to press for his plan.

Critics See Boon to Wealthy

The critics say the tax plan hurts the middle class and gives considerable relief to the wealthy. Under the proposals, tax rates for businesses and individuals would be slashed at the same time that many deductions would end.

Some White House officials, like Max Friedersdorf, a key legislative strategist, are optimistic about the prospects for tax overhaul despite the critics. ''I think we have the most popular President in decades, and I think they've vastly underestimated his ability to galvanize the public,'' Mr. Friedersdorf said. ''Once he hits the road in September and October, and making the pitch on this, he's going to make tax reform happen.''

Some other White House and Administration aides are less optimistic, saying that the plan could easily become intertwined with other issues on which the Administration will be prodding Congress over the next three months. Some of these are tax revision, relations with South Africa, reduction of the budget deficit, a debt-limit bill, farm programs and legislation to curb foreign imports.

Shoe Imports Protested

In the crowd today were several placards protesting Mr. Reagan's decision last week rejecting limits on foreign shoe imports.

Larry Speakes, the White House spokesman, was later asked about the absence from the rally of Senator John C. Danforth, the Missouri Republican who was a key opponent of Mr. Reagan's decision on shoe imports. ''The Republicans were there - the real Republicans,'' Mr. Speakes said.

White House officials say Mr. Reagan has made tax overhaul the centerpiece of his domestic agenda and will campaign for it in nearly every part of the country. They say the tax measure has taken on urgency because of the Congressional schedule.

Both Congressional tax-writing committees have finished two months of hearings on the Administration's plan. The House Ways snd Means Committee expects to send a measure to the House floor by mid-October. Although the outlook is less certain in the Senate, the White House says it might vote around Thanksgiving.

Momentum Was Slowed

The momentum for Mr. Reagan's package was slowed considerably by the Lebanon hostage situation and the President's cancer surgery.

Mr. Reagan seemed thinner today than he was before the operation. Mr. Speakes said later that Mr. Reagan had lost four to five pounds, ''like you always do after surgery,'' but that the President was starting to gain the weight back.

''He's in good shape, he looks good,'' Mr. Speakes said. ''He feels good. He's back in the old form.''

The 74-year-old President was tanned and spoke vigorously this afternoon. His wife, Nancy, stood beside him, beaming and waving to the cheering, flag-waving crowd.

''Vested interests just hate it when we talk about reform, and they loved it when they thought I was laid up and out of action,'' Mr. Reagan said.

He seemed in an upbeat mood as removed his jacket in the withering heat before starting his speech in a blue, short-sleeved shirt. He noted that today was the first time he had been ''on the stump'' since his cancer surgery. Mr. Reaagn said he missed campaigning, ''even the hecklers.''

He obliquely raised the issue of his own health at one point. ''It's true I've been in public office for more than a dozen years now with roughly three years and four months to go, the Lord willing,'' he said. ''Since the Constitution limits a President to only two terms, there are no more elections for me, and therefore, no need for political considerations in any decision I'm called on to make. Like you, I'll be living with everything we do in these next few years in Washington. That's why I want tax reform for all of us.''

A Look at the Past

He said that the ''good healthy skepticism'' of Americans about the promises of politicians was a key reason that previous tax overhaul proposals had failed to stir support, and he urged his listeners to write to Congress.

''Now, tax reform has its enemies,'' he said, ''especially among the people who have a vested interest in the status quo. Status quo. That's a Latin name for the mess our tax structure is in.''

Mr. Reagan said he was ''disgusted'' by the current tax system. ''It's been tried and found unfair, unworkable and unproductive,'' he said. ''It's a system that yields great amounts of revenue, but even greater amounts of discontent, disorder and disobedience.''

''If our fair share tax plan didn't bear within it the promise of more justice, more equity for every American, I would never support it,'' Mr. Reagan said. He singled out the ''self-righteous'' and those who live in ''fat city'' as some of his strongest foes.

Terming the current tax system ''antifamily'' and ''antigrowth,'' Mr. Reagan observed that the House Select Committee on Children, Youth and Families ''has called our tax reform plan the most profamily of all the tax proposals before Congress.''

''They say it is fair to low-income working families, fair to large families, single-parent families and average-income families,'' said Mr. Reagan. ''That sounds like a pretty fair appraisal, and it comes from the Democratic majority, not my own party.''

Mr. Reagan stopped in Truman's hometown on the way back to Washington after a three-week vacation in California. ''I'm proud to be talking about this good deal in the home of the father of the Fair Deal,'' Mr. Reagan said.

This was the 14th year that Independence has celebrated a colorful four-day event over the Labor Day weekend called Santa Cali Gon Days. The event commemorates the city's historical role as the starting point of the Santa Fe, California and Oregon Trails.

**Graphic**

photos of President Reagan (UPI)

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[***IN SOVIET, EAGER BEAVER'S LEGEND WORKS OVERTIME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9CN0-0007-J23M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 31, 1985, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 1; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1215 words

**Byline:** By SERGE SCHMEMANN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MOSCOW, Aug. 30

**Body**

Fifty years ago tonight, a Ukrainian miner named Aleksei G. Stakhanov hewed 102 tons of coal in a single shift, 14 times more than his norm, setting a Soviet record.

His achievement was duly noted the next day in a paragraph in Pravda, and almost immediately Stakhanov became a national symbol.

Within three months, on Nov. 22, 1935, Stalin was addressing the First All-Union Conference of Stakhanovites in Moscow, hailing the movement as conclusive evidence that Communism would triumph over capitalism.

The Stakhanovite movement, Stalin declared, represented ''a model of that high productivity of labor that only socialism can produce and that capitalism cannot produce.''

Article on efforts by Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev's efforts to solve problem of low labor productivity; describes Stakhanovite movement that started in 1935 when Ukrainian miner Aleksei G Stakhanov hewed 102 tons of coal in single shift, 14 times more than norm, setting Soviet record and current flood of news and television reports pegged to movement's anniversary; photos (M)

Fifty years later, low labor productivity remains one of the critical problems of Soviet industry and a major target of Mikhail S. Gorbachev's economic program. Although the Stakhanovite movement no longer exists as such except in Soviet legend, a flood of newspaper and television reports pegged to the anniversary have highlighted some striking similarities between the problems and propaganda of those days and Mr. Gorbachev's campaign to enhance productivity.

Scientists and Beet Gatherers

Within days of Stakhanov's original feat, workers across the Soviet Union were vying to emulate his feat. The press carried almost daily accounts of Stakhanovite records set by steel smelters, machinists, combine operators, sugar-beet gatherers, pilots, scientists and countless others. Stakhanov's own record fell several times within days, and by Sept. 9 he had upped the one-shift total to 175 tons.

The Stakhanovite movement had been born.

''Why did capitalism smash and overcome feudalism?'' Stalin asked at the 1935 conference. ''Because it created higher norms of labor productivity, because it enabled society to obtain an incomparably larger quantity of products than under feudalism.''

''Why can, why must and why will socialism certainly triumph over the capitalist system of economy?'' he asked the 3,000 assembled overachievers. ''Because it can produce higher examples of labor, a higher productivity of labor than the capitalist system of economy.''

Stalin fumed, as Mr. Gorbachev does now, at ''all those elements among the administrators, engineers and technicians who stubbornly cling to the old, who do not wish to move forward.''

The articles marking the 50th anniversary, of course, have not mentioned Stalin. But they have sought to draw morals for the present from the movement started by the miner from the town of Kadiyevka, which now bears the name of Stakhanov.

Today's Primary Demands

''The miner from Kadiyevka showed the whole country that it is possible to live more ambitiously, to work more intensively and rationally,'' wrote the weekly Nedelya. ''Are these not the primary demands of today?''

The legacy of the Stakhanovite movement survives today in the regular glorification on television or in the press of ''udarniki,'' workers who have achieved extraordinary feats. But the legacy is probably strongest in the predilection of Soviet managers for what is known as ''shturmovaniye,'' achieving short-term bursts of high production by generating mass enthusiasm and propaganda hoopla.

The very cycle of Soviet industry, with its rigid plans and quotas, consists of stretches of slow production followed by bursts of fierce labor to make a monthly, quarterly or yearly quota.

Already in Stalin's day there were those who questioned the efficacy of a movement that generated sporadic and artificially organized speed-ups at factories but failed to ingrain efficiency into institutions.

Skeptics Branded Saboteurs

But Stalin had a persuasive way about him. After a Communist Party Central Committee meeting in March 1937 at which skeptics about the Stakhanovite movement were branded ''Trotskyist saboteurs'' and worse, thousands of them were carted off to labor camps.

Many workers, too, privately resented the fact that records by Stakhanovites - who would be rewarded with rich bonuses and perqusites -were usually followed by increased quotas for everybody else, cutting back ordinary workers' ability to earn bonuses for overfulfilling their norms.

Vladimir Vysotsky, the enormously popular balladeer who died in 1980, wrote one of his most biting songs about a group of ordinary miners who, while sitting around drinking, learn that the Stakhanovite of their brigade has been buried in a mine collapse.

As the miners descend into the shaft where their exemplary comrade is trapped, one of them, a former labor camp inmate, speaks up:

Our grief, everyone's grief, is one and the same.

If we dig him out, again he'll start filling three quotas, Again he'll start giving the nation coal, and giving it to Us, too.

So, brothers, in order not to work too hard, let's take it Easy now - one for all and all for one.

In the official legend, the Stakhanovite movement was a grass-roots initiative of the ***working class***.

''What strikes one most of all,'' Stalin told the Stakhanovite conference in 1935, ''is the fact that this movement began of itself, as it were, almost spontaneously, from below, without any kind of pressure on the part of the administrations of our enterprises.''

Planned Push for a Record

The history of Stakhanov's feat, however, tells a somewhat different story. The push for a record on the night of Aug. 30 was, in fact, carefully planned and prepared by the Communist Party organization of the Tsentralnaya-Irmino mine in the Donets basin.

The mines, short of skilled workers and machinery, were failing to produce their quotas of coal. The party tapped Stakhanov, a little-educated, hard-working peasant-turned-miner, to set a record that would become an inspiration and example.

Konstantin G. Petrov, the chief of the mine's party organization, recalled that Stakhanov's wife strenuously resisted his attempt to make her husband a hero until she was silenced with the gift of a cow.

To increase Stakhanov's chances, the pattern of work was changed to free him from his usual task of shoring up the tunnel as he dug into the seam. Instead, two timberers followed after him, and Mr. Petrov himself held a light to the coal-face.

What Stakhanov did, to be sure, was still impressive, especially with the unreliable jackhammers of those days. Contemporaries described the big miner wrestling his hammer for hours, coal dust choking his throat and nose and grinding between his teeth.

''I suppose Stakhanov need not have been the first,'' said Mr. Petrov in an interview several years ago. ''It could have been anybody else. In the final analysis it was not the individual face-worker who determined whether the attempt to break the record would succeed, but the new system of coal extraction.

''But Aleksei was the first. Why then? Well, because before a record can be set a man has to believe in its feasibility and in his own powers. We had been looking for just such a stalwart fellow.''

Stakhanov died in 1977.

**Graphic**

Photo of Aleksei G. Stakhanov arriving for work at a Soviet coal mine in 1936; photo of Stakhanov, in 1936, explaining his work methods to fellow laborers at the mine (Sovioto)

**End of Document**



[***24 Hour Cycle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7XK0-17H1-2PBB-2425-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2175 words

**Byline:** By N. R. KLEINFIELD

**Body**

At the laundromat, irregular things happen. People square off over washers -- mine; no, mine. They sit on the counters where you were planning to fold T-shirts. Women conveniently forget a negligee in a dryer so you'll find it and marry them. Street people try to sell utterly unnecessary things. Pesky process servers visit bearing summonses. People stare without mercy.

Charles Johnson has a 10-second rule. Mr. Johnson is 44, an occasional personal trainer with loose hours, and was juggling three loads one Wednesday afternoon at the Clean Rite Center in Clinton Hill, Brooklyn. He insists on doing the wash for his family (wife, two kids) ''because I do it better, not because I have to.''

He does the cleaning too. In eight years, he said his wife has touched a mop perhaps twice. She cooks.

''In a laundromat you get a lot of eye drama,'' he said. ''That's when someone may or may not like you and they look at you and you look at them and then you try not to look at them. So my rule is if you stare at me more than 10 seconds, I'll talk to you and find out why you're staring at me.''

One guy passed muster. They spoke about the pyramids and a lot else. With another, Mr. Johnson ended up doing calisthenics in the park.

Sixty-one Speed Queen washers and 62 dryers gush and rumble 24 hours at the 5,000-square-foot Clean Rite at Putnam Avenue and Fulton Street, commingling with soft blather from flat screens hung on the wall. On a weekday, 75 to 100 people clean their clothes here; on weekends it can reach 250. Those frenzied Saturday and Sunday afternoons, people park laundry bags next to the taken machines, marking their place in line. Attendants troop around, booming out commands to keep things moving: ''Washer 21, last call. Dryer 14, empty this baby.''

The Clean Rite sits in one of those ***working-class*** to middle-class neighborhoods that not many years ago was not a very good one -- too many drugs, hookers -- and is transitioning into a better one. The blue and gold corner laundromat arrived six years ago, not happily for some smaller, less clean laundries that have since vanished.

For many in this city of renters stacked on top of one another in diminutive spaces, the laundromat is a vital necessity. In older apartment buildings, personal washing equipment is often prohibited; the basement laundries that do exist are frequently unattractive or unwelcoming -- or nonfunctioning.

New York City has 2,654 laundries -- self-service ones like Clean Rite and dry cleaners who take in bags for fluff 'n' fold. That is one for every 3,151 people. They do much more than scrub out dirt. The Clean Rite is an ad hoc theater, where people flirt, debate, gossip, argue, break up, discover love, loiter, do business and just about anything else that can be squeezed into 27-minute heavy-soil cycles.

An assertion in the back gathered attention.

''Mister, you're not folding the towel properly,'' the wife said.

''There you go being anal again,'' the husband said. ''We are talking about a towel.''

''We are talking about my towel. Next we are going to be talking about folding your head.''

Discussion gravitated to personal hygiene, the cellphone use of a daughter, the disappearance of a banana yogurt. It got brutal, got vulgar.

People buried their eyes in their clothes.

Crude washing machines go back to the 1800s, but it was the introduction of the automatic washer by Bendix in 1937 that led to the self-service laundry. They began to multiply in the mid-1940s. In those primitive days, users had to make reservations. Coin slots and meter mechanisms were notoriously unreliable. People overloaded washers. Smoke poured out.

Clean Rite began in 1996 in Springfield Gardens, Queens. Alex Weiss, who was returning from Hong Kong, where he owned a trading business, started the company with his father, Mark, who ran basement laundries in city apartment buildings. The son liked the fact that there was no inventory and customers did the labor. Today there are 40 Clean Rites across the city, and Alex Weiss's company, Laundry Capital, controls about 150 laundromats around the country.

Coins are irrelevant inside the Clinton Hill Clean Rite; washers fill swipe cards at refill stations near the entrance. The cards discourage robberies and, as Alex Weiss put it, ''You don't have to get arthritis from putting the coins in the little slots.''

Laundromats have always been recession-resistant, clothes getting dirty independent of stock indexes. But the recent economic turbulence has seen people let more time lapse between washes, stuff more clothes into machines, do it themselves rather than drop it off with the attendants, even do the wash in their bathtubs.

Lydia Vega, 49, is a small, rosy woman, eyes in frequent motion. As the manager of the Clean Rite, she sees things. Above all, she sees that an astonishing number of people do not know how to do laundry.

''They'll say, this machine is good, but this one doesn't have enough water,'' she said. ''Well, you have nightgowns in one and towels in another. Heavy clothes will absorb more water. They don't know what cycle. What clothes to put with what. They will put in way too much soap. If I see a washer and it's got 14 minutes left and there's too much soap, I'll put in fabric softener, which will cut it.''

When not rescuing clueless customers, she does wash and fold for drop-off customers.

She knows the regulars, rarely by name but by washing habits. Like the retired couple who insist on machines No. 1 and 2 because of their proximity to the front windows. They like to watch the passing humanity as their clothes spin.

People leave all sorts of things in their laundry: iPods, keys, crayons, remote controls. ''Once a woman called me over and said the washer was on fire,'' Ms. Vega recalled. ''I rushed over and it was a flashlight that had turned on.''

The attendants give advice on both laundry and life.

Graham Holley, 39, studying to be a stand-up comic, was debating which comic character to choose for a class assignment. Beverly Edwards, who has been working at the Clean Rite for five years, said use the country bumpkin one, it reminded her of Gomer Pyle. He used it. The teacher said it was great, it reminded him of Gomer Pyle.

Someone asked Ms. Vega for tennis balls. The way to dry a comforter is with a couple of tennis balls: they keep it fluffy. People bring their own balls, but Ms. Vega tries to keep some on hand. People don't always return them.

John Fuller, 51, bounced in with a merry smile: Anybody need him? He's the animated neighborhood handyman, available for any and all odd jobs. The laundromat is his unofficial office.

He had been overhauling a bathroom at the deli across the street, and popped in to see if fresh work loomed. Actually, a man with a busted pipe had just been in looking for him. He knew you go to the Clean Rite and find John Fuller.

Mr. Fuller has his own washer and dryer, but twice a week washes his work clothes here to spare his machines the layers of grime.

The characters come with regularity, people with some interest in washing clothes but not necessarily very much interest.

Richard Orange sat near the side door one Thursday afternoon. He wore a saturnine expression and ate a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, no soiled clothes in sight. Mr. Orange, 65, said he was a retired subway booth clerk who lived nearby with his uncle's family.

He studied a sheaf of papers, awaiting a spark of inspiration. Much of his time at the laundry is spent scribbling fastidiously in notebooks. He is writing a book. He has slaved at it for seven years. He described it as a ''very important'' work cautioning about humankind's destruction of Earth. The framework for it is three children who visit another solar system, whose leaders tell them to return home and warn civilization about its malevolent ways.

''The theme of my book is man needs to stop kidding himself and get his act together,'' he said.

The working title is ''The Final Spiritual Cosmic Link.''

One of the more mysterious visitors is the lost soul who parks a shopping cart outside brimming with bottles. She gets on the pay phone, calling 311 to complain vigorously about transgressions against her, mainly about flawed tenants in houses she says she owns.

Her name is Christine Alfayed. She is 55 and homeless -- by choice, as she tells it. ''I am an upper-upper-class person,'' she said. ''I know I look like a vagrant. That is so people don't bother me.''

She said she is married to Donald J. Trump, that Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg is her adopted uncle, that she owns the Pathmark at the Atlantic Terminal mall nearby, that she is bidding on a penthouse in Manhattan, that she used to be a physician's assistant and that since the summer of 2007 she has lived on the street.

By redeeming bottles and cans, she said, she makes enough to eat and to do her laundry once a month. ''I have no financial problems, none.''

She wheeled off, paused at a garbage bin, reached in.

The dead of night, the witching hours. The noise tapered off. A few washers going, sloshing loads. Who does the wash on the graveyard shift?

Alex Sherba and Rebecca Stabile, both 25. Last September, they moved here from Rhode Island, where work opportunities were invisible. He's a musician. She teaches theater.

Why come to the Clean Rite at 1 a.m.? ''We procrastinate a lot,'' Mr. Sherba said.

Ms. Stabile said, ''We often do it late because we can't find a time when we can both come. We do it together because we have to carry the laundry down the block.''

They had two large, stuffed, rolling suitcases.

While they waited, they played cards: Uno and rummy. He was ahead. Then she was, stomping him.

An aisle over was Henry Kelly, 45, a welfare investigator. He is single, lives in the East Village, drives nearly five miles to the Clean Rite. ''The machinery is very reliable,'' he said.

On that Friday, he said, ''I got home early from work and took a nap. Then I was up and I had a million and one things to do this weekend, so I said I'll do the laundry.''

Every other Saturday, Carlene James climbs into bed at 10 and sets her alarm for 2:30 a.m. She rises without rousing her husband and four kids. By 3, she is at the Clean Rite. She chooses this moment to do her linens. She requires three super-giant washers, and there are exactly three. At this ungodly hour, competition is zero.

She is 36, a school office manager. Her apartment building has its own laundry room, but it's too slow there. ''I'm very fussy with my clothes,'' she said. ''I put soap in during both cycles. I'm always here when they're done so no one touches my clothes. I once got in an argument with a guy who said I was taking too many dryers. That's why it's good to come at 3 a.m.''

Cleavie Jordan, 47, the midnight-to-8 a.m. attendant, said perhaps a dozen customers came in during the shift, sluggish for his taste. Occasionally, though, the small crimes of the city enliven the night. A month or so ago, three guys beat up someone outside. A continuing issue is deadbeats wanting to use the bathroom to do drugs. ''I can tell by looking at them,'' Mr. Jordan said. ''I tell them no and they curse me out.''

Since virtually the only money the laundromat keeps around is sealed in the swipe-card machines, which themselves are embedded in the wall, and an ATM, there is low motivation for robberies. Which does not mean they never happen.

One recent evening, an attendant dashed out for a sandwich. In a New York half-minute, a street character stole behind the front desk and snatched all the detergent and fabric softener and bleach he could hold. The soap thief.

People sell things at the laundromat: DVDs, pots, knife sets, socks, sneakers; don't ask where they came from. One evening a man was selling steaks, to undetectable interest. A regular who hawks movies circulated with a portable player to preview selections. Someone took ''Precious.'' Someone took ''Nine.'' $5 each. Another man was offering a silver flashlight: $3. Two minutes later: $2.

On it went: smelly clothes, soap, chatter, life.

A woman wearing a sweatshirt inscribed with ''Pain Is Weakness Leaving the Body'' put $10 on her swipe card. A sinewy woman in relaxed-fit jeans studied a manual to become a court security guard. A man with pocked skin was fixated on a talk show where a woman discussed her habit of eating toilet paper.

Henry Fernandez, 57, moseyed in with his wife, Yaya, a couple of loads to do. He had no legitimate reason to be at the Clean Rite. A washer and dryer sit in the basement of his house a few blocks away. He comes to socialize. He's well-known in the neighborhood. His mother is famous for cooking meals and bestowing them on the needy. Her name is Felicia Smith, and people know her as ''Mrs. Smith, the Puerto Rican woman.''

He was talking now, to this man, that woman. ''It's pleasant here,'' he said. ''You never know who you'll run into. What can I say, I really like the laundromat.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: A TRIP: Henry Kelly, a welfare investigator who lives in the East Village, drives nearly five miles to do his laundry at the Clean Rite in Clinton Hill, Brooklyn. ''The machinery is very reliable,'' he said.(MB1)

ROUND AND ROUND: The manager, Lydia Vega, second from top at right, keeps tabs on the 61 washers and 62 dryers and on customers like Tamiko Jackson, top left, and Rebecca Stabile and Alex Sherba, bottom left.

RECESSION-RESISTANT: On weekend days, as many as 250 people use the laundromat.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL NAGLE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(MB6)

**Load-Date:** January 17, 2010

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[***MAKING IT WORK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SW9-WMS0-007F-G03S-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Threatened Bells of St. Martin's***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SW9-WMS0-007F-G03S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1210 words

**Byline:** By ANTHONY RAMIREZ

By ANTHONY RAMIREZ

**Body**

AT St. Martin's Episcopal Church on 230 Malcolm X Boulevard, at West 122d Street, the tintinnabulation of the bells, bells, bells is unusual, joyful -- and threatened.

Unlike bells that are played by pulling on a long rope, St. Martin's are arranged in an elaborate series of wires and levers known as a carillon. Played on a special keyboard, a carillon is one of music's grandest, rarest and most challenging percussive instruments, producing harmonies that, of course, are impossible on a single large bell.

St. Martin's is one of perhaps 250 carillons in churches, colleges and public buildings nationwide and one of two in New York City. The other, at Riverside Church in Morningside Heights, is much larger. St. Martin's carillon was built to celebrate the restoration of St. Martin's after a 1939 fire that almost destroyed the building.

But St. Martin's congregation, never huge and never rich, is shrinking and getting poorer, and its carillon has become increasingly dilapidated. Now, preservationist groups say, it needs hundreds of thousands of dollars in repairs, and the leaky tower that houses it also needs to be fixed.

Money is not the church's only problem. Even if St. Martin's can raise the cash needed for the carillon, it still needs to find someone to play it. Carillonneurs are even rarer than carillons: there are perhaps 75 in the United States, only 5 of them full-time professionals, according to the Guild of Carillonneurs in North America.

The instrument requires a player with finesse and raw strength. Next to no one is trained to teach it, so few music students have ever heard of it.

What's more, St. Martin's is in Harlem, where church music often means gospel. Black publications sometimes refer to St. Martin's carillon as "a cultural contradiction," an allusion to carilloning's roots in Europe and black churches' traditional commitment to the poor.

"Why not build soup kitchens instead of bringing in the bells, some have asked," said the Rev. David Johnson, 70, the senior minister and the eldest son of the founder, John H. Johnson. "But 'you must feed the soul as well as the body' is my reply."

Linda J. Herd, a private citizen who developed an interest in the church, hopes to nourish the soul and the carillon with a festival she has organized next Sunday. Up to five guest carillonneurs will play half-hour recitals, starting at noon. Ms. Herd said the church hoped to attract young people to a future instruction program for carillonneurs, much like the famed stone-carving program at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and to entice benefactors to pay for repairs.

Joel M. Goldfrank, 50, a private investor on the Upper East Side who has agreed to provide a large portion of the estimated $156,000 needed to repair the bells, said he hoped to raise the rest of the money from city agencies and private contributors.

"When a church bell rings, it, at least subliminally, reminds people of their neighborhood," Mr. Goldfrank said. "In a city as sprawling and busy as New York, bells would make life more livable."

But the carillon repairs hinge on repairs to the 90-foot tower that houses it. With the help of Cityscape Institute, a nonprofit urban planning group, the church has applied for a $175,000 grant from the Upper Manhattan Empowerment Zone, a Federal economic development program. The zone is expected to rule on the grant this summer.

"The tower is in a state of serious deterioration," said Ken Lustbader, director of the sacred sites program of the Landmarks Conservancy, the group that helped assess the damage to St. Martin's tower. "Water is leaking, the copper shielding is falling off and the masonry -- the bricks themselves -- need urgent replacement," he said.

That there is a carillon in Harlem at all is quite a feat. Unlike Riverside Church's carillon, which at 74 bells is the world's largest, St. Martin's 42-bell carillon was not a gift of John D. Rockefeller Jr. After the 1939 electrical fire left only the shell of the Romanesque Revival building, the 3,500-member congregation struggled to rebuild.

A parishioner, Arnold Rosey, originally from the West Indies, where church bells are common, gave $100 to the pastor, Mr. Johnson, specifically for a fund to buy a bell. Word spread and parishioners -- ***working-class*** men and women like laborers, hospital attendants and maids, most of them also from the West Indies -- contributed $2,000. Mr. Johnson and others decided on a carillon from the renowned Royal Bell Casting Foundry, in Heiligerlee in the Netherlands.

In two years, the congregation raised the then extraordinary sum of $45,000, and the bells were installed in 1949. For many in the congregation, however, the real climax arrived when Queen Juliana of the Netherlands came to see the bells in 1952, thronged by more than 7,000 Harlem well-wishers.

But Harlem was changing after World War II. Prosperous families began moving to Brooklyn and the Bronx. Today, there are fewer than 700 congregants at St. Martin's, and more than two-thirds live outside Harlem, said the Rev. David Johnson. As with other century-old churches (St. Martin's was built in 1887) and synagogues, deferred maintenance has often been the order of the day.

Still, St. Martin's paid attention to its bells. In 1962, the congregation sent its young carillonneur, Dionisio Lind, to learn more about the difficult art at a six-month carillon program in Belgium. Mr. Lind, now 67, plays with the verve of the accomplished carillonneur. To the outsider, it appears he is pulling off a strange combination of playing the organ and a game of handball.

Like other carillonneurs, Mr. Lind displays the four-limbed mania of the organ player, playing the keyboard, or clavier, with his hands and stomping down on foot pedals. But instead of playing a piano-like set of keys, he lifts and pushes down on a series of knobs known as batons. The batons and foot pedals are connected to the bells by wires. The heavier the bells, the more Mr. Lind has to lift and push.

The heaviest bells range from 1,150 to 3,100 pounds. Using balled fists to snap down on the batons that control them has raised heavy calluses on Mr. Lind's hands; without them, his hands would bleed.

St. Martin's strained finances have also taken their toll. Until retiring recently, Mr. Lind was a production manager at a nonprofit training group for the disabled. He played the carillon on Sundays and other occasions for a $25 fee, far less than the $200 or more that carillonneurs usually earn. Last year, when Riverside Church's carillonneur was on a sabbatical leave, Mr. Lind filled in at that church's far more celebrated carillon.

"Best thing that ever happened to me," Mr. Lind said, explaining that the church and Mr. Johnson "realized what they were missing, and they began to respect me more." Asked for a response, Mr. Johnson said, "Say I just smiled." Mr. Lind plans to play next Sunday and, as one of the country's senior carillonneurs, would be instrumental in any future instructional program.

"We are determined that there will be a future for these bells," Mr. Johnson said. "They are a cultural gold mine, like a painting. But what is most inspiring is that this is a painting paid for by poor people's money. They are poor people's bells."

**Graphic**

Photo: Dionisio Lind has been the church's carillonneur for more than 30 years. (Philip Greenberg for The New York Times)

Diagram: "WORK ORDER: Fixing the Bells"

Like other carillons, the one at St. Martin's Episcopal Church in Harlem consists of a keyboard, or clavier, and an array of bells. The bells weigh from 20 to 3,100 pounds and are in good shape. But the wire system that manipulates the bells has rusted, loosened or otherwise been damaged since the carillon was installed in 1949, especially because of water leakage in the bell tower itself.

Here are the most urgent repairs:

1. Replace entire clavier, where carillonneur presses down on a manual lever or pedal.

2. Install new parts, like the umbrella system, that pull the transmission wire down, causing the transmission bar to rotate, which pulls the clapper, striking the bell.

3. Install new coil springs, and other parts, for tension control.

Also install a pratice clavier, so carillonneur can play without ringing bells.

(Source: Elderhorst Bells Inc.)

**Load-Date:** June 7, 1998

**End of Document**



[***ON GUATEMALAN CAMPUS, THE FIRST TEST IS SURVIVAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9F50-0007-J4MS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1196 words

**Byline:** By JAMES LeMOYNE, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** GUATEMALA

**Body**

The rector of the University of San Carlos here is out to set an unusual record. He would like to be the first head of the school to finish a term in office since 1978.

But the rector, Dr. Eduardo Meyer Maldonado, is aware that it may not be an easy task. Overseeing Guatemala's national university has proved to be a high-risk occupation of late, as political violence, much of it Government-directed, has swept the country.

Article on political violence at University of San Carlos, Guatemala's national university, where two rectors have already been killed and where Dr Eduardo Meyer Maldonado, current rector, has received numerous death threats; university records show that in last two years, at least 36 students and 10 teachers have been killed or have disappeared, 12 of them in last six months; photos (M)

The last two heads of the school were shot dead, in 1981 and 1983. Another former rector fled into exile, fearing for his life. Six weeks ago, Dr. Maldonado's possible successor and close friend, Dr. Edgar Leiva, was also killed, shot twice while walking to a morning class on campus.

A surgeon and a teacher, as well as the head of the university, Dr. Meyer himself narrowly escaped death in 1983 when gunmen opened fire on his car, shattering a window. He escaped, he says, by ramming his assailants' vehicle and speeding away.

Death Threats Number 20

''It's part of what you need to know how to do,'' he said with a self-mocking smile, much as an American college president might discuss the slightly bothersome necessity of meeting alumni associations or attending fund-raising dinners.

The last of more than 20 death threats Dr. Meyer says he has received arrived last week. It was a polite missive that ended with the words, ''You will pay with your life as was the case with your predecessor.''

In the last two years, according to university records, at least 36 students and 10 teachers have been killed or have disappeared, 12 of them in the last six months. The police have not solved a single case, Dr. Meyer said. Several students attributed the attacks to Government security forces.

Such violence has become an accepted part of life in Guatemala, where a strongly conservative army and a Marxist guerrilla movement have warred for years and where the military appears to have killed many thousands of people in an effort to quash any challenge to its authority.

A Center of Resistance

In the midst of the repression, the national university has become a center of political resistance to Guatemala's military regime, a haven for young leftists and one of the few spots where the country's future is openly debated.

These activities are made easier because the university, following a long Latin American tradition, is granted a special autonomous status by the Guatemalan Constitution to encourage academic freedom. In practice, autonomy has meant that the army and the police do not openly enter the campus, though students believe that Government informers, known as ''ears,'' are ubiquitous.

A degree of independence from the military Government has also meant, according to present and former students and teachers, that underground guerrilla groups recruit on the campus and that drug dealers occasionally ply their trade there. A Roman Catholic priest said two university students he knew had recently asked him for advice after they were approached on campus and offered scholarships to study in Cuba.

Conservative Guatemalan politicians and military officers criticize the school for allowing radical leftists to organize and proselytize there. Others have been critical as well.

'A Promise in Peril'

The United States Ambassador to Guatemala, Alberto M. Piedra, is co-author of a 1980 book, ''Guatemala, A Promise in Peril,'' that dismisses the national university as ''a publicly financed echo chamber of revolutionary Communism.''

Dr. Meyer meets such criticism with the same terse purpose that he seems to devote to staying alive.

Describing himself at the age of 47 as ''of fundamentally democratic persuasion, nationalist and Catholic,'' he says he is absolutely determined to preserve the independence of the university founded in 1676 as Guatemala's largest center of learning. Today, it is a place where over 50,000 middle- and ***working-class*** students are educated for just $20 a year.

His belief in the university led Dr. Meyer, who is an alumnus, to stand for election as rector three years ago when nobody else wanted to risk his life for the job. His term is for four years.

''I am an idealist,'' he said by way of explanation. ''I love the university and what I have I owe the university.''

Leftist Heroes on the Wall

On the broad campus grounds, radical politics and the hubbub of late adolescence offer a powerful mix of symbols and emotions. Crowds of students walk to classes gossiping, flirting and wasting time as students do at college campuses all over the world.

Bright murals that wash the prefabricated concrete buildings depict Che Guevara and Guatemalan revolutionaries. Political slogans and invocations to action line hallway walls. A portal to an economics department lecture hall is dedicated to the Nicaraguan revolutionary hero Augusto Cesar Sandino.

It may be only an influential minority of students that is active in political matters, but they take the work seriously. An impromptu meeting of the association of law students gave a taste of campus politics.

The student representatives refused to give their names, prohibited photographs and said that even the number of students in the association was a secret. The measures were not just bravado. Pictures of eight student leaders who have been killed or have disappeared stared down from a wall.

The latest to disappear, Vladimir Amado Hernandez and Ovidio Cartagena Cabrera, vanished last month. Mr. Cartagena's grieving family arrived during an interview to meet his fellow activists. The students said that they believed the Guatemalan security forces had seized Mr. Cartagena.

The students spoke openly of their leftist beliefs and their hope for a revolution. They did not disguise their anger with Guatemala's military rulers, nor their antipathy for the United States, which they hold responsible for supporting 30 years of repressive governments after a coup in 1954 supported by the Central Intelligence Agency.

''American policy has always been interventionist and has violated the self-determination of peoples,'' said one student, who refused to allow his name to be used.

The wall behind him was covered with a map of Guatemala with a knife labeled ''C.I.A.'' painted in its center. Blood red paint dripped from the knife wound. A pair of black jackboots dangled from the bottom of the map.

Dr. Meyer described the students of the university as members of a generation that had been wounded by state repression and political violence and that held little hope for the future.

''All we are trying to do is to guide the young people,'' he said with an edge to his voice. ''They are frustrated at the lack of respect for human beings, the lack of identification with them, the lack of credibility of Government officials and those who seek to govern in the future.''

**Graphic**

Photo of students at University of San Carlos; Photo of the school's rector Dr. Eduardo Meyer (NYT/James LeMoyne; Agence France Presse)

**End of Document**



[***Memoirs of a Girl From the East Country (O.K., Queens) - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SGK-2K20-TW8F-G1FM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 11, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; MUSIC

**Length:** 1942 words

**Byline:** By ANTHONY DeCURTIS

**Body**

IT is one of the most evocative images of Greenwich Village in the 1960s. An attractive young couple are walking down the middle of a snow-covered street. His head is down and tilted toward her. He's wearing an artfully half-buttoned brown suede jacket, but his hands are stuffed in his jeans' pockets against the cold. She is smiling, huddling against him. Shot in February 1963, the photo would come to epitomize the romantic youth culture of the time -- its freedom and fragility, its rootlessness and sense of purpose.

The couple is Bob Dylan and Suze Rotolo, then his girlfriend, and the photograph graced the cover of Mr. Dylan's groundbreaking second album, ''The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan'' (Columbia), which came out three months later. ''Freewheelin' '' -- which includes songs like ''Blowin' in the Wind,'' ''A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall'' and ''Masters of War'' -- established Mr. Dylan, who had just turned 22, as the spokesman of his generation.

Last month, more than 45 years after that photograph made her a nationally known figure, Ms. Rotolo, now 64, stood on the spot on Jones Street where it was taken and eyed the reporter accompanying her warily. ''I don't do re-enactments,'' she said, laughing.

After rarely discussing her relationship with Mr. Dylan since they broke up in 1964, Ms. Rotolo has looked back, mostly with affection. Her book ''A Freewheelin' Time: A Memoir of Greenwich Village in the Sixties'' comes out this week, and a similar photo from the ''Freewheelin' '' session serves as its cover.

Looking elegant in a lightweight black coat, a long gray skirt and black boots, Ms. Rotolo, who is now a visual artist, recalled the original photo shoot. ''We were facing this way,'' she said on Jones Street, as she pointed north toward Fourth Street. ''I figured they'd choose one of Bob by himself, so it was astounding, really surprising.''

With her long light-brown hair, Ms. Rotolo became a model to emulate for young women and an object of desire for men at the time. She does not recall it that way, however. ''It was freezing out,'' she said. ''He wore a very thin jacket, because image was all. Our apartment was always cold, so I had a sweater on, plus I borrowed one of his big, bulky sweaters. On top of that I put a coat. So I felt like an Italian sausage. Every time I look at that picture, I think I look fat.''

In ''A Freewheelin' Time'' Ms. Rotolo walks a delicate line between not wanting to exploit her relationship with Mr. Dylan but needing to address people's understandable curiosity about it. ''Feeding the beast'' is how Ms. Rotolo describes the futility of trying to gratify the endless hunger of Dylan fanatics. ''When you know that someone is human, to make them godlike is disconcerting,'' she said. ''I'm not a rapacious Dylan junkie.''

When the couple first met in July 1961 at a folk concert at Riverside Church at which Mr. Dylan performed, they were just two of countless young people who had made their way to Greenwich Village to reinvent themselves. He had left his native Minnesota to pursue his dream of following the path blazed by his idol Woody Guthrie. Ms. Rotolo meanwhile had grown up in Queens, the daughter of ***working-class*** Italian Communists during the height of the McCarthy era. Well read, artistically inclined and intellectually adventurous, she yearned for an environment in which her interests did not seem weird, let alone dangerous, for a 17-year-old girl. In the 20-year-old Mr. Dylan she encountered a ''kindred spirit,'' she said.

They lived together in a small apartment on West Fourth Street and fed each other's ravenous hunger for meaning. ''We created this private world,'' Ms. Rotolo recalled over lunch in an Italian restaurant on Waverly Place. ''We were searching for poetry, and we saw that in each other. We were so ultrasensitive, both of us. That's why it was a good relationship, but also why it was difficult.''

Mr. Dylan has been a gnomic figure for so long that it's sometimes hard to recollect the Chaplinesque aspect that characterized him in his youth. His boundless enthusiasm proved a delight for the more reserved Ms. Rotolo. For his part Mr. Dylan soaked up her passion for the likes of William Blake, Bertolt Brecht and Arthur Rimbaud; he inscribed a paperback edition of Byron's poems to her ''Lord Byron Dylan.'' Equally important, her political activism, particularly in the civil rights movement, spurred his thinking and writing about those issues.

''She'll tell you how many nights I stayed up and wrote songs and showed them to her and asked her: 'Is this right?' '' Mr. Dylan told his friend and eventual biographer Robert Shelton. ''Because I knew her father and mother were associated with unions and she was into this equality-freedom thing long before I was.''

Their romance, then, began on the basis of an equality that became impossible to sustain. She would soon feel overwhelmed by the obsessive attention the world focused on Mr. Dylan. Having made the symbolic journey across the East River to discover herself and what she might become, she felt lost once again, reduced to being Mr. Dylan's chick and urged even by her most well-intentioned friends to accommodate her life in every way to his genius.

In approaching Ms. Rotolo about doing the book, Gerry Howard, an editor at Broadway Books, mentioned ''Minor Characters,'' a memoir by Joyce Johnson, who had been Jack Kerouac's lover at a similar stage in his career. ''I'm a great fan of 'Minor Characters,' and I thought Suze stood in exact relation to Dylan as Joyce Johnson did to Kerouac,'' Mr. Howard said. ''They were present at liftoff and then had to live in the backwash of all that.''

It turned out that Ms. Rotolo too was a fan of ''Minor Characters,'' which is something of a pre-feminist classic, and saw her story in similar terms. In part for that reason she chose to write the book herself rather than with a collaborator. (Disclosure: I share a book agent with Ms. Rotolo.)

For his part Mr. Dylan was no less disoriented by his rising success than Ms. Rotolo was, and he resented Ms. Rotolo's need for distance. A nearly six-month trip she took to Europe with her mother in 1962, for example, left him distraught. The pained letters he sent her (''Yes maybe I wish maybe you didn't cut your hair -- it's so good ... it'll grow back tho huh?'') reveal a vulnerable side of Mr. Dylan that has rarely been seen.

In the grip of his own struggle, he turned to other women for support, most notably Joan Baez, who, having become a star herself when she was barely 20, could help him negotiate this strange new terrain. Their romantic involvement, which included Ms. Baez's frequent requests that he perform with her, also significantly expanded his audience, a fact not lost on Mr. Dylan.

''He needed somebody who could guide him,'' Ms. Rotolo said. ''I could not be the person he needed at that time. I needed that myself. I was still finding out who I was. I had no sense of mission or dead-on ambition, whereas he did. It's a male-female thing, and it's also of the time. I knew I was an artist, but I loved poetry, I loved theater, I loved too many things. Whereas he knew what he wanted and he went for it.''

When Ms. Rotolo became pregnant, she and Mr. Dylan agreed that she would have an abortion, which was illegal (and often dangerous) at the time. That further strained their relationship.

''The alliance between Suze and me didn't turn out exactly to be a holiday in the woods,'' Mr. Dylan wryly concludes in his 2004 memoir, ''Chronicles, Volume One.'' (Mr. Dylan declined to be interviewed for this article.) But he describes their first meeting in more glowing terms: ''She was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen. She was fair skinned and golden haired, full-blood Italian. The air was suddenly filled with banana leaves.''

He often wrote about their love affair, most prominently in ''Don't Think Twice, It's All Right,'' ''Tomorrow Is a Long Time,'' ''Boots of Spanish Leather'' and ''One Too Many Mornings,'' and most caustically in ''Ballad in Plain D,'' in which he castigates her mother and older sister, who did not approve of him. In his liner notes to ''The Times They Are A-Changin' '' (1964), Mr. Dylan wrote, ''ah but Sue/she knows me well/perhaps too well/an is above all/the true fortune teller of my soul.''

On a perfect spring afternoon Ms. Rotolo agreed to stroll through Greenwich Village and reminisce about some of the sites she writes about in ''A Freewheelin' Time.'' After the stop on Jones Street, she walked toward Fourth Street, where the drones of a man playing a sitar floated from the Music Inn, a crowded instrument store that looked unchanged from the '60s. ''Musicians would just come and play at Allan Block's,'' she said, referring to the famed sandal store and folkie hangout that had been next door, ''the way they would at Izzy Young's Folklore Center on MacDougal Street. If they didn't have an instrument, they could go to the Music Inn and borrow one.''

A few doors east stood 161 West Fourth Street, where she lived with Mr. Dylan in a two-room walk-up for $60 a month. ''Well, some things have changed,'' she notes, as she eyes the ''exotic novelties'' shop that has replaced Bruno's Spaghetti Store on the ground floor. Their apartment ''was in the rear,'' she said, ''and we looked out on this little garden. There was a pizza place somewhere, so there was always a smell of stale sauce.''

Further west on Sheridan Square she pointed out the newspaper stand on a small island in Seventh Avenue where she and Mr. Dylan awaited the early edition of The New York Times that included Mr. Shelton's review, now legendary, of Mr. Dylan's performance at Gerde's Folk City. The rave, which ran on Sept. 29, 1961, led to Mr. Dylan's record contract with Columbia Records.

Ms. Rotolo still lives nearby, in the East Village, where she bought a loft, she said, ''when they were giving them away.'' She has been married many years, and her son, Luca, is a musician and guitar maker who also lives in the city. She has been an illustrator and a painter, and now calls herself a ''book artist,'' work she described in an e-mail message as reinterpreting ''the book as an art object'' and combining ''drawing, painting, collage, and found objects.'' ''Reliquaries,'' an exhibition of her work, will be on display through mid-July at the Medialia Gallery in Manhattan.

At the Italian restaurant Ms. Rotolo explained how ''No Direction Home,'' the 2005 documentary that Martin Scorsese directed about Mr. Dylan, inspired her to tell her own story. She is in occasional, if infrequent, touch with Mr. Dylan, and is extremely respectful of his privacy. That he would sanction Mr. Scorsese's film, in which she appears, and publish his own memoir made her feel more secure about coming forward.

''The feeling I had was, sure, it's about Dylan, he's the focal point, but it was my life,'' she said about ''No Direction Home.'' ''This is what we all lived through, and what an exciting and pivotal time it was. I came to grips with the fact that this is important, and I should stop being so private.''

Still, she is not nostalgic. ''All this indulgence of the '60s, ay-yi-yi, get over it,'' she said. Every era and place hold magic for people willing to live intently in them, she believes. ''Everything occurs again, just differently,'' she said. ''There will always be creative people who feel that they're different and create a community of some kind. Whether it's a physical neighborhood or an Internet neighborhood, in Bushwick or in Greenwich Village, it's not over.''

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

**Correction**

A picture caption with an article last Sunday about Suze Rotolo's memoir of her relationship with Bob Dylan carried an incorrect credit. The picture of Mr. Dylan in glasses being embraced by Ms. Rotolo was taken by Ted Russell, not by Don Hunstein.

**Correction-Date:** May 18, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Suze Rotolo and Bob Dylan in their apartment in 1963. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON HUNSTEIN/SONY BMG MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT) (pg.AR1)

Suze Rotolo, shown in her East Village home, recalls Bob Dylan and the Greenwich Village folk scene that nourished them both in ''A Freewheelin' Time,'' a new memoir. (PHOTOGRAPH BY NICOLE BENGIVENO/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Left, Mr. Dylan and Ms. Rotolo with Dave Van Ronk in 1963. Below, from left, the couple during the ''Freewheelin' ''photo session and at their apartment in 1961. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MARSHALL

LEFT AND RIGHT, DON HUNSTEIN/SONY BMG MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT

CENTER, TED RUSSELL) (pg.AR26)

**Load-Date:** May 11, 2008

**End of Document**



[***In Enclave, Biggest Vote Is in Favor Of Status Quo***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HBJ-F330-TW8F-G2CN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 37; THE VOTERS: Maspeth, Queens

**Length:** 1696 words

**Byline:** By PAUL VITELLO

**Body**

In Maspeth, a Queens neighborhood five miles east of and what seems like a time zone apart from Manhattan, women of a certain age still walk on the main shopping street, Grand Avenue, wearing gingham house dresses. There are benches on the sidewalks. People sit on them.

If you happened to be in one of the local drugstores on a recent afternoon, you would have heard a man in a sleeveless shirt ask the pharmacist for advice about his sore arm.

''Try an aspirin a day, no more than that,'' the pharmacist told him. ''And a hot water bottle.'' Time and tide may wait for no man, but in Maspeth they seem at least to be thinking about it.

The defining public events in Maspeth in the last several years, in fact, have been efforts to keep things from changing. People fought to keep out a Home Depot, to keep out a rail freight terminal, to block a homeless shelter, to stop truck traffic from the Long Island Expressway from spilling into Maspeth's streets and to stop developers from tearing down the community's typical one-and-two family homes to build three and four-family ones.

For a small pie wedge of the city, just beyond the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, that would seem like a lot of territorial defense.

It is a place so used to fighting its own battles that the Nov. 8 mayoral election sometimes seems irrelevant.

''A man got killed by a truck right over there,'' said Paul Lawrence, 69, when asked about the election campaign. What did the candidates have to say about that, he wanted to know, and about the way tractor-trailers use Maspeth's streets as a shortcut to avoid the Kosciuszko Bridge?

His friend, Joseph James Romano, said, ''We've got too many restaurants and not enough stores.'' What were the candidates doing about the high rents behind the disappearance of the local hardware store, he wanted to know?

People who are stopped on the street and asked about their concerns and the election will talk for whole minutes without ever mentioning Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg, a Republican; his Democratic challenger, Fernando Ferrer; or even Thomas V. Ognibene, the Conservative Party candidate who represented Maspeth in the City Council for many years and who is from Middle Village, a neighboring community.

It is as if the gauzy rhetoric of a mayoral race just somehow doesn't say much about the rise in rent and the cost of gas and the terrible things on television nowadays. ''I haven't made up my mind yet,'' said Norma Griffenkranz, 68, a retired hospital cook who sat at a table with three old friends at the Maspeth Senior Center recently, discussing all of the above, and her indecision about the election.

Mr. Ferrer seemed nice, and her union, the health care workers, supported him; but she didn't know what it was about him that just didn't click with her, she said.

When pressed, most of about two dozen people interviewed recently in Maspeth -- a place that generally looks favorably on things as they are -- said they would probably vote to keep Mayor Bloomberg in office.

''He seems to be holding his own,'' said Angelo Buccheri, a contractor who was interviewed outside a C-Town supermarket.

Patricia Schaefer, an unemployed office worker, said the mayor was ''pretty good, and you can't blame him for the gas prices -- that's the president's fault.''

In a community plentiful in homeowners, blue-collar workers, the elderly and immigrants, people seem to worry a lot about the rising cost of living. They often refer to the 18 percent property tax increase ushered in by Mayor Bloomberg.

But at least among homeowners, any resentment toward him seems tempered by a steady rise in property values. Most single-family homes are now selling for about $450,000, and two-family homes for $600,000 and more, according to local real estate agents.

''I moved here 15 years ago because it was cheap,'' said Manuel Quijano, a retired parking-garage attendant who owns a two-family house and rents one floor to his brother. Yes, the tax increase hurt, he said, ''but I have no complaints. The city is getting better. I support this mayor.''

Mr. Buccheri, the contractor, said, ''I just don't know how the kids are going to afford to buy a house here.''

More so than in many other neighborhoods of New York, people live in Maspeth because they grew up there, and have family ties there, and because they seem to like the idea of a neighborhood that has maintained its integrity despite being cut in half by the Long Island Expressway, which plowed through the center of town in the mid-1950's.

They did not get on that highway to the suburbs, did not pick up and move south with much of the western Queens industrial base that once supported the community.

''We're here, and we intend to stay here,'' said Robert Holden, a third-generation Maspeth resident and president of the Juniper Park Civic Association, the most active of several local groups. ''This is the last of the small towns of New York.''

The fact that no subway line was ever extended to Maspeth is generally viewed as a blessing. There is a certain aloof pride in the two-fare zone status of the place. And as a result of its having been passed over by the major transportation improvements of the midsection of the last century, people say the community looks pretty much the way it did at the end of World War II.

There is the same main shopping street, Grand Avenue, the same rows of houses on 20-foot-wide lots, the same sense of shared community with the dead: Maspeth is bordered on two sides by three large cemeteries, established in the 1800's and early 1900's, an easy carriage ride out of Manhattan.

Mainly, though, the community's integrity seems to have been ensured, local leaders say, by a web of interlocking local institutions: the churches; the Knights of Columbus and Kiwanis and Moose; a wealth of local weekly newspapers; and, perhaps most crucial of all, the civic associations.

Among civic leaders like Mr. Holden and Tony Nunziato, a florist and president of the community center known as Maspeth Town Hall, the mayoral election is far less about traditional New York City politics than it is about the local struggle to let Maspeth be Maspeth.

''The day of party politics is over,'' Mr. Nunziato said. ''We care about preserving a good place to live.''

Mr. Nunziato, a registered Republican, and Mr. Holden, a registered Democrat, both support Mr. Bloomberg and make no bones about the fact that it is for one simple reason: he helped their side in two battles in the past year against opponents bigger and stronger than Maspeth.

Last November, after attending a meeting packed with hundreds of Maspeth residents opposed to plans for a Home Depot in the neighborhood, Mr. Bloomberg helped persuade the owner of the proposed site, the utility company KeySpan, to donate the property to the city. There are now plans for a park.

More recently, Mr. Bloomberg announced his opposition to the Port Authority's so-called cross-harbor tunnel project, which would have placed a rail and truck terminal in the old industrial section of Maspeth, where residents said the terminal would have brought more trucks to their already clogged streets.

In both cases, opponents of the projects marshaled hundreds of local residents to come to raucous meetings. In the fight against Home Depot, there were street demonstrations and a general rallying 'round on behalf of local shopping.

Most people in Maspeth can still walk to the store, and they want to keep it that way, Mr. Holden said.

If most of Maspeth seems well organized and vocal, the one significant group that is not-- or that seems further removed from the politics of the city than everyone else -- is the immigrants.

They are from Ireland and Poland, mainly. At the Church of the Holy Cross on 56th Road, there are seven Masses on Sundays -- three in English and four in Polish, according to the Rev. Peter Zendzian. ''A lot of these are very hard-working people, two and three jobs,'' Father Zendzian said. Many struggle to keep up with rising costs for health insurance, utility bills, gasoline, rent and taxes.

Father Zendzian attributed the declining enrollment and ultimate closing last year of the Holy Cross grammar school, where 175 children were enrolled, to the pressure of those rising costs. ''Tuition was $3,100. People just couldn't afford it anymore,'' he said.

Among that group, it is hard to know how many are registered to vote. In interviews, about 3 in every 10 people stopped in Maspeth said they were Polish- or Irish-born.

''I used to work in this bar,'' said Violet Callaghan, an immigrant from Ireland who has lived in Maspeth for 22 years, waving a hand at a scattering of patrons inside Duffy's Bar, on Grand Avenue, on a Friday afternoon. ''There used to be 60 or 70 people here after work, but now look at it -- it's almost empty. I blame Bloomberg. The cost of everything has gone up under him.'' She said she would vote for Mr. Ferrer.

Glenn Hagen, a city sanitation worker, leaned in from his place at the next bar stool to add: ''Bloomberg took away the right of people to smoke in a bar. That's why there's nobody here.''

The community has its Republican and Democratic traditions -- it has gone both ways in various elections over the years -- but most of all Maspeth has its peculiar tradition of what you might call its enclaveness.

It is a community that seems to know what it is about, that accepts its ***working-class*** status, its aging housing and cracked sidewalks, its little Polish grocery stores, the incessant noise from the Long Island Expressway and the strange arrangements of its numbered streets. In one small grid, for example, there is a 60th Street, a 60th Road, a 60th Avenue, a 60th Place and a 60th Drive, all lying across one another like kid brothers sprawled in a family bed.

Ask anyone in Maspeth how people from the outside world are expected to find their way to a house at the corner of 60th Avenue and 60th Lane.

''It's a little confusing, I know,'' said Joe McWeeney of 60th Place, shrugging. ''But it's always been like that.''

And if it's always been like that, it's usually O.K. with people in Maspeth.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Tony Nunziato, at right, president of Maspeth Town Hall, said he would vote for Michael R. Bloomberg, because he had helped Maspeth fend off unwanted projects. Such battles are covered by numerous community newspapers, including The Queens Ledger, published by Walter Sanchez. (Photo by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)

(Photo by Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times)(pg. 40)

**Load-Date:** October 16, 2005

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[***MAN IN THE NEWS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B350-0007-J431-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***DEMOCRATIC VICTOR IN JERSEY PREPARES: PETER SHAPIRO TO BATTLE A POPULAR INCUMBENT: POLITICAL SUCCESS FROM EARLY AGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B350-0007-J431-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 6, 1985, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1150 words

**Byline:** By Jane Perlez, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** NEWARK, June 5

**Body**

When Peter Shapiro graduated from Harvard, with honors, in 1974, he shunned the career paths pursued by many of his friends and headed home to New Jersey.

His aim, his friends said, was to pursue a driving political ambition he did little to hide, to someday become a national political leader. And so, at the age of 23, he successfully ran for the State Assembly from a ***working-class*** district.

On Tuesday, the 33-year-old Mr. Shapiro, who has held a political office ever since, went some distance in achieving his long-term goal when he defeated more seasoned politicians to win the Democratic gubernatorial nomination and the right to challenge Governor Kean in November.

Man in the News biographical sketch of New Jersey County Exec Peter Shapiro, who was Democratic nomination to oppose Gov Kean in November; Shapiro was born April 18, 1952; photo (M)

''People with his kind of background tend not to go back to suburban New Jersey,'' said John Marks, the executive director of a Washington public-policy group, Search for a Common Ground, and a longtime friend of Mr. Shapiro. ''At 22, he had a very clear idea of what he wanted to do with his life. You can call it precocious. I think it's a clear vision.''

If successful in November, Mr. Shapiro would be the youngest governor in New Jersey and would be the youngest sitting governor in the country. But youthful success is hardly new to him.

Worked Full Time as Legislator

At 23, he was the youngest person ever elected to the Assembly, a place more accustomed to middle-aged members content with doing their elective jobs part time. Mr. Shapiro took the position seriously, working at it full time, and to the surprise of voters who were used to being neglected, opened a constituents' office.

Three years later, with the next step in his career in mind, he helped push through a new Essex County charter creating the position of county executive. Then, with his usual diligence of purpose, Mr. Shapiro ran for the new office, defeating the candidate of the entrenched Democratic forces and becoming executive of the most populous county in the state.

As county executive, Mr. Shapiro has presided over a work force of 6,500 and an annual budget of $295 million. He reorganized welfare services, decentralized other services and recently refinanced the county pension system. He was thus able to afford, according to his supporters, to lower the county tax rate.

While minding the county, Mr. Shapiro was also paying attention to the larger political field. In 1980, he supported the Presidential effort of Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, whose nephew, Robert Jr., was a year ahead at Harvard College.

In 1982, he seriously considered running for a United States Senate seat against Representative Millicent H. Fenwick, the New Jersey Republican. He sought the support of Senator Kennedy, but Mr. Shapiro's polls showed that Mrs. Fenwick was probably unbeatable, and Mr. Shapiro shelved the idea. Mrs. Fenwick lost the election to Frank R. Lautenberg.

Supported Mondale in Primaries

''I think he regretted it,'' his father, Dr. Myron Shapiro, an ear, nose and throat specialist, said of the decision the other night.

Last year, Mr. Shapiro supported Walter F. Mondale during the Democratic Presidential primaries, and this year, his own primary race was largely fashioned after the ''new ideas'' theme of Gary Hart, Mr. Mondale's chief opponent in the primaries.

In many ways, Mr. Shapiro's style seems tailor-made for politics in the 80's. He has an engaging presence on television, something he sharpened at a television workshop he attended recently to practice answering questions.

In fact, he favors television over any other approach to the voters. Today, the morning after his victory, he shunned the usual politician's public appearances, including thanking commuters for their support, and he turned down newspaper interviews in favor of preparing for a televised news conference in Trenton.

Similarity to Movie

''Any campaign that is not sensitive to television is outdated,'' he said today, as he sat in a makeshift television studio here waiting to be interviewed by a New York station. ''People want a high sense of contact with their leaders. They are not content to vote by proxy.''

Even the logo of his campaign, ''There is a way,'' turned out to be an adaptation from the movie ''The Candidate,'' which featured Robert Redford as a Presidential aspirant.

In the movie, the candidate Bill McKay, played by Mr. Redford, had a slogan, ''McKay: the better way.'' Mr. Shapiro's campaign manager, Paul Bograd, acknowledged the similarity, which he maintained was accidental, but added, ''Remember, McKay succeeded.''

In a direct attempt to attract baby boomers, Mr. Shapiro's gubernatorial campaign produced a political video, with Bruce Springsteen-style music and clips of President Kennedy, to carry his message on the popular cable video channels.

'Lucky Tie' Shelved

And on primary night, his political advisers forbade him from wearing what he calls his lucky tie, a 1970's edition sprinkled with sheepdogs that he wore on his first election night, on the grounds that it was unfashionably wide.

Peter Shapiro was born in Newark on April 18, 1952, the second child of Dr. and Mrs. Shapiro. He grew up in Orange and then South Orange, attending the Millburn Grammar School. He was bright enough to be allowed to skip a class, a move, his father said, that resulted in the boy never formally learning handwriting. To this day, Mr. Shapiro's penmanship is described as poor.

His first political memory dates to 1956 squabbles in the back of his parent's station wagon when he was taken to elementary school with a neighbor. Mr. Shapiro was for Adlai F. Stevenson; his friend for President Eisenhower.

At Columbia High School in Maplewood, he led a protest against the Vietnam War and was promptly expelled. The New Jersey chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union came to his rescue, and he was eventually reinstated.

Traveled Around World

Before entering Harvard, Mr. Shapiro, according to his father, ''somehow got a merchant seaman's certificate'' and took a year to travel around the world, spending long stretches in India, Nepal and Afghanistan, where he contracted malaria.

In 1982, he married Byrna Linett, a teacher, who has accompanied Mr. Shapiro on most of his campaign stops and spoken in his behalf on many occasions.

The couple, who live in a converted carriage house in South Orange, have a son, Samuel, born three months premature.

Mr. Shapiro considered withdrawing from the race in March when the baby, still in the neo-natal center of Beth Israel Hospital here, was born but was persuaded to keep going by his wife.

They visited the baby each night during the campaign.

And Tuesday night, the hospital was their final stop after the music of ''Chariots of Fire'' heralded them into his victory-night celebration.

**Graphic**

photo of Peter Shapiro (NYT/William E. Sauro)

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[***Talk About a Fork in the Road;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SN4-B1Y0-007F-G3BN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***How and Why Did the French Make an Art of Cuisine While England Descended to Bangers and 'Chip Butty'?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SN4-B1Y0-007F-G3BN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By WILLIAM GRIMES

**Body**

Most Francophiles can vividly recall the moment when fascination turned to love. Inevitably, it revolves around a meal, usually a simple but indescribably perfect meal, served without fanfare in a humble small-town restaurant. The happy diner, desperate to express gratitude, showers incoherent praise upon the owner, who shrugs and gives a half smile, as if to say: "Well, of course. What did you expect? This is France."

Meanwhile, across the Channel -- well, England does have a wonderful literature.

England and France. Two great powers, two great cultures, two very different culinary histories. In France, saucisson en brioche. In England, toad in the hole. In France, cassoulet. In England, bangers and Heinz baked beans. In France, pommes dauphine. In England, the chip butty, a fistful of french fries stuffed between two slices of buttered bread. In France, cuisine. In England, food -- food that has long been an internationally recognized synonym for "unspeakably awful dining experience."

How did it happen and why? How did two national styles of cooking, roughly comparable in sophistication and repute until well into the 17th century, diverge so completely and so rapidly? Why did England, a pre-eminent military and commercial power, surrender unconditionally to the hated French?

There is no single explanation for the rise of France's cuisine and the decline of Britain's, but food historians agree that most signs point to Versailles and the cult of royalty promoted by Louis XIV in the 17th century.

Under the Sun King, all the fine and applied arts, from jewelry making to perfumery, achieved a refinement and complexity that dazzled the rest of the world. Food was no exception.

"One reason French food developed the way it did was a need for display that was inherent in the court style," said Barbara Ketcham Wheaton, the author of "Savoring the Past," a history of French cooking from 1300 to 1789. "The food was elaborate, gorgeous and complicated because money had to be spent and be shown to be spent."

At the same time that the court economy was creating a demand for more rarefied dishes, French chefs were codifying the rules for their creation, showing the same national penchant for system-building and cataloguing that drove the naturalist Buffon and the Encyclopedists. French cooking seized the high ground in part because French chefs like Francois la Varenne and Nicolas de Bonnefons created the software, so to speak.

"You really have to develop recipes as a literary genre before the cuisine can take off," Ms. Wheaton said. "La Varenne and Bonnefons developed a modular style of cooking that allows people to learn a lot of different preparations and how they fit together. The French developed a language and a method. Once they were able to talk about things in this way, they could begin to think creatively."

Across the Channel, where the English had developed nothing comparable to the court style of Versailles, English cooking adhered to a plainer but still admirable style, seen at its best in the great country houses, where the tables were laden with game, roast beef and lamb, fine cheeses and excellent fruit. But these houses were widely dispersed and could not encourage the kind of dialogue that existed in France, argues Edward Behr, the publisher of the newsletter The Art of Eating, who maintains that Les Halles, Paris's central market since 1100, was a kind of culinary Silicon Valley, where a critical mass of cooks, food-shop owners and vendors exchanged information and expertise.

As the English nobility encountered French fashion, they turned their back on the simple pleasures of English food. By the 18th century, the gentry were either hiring French chefs or sending their chefs off to Paris for instruction. Not everyone approved of the new trend. Robert Campbell, the author of "The London Tradesman" (1747), denounced French cooking as duplicitous. "Fish when it has passed the hands of a French cook is no more fish: it has neither the taste, smell nor appearance of fish," he wrote. "It, and everything else, is dressed in masquerade, seasoned with slow poisons, and every dish pregnant with nothing but the seeds of diseases both chronic and acute."

Leaving the Farms And Losing the Recipes

His was a lonely voice. And things would very quickly take a turn for the worse. In his landmark work, "All Manners of Food: Eating and Taste in England and France from the Middle Ages to the Present," Stephen Mennell, a sociologist at University College, Dublin, has argued that English cuisine was "decapitated" in the 19th century. The onrush of industrialization created a vast migration from the farms to the cities, much earlier and on a far greater scale than in France, which did not cease to be a largely rural society until the 20th century. The time-honored transmission of recipes from mother to daughter was disrupted. At the same time, mass-produced food began to do its evil work.

"In the 19th century things go to pot," Mr. Mennell said. "There's a visible coarsening of the cuisine, a sort of downward social mobility of dishes, in which things become cheapened in every sense of the word." Mr. Mennell has described this phenomenon as "drippingization," which as cooks know is the substitution of liquid meat fat for butter.

France managed to escape the worst ravages of mass-produced food and to retain its ties to the high-quality primary ingredients that form the foundation of any cuisine. "France had a complex local agricultural system that got supported by the French state and became identified with national prestige," said Amy Trubek, an instructor at the New England Culinary Institute. "I'm an anthropologist, and I don't think you can underestimate the role of a cultural value. In France there was a belief that they had great food and would support great food."

Even today, it is hard to imagine any other country backing a program, as France does, to bring fine food into the schools as a way of insuring that children recognize the glory of a French artichoke or strawberry.

In England, things went the other way. By the 1930's, the national cuisine had declined to the point that George Orwell could write, "the English palate, specifically the ***working class*** palate, now rejects good food almost automatically."

For English a Chore, For French a Delight

Economics does not quite account for the pall that settled over English cooking. In a comparison of women's magazines in England and France from the late 19th century through World War II, Mr. Mennell encountered a striking difference in tone when cooking was discussed. The English magazines tended to describe cooking as a dreaded chore, while their French counterparts presented their recipes as exciting opportunities. Food was a pleasure center of French life, while for the English it represented either an annoying expense or a slightly suspect indulgence.

The Puritans are often blamed for this attitude, but Mr. Mennell argued that the real pleasure police were the Victorians, whose ethos of hard work and self-denial put a heaping helping of guilt on every middle-class plate.

What industrialization failed to destroy, depression and war finished off. It is easy to forget that wartime rationing in Britain lasted well into the 1950's. "People's cooking was warped by the limited food available," said Sandra L. Oliver, the editor and publisher of the newsletter Food History News. "More than anything, that affected our perception of British food and Britain's perception of its own food. When old patterns of food get interrupted, anything can happen." Even the chip butty.

There is still hope. In one of history's most startling come-from-behind efforts, Britain has awakened from its prolonged slumber. A new generation of home-grown chefs and a powerful movement to rescue the traditional dishes and ingredients that once made English food great have transformed a culinary toxic waste site into a blooming garden. Serious food writers now rate London the most exciting restaurant city in Europe.

And France? "We're seeing the end stage of French rule in fine food," Ms. Trubek said. It's that simple.

"Garcon, un toad-in-zee-ole, s'il vous plait, avec chips et mushy peas."

**Graphic**

Photos: Clockwise from top left: hasty pudding, the traditional British breakfast mush, versus the glories of Paris restaurants like Laperouse, circa 1960; Dodin-Bouffant, 1978, and Le Paillon, 1984. (Culver Pictures (top left); Eckhard Supp/Kay Reese & Associates (top right); Robin Laurence (above)(pg. B9); Two cases in point: A fried English breakfast on the left (Martin Parr/Magnum Photos) and blanc de turbot de ligne au safran on the right. (Dennis Stock/Magnum Photos)(pg. B11)

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[***It's the End of the World as We Know It . . . and He Feels fine***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5C19-TF01-DXY4-X544-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Late one night last August, on the chalk downlands of southern England, Paul Kingsnorth stood in a field beside an old-growth forest, two yurts and a composting toilet. Kingsnorth is 41, tall, slim and energetic, with sweeping brown hair and a sparse beard. He wears rimless glasses and a silver stud in his ear, and he talks with great ardor, often apologizing for having said too much or for having said it too strongly.

On this occasion, Kingsnorth was silent. It was the final night of Uncivilization, an outdoor festival run by the Dark Mountain Project, a loose network of ecologically minded artists and writers, and he was standing with several dozen others waiting for the festival's midnight ritual to begin. Kingsnorth, a founder of the group, had already taken part in several sessions that day, including one on contemporary nature writing; a panel about the iniquities of mainstream psychiatric care; and a reading from his most recent book, ''The Wake,'' a novel set in the 11th century and written in a ''shadow language'' -- a mash-up of Old and modern English. He had also helped his two young children assemble a train set while trying to encapsulate his views on climate change and environmental degradation in what Kingsnorth describes as an era of global disruption. The ''human machine,'' as he sometimes puts it, has grown to such a size that breakdown is inevitable. What, then, do we do?

In the clearing, above a pyre, someone had erected a tall wicker sculpture in the shape of a tree, with dense gnarls and hanging hoops. Four men in masks knelt at the sculpture's base, at cardinal compass points. When midnight struck, a fifth man, his head shaved smooth and wearing a kimono, began to walk slowly around them. As he passed the masked figures, each ignited a yellow flare, until finally, his circuit complete, the bald man set the sculpture on fire. For a couple of minutes, it was quiet. Then as the wicker blazed, a soft chant passed through the crowd, the words only gradually becoming clear: ''We are gathered. We are gathered. We are gathered.''

After that came disorder. A man wearing a stag mask bounded into the clearing and shouted: ''Come! Let's play!'' The crowd broke up. Some headed for bed. A majority headed for the woods, to a makeshift stage that had been blocked off with hay bales and covered by an enormous nylon parachute. There they danced, sang, laughed, barked, growled, hooted, mooed, bleated and meowed, forming a kind of atavistic, improvisatory choir. Deep into the night, you could hear them from your tent, shifting every few minutes from sound to sound, animal to animal and mood to mood.

The next morning over breakfast, Dougie Strang, a Scottish artist and performer who is on Dark Mountain's steering committee, asked if I'd been there. When he left, at 3 a.m., he said, people were writhing in the mud and singing, in harmony, the children's song ''Teddy Bears' Picnic.'' (''If you go down in the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise.'') ''Wasn't it amazing?'' he said, grinning. ''It really went mental. I think we actually achieved uncivilization.''

The Dark Mountain Project was founded in 2009. From the start, it has been difficult to pin down -- even for its members. If you ask a representative of the Sierra Club to describe his organization, he will say that it promotes responsible use of the earth's resources. When you ask Kingsnorth about Dark Mountain, he speaks of mourning, grief and despair. We are living, he says, through the ''age of ecocide,'' and like a long-dazed widower, we are finally becoming sensible to the magnitude of our loss, which it is our duty to face.

Kingsnorth himself arrived at this point about six years ago, after nearly two decades of devoted activism. He had just completed his second book, ''Real England,'' a travelogue about the homogenizing effects of global capitalism on English culture and character. ''Real England'' was a great success -- the first of his career. All the major newspapers reviewed the book; the archbishop of Canterbury and David Cameron (then the opposition leader) cited it in speeches; Mark Rylance, the venerated Shakespearean actor, adopted it as a kind of bible during rehearsals for his hit play ''Jerusalem.'' Yet Kingsnorth found himself strangely ambivalent about the praise. ''Real England'' was a painful book to write. For months he interviewed publicans, shopkeepers and farmers fighting to maintain small, traditional English institutions -- fighting and losing. Everywhere Kingsnorth traveled, he saw the forces of development, conglomeration and privatization flattening the country. By the time he published his findings, he was in little mood to celebrate.

At the same time, he felt his longstanding faith in environmental activism draining away. ''I had a lot of friends who were writing about climate change and doing a lot of good work on it,'' he told me during a break from his festival duties. ''I was just listening and looking at the facts and thinking: Wow, we are really screwed here. We are not going to stop this from happening.''

The facts were indeed increasingly daunting. The first decade of the 21st century was shaping up to be the hottest in recorded history. In 2007, the Arctic sea ice shrank to a level not seen in centuries. That same year, the NASA climatologist James Hansen, who has been ringing the climate alarm since the 1980s, announced that in order to elude the most devastating consequences, we'd need to maintain carbon dioxide in the atmosphere at a level of 350 parts per million. But we'd already surpassed 380, and the figure was rising. (It has since reached 400 p.p.m.) Animal and plant species, meanwhile, were dying out at a spectacular rate. Scientists were beginning to warn that human activity -- greenhouse-gas emissions, urbanization, the global spread of invasive species -- was driving the planet toward a ''mass extinction'' event, something that has occurred only five times since life emerged, 3.5 billion years ago.

''Everything had gotten worse,'' Kingsnorth said. ''You look at every trend that environmentalists like me have been trying to stop for 50 years, and every single thing had gotten worse. And I thought: I can't do this anymore. I can't sit here saying: 'Yes, comrades, we must act! We only need one more push, and we'll save the world!' I don't believe it. I don't believe it! So what do I do?''

The first thing that Kingsnorth did was draft a manifesto. Also called ''Uncivilization,'' it was an intense, brooding document that vilified progress. ''There is a fall coming,'' it announced. ''After a quarter-century of complacency, in which we were invited to believe in bubbles that would never burst, prices that would never fall . . . Hubris has been introduced to Nemesis.''

The initial print run of ''Uncivilization'' was only 500 copies. Yet the manifesto gained widespread attention. The philosopher John Gray reviewed it in The New Statesman. Professors included it on their reading lists. An events space in Wales invited Kingsnorth and Dougald Hine, Dark Mountain's co-founder, to put on a festival; 400 people showed up. Doug Tompkins, the billionaire who started the outdoor-apparel company the North Face, and his wife, Kristine Tompkins, the former C.E.O. of Patagonia, offered financing and invited Kingsnorth and his family to spend two months on land they own in southern Chile.

There were others, however, who saw Kingsnorth's new work as a betrayal. With waters rising, deserts spreading and resource wars looming, how could his message be anything but reckless -- even callous? He and his sympathizers were branded ''doomers,'' ''nihilists'' and (Kingsnorth's favorite epithet) ''crazy collapsitarians.'' One critic, a sustainability advocate, published an essay in The Ecologist -- a magazine Kingsnorth once helped run -- comparing Dark Mountaineers to the complacent characters in the Douglas Adams novel ''The Restaurant at the End of the Universe'': ''Diners [who] enjoyed watching the obliteration of life, the universe and everything whilst enjoying a nice steak.''

Kingsnorth regards such charges with equanimity, countering that the only hope he has abandoned is false hope. The great value of Dark Mountain, he has claimed, is that it gives people license to do the same. ''Whenever I hear the word 'hope' these days, I reach for my whiskey bottle,'' he told an interviewer in 2012. ''It seems to me to be such a futile thing. What does it mean? What are we hoping for? And why are we reduced to something so desperate? Surely we only hope when we are powerless?''

Instead of trying to ''save the earth,'' Kingsnorth says, people should start talking about what is actually possible. Kingsnorth has admitted to an ex-activist's cynicism about politics as well as to a worrying ambivalence about whether he even wants civilization, as it now operates, to prevail. But he insists that he isn't opposed to political action, mass or otherwise, and that his indignations about environmental decline and industrial capitalism are, if anything, stronger than ever. Still, much of his recent writing has been devoted to fulminating against how environmentalism, in its crisis phase, draws adherents. Movements like Bill McKibben's 350.org, for instance, might engage people, Kingsnorth told me, but they have no chance of stopping climate change. ''I just wish there was a way to be more honest about that,'' he went on, ''because actually what McKibben's doing, and what all these movements are doing, is selling people a false premise. They're saying, 'If we take these actions, we will be able to achieve this goal.' And if you can't, and you know that, then you're lying to people. And those people . . . they're going to feel despair.''

Whatever the merits of this diagnosis (''Look, I'm no Pollyanna,'' McKibben says. ''I wrote the original book about the climate for a general audience, and it carried the cheerful title 'The End of Nature' ''), it has proved influential. The author and activist Naomi Klein, who has known Kingsnorth for many years, says Dark Mountain has given people a forum in which to be honest about their sense of dread and loss. ''Faced with ecological collapse, which is not a foregone result, but obviously a possible one, there has to be a space in which we can grieve,'' Klein told me. ''And then we can actually change.''

Kingsnorth would agree with the need for grief but not with the idea that it must lead to change -- at least not the kind of change that mainstream environmental groups pursue. ''What do you do,'' he asked, ''when you accept that all of these changes are coming, things that you value are going to be lost, things that make you unhappy are going to happen, things that you wanted to achieve you can't achieve, but you still have to live with it, and there's still beauty, and there's still meaning, and there are still things you can do to make the world less bad? And that's not a series of questions that have any answers other than people's personal answers to them. Selfishly it's just a process I'm going through.'' He laughed. ''It's extremely narcissistic of me. Rather than just having a personal crisis, I've said: 'Hey! Come share my crisis with me!' ''

In 2012, in the nature magazine Orion, Kingsnorth began to publish a series of essays articulating his new, dark ecological vision. He set his views in opposition to what he called neo-environmentalism -- the idea that, as he put it, ''civilization, nature and people can only be 'saved' by enthusiastically embracing biotechnology, synthetic biology, nuclear power, geoengineering and anything else with the prefix 'new' that annoys Greenpeace.'' Or as Stewart Brand, the 75-year-old ''social entrepreneur'' best known as the publisher of the " Whole Earth Catalog,'' has put it: ''We are as gods and have to get good at it.''

For Kingsnorth, the notion that technology will stave off the most catastrophic effects of global warming is not just wrong, it's repellent -- a distortion of the proper relationship between humans and the natural world and evidence that in the throes of crisis, many environmentalists have abandoned the principle that ''nature has some intrinsic, inherent value beyond the instrumental.'' If we lose sight of that ideal in the name of saving civilization, he argues, if we allow ourselves to erect wind farms on every mountain and solar arrays in every desert, we will be accepting a Faustian bargain.

When Kingsnorth describes how he came to this way of thinking, he nearly always begins with an ancient chalk hill outside Winchester, not far from the site of the recent Uncivilization festival. It was 1992, and the conservative British government was about to break ground on a vast network of highways across England.

The highways were proposed three years earlier by Margaret Thatcher, whose administration announced that they would constitute the ''biggest road-building program since the Romans.'' As it happened, they would also cut through areas that had remained unspoiled since the Romans. Direct opposition to the program began at a hill called Twyford Down, through which the government planned to build a six-lane highway. The purpose of the road was to reduce the commute to London by a matter of minutes. In 1992, a small band of radicals calling themselves the Dongas staged a demonstration. Soon road protests were popping up across the country, drawing support from itinerant hippies, the working classes and the nobility.

Students of popular movements often credit the road protests of the 1990s with radicalizing a generation of British youth. This is certainly true of Kingsnorth. While at Oxford, he spent many weekends at Twyford Down -- locking arms, waving placards, shouting slogans. He found it intoxicating to put himself on the line for a cause. At Twyford Down, he was arrested for the first time, for chaining himself, along with 50 others, to a bridge. He loved it. (He later sued the police and received a settlement of $5,000.) Kingsnorth was even more intoxicated by the proud impracticality of the protests. The core of the demonstrators' complaints was not that the new highways would worsen air pollution, cause car accidents or fracture communities; it was that some things, like wilderness and beauty, were -- despite, or perhaps because of, their ''uselessness'' -- more important than getting to work on time. The motivation was raw, intuitive and, in its Wordsworthian love of the Arcadian, very, very English. In an essay titled ''Confessions of a Recovering Environmentalist,'' Kingsnorth wrote that after Twyford Down, he ''vowed, self-importantly, that this would be my life's work: Saving nature from people. Preventing the destruction of beauty and brilliance, speaking up for the small and the overlooked and the things that could not speak for themselves.''

It proved easier to make this vow than to act on it. The chief obstacle was his father: a driven, competitive man who scraped his way up from a ***working-class*** background to become the head of a manufacturing firm. Kingsnorth's father was not without a love of the outdoors, but it was a striving, willful kind of love. He often took Kingsnorth on long, arduous hiking trips, forcing him to carry heavy packs and disappearing far up the trail to teach his son the virtues of independence and struggle.

These trips were both trials and revelations. It was while backpacking with his father on the moors of Cornwall and atop the hills of Northumberland that Kingsnorth had his first cathartic experiences in nature -- experiences that were responsible for the direction his life was now taking. But his father wasn't prone to seeing that as a consolation. ''I'd gone off to Oxford as a guy in jeans and a T-shirt,'' Kingsnorth says, ''then I started wearing tie-dye tops and putting beads in my hair and walking around in big boots, as dudes do.''

Kingsnorth wouldn't tell his father about his arrest for 10 years. Nor would he find a way to elude the expectations placed on him. His 20s were an awkward -- and not very successful -- mix of idealism and ambition. At Oxford he was editor of Cherwell, the university's longest-running student newspaper, whose staff has included Graham Greene, W. H. Auden and (on the business end) Rupert Murdoch. He parlayed this honor into an entry-level position as a researcher at The Independent, in London. He was miserable. He found the work frivolous and his superiors out of touch. In 1995, seven years after the creation of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and six years after a global treaty regulating CFCs, he had to explain to an editor the difference between global warming and ozone depletion.

Kingsnorth lasted on Fleet Street for less than a year. He stayed in London another two, working for a poorly run nonprofit, writing a protest novel no one wanted to publish and getting increasingly fed up with the congestion and noise. Finally he returned to Oxford, figuring he would freelance. The rent was cheap, and in the late 1990s the pubs were filled with green activists and writers. But Kingsnorth has always found it difficult to stand still -- another trait, he says, he inherited from his father. In 2001, hungry to travel, he took his agent's advice to write a book about the growing anti-globalization movement, which came to prominence two years before when thousands gathered to protest the World Trade Organization in Seattle.

For Kingsnorth, the anti-globalization movement was both opportunity and mission. He attended mass protests in Prague, where he was tear-gassed for the first time, and Genoa, where the police shot and killed a young anarchist two streets from where Kingsnorth was marching. The experiences radicalized him anew. ''It was similar to what I'd felt at the road protests,'' he told me. ''Here's millions of people who don't like this way of measuring the world, don't like this way of living, don't like this way of seeing the world.'' He made reporting trips to four continents, tracing the movement's roots and common themes.

His timing could not have been worse. His book came out in March 2003, during the first week of the Iraq war. It landed ''with an inaudible thud.'' He returned to Oxford and spent the next few years writing pamphlets, articles and another novel (for which, again, he could not find a publisher), and he began ''Real England.''

In August 2007, as he was picking flowers in the small back garden of his house, he got a call that his father had killed himself. Kingsnorth's father had been living in Cyprus, in semiretirement. His marriage had fallen apart. He had a nervous breakdown and spent time in a psychiatric hospital. One morning, he wrote a bitter suicide note, got in his car and drove full speed into a parked truck.

Kingsnorth's reaction to his father's death was conflicted. He'd often suspected that behind his own drive to achieve -- to have his opinions aired on television and his books published by mainstream presses, to lead mass movements -- was a need to satisfy his father's more conventional expectations of him. Now that need was obsolete. He felt a sense of release, as if he'd been given permission to say what he wanted to say, in any way he wanted to say it. He felt he could finally, with a clear conscience, ''go to the margins.'' All he had to do was figure out what that meant.

''Do you know what the 'first follower' is?'' Dougald Hine, Dark Mountain's co-founder, asked me. It was Friday at dusk during the Uncivilization festival, and we had taken our dinners out to the woods to talk. We were sitting on logs, our paper plates balanced on our knees.

The first follower is a concept introduced by the musician and entrepreneur Derek Sivers in a short TED talk titled, ''How to Start a Movement.'' In the talk, Sivers shows an amateur video that begins with a shirtless man gyrating wildly on a hillside at what seems to be a concert. For a while the man dances alone, swinging his hips and arms as if possessed, or more likely high. Eventually someone joins him, and they hold hands and gyrate together. Before you know it, a full-fledged dance party has broken out.

''The point being,'' Hine said, ''that the first follower transforms you from a lunatic into someone who's got the beginning of something.''

For Hine, the equivalent of the lone dancer was a pair of blog posts Kingsnorth wrote in late 2007. The first was a bilious rant announcing his retirement from journalism. (''The media can go hang. I've had it. I'm out.'') The second, written after yet another international climate conference sputtered out, expressed his ''joyous'' abandonment of hope that global warming could be stopped. Hine was just turning 30. A scruffy, bright-eyed man with an unruly mop of hair, he had for years worked, unhappily and off and on, as a radio reporter for the BBC. Like Kingsnorth, he quit in a spasm of disgust. Also like Kingsnorth, Hine experienced a transformation in his feelings about climate change: first an obsessive phase of turning off light switches and idling electronics; then a despondent ''Oskar Schindler phase of 'It's never enough' ''; then a point of curious repose. He emailed Kingsnorth and introduced himself. In the fall of 2008, they met at a pub in Oxford to discuss how they might collaborate.

During their first meeting, Kingsnorth and Hine spent most of their time exchanging influences -- ''showing each other our maps,'' is how Hine puts it. Hine talked about his passion for the author and critic John Berger, who for the past four decades has lived and farmed in a small French village, and for the late Austrian priest and polymath Ivan Illich, a fierce critic of Western culture. Kingsnorth, in turn, introduced Hine to the American poet Robinson Jeffers, who quickly became a kind of lodestar for Dark Mountain.

Jeffers is little read today, but he was one of the most celebrated writers of the 1930s and 1940s. A friend of Edward Weston and D. H. Lawrence, he lived, as one critic put it, ''like a reclusive movie-star-wizard'' in a stone tower overlooking the Pacific, writing hundreds of poems endowed with the spirit of what he came to call Inhumanism -- ''a shifting of emphasis and significance from man to not-man.'' At a time when the Great Depression was destroying millions of lives and Europe was militarizing for a new war, Jeffers saw human history as an inexorable, almost naturally destructive force. ''The beauty of modern/Man is not in the persons,'' he wrote in ''Rearmament,'' a poem that became the epigraph for ''Uncivilization,', ''but in the/Disastrous rhythm, the heavy and mobile masses, the dance of the/Dream-led masses down the dark mountain.''

Kingsnorth and Hine's aspirations for their manifesto weren't revolutionary, but neither were they nihilistic. Each man draws a distinction between a ''problem,'' which can be solved, and a ''predicament,'' which must be endured. ''Uncivilization'' was firm in its conviction that climate change and other ecological crises are predicaments, and it called for a cadre of like-minded writers to ''challenge the stories which underpin our civilization: the myth of progress, the myth of human centrality and the myth of separation from 'nature.' ''

Writers whose work more or less fit the manifesto's bill answered Kingsnorth's and Hine's call. In 2010, he and Hine published the first in what has become a series of Dark Mountain books -- literary journals, essentially -- hard-bound and lavishly illustrated. Naomi Klein is by far the best known of the contributors, but the series also includes lengthy interviews with the cultural ecologist David Abram and the social critic Derrick Jensen.

Kingsnorth and Hine consider the books to be the heart of Dark Mountain's work. Had it not been for the surge of interest that greeted the manifesto, Kingsnorth might have stopped there, retreating into the private life of a father and an artist. Retreat was, after all, what he was after -- or what he thought he was after. In 2009, he and his wife, a psychiatrist with the National Health Service, decided to move from Oxford to Cumbria, in the far north of England. Kingsnorth wanted to spend his time writing; taking his children for hikes in the hills, as his father had taken him; and improving his skills on the scythe, a tool he valued for its simplicity and efficiency. (For the past three summers, he has taught scything classes in the area around his home.) Instead he found himself at the head of a burgeoning organization that even its critics might concede was changing the environmental debate in Britain and the rest of Europe. It was a slightly awkward position. Just when Kingsnorth had publicly abandoned faith in movements, he became the leader of one.

On the first night of the Uncivilization festival, in an open-sided shelter made of soft-wood planks and cedar shingles drawn from the surrounding woods, there was a concert. A choral group from London, the Songlines Choir, stood in front of a wide clay fireplace and performed music from Cape Verde and Turkey, as well as a song based on a poem that appeared in the third Dark Mountain book. The song centered on the plaintive, almost pleading refrain, ''What matters is already here.'' All the performers were dressed in fire-engine red. Later, a singer-songwriter named Marmaduke Dando -- he describes himself, alternately, as ''a neo-pagan vaudeville crooner'' and the ''bard of disempire'' -- sang a bitter and languid ballad titled ''Love My Country, Hate My State.''

Watching the concert at the edge of the shelter, I met a young woman, Sarah Thomas, who'd spent the summer backpacking around England. Halfway through the show, we decided to check out an art project by Strang, the Scottish artist, that had emerged as the festival's most popular draw. It was raining, and we walked up and down hills in the dark until we came to a tiny makeshift hut with a red door and a round wooden sign that read ''Charnel House for Roadkill.''

The installation was inspired by a Barry Lopez essay in which he suggests that people pay respect to the lives of animals killed crossing roads and highways. (''You never know,'' Lopez writes, ''the ones you give some semblance of a burial, to whom you offer an apology, may have been like seers in a parallel culture. It's an act of respect, a technique of awareness.'') The hut was cramped and eerie, decorated with the bones of small animals in illuminated glass cases. Haunting music was piped in from an iPod. You walked through a curtain, sat down and put on a heavy papier-mâché mask -- a badger surrogate. Directly across from you, seated behind a window in the back wall, was another person -- a volunteer -- also wearing a badger mask. He or she sat silently, except when mirroring whatever movements you made, until, driven by emotion, fatigue, satisfaction or plain discomfort, you left.

Sitting in the hut, the air stale and the light almost nonexistent, I thought of something Hine told me earlier. ''People think that abandoning belief in progress, abandoning the belief that if we try hard enough we can fix this mess, is a nihilistic position,'' Hine said. ''They think we're saying: 'Screw it. Nothing matters.' But in fact all we're saying is: 'Let's not pretend we're not feeling despair. Let's sit with it for a while. Let's be honest with ourselves and with each other. And then as our eyes adjust to the darkness, what do we start to notice?' ''

Hine compared coming to terms with the scope of ecological loss to coming to terms with a terminal illness. ''The feeling is a feeling of despair to begin with, but within that space other things begin to come through.'' Yet arriving at this acute state of ''awareness of what's worth doing with the time you've got left'' isn't always easy for Dark Mountain's followers. ''Some people come here,'' Hine told me, ''they get very excited by the fact that people are inspired, and they go: 'Right! Great! So what's the plan?' '' He and Kingsnorth have worked hard to check this impulse, seeing Dark Mountain as a space to set aside what Kingsnorth refers to as ''activist-y'' urges.

This wasn't always the case. At the first festival, in 2010, Kingsnorth behaved the way he thought the leader of a new movement ought to behave. He proselytized. He lectured. He gave a talk that he describes as ''Here's what's wrong with environmentalism, and this is what must change!'' But he quickly concluded that a didactic tone was inappropriate for the new group. Dark Mountain had more in common with the anarchism of Occupy Wall Street than with the collectivism of 350.org: everyone was to choose his or her own course of action. Recently, Kingsnorth and Hine decided not to hold any more festivals. They want to focus their limited resources on publishing more books more frequently, but they also don't want the gatherings to ossify into a predictable program -- or worse, an annual party.

For more conventional activists, Dark Mountain's insistence on remaining impractical can be not only disorienting but also irksome. George Monbiot, one of the England's most prominent environmental journalists, is among Kingsnorth's oldest friends. In 2009, after the manifesto was published, he and Kingsnorth held a debate in The Guardian, for which Monbiot writes a column. It was a heated exchange. Kingsnorth argued that civilization was approaching collapse and that it was time to step back and talk about how to live through it with dignity and honor. Monbiot responded that ''stepping back'' from direct political action was equivalent to a near-criminal disavowal of one's moral duty. ''How many people do you believe the world could support without either fossil fuels or an equivalent investment in alternative energy?'' he asked. ''How many would survive without modern industrial civilization? Two billion? One billion? Under your vision, several billion perish. And you tell me we have nothing to fear.''

Naomi Klein also sees a troubling abdication in Kingsnorth's work. ''I like Paul, but he's said rather explicitly that he's giving up,'' she told me. ''We have to be honest about what we can do. We have to keep the possibility of failure in our minds. But we don't have to accept failure. There are degrees to how bad this thing can get. Literally, there are degrees.''

On the surface, it can indeed seem as if Kingsnorth is giving up. Last week, he and his wife made a long-planned move to rural Ireland, where they will be growing much of their own food and home schooling their children -- a decision, he explained to me, that stemmed in part from a desire to distance himself from technological civilization and in part from wanting to teach his children skills they might need in a hotter future. Yet Kingsnorth has never intended to retreat altogether. For the past three years, he has spent a good portion of his time trying to stop a large supermarket from being built in Ulverston, in northern England. ''Why do I do this,'' he wrote to me in an email, anticipating my questions, ''when I know that in a national context another supermarket will make no difference at all, and when I know that I can't stop the trend caused by the destruction of the local economy, and when I know we probably won't win anyway?'' He does it, he said, because his sense of what is valuable and good recoils at all that supermarket chains represent. ''I'm increasingly attracted by the idea that there can be at least small pockets where life and character and beauty and meaning continue. If I could help protect one of those from destruction, maybe that would be enough. Maybe it would be more than most people do. ''

It's an ethic reflected in the novel he has just published. When he was a schoolboy, Kingsnorth told me, his teachers described the Norman Conquest, in 1066, as a swift transformation. An army of Norman and French soldiers from across the channel invaded England and swept away Anglo-Saxon civilization. The old ways vanished, and a new world emerged. He was surprised to learn, much later, that a resistance movement bedeviled the conquerors for a full decade. These resisters were known as the Silvatici, or ''wild men.'' Eventually William the Conqueror drove them from the woods and slaughtered every last one of them. They were doomed from the start, and knew it. But that hadn't stopped them from fighting.

In Kingsnorth's telling, it also didn't stop them from wondering whether they should keep fighting. On the afternoon following the concert, standing in the wooden shelter, he described his novel as being both about the collapse of a civilization and about the collapse of long-cherished certainties about what it means to be civilized. His introductory remarks were lively and entertaining, but nervously so, as if he were reluctant to begin. Later, he told me it was the first time he'd ever read publicly from the book. He read a strange excerpt, a sort of dream vision about a young boy and a stag. ''I have no idea which part of my subconscious I dredged this up from,'' he later wrote me, ''but the conversation they end up having is pretty much the conversation I have with myself at the moment when it comes to what the hell I can possibly do to be of any use at all'':

when will i be free saes the cilde to the stag

and the stag saes thu will nefer be free

then when will angland be free

angland will nefer be free

then what can be done

naht can be done

then how moste i lif

thu moste be triewe that is all there is

be triewe

be triewe

''I hope these ramblings are of some use to you!'' he signed off. ''I will have a glass of wine now and try not to worry about it.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/20/magazine/its-the-end-of-the-world-as-we-know-it-and-he-feels-fine.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/20/magazine/its-the-end-of-the-world-as-we-know-it-and-he-feels-fine.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH O HALLORAN) (MM28-MM29)

Kingsnorth protesting the construction of a bypass near Bath in 1994. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ADRIAN ARBIB) (MM31)

Kingsnorth, on stump, and Dougald Hine, in red sweater, at the 2013 Uncivilization festival. (PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIDGET MCKENZIE) (MM32)

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[***SCIENTIST AT WORK -- Felton Earls; On Crime As Science (A Neighbor At a Time)***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BD4-2C60-01KN-24JW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1671 words

**Byline:**  By DAN HURLEY

**Dateline:** BOSTON

**Body**

Dr. Felton Earls was on the street, looking for something at ground level that would help explain his theories about the roots of crime. He found it across from a South Side housing project, in a community garden of frost-wilted kale and tomatoes.

"That couldn't be more perfect," said Dr. Earls, a 61-year-old professor of human behavior and development at the Harvard School of Public Health. Gazing at a homemade sign for the garden at the corner of East Brookline Street and Harrison Avenue, he pointed out four little words: "Please respect our efforts."

"We've been besieged to better explain our findings," he said. For over 10 years, Dr. Earls has run one of the largest, longest and most expensive studies in the history of criminology. "We always say, It's all about taking action, making an effort."

Dr. Earls and his colleagues argue that the most important influence on a neighborhood's crime rate is neighbors' willingness to act, when needed, for one another's benefit, and particularly for the benefit of one another's children. And they present compelling evidence to back up their argument.

Will a group of local teenagers hanging out on the corner be allowed to intimidate passers-by, or will they be dispersed and their parents called? Will a vacant lot become a breeding ground for rats and drug dealers, or will it be transformed into a community garden?

Such decisions, Dr. Earls has shown, exert a power over a neighborhood's crime rate strong enough to overcome the far better known influences of race, income, family and individual temperament.

"It is far and away the most important research insight in the last decade," said Jeremy Travis, director of the National Institute of Justice from 1994 to 2000. "I think it will shape policy for the next generation."

Francis T. Cullen, immediate past president of the American Society of Criminology, said of Dr. Earls's research, "It is perhaps the most important research undertaking ever embarked upon in the study of the development of criminal behavior."

The National Institute of Justice has so far spent over $18 million on Dr. Earls's study -- more than it has ever financed for any other project. The MacArthur Foundation has spent another $23.6 million on the study, likewise the most it has spent, and money from other government agencies has brought the cost of the project to over $51 million so far.

Dr. Earls came to his current work by a circuitous route that included one great leap. Born to ***working-class*** parents in New Orleans, he graduated from Howard University's College of Medicine and pursued a postdoctoral fellowship in neurophysiology at the University of Wisconsin.

It was there that he met Dr. Mary Carlson, a neurophysiologist. They have been married for 31 years and are now collaborating on a project in Tanzania to promote the well-being of children who have lost their parents to AIDS.

When they met, they were both aiming for a white-jacket career in the laboratory. In fact, back in April 1968, Dr. Earls spent 36 hours straight, alone for much of the time, in a soundproof room, mapping the responses of a cat's brain to various high- or low-frequency sounds.

When he emerged from his laboratory on the evening of April 5, the Wisconsin campus was in an uproar. Only then did he learn that Martin Luther King Jr. had been killed the day before. Having participated in rallies led by Dr. King, Dr. Earls says he reacted instantly.

"I realized that I couldn't have a career in neurophysiology. I couldn't remain in a laboratory," he said. "King's death made me see that I had to work for society. My laboratory had to be the community, and I had to work with children because they represent our best hope."

Six months later, he left Wisconsin and went to East Harlem to train as a pediatrician, then to Massachusetts General Hospital to train as a child psychiatrist, and finally to the London School of Hygiene for a degree in public health.

His research is, in essence, about the health of communities, not just about crime. "I am concerned about crime," he said, "but my background is in public health. We look at kids growing up in neighborhoods across a much wider range than just crime: drug use, school performance, birth weights, asthma, sexual behavior."

His study, based in Chicago, has challenged an immensely popular competing theory about the roots of crime. "Broken windows," as it is known, holds that physical and social disorder in a neighborhood lead to increased crime, that if one broken window or aggressive squeegee man is allowed to remain in a neighborhood, bigger acts of disorderly behavior will follow.

This theory has been one of the most important in criminology. It was first proposed in an article published 20 years ago in The Atlantic Monthly, written by Dr. James Q. Wilson and George L. Kelling. The theory provided the intellectual foundation for a crackdown on "quality of life" crimes in New York City under Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani.

Today, "broken windows" policing is endorsed by police chiefs across the country, its proponents sought out for lectures and consulting around the world. But from the beginning, Dr. Wilson concedes, the theory lacked substantive scientific evidence that it worked.

"I still to this day do not know if improving order will or will not reduce crime," Dr. Wilson, now a professor emeritus at the University of California, Los Angeles, recently said in a telephone interview. "People have not understood that this was a speculation."

Testing "broken windows" was not the point of the Project on Human Development in Chicago Neighborhoods, the study planned and conducted by Dr. Earls and colleagues to unravel the social, familial, educational and personal threads that weave together into lives of crime and violence.

Nonetheless the data gathered for it, with a precision rarely seen in social science, directly contradicted Dr. Wilson's notions. From June to October 1995, trained observers drove a sport utility vehicle at 5 miles per hour down every street in 196 carefully selected Chicago neighborhoods.

As they drove, a pair of video recorders, one on each side of the S.U.V., recorded social activities and physical features: litter, graffiti, drug deals, public drinking, everything within the camera's view. When the researchers were done, 11,408 blocks had been observed and videotaped. Then the police records on homicide, robbery and burglary were pulled for each of these 196 neighborhoods, along with in-person surveys of 8,782 residents.

In a landmark 1997 paper that he wrote with colleagues in the journal Science, and in a subsequent study in The American Journal of Sociology, Dr. Earls reported that most major crimes were linked not to "broken windows" but to two other neighborhood variables: concentrated poverty and what he calls, with an unfortunate instinct for the dry and off-putting language of social science, collective efficacy.

"If you got a crew to clean up the mess," Dr. Earls said, "it would last for two weeks and go back to where it was. The point of intervention is not to clean up the neighborhood, but to work on its collective efficacy. If you organized a community meeting in a local church or school, it's a chance for people to meet and solve problems.

"If one of the ideas that comes out of the meeting is for them to clean up the graffiti in the neighborhood, the benefit will be much longer lasting, and will probably impact the development of kids in that area. But it would be based on this community action -- not on a work crew coming in from the outside."

Boston's experience in the 1990's, he believes, demonstrates his point. "Right now there are about 35 homicides per year in Boston, down from 151 in 1991," he said. "It plummeted between 1996 and 1998. Many people attributed it to the Ten-Point Coalition, a group of black ministers who took to the streets to engage kids and work with other adults to develop after-school programs.

"At the same time, they were also asking the kids to help them target the ringleaders who were going down to Maryland to buy weapons. And they were coordinating their activities with policemen. So through these ministers, there was an activation of large groups of adults and kids."

Driving back from the community garden in the South End of Boston, Dr. Earls emphasized that the analysis of the findings of the Chicago study had only begun. The entire neighborhood study was repeated between 2000 and 2002, and a second study tracking the behavioral and medical development of some 7,000 children in those same neighborhoods from birth to age 25, was finished in December 2001.

Dr. Robert J. Sampson of Harvard, Dr. Steven Raudenbush of the University of Michigan, Dr. Jeanne Brooks-Gunn of Columbia and Dr. Earls are now working together on papers that they expect to see published this year.

"If we are to show that where you grow up is more important than your temperament or your I.Q. or your family, or even equally important, that is a major contribution to science," Dr. Earls said. "We're saying that community is important at a moment in science when many of the most dramatic findings are in genetics. If genetics plays a role, it's got to be a minor role, because the community effects are very robust."

As important as the study's findings, Dr. Earls said, are the measurement tools developed to uncover them. "Newton's discovery of gravity was important because he was able to measure it and quantify it," he says. "What we are discovering around collective efficacy was not terribly obvious before we started to measure it with some precision."

As for policy implications, Dr. Earls said that rather than focusing on arresting squeegee men and graffiti scrawlers, local governments should support the development of cooperative efforts in low-income neighborhoods by encouraging neighbors to meet and work together. Indeed, cities that sow community gardens, he said, may reap a harvest of not only kale and tomatoes, but safer neighborhoods and healthier children.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Dr. Felton Earls, a professor of human behavior and development at Harvard, studies the roots of crime. (Photo by Rick Friedman for The New York Times)(pg. F2); (Photo by Rick Friedman for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

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[***TWO PRESCRIPTIONS FOR SOCIALISM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MTB0-0017-5154-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2666 words

**Byline:** By LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI; Leszek Kolakowski is a professor at the University of Chicago on the Committee on Social Thought and a senior research fellow at All Souls College at Oxford.

**Body**

A WAY OF HOPE

By Lech Walesa. Illustrated. 325 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $19.95.

THE event which in modern history came the closest to the image, once predicted in socialist theory, of a ***working-class*** revolution was the emergence and the 14-months-long struggle of Solidarity in Poland. No other upheaval - including the Bolshevik takeover in 1917 and the Chinese revolution - deserves this label. Solidarity was precisely that: a powerful revolutionary (though peaceful) social movement, triggered by the conflict between industrial workers and owners of the means of production, that is to say the state, embodied in the Communist Party, police and administrative apparatus.

And this (unsuccessful) ***working-class*** revolution, the only one that has ever occurred, was directed against a socialist state and carried out under the sign of the cross, with the blessing of the Pope. So much for the (highly scientific) Marxist historical predictions.

At the beginning, the movement's driving force was worker grievances - exploitation, often inhuman and very unsafe work conditions, miserable salaries, lack of unions that would represent their cause, police suppression of strikes and so on. Very soon, however, the movement was to absorb all kinds of social, national and cultural claims, thus becoming not only a union but the greatest organ whereby the Poles expressed their aspirations to social self-determination, the most significant independent movement created in postwar Poland and indeed in any Communist country.

We have now, in an English version, an autobiography of the Solidarity leader who was acknowledged at the cradle of the movement as its undisputed head and then elected at the first (and the only one, so far) Solidarity national congress in September 1981 as its official leader.

While ''A Way of Hope'' is itself - inevitably - a part of the struggle that Solidarity continues against the oppressive regime, it also gives us a glimpse into the personal side of the story of a poor electrician in a shipyard who became, almost overnight, a global celebrity and appeared in the headlines of newspapers and magazines all over the world (except in Communist countries, that is). Such events occur sometimes in extraordinary circumstances when the existing political order seems to be on the verge of collapse and large masses of people actively question its legitimacy. The leaders seem then to spring out of nothing, catapulted onto the historical stage by a number of strange accidents. This impression is only partly true. ''Revolutionary situations'' cannot, of course, be produced by an effort of will; they invariably result from an unpredictable coincidence of various forces and to this extent the leaders they call into existence may be seen as historical accidents. This does not mean, however, that anybody can assume this role; it requires extraordinary personalities who, apart from being shrewd, self-controlled and not prone to panic, have the unusual gift which enables them both immediately to feel and to articulate the aspirations of huge crowds and to inspire confidence.

LECH WALESA'S autobiography does not -predictably - convey to us a perfect replica of the figure the Western audience knew from television coverage, and the Poles from direct experience (and the public in Communist countries not at all, of course): a spontaneous, cheerful but calm leader dominating the crowds on large squares. The book is inevitably a political document and not only personal reminiscences; it is safe to assume that other people were involved in shaping it, aside from the author. It includes both Lech Walesa's life story and his reappraisal of the role Solidarity has played in the last seven years of Polish history. It cannot replace the historical analysis we find in other works on the subject (especially those by Timothy Garton Ash and by Jerzy Holzer), but it provides us with an enlightening supplement to them.

However, the reader of the book realizes that both Mr. Walesa and the Solidarity movement need to be understood against the background not merely of postwar Polish history but within patterns of tradition which have been shaping Polish mentality since time immemorial.

Lech Walesa came from a peasant family. Some of his ancestors were sent to Siberia after the Polish uprising against Russia in 1863. And men in the next two generations of the family fought against Russians in the First World War, against Bolsheviks in 1920 and then against Germans in World War II. Mr. Walesa's father, taken to a Nazi labor camp, died just after the war when the son was barely 18 months old. The mother used to read Polish patriotic novels to her children, and brought them up in the spirit of Catholic devotion which shaped Lech Walesa's mind and was to remain, as he says, his main source of spiritual strength. They lived in utmost poverty, the children being compelled, from the age of 5, to do various jobs to help the family survive. After vocational technical school and a few years as an electrician in a tractor station, Mr. Walesa moved in 1967 to Gdansk which has been his home until now.

Although skilled workers in the shipyard where he was employed were well off by comparison with many other segments of the population, the picture Mr. Walesa draws in his autobiography reminds one vividly of the early Victorian period: salaries on the bare subsistence level, miserable housing conditions, appalling carelessness about work safety resulting in many horrible accidents and death, filthy and crowded hostels, drunkenness, all sorts of outrageous tricks devised by the authorities to squeeze out of workers more and more effort for the same salary (all the immutable characteristics of capitalism, according to the Communist state ideology), mismanagement, impossible plans, fake productivity achievements, etc. The overall conditions were in fact worse than in the early stages of capitalism, when there were always many people who could publicly and aloud plead the cause of the exploited, and when workers themselves could struggle and build their self-defense organs - unions and then political parties -whereas all attempts to organize independent labor unions (as opposed to the party-owned pseudo-unions) were met in all socialist countries with brutal and merciless police repression.

Mr. Walesa mentions only briefly the 1968 student revolt: the workers failed to support it, which many of them were later to regret. He tells us that he went through a real political baptism in December 1970 when the strikes, following a massive rise in prices of basic commodities, ended with a bloodbath in coastal cities (the number of workers killed in those days is still uncertain, as the authorities buried the victims secretly during the night in unmarked graves). At that point, the workers were not yet prepared for an organized resistance; apart from harboring a few remaining naive illusions (''Could the Polish soldiers shoot Poles? Perhaps they are Russians disguised in Polish uniforms?''), they had no experience, after a quarter of a century of helplessness, to prepare them for fighting in a coordinated way. The massacre ended the Gomulka era and the powerful party chief, who in 1956 had been hailed by most Poles as a savior, left the political scene in shame, to the general relief. There followed a period of a new faint hope, when his successor, Edward Gierek, made a number of promises, soon to be broken, as usual, by the ruling party. Then the year 1976 came; a new wave of desperate strikes and of repressions was followed by the event whose importance Mr. Walesa duly stresses in the book: establishment of the KOR, or Workers' Defense Committee, consisting of a group of intellectuals who decided to set up an openly operating body (''illegal,'' of course, in the eyes of authorities) that was to bring material, medical, moral and legal help to workers who were persecuted, tortured and sacked after the strikes. The committee enlarged its scope of activities step by step, thus becoming the main organ of social self-defense against the Communist lawlessness; it survived, despite innumerable arrests and police harassment, until the birth of Solidarity, which it certainly did not create but to whose rise it enormously contributed by its underground journals for workers, by providing the movement with a body of advisers and by changing the whole political climate of Poland. The election of the Polish Pope in October 1978 and his voyage to his native land the next year gave an enormously powerful boost to the Poles' self-confidence; the history of Solidarity has to be seen against the background of this event.

The historical meaning of Solidarity consisted in that it showed how a totalitarian regime might possibly, under strong social pressure, yet peacefully (whatever violence was used all those years was used by the police and the military), assume a new, more humane and economically more reasonable form by allowing some room for pluralism in social life.

A 10-million-strong movement that swept like fire over the country could not, of course, be unanimous in all matters; it absorbed all kinds of people who were divided on many political and ideological issues. Mr. Walesa does not conceal the internal dissent within Solidarity and criticisms of which he was himself the target, especially from more radical factions which considered him too conciliatory in the negotiations with the Government. We cannot say with any certainty what would have happened if Solidarity had taken a more pugnacious line; it is, however, safe to say that if it had been more prone to concessions than it actually was, it would have only encouraged the Communist Government to more aggressive moves and probably to an earlier assault. The whole story of the relationship between the Government and Solidarity, as told by Mr. Walesa (and known, for that matter, to all observers) is a long series of lies, cheating and broken promises, culminating in the massive rape of Poland on Dec. 13, 1981, and the establishment of the military dictatorship.

MASS arrests, repressions, murders and the dissolution not only of Solidarity but of many associations which proved too rebellious (groups of students, writers, actors, etc.) could neither erase those 14 months from human memory nor restore the previous order. Today's Poland is a profoundly transformed society which, though temporarily defeated, learned that it is possible successfully to defy the oppressive system and to extort from it significant concessions. ''The normalization,'' Czechoslovak style, did not succeed and if Poland is now, exactly six years after the declaration of ''martial law,'' the least oppressive and the most culturally tolerant country by Communist standards (though far from ''liberal,'' let alone ''democratic'' in any sense), it owes that condition to the living legacy of Solidarity and the resistance it put into movement. The rulers occasionally try various devices to appease the population without, however, meeting the essential requirement necessary to raise the country from the abysmal economic decline: the legalization of pluralism, at least at the level of labor unions. They will probably drag on their inconsistent policy until the next explosion which may be more dangerous than the previous one. The recent national referendum on political and economic measures - which Mr. Walesa and Solidarity leaders encouraged people to boycott - is not likely, given its ambiguous outcome, to change the situation for the better or for the worse.

Mr. Walesa's work has a most interesting supplement: an interview, recently published in the Paris-based, Polish-language monthly, Kultura, with Col. Ryszard Kuklinski, who was an officer in the very operational military center that organized the ''coup'' which imposed so-called martial law and who, as it turned out, worked for the C.I.A. and escaped from Poland only a couple of weeks before Dec. 13, 1981. His departure and report confirms that the preparation for military dictatorship started even before Solidarity's legalization, thus exposing the Communists' mendacious assertions about their will to compromise. He denounces as well the excuse - which the Polish Government still tries to sell to the world - that it saved Poland from Soviet invasion; in his view (better substantiated than anybody else's), if the Government had had enough courage to defy the Soviet Union, it could have avoided both the invasion and the December calamity. But why should the Government have wanted to avoid it? After all, any other solution would have inevitably resulted in giving up a part of its power.

To speculate on the future of Solidarity would be risky. Certainly, after it was outlawed, it could not keep its mass character. But it survives not only in the form of a clandestine union but in a great variety of political, educational, cultural and publishing initiatives which it brought to life, even though they became independent from the union. The democratic resistance it embodies compelled the Government last year to release political prisoners and to take various paths - so far rather inefficient - to endear itself to the population. Trapped between their fear of the Polish people and the need to satisfy both the Kremlin and their own desire to survive, the rulers are oscillating between attempts to intimidate Poland and to cajole it. They proved to be incapable of doing either but they will probably continue trying.

The English edition of ''A Way of Hope'' is not quite flawless, though the translation reads smoothly enough. The publishers state first that it is a translation from the French translation, published earlier on by Librairie Artheme Fayard, and then, on the same page, that they used both the French text and the Polish manuscript (not yet published). If they had the original text at their disposal, why should they have used the French as well? The French version is apparently larger than the English, but the editors fail to mention any deletions. In the list of main events in recent Polish history, which the editors inserted at the beginning, one of the crucial moments - October 1956 (when Gomulka returned to power) - is inexplicably missing; the Warsaw ghetto uprising in 1943 is mentioned but not the Warsaw uprising of 1944. This suggests sloppy work.

THE DAY NIGHT FELL

On December 13 [1981], General Jaruzelski reappeared on the national scene in a completely new role. Martial law had been declared the previous night. . . .

I knew that our movement had been stopped cold, for the time being. It was something I had to accept, like the rules of a game. When your opponent's turn comes around, you have to know how to fall back, to think things over calmly, to keep up your morale and summon your resources to face whatever comes next. Panic and disorganized struggle are worse than inactivity. . . .

That night, our doorbell never stopped ringing. The first wave of visitors arrived at around one A.M., members of the Young Poland Movement who had come to announce that some of their friends had been arrested. . . . Fiszbach [the party first secretary in Gdansk] and Kolodziejski [the district governor] were driven to my house in Zaspa, where they found the apartment block on Pilotow Street surrounded by militiamen. . . . Once inside the apartment, they delivered their message about going to Warsaw for the supposed negotiations with Jaruzelski.

I refused to consider their proposal until the authorities had first released all those who had been arrested. The two men went off to report to the Party Central Committee on their direct line. In the meantime, a ''combat detachment'' armed with crowbars appeared in front of the building demanding entrance. . . . When Kolodziejski told me that I'd be better off going to Warsaw of my own accord than being taken there by force, I realized that I had no choice.

From ''A Way of Hope.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Lech Walesa (Sygma/Michel Philippot) (pg.3); Lech Walesa leaving a Solidarity meeting in Szczecin, Poland, 1980 (Sygma/Alan Nogues) (pg. 34)

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[***THE TALK OF NAUGATUCK, CONN.;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B500-0007-J1R8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IN NAUGATUCK, A MAYOR LEAVES OFFICE AMID NEW FACES AND NEW INDUSTRIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B500-0007-J1R8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 29, 1985, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1175 words

**Byline:** By JAMES BROOKE, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** NAUGATUCK, Conn., May 27

**Body**

A new mayor takes office here Wednesday, bringing to a close the colorful and controversial career of William C. Rado Sr., a force in town politics for 44 years.

Running on a campaign to end ''old-time politics,'' the new mayor, Terry L. Buckmiller, was elected the same day Mr. Rado, the outgoing Mayor, was arraigned in neighboring Waterbury on bribery and larceny charges.

Those charges grew out of grand-jury testimony that talked of payoffs to ''the guy on the fourth floor.''

For example, Ronald Albaitis, a local contractor, said in an affidavit filed in Waterbury Superior Court: ''This particular job again, he was paid $1,000 cash. I paid him in the men's room on the fourth floor.''

Article on 'The Talk of Naugatuck, Conn,' as Terry L Buckmiller prepares to be sworn in as Mayor, succeeding William C Rado, who faces bribery and larceny charges; notes town's strong Portuguese immigrant roots and influx of new, white-collar businesses to replace smokestack industries on which Naugatuck's economy long depended; photos (M)

The Mayor's office here is on the top floor of the four-story Town Hall.

Mr. Rado was charged with four counts of taking bribes, one count of first-degree larceny and one count of conspiracy to commit larceny. Mr. Buckmiller, a 41-year-old funeral director, was one of the witnesses against the Mayor.

The Mayor had said months before his arrest that he would not seek re-election. On a recent morning in the final days of his term, he was receiving visitors with the same open-door policy he has maintained since first taking office 12 years ago.

''Do you think I would be here, facing the public, if I was guilty?'' the 68-year-old Mr. Rado asked a visitor. Answering his own question, the Mayor continued: ''I bet if I ran for office today, I would win - and that makes me feel good.''

Conversations on the streets of this old industrial town seem to back him up.

''This is nickels and dimes,'' Charles F. Brush said as he entered a paint store on Church Street. ''They are stealing millions in Washington.''

Robert H. Woodfield, a local Burgess, or councilman, sees the arrest as just another effort by prosecutors to discredit Mr. Rado. ''I wonder about the timing - he always gets arrested before an election,'' Mr. Woodfield said.

Indeed, Mr. Rado has had a few brushes with the law in his 44 years in local politics.

In 1953, as Welfare Suprintendent, he was arrested and convicted of forging signatures on absentee ballots. He spent 30 days of a six-month sentence in jail and in 1976 was pardoned by the State Board of Pardons. In 1979, he was arrested and convicted of illegal campaign fundraising. He paid a small fine.

When the idols of the playing field jog across the television screen at the Port-Cafe on Thursday evenings, the crowd is not settling in for another evening of beer and baseball. They have come for Madeira wine and soccer from Portugal.

''We pick up the games with the satellite dish,'' said Armando P. Rodrigues, proprietor of the Port-Cafe.

For years, patrons have stopped by the tavern on Rubber Avenue for a glass of vinho verde, a plate of carne a alentejana, and a recent, albeit well-thumbed, copy of a Lisbon newspaper.

But the big draw these days in this ***working-class*** cafe decorated with Portuguese soccer pennants is the color television.

''It used to be just Naugatuck, but now we're getting people from Waterbury and New Haven,'' Mr. Rodrigues said in accents more often heard in central Portugal than in central Connecticut.

The Portuguese are Naugatuck's largest immigrant group. The Luso Travel Agency here has a long list of summer flights to Lisbon, with round-trip prices starting at $459.

''A Portuguese can now earn his ticket in a week, where in the 1960's it might have taken three weeks,'' said Jose Fonseca, whose wife, Maria Amelia Fonseca, operates the agency. He said that since opening in 1974, the agency, which specializes in flights to Portugal, has opened branches in Bridgeport and Hartford.

Mr. Fonseca is the vice consul in the Portuguese consulate in Waterbury. The consulate's primary concern is attending to the estimated 60,000 Portuguese in Connecticut.

One of the more active members of Connecticut's limited diplomatic corps, Mr. Fonseca supports Portuguese language courses in Naugatuck public schools and delivers to Portuguese social clubs a weekly videocassette provided by the government in Lisbon containing highlights of Portuguese sporting events.

Mr. Fonseca estimated that about 5,000 Portuguese live in Naugatuck. Most come from Murtosa, a northern village where men traditionally make a living collecting algae from the sea for fertilizer. In Naugatuck or in New Jersey's largest city, Newark, another destination, they often make three times as much in factory or construction work.

''There are more Mortuseiros in Naugatuck and Newark than in Mortusa,'' Mr. Fonseca said.

The smell of rubber no longer hangs over Goodyear Avenue. Trucks filled with sneakers and tires no longer rumble out of Naugatuck, destined for the feet and wheels of America. The rubber has gone out of the town that once billed itself ''The Rubber Borough of the World.''

The other day, demolition began on a 12-acre, 40-building complex along the Naugatuck River once owned by Uniroyal. During its heyday in the late 1960's, 7,000 people worked there.

Later this year, General Datacomm Industries of Middlebury is to start producing computer communications equipment on the site.

''This was a steel and rubber town,'' Charles P. Johnson, chairman of General Datacomm, said. ''We'd like to see Naugatuck converted to a high-technology town.'' General Datacomm officials have predicted they will employ 1,000 people here within two years.

Rubber had dominated Naugatuck since 1843, when a local boy, Charles Goodyear, spilled a rubber compound on a stove. The resulting discovery of the vulcanization of rubber touched off a rubber boom.

The results of the boom can be seen today in three elegant structures standing on the town green - a library, a school and a church. All three were designed in the 1890's by the New York architecture firm of McKim, Mead and White.

Naugatuck's smokestack industries - rubber, steel and chemicals - also left an ugly heritage. According to the Federal Environmental Protection Agency, a landfill in Naugatuck is the state's most toxic site. While waiting for a solution to the problem, 40 families living near the dump drink bottled water.

Gerald M. Noonan, the town attorney, calls General Datacomm's plans ''the biggest, most exciting thing that has happened to Naugatuck in 20 years.''

Mr. Noonan and others hope that the white-collar boom of nearby Fairfield County is now spilling into blue-collar Naugatuck.

In one encouraging sign, Naugatuck last year had one of the state's highest rates of construction starts. Also defying an image of decay, the population has increased by about 20 percent - to 26,850 - in the last 15 years.

Soon, the only trace of Naugatuck's past may be in the name it lent to a synthetic fabric developed here -naugahyde.

**Graphic**

photo of Mayor William Rado Sr. (NYT/Rollin A. Riggs); photo of Armando Rodriques

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[***Cultural Theorists, Start Your Epitaphs - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BCG-4320-01KN-23BX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 3, 2004 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 1; Arts & Ideas/Cultural Desk; Pg. 7

**Length:** 1550 words

**Byline:**  By DINITIA SMITH

**Dateline:** DUBLIN

**Body**

Get the critic Terry Eagleton in the right mood, and he will sing his song about literary theory for you. The ditty may seem nonsensical, but just imagine the round-faced and gray-bearded Mr. Eagleton singing in a mellow baritone to the tune of "Somethin' Stupid":

"Nostalgic petit-bourgeois social democrat subjectivist empiricist,/I saw the light of day," he sings, ending the verse, "Until I went and spoiled it all by writing something stupid in New Left Review."

"The song is fiction, ironic," said Mr. Eagleton, 60. "It reflects a growing desperation."

Yes, desperation about literary theory, from one of the most prominent cultural critics around; from a man whose best-selling academic book "Literary Theory: An Introduction" (1983) has for two decades been the classic text that professors assign to give graduate students an overview of modern literary criticism.

But now the postmodernist giants -- like Jacques Derrida and Roland Barthes -- are over, he says.

"The golden age of cultural theory is long past," Mr. Eagleton writes in his new book, "After Theory" (Basic Books), to be published in the United States in January. In this age of terrorism, he says, cultural theory has become increasingly irrelevant, because theorists have failed to address the big questions of morality, metaphysics, love, religion, revolution, death and suffering.

Today graduate students and professors are bogged down in relativism, writing about sex and the body instead of the big issues. "On the wilder shores of academia," he writes, "an interest in French philosophy has given way to a fascination with French kissing."

His critique goes further. "The postmodern prejudice against norms, unities and consensuses is a politically catastrophic one," he writes. Cultural theorists can no longer "afford simply to keep recounting the same narratives of class, race and gender, indispensable as these topics are."

What Mr. Eagleton, one of the few remaining Marxist critics, wants now is a search for absolutes, for norms, for answers to what he calls "fundamental questions of truth and love in order to meet the urgencies of our global situation."

His published declaration, already out in Britain, has received a mixed hearing. Allen Lane wrote in The Independent that the book's "huge achievement is to show just how formidable a presence the Marxist cultural critic can be."

But Noel Malcolm, writing in The Sunday Telegraph, dismissed "After Theory" as "a mixture of reformist Marxism, 'virtue' ethics and some Thought-for-the Day meditations on love and death." And Eric Griffiths wrote in The Times Literary Supplement that the book "can only confirm the confused popular image of an intellectual as someone happy to mouth off about anything at a moment's notice."

Mr. Eagleton is used to criticism (Prince Charles once referred to him as "that dreadful Terry Eagleton") and he shrugs off the latest attacks, calling them "the standard set of criticisms of the left." He spoke as he was sitting at the kitchen table of his 19th-century Georgian-style row house in Dublin, where he livespart of the year, with his wife, Willa Murphy, a lecturer in English at the University of Ulster, in Londonderry and Coleraine; they have a 6-year-old son, Oliver. (Mr. Eagleton has two grown sons from a previous marriage.)

He is unrepentant in his defense of Marxism, which, he writes, offers the blueprint for a moral society. For Marx, "questions of good and bad had been falsely abstracted from their social contexts, and had to be restored to them again," he writes, adding, "In this sense, Marx was a moralist in the classical sense of the word."

Nowadays Mr. Eagleton lives the life of an academic superstar, jetting about the world from one academic conference to another. He has an apartment in Manchester as well as his home in Dublin and an 18th-century rectory near Londonderry, in Northern Ireland.

Over the years Mr. Eagleton has been a prolific writer, editor and co-editor of dozens of books. He has published a novel, "Saints and Scholars," about Wittgenstein in Ireland, which was made into a film, "Wittgenstein," by Derek Jarman, with a screenplay by Mr. Jarman and Mr. Eagleton. He has also written a play, "St. Oscar," about Oscar Wilde, who is one of his heroes.

Mr. Eagleton suggests that some of his Marxism may spring from his childhood as the son of a factory worker of Irish descent in Salford, England, near Manchester.

The family was poor, the air clogged with industrial effluvia. Two brothers died in infancy. He has two sisters, who became English teachers.

Mr. Eagleton had asthma. "In common with the North of England ***working class*** we were a good few inches below average height," he wrote in his 2001 memoir, "The Gatekeeper" (St. Martin's Griffin), "like a herd of extras from 'The Wizard of Oz.' "

"The Gatekeeper" takes its title from Mr. Eagleton's duties as an altar boy at a Carmelite convent. After young nuns took their vows, they said goodbye to their parents forever. He escorted grieving parents who were never to see their daughters again, out the door.

He attended a Catholic grammar school run by the De La Salle Brothers, with a headmaster whom he describes as "a white-haired career sadist from an undistinguished Irish town."

He recalled how his father had won a place at grammar school but couldn't afford to go. His father had wanted him to go to Cambridge, but, he said, "he died on the brink of my going." He says this left him with an abiding guilt and a sense that he had leapt over his father's dead body to achieve success.

At Cambridge Mr. Eagleton's tutor was an old-world aristocrat. (In "The Gatekeeper" he gives him the pseudonym Dr. Greenway.) He "by and large preferred works of art and herbaceous borders to human beings," Mr. Eagleton writes, "but he was unfailingly courteous and considerate, even when we threw up our mulled claret over his pixie-like feet at his parties."

In his first year the man called him "Eagleton," in his second, "Terence," in his third, "Terry." "Perhaps if I had stayed on at his college beyond my undergraduate years, this escalating intimacy would have reached its natural conclusion in 'sweetiepie,' " he writes.

"I found him ridiculous," Mr. Eagleton said, "but I was almost embarrassed by how much he meant to me." The two debated Marxism.

The Marxist cultural historian Raymond Williams later became his intellectual mentor and got him a teaching position.

Still, he detested Cambridge, he said. He discovered a home in the new Catholic left, coming under the influence of a radical Dominican friar, Laurence Bright, and he helped found the leftist Catholic journal Slant. After Bright died, and Slant folded in the early 70's, Mr. Eagleton gave up formal religion, finding the organized church too autocratic and hidebound, he said.

Still, his work is shadowed by Roman Catholicism. Mr. Eagleton seems to find a confluence between his interpretation of Marxism and Christianity, in a shared ethic of cooperativism, and protection of the poor and the weak. He cites one of Paul's letters to the Corinthians: "God chose what is weakest in the world to shame the strong." Morality begins with a recognition of one's weakness and mortality, Mr. Eagleton says. He uses the example of King Lear, who is redeemed only after he has endured the storm on the heath and understands is own vulnerability.

Although Mr. Eagleton remains vague about what his longed-for absolute truths would look like, he writes that an ethical society can only happen under socialism, "in which each attains his or her freedom and autonomy in and through the self-realization of others."

And he defends Marxists against the familiar litany of crimes.

"If you want the most trenchant account of Stalinism you have to go to Marxism, not liberalism," he said. "Stalinism wasn't, from our point of view, radical enough. Long before Tiananmen Square the mainstream Marxists were saying the Soviet system is a travesty. You can't build Communism in backward conditions. You need international support. You need a society with a liberal democracy. Marx always saw socialism in continuity with middle-class democracy."

So what is his advice, specifically? "Get out of NATO. Get rid of capitalism. Put the economy back into public ownership."

Since 2001, Mr. Eagleton has been a professor of cultural theory at Manchester University, near where he grew up. He left Oxford after more than 30 years, a place he said he hated. In "The Gatekeeper" he refers to the faculty as "petulant, snobbish, spiteful, arrogant, autocratic and ferociously self-centered."

Still, Mr. Eagleton became involved with radical politics there and joined the Socialist Workers Party. He was known for his exuberant lectures, and organized an Irish singing group where his song on literary theory was born.

He said he left "with as much regret as if it were the day I went in."

Despite his new book, Mr. Eagleton said that the golden age of cultural theory was not all for naught. "We provided an important left intellectual core at a time when other things got more conservative," he said.

Yet what theorists have forgotten, he said, is the importance of the system to people's lives. "You need the satirist and the debunker," he said. "But you need constructive politics, too."

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

**Correction**

An article in Arts & Ideas on Saturday about the literary critic Terry Eagleton misidentified the British newspaper critic who praised his new book, "After Theory," in The Independent. It was D. J. Taylor. (Allen Lane was the founder of Penguin Books and of the Penguin imprint that published Mr. Eagleton's book in Britain.)

**Correction-Date:** January 7, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Terry Eagleton (holding papers) after a lecture at Maynooth University, in Ireland. He is professor of cultural theory at Manchester University. (Photo by Derek Speirs for The New York Times)(pg. B9); The cultural theorist Terry Eagleton near his home in Dublin. (Photo by Derek Speirs for The New York Times)(pg. B7)

**Load-Date:** January 3, 2004

**End of Document**



[***PICTURE EMERGES OF FAMILY LIFE OF MEN ARRESTED IN SPY CASE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B4D0-0007-J0PX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 1, 1985, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 7, Column 2; National Desk

**Length:** 1062 words

**Byline:** By DUDLEY CLENDINEN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** SCRANTON, Pa., May 31

**Body**

In the ***working-class*** neighborhood of West Scranton, James Walker, 45 years old, arrived home from his factory job, put his lunchbox down and looked sadly at the front page of the local paper, reflecting on the dismantling of his family.

In a matter of days, the paper had carried stories of the arrests for espionage of his brother John Jr., 47, a retired Navy warrant officer, then of John's son Michael, a Navy enlisted man, and now of his oldest brother, Arthur, 50, a retired Navy lieutenant commander.

All three Walkers have been arrested for selling Navy secrets to the Soviet Union, and it was Arthur's picture in the afternoon paper, beneath the headline ''Walker Admits He Spied.''

James, the youngest, had always been proud of his two more succesful brothers. ''I still love them,'' he said quietly. ''But I can't understand what the hell they did, or why they did it.''

Family background of John Walker Jr, arrested along with brother Arthur and son Michael for allegedly selling Navy secrets to Soviet Union, described; Scranton, Pa, residents recall family; photo (M)Picture of Family Life

Beneath the shock and puzzlement among family and old friends, however, a picture of family life has begun to emerge. It is more a sketch than a portrait. It shows a pious, hard-working Roman Catholic mother, who at 73 still works for a photography company and says the rosary each day.

More importantly, family and friends tell of the influence of a musically talented father, the hard-drinking son of a coal miner. John A. Walker Sr. studied music here under the nuns and became a publicist for Warner Brothers in the 1940's in Washington, where his sons were born. He tried freelance work for a while and in 1953 returned here to become a radio and television personality before leaving his wife, family and Scranton for good in the 1960's.

He is remembered as a man whose visions were larger than his accomplishments and whose drinking alienated his sons, breaking the traditional lines of loyalty in the family.

According to the information operator in Temperanceville, Va., where Mr. Walker is now retired with his second wife, he has an unpublished number and cannot be reached. But his son James, as well as the neighborhood patrolman, a former colleague at a local radio station and others, remember his drinking problem.

'He Would Be Drunk and Nasty'

''A very nice chap, Johnny was,'' said Frank Malone, who worked with Walker Sr. at radio station WEJL in the 1950's. ''He was a recovered alcoholic. He talked very freely about it.'' But James Walker said that his father ''would quit and then he went back'' to drinking, and that often when he did, ''He got a little crazy.''

''He was mean.'' said Armando Allegrucci, the Scranton policeman who has patrolled the neighborhood for 38 years. ''I got a couple of calls there. He would be drunk and nasty.''

''He was miserable to his wife, and she was a good lady,'' Officer Allegrucci said.

The three sons all tried to escape into military service, James said, leaving behind the old industrial city where their parents had been born.

The first to go was Arthur, in 1955, after graduation from St. Patrick's Roman Catholic High School in West Scranton, his father's school, and two years at the University of Scranton.

Enlistment in Navy

Arthur never mentioned troubles at home, his classmates said. ''I tell you, this is a shock,'' said Vincent Tiberi, as he looked at Arthur Walker's picture, the introductory photograph in the class yearbook. ''Like our local paper said, he was the all-American boy.''

''I think Arthur joined the Navy, left college early, just to get away from my father,'' James said.

John followed shortly afterward, dropping out of St. Patrick's in his junior year to enlist in the Navy.

Classmates considered John the brightest of the brothers, and in the private detective business he established in Virginia after retiring from the Navy, his use of disguises and elaborate equipment showed some of the theatrical flourish of his father, a former summer stock actor.

But it was an earlier bit of drama that drove John into the Navy, his brother James said. John ''always saved his money when he was a kid,'' James recalled. ''He had a car. He worked summers. He was a go-getter.''

He also had a gun. He tried to burglarize a business, James and Officer Allegrucci recall, and was shot at. ''He got away, but he turned himself in later,'' James Walker said. ''I guess they gave him a choice of, 'You either join the armed forces or we'll put your can in jail.' He joined the Navy then.''

Third Brother Remained at Home

James went to St. Patrick's, too, droping out as his brother John had, in his junior year. ''I just couldn't stand those Roman Catholic nuns,'' he said. He first joined the Army and then the Air Force, each time being honorably separated, he said, because of cataracts in one eye. ''I wanted to be like them, but I just didn't make it,'' he said.

And so he stayed here, marrying, raising a family, eventually, like his father and his brother John, becoming divorced. He moved back in with his mother in her apartment, a place of small shrines, flickering candles and other relics of her faith.

Arthur never returned. But once a year or more, at Christmas or Thanksgiving, James said, his brother John would visit. Sometimes James would visit John in Norfolk, admiring his home, his airplane, his van, his boat, the small apartment building he owned.

Documents Tell of Recruitment

Court documents filed by Federal prosecutors suggest that it was John who had recruited his older brother Arthur. The Government says John began selling documents to the Russians in 1968 while still in the Navy. A sworn affadavit from the Federal Bureau of Investigation says Arthur, who went to work for a Navy research contractor, has admitted that he began to funnel information to his brother in 1980.

''I never expected this from them,'' James Walker said, his eyes glistening over his mother's kitchen table. ''Especially Arthur - when I saw the headline this morning, it was pretty depressing.'' He glanced at the clock, worrying that his mother ''may be popping in here any minute now.'' He suggested taking the conversation away from the house.

He wasn't sure, he said, that his mother knew of Arthur's arrest. ''She said she didn't want to see the papers,'' he said. ''She said she didn't want to know.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Vincent Tiberi and Arthur J. Walkker playing trumpets in a class yearbook photograph from St. Patrick's roman Catholic High School in West Scranton, Pa.

**End of Document**



[***Matching a Dream to a Budget***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HBJ-F330-TW8F-G21P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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

**Length:** 1705 words

**Byline:** By ELSA BRENNER

**Body**

FOR Michael and Elizabeth Turbe, newly married and looking for a starter house, Peekskill was just the right fit. ''It's suburban here, but not too suburban, and it's a city, but not too big of one,'' Mr. Turbe said.

''Even more important,'' he said, ''for people like us just starting out, we were also able to find the kind of place we always dreamed about at a price we could afford.''

The couple -- he's a software designer and she is an administrative assistant -- were first impressed by Peekskill last year when they stopped at a downtown coffee shop on their way to visit relatives in nearby Yorktown. Smitten with Peekskill's Hudson River waterfront, its many historic buildings and the bustling, artsy feeling of the downtown, they picked up several real estate agents' cards on display near the shop's cash register, and the next day, began making phone calls. They moved to the community, in northern Westchester County, last spring.

The Turbes, who had been renting an apartment in the Windsor Terrace section of Brooklyn, are the owners of a three-bedroom, one-bath house with a small front yard and a white picket fence. The 103-year-old home near Peekskill's downtown doesn't have a garage or a driveway, but at $285,000, it was still the perfect starter home, Mr. Turbe said.

Tucked along a narrow crook in the Hudson, Peekskill, a local shipping port until the middle of the 20th century, is fast losing its gritty reputation and giving way to an influx of residents like the Turbes, who have been priced out of the residential market elsewhere in Westchester and other New York City suburbs.

What You'll Find

On the side streets near the downtown, Peekskill looks much like other ***working-class*** communities on the East Coast -- its shady streets lined with rambling Victorians and modest ranches, its many small parks bustling with mothers and young children.

In the downtown itself, the faded names of manufacturing firms on the outside walls of former factories can still be seen, even as a new generation of occupants -- in particular, artists in search of work-live lofts -- take up residence in space once used to manufacture hats and underwear.

Mixed in with the rental and co-op lofts downtown are a growing number of shops selling paintings and sculptures, like the Flat Iron Gallery, which also leases work space to artists on its upper floors. Berenice Pliskin, an artist who lives in White Plains, commutes 30 minutes north by car three or four days a week to a studio in the Flat Iron building. ''I welcome the company of other artists,'' said Mrs. Pliskin, a retired teacher who first began working in Peekskill 12 years ago.

The Flat Iron is part of a state-designated business improvement district downtown, along with the Paramount Center for the Arts, the Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art, the Maxwell Fine Arts museum and the Westchester Art Workshop, to name a few. Around the corner, Bruised Apple Books and Past and Present Antiques, along with restaurants and coffee houses, beckon shoppers.

Right along Peekskill's waterfront, the scene changes. Condo development there is increasingly intense, with housing developers like Martin Ginsburg of Hawthorne jockeying for the most advantageous views of the river and Bear Mountain State Park on the opposite shoreline.

''The best word to describe Peekskill's housing stock is eclectic,'' said Lenni Smith, the manager of Coldwell Banker Perry Kennedy's office in nearby Croton-on-Hudson. Of a total of 6,400 housing units in the city, 2,500 are condos, according to the office of Paul R. Wotzak, the assessor. Another 3,896 units are one-, two- and three-family homes, and the rest (except for four co-op units) are apartments, the office said.

What You'll Pay

The median sales price of a single-family home in Peekskill is $385,000, far less than the county median, which was $700,000 in June, according to the Westchester County Board of Realtors. Houses currently on the market in Peekskill include a 90-year-old ranch with two bedrooms and one bath that is listed for $229,000, and a 49-year-old ranch with three bedrooms and one bath selling for $364,000.

The median price for condos is $315,000, with some, like a four-bedroom, three-and-a-half-bath unit built two years ago, selling for as much as $714,724.

In new construction, Mr. Ginsburg, one of Westchester's most active developers, is building Riverbend, condominium town houses priced at $312,400 to $673,900.

His firm, Ginsburg Development Companies, is also the designated developer for the mile-and-a-half length of the waterfront. Preliminary plans for the $200 million project call for about 400 condos -- for which prices have not yet been determined -- a 500-car garage and restaurants and retailing space on the east side of the railroad tracks.

John G. Testa, Peekskill's mayor, said the city is trying to make sure that despite intense development pressures, ''the different levels of housing remain balanced in terms of price.''

''Peekskill traditionally has been a blue-collar town, and we want the middle class to be able to afford to live here,'' he said. Housing priced for midlevel income earners -- sometimes called work force housing -- is being built downtown, Mayor Testa said, adding that Mr. Ginsburg has agreed to set aside 10 percent of waterfront housing at that level, too.

Peekskill has the lowest tax rate in the county, and property owners will not see any increase in their tax bills in 2006, the mayor said. The steady tax rate is in large part a result of all the new retailing and residential development taking place in the city in recent years, said Bernard M. Molloy, president of the Hudson Valley Gateway Chamber of Commerce, which serves Peekskill, Cortlandt and neighboring communities.

''Especially Peekskill tends to attract new businesses because business owners can attract employees who can afford to live where they work,'' Mr. Molloy noted.

What to Do

''There's something magical about Peekskill,'' said Linda Jean Fisher, a painter who grew up in Peekskill and now lives in an artist's work-live loft built several years ago in the downtown business improvement district. ''There's history here, a strong undertone of creative energy, and so much to do,'' she said.

The Paramount Center is the focal point of much of the entertainment downtown these days. Built 75 years ago as a 1,025-seat movie palace by Paramount Pictures, it ceased operations in the early 1970's, when shopping malls and television drew people's attentions elsewhere. Before that, though, Ms. Fisher said, ''It was a busy place, according to my mother, who was a popcorn girl there in the 50's.''

In 1982, a grass roots ''Save the Paramount'' campaign was started that eventually spawned the current center for the arts, which features live performances -- like Joan Baez on Oct. 29 -- arts-in-education programs, films and art exhibitions. In the spring, Bernadette Peters performed in a concert to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the theater. Box office figures show that some 50,000 people attend events at the theater each year.

The number of cafes and restaurants has grown exponentially, along with the redevelopment of the Paramount, according to Mr. Molloy of the chamber of commerce.

The city is chock-full of parks. The Turbes, who used to frequent Prospect Park when they lived in Brooklyn, now hang out in DePew Park in Peekskill, where ''we watch lots of people from all walks of life playing soccer and sometimes take a ball and play catch ourselves.''

At the waterfront, just off Route 9 near the Metro-North Railroad station, residents picnic, fly kites, launch boats off the public ramp or sit on park benches to watch the sun setting over the river.

The Schools

Some potential residents of the city have shied away from Peekskill's public school system because of low standardized test scores and what Judith Johnson, the superintendent of the school district, reported as a 50 percent rate of poverty among the students, as determined by those eligible for free or reduced-price lunches.

''You cannot compare us in scores to high-wealth districts,'' she said. ''We're dealing with different socio-eco circumstances, which is not an excuse, but it is a great challenge for us.''

Ms. Johnson said the district has received a $1.8 million, three-year state grant to increase literacy in the early grades, and a $3.6 million, four-year grant to enrich the cultural experiences in art, music and dance.

Last year, the average verbal score on the SAT exams was 440 among seniors graduating from Peekskill High School; the average math score on the SAT's was 456. Statewide, the averages were 496 and 510, respectively.

Of the graduating class last year, 47 percent are attending four-year colleges and 43 percent are at two-year colleges, said Joseph Wychunas, the district's assistant superintendent. High-achieving students, Ms. Johnson added, have performed well on state-standardized tests at all levels and have access to advanced placement courses in high school.

Some Peekskill residents send their children to a Roman Catholic parochial school, Our Lady of the Assumption, which teaches pre-k through eighth grade.

The Commute

Trains on the Metro-North Hudson Line take about an hour from Peekskill to Grand Central Terminal. The city has a commuter parking lot for 288 cars, and while the spaces available by the year have sold out, monthly spots are still available. There is also metered parking.

The History

In 1609, Henry Hudson, the English sea captain and explorer, sailed the river on the ship Half Moon, passing by what is now known as Peekskill. Records show the first European to set foot on land was Jan Peeck, a resident of New York City, who in the 1640's exchanged manufactured goods with Mohicans living there. The city was named for him, first becoming known as Peeck's Kill and later Peekskill.

What We Like

The downtown has plenty of places to eat, stop for a cup of coffee or shop for the works of local artists.

What We'd Change

Some new condo buildings at Riverbend block views of the Hudson, shutting out the sight of an open expanse to all but the few who own units there.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: THAT ARTSY FEELING -- Peekskill, N.Y., slopes down to the Hudson River, above. A focal point is the Paramount Center for the Arts. (Photographs by G. Paul Burnett/The New York Times)

On the Market: 54 Roma Orchard Road -- This four-bedroom, three-and-a-half-bath condo is listed at $714,724. (914)271-7860

512 Kissam Road -- This three-bedroom, one-bath is listed at $364,900. (914)668-3201

514 Ringgold Street -- This two-bedroom, one-bath house is listed at $229,000. (914)737-2223Map of New York State highlighting Peekskill.

**Load-Date:** October 16, 2005

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[***Up From Kmart***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43SK-MJ30-0109-T0Y7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 19, 2001 Sunday

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**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 9

**Length:** 1491 words

**Byline:**  By Walter Kirn; Walter Kirn is the literary editor of GQ. His most recent book is "Up in the Air," a novel.

**Body**

Zigzagging Down

a Wild Trail

Stories.

By Bobbie Ann Mason.

209 pp. New York:

Random House. $22.95.

The naming of a literary movement often coincides with its demise. At least that was the case with minimalism, the blanket term for a style of short fiction popular in the late 70's and early 80's and associated with struggling ***working-class*** characters, charmless rural and suburban settings and a certain terseness of expression. Also known as "Kmart realism" and applied to writers like Raymond Carver, Ann Beattie, Tobias Wolff and Bobbie Ann Mason, the label was part description, part dismissal. The idea was first to lump, and then lampoon. In "Less Is Less," a 1986 essay in Harper's Magazine by the novelist Madison Smartt Bell, such writing was derided for its alleged "obsessive concern for surface detail, a tendency to ignore or eliminate distinctions among the people it renders, and a studiedly deterministic, at times nihilistic, vision of the world." Just three years later, again in Harper's, Tom Wolfe accused such writers of a preference for "real situations, but very tiny ones" and "disingenuously short, simple sentences -- with the emotions anesthetized, given a shot of Novocain." Wolf even implied that the style was un-American; it discounted the nation's glorious affluence, its spectacular richness, diversity and drive.

Accurate or not, the charges stuck. Only Carver, the movement's genius-by-acclamation, managed to hold onto his prestige completely, while the minimalist short story, as a form, soon joined the confessional poem and the Beat novel on the culture's basement discount rack. In what some would interpret as a sign of the Kmarters' sweeping loss of status, Mason -- once considered nearly Carver's peer on the basis of her debut collection, "Shiloh and Other Stories" -- moved on to writing novels and a memoir.

But now she's back with another book of stories, reclaiming a stage so conspicuously empty that it's hard to assess her new work in isolation. Does minimalism deserve a second act? Did its first act end too abruptly, with too much jeering? Or was the label really just a straw man stitched together by literary competitors who needed something to beat the stuffing out of so as to draw attention to their own styles? Were Mason and others set aflame, perhaps, to fuel the bonfire of Wolfe's vanity?

"I never paid much attention to current events, all the trouble in the world you hear about." The opening line of the book's first story, "With Jazz," reads like a coded rejoinder to Mason's critics, whose fundamental charge against her tales (and their narrators, too) was detachment and simplemindedness. The speaker here, Chrissy, is vintage Mason: a twice-divorced resident of the sprawling mid-South, where country meets city in a ragged borderland of tract houses and chain stores. Chrissy blames the hassles of housekeeping and child rearing for her failure to stay abreast with the day's big issues. Lately, though, she's been trying to improve herself by meeting with a group of other women to "talk about life, in a sort of talk-show format." The urge toward self-betterment, toward a higher consciousness, is a constant in the new stories. Mason's people may still watch too much TV, drink too much beer and love too indiscriminately, but their limitations pain them -- they're hardly anesthetized. More keenly, perhaps, than in the earlier book, they feel the pressures of the wider world and sense both its opportunities and perils. Some are even well traveled, though their journeys can leave them feeling more mystified than broadened.

Like a fictional time capsule, "With Jazz" reminds one both of what minimalism did well and what, looking back, it might have done better. First, a virtue. "I found the kitchen light, just a bulb and string. The cord was new. It still had that starched feel, and the little metal bell on the end knot was shiny and sharp." There's no improving on this snapshot, be it tiny or not; for its size, it's framed just right. Even the movement's detractors, including Wolfe, praised its painstaking fast-shutter work. But Mason is more than just proficient here; her lightbulb cord, and a hundred other images dotted about the book, are edged in a thin black line of perfect solitude suggestive of a philosophical mood. Superficiality and depth aren't the relevant categories here; try togetherness and separateness. Objects stand on their own in Mason's stories, and so do people. To touch is not to merge. Between any two atoms -- or two lovers -- there's always a crack, and through the crack, a breeze.

Sometimes Mason's understated precision is asked to bear more weight than it can handle, though. To preserve the illusion of moment-to-moment realism, the stories' profundities must always seem offhand, their telling thematic statements accidental. Glancing up at a TV set in a bar, the moody Chrissy, who is about to become a grandmother, remarks to Jazz, her even-tempered almost-boyfriend: "All the mussels in the lake are dying. It's all those pesticides." Jazz responds: "World's always had trouble. No baby ever set foot in the Garden of Eden." As wayward bar talk, this isn't quite convincing; it speaks too directly to the story's big point about the serene acceptance of imperfection. Determined to send her big messages by stealth, Mason sometimes resorts to double meanings that are a bit too clever, even cute. Chrissy and Jazz first met in traffic court because "we'd both failed to yield." At the end of this story about making peace with a baffling universe, the lovers lie in bed listening to the stereo. "The music was still playing," Chrissy observes, "on infinite repeat."

The mood here is closer to fatalism than nihilism, and a rather soothing fatalism at that. The mood returns in "Night Flight," another story featuring a woman roughed up by life and hoping to start fresh while there's still time. Thinking she's safe back home in old Kentucky after a miserable stint in Florida working in a sterile corporate office and dating an unbalanced man, Wendy hooks up with Bob, a regular guy who loves to fish and is training for a pilot's license.

Not much happens, but what little does is squeezed for every last drop of metaphor. Like a lot of Mason's new heroines, Wendy has tasted excitement and spit it out -- she'd rather drink the tap water of normalcy -- but when what she thinks is a drug smuggling plane flies over her town, she understands that refuge is impossible. Later, during a barbecue with friends, Wendy and Bob are called out into the night to search for a lost child. While they hunt, and as bats flit out about in the dark sky, Bob reveals that he too has lost a child -- to a bitter ex-wife who won't grant him visitation rights. Things conclude with everyone dancing on the porch. "Now they were all jitterbugging like bats across the moon, as if that was all anybody could do under the circumstances."

Such a story is hardly casual or slight; if anything, it's too finished, too definitive. Like a fanatical builder of ships in bottles, Mason works with a fixed set of materials and pours her ambition into feats of craftsmanship. She's fierce about closure, often to a fault. In "Tunica," Liz is the woman at loose ends and Peyton, a drug dealer, is the nasty ex-husband. Liz tries to escape life's "dull predictability," and Peyton too, by visiting casinos, but eventually the old demons creep up on her. There are lovely grace notes along the way -- a fanfare of coins" from a lucky slot machine; the silhouetted gambling halls that resemble "a Confederate armada" -- but the ending is another downbeat zinger that probably should have been left between the lines instead of extracted and set on top of them. "For the time being, she was waiting for the spinning images of her life to line up in a perfect row." Perhaps Mason fears that her exquisite miniatures -- having so recently suffered such lofty contempt -- won't be properly appreciated unless their subtleties are clearly labeled.

The danger of such a manner isn't narrowness or lack of ambition or kneejerk pessimism. It's perfectionism. To show the world in a single grain of sand -- not just once, but repeatedly -- is an exacting, intimidating task. Mason's best stories come when she forgets about it, relaxes her focus and relies on instinct. In "Charger," a rambunctious 19-year-old, anxious about achieving instant maturity, hits up his girlfriend's aunt for some Prozac. The kid wants it all -- adventure, money, love -- and longs for a pill to help him simmer down so he can hit the road and take his shot. What's so funny and sad is just how wrong he is; no one needs an antidepressant less than this prankish, hyperactive charmer. Of course there's a chance he'll come limping home someday, like most of Mason's chastened adventurers, but his future is still wide open, still unwritten, and his spirit is bigger than he knows.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Ray Bartkus)

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[***Institute Once Led by Ferrer Forms Base of His Support***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HCC-NRK0-TW8F-G2G1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MIKE McINTIRE

**Body**

As he has pursued his mayoral bid this year, Fernando Ferrer stood out from the field of candidates in this significant way: He did not hold elective office as his Democratic primary opponents or the incumbent mayor did, and instead had been making his money as an executive for a public policy group.

After losing his last mayoral race in 2001, and prevented by term limits from seeking re-election as Bronx borough president, Mr. Ferrer took a $150,000-a-year job as president of the Drum Major Institute, a liberal policy group. The move took him out of the arena of city politics for the first time in 20 years, and opened him to criticism in some quarters that he had forsaken his Bronx street credentials for the relative comforts of armchair advocacy.

But far from losing his edge by leaving politics, Mr. Ferrer used the institute to amplify one of his central campaign themes, that middle-class families are being squeezed by high costs and government indifference.

The institute actually became not only a vehicle for shaping his policies, but also a rallying point for his campaign contributors, whose donations helped pay for its operations. In fact, the list of the institute's major donors resembles the list of major contributors to Mr. Ferrer.

''Clearly, what he did at D.M.I. was to prepare for a mayoral run, and to sound out themes of a mayoral run,'' said Hank Sheinkopf, a political consultant who once worked for Mr. Ferrer. ''That's not unheard of, for people to find a sinecure while seeking public office.''

Mr. Ferrer and his allies deny that his three years at the institute were essentially a candidacy-in-waiting. Friends say he turned down more lucrative job offers, in part because he believed in the institute's mission of pursuing social change in the manner of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., whose family is involved in running it.

In a recent interview, Mr. Ferrer said that the institute's shift in emphasis to middle-class concerns was in keeping with his own beliefs and those of Dr. King, who advocated for working families and unionized labor.

''This was an opportunity for me to really put myself where all my talk was all those years,'' Mr. Ferrer said. ''The right had almost been ceded the intellectual territory on middle-class issues. We wanted to create a voice for progressive values that are neither left nor right.''

With Mr. Ferrer running for mayor again, his stewardship of the institute provides some timely insights into his abilities as a manager and his political viewpoints. It also sheds light on his core group of supporters.

His mayoral campaign includes several aides and consultants who have worked for the institute. One of his biggest fund-raisers is the institute's founder, William B. Wachtel, a Manhattan lawyer who has collected close to $100,000 for Mr. Ferrer and whose college-age children have each donated the maximum $4,950 to his campaign.

As the campaign heated up, Mr. Ferrer's continued links with the institute -- he stepped down last year to campaign full time -- have drawn scrutiny.

In July, the chairman of the state Republican Party complained about Mr. Wachtel's fund-raising for Mr. Ferrer and accused the institute of releasing a report critical of school safety to embarrass Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg, something the institute denied.

The Bloomberg campaign also accused the institute's chairman of partisan motives after he criticized the mayor's unsuccessful effort to secure the 2012 Summer Olympics for New York.

To be sure, the institute, whose directors include Robert F. Kennedy Jr., Martin Luther King III and the former Atlanta mayor and ambassador Andrew Young, is far more than the instrument of Mr. Ferrer's mayoral ambitions. It has held seminars around the country on education reform, unemployment and other social issues, sponsored fellowships and published reports on a variety of public policy topics, some of them approving of the Bloomberg administration.

It has played host to President Bill Clinton, and sponsored guest speakers including John Edwards, Howard Dean and Eliot Spitzer.

The group's executive director, Andrea Batista Schlesinger, who worked for Mr. Ferrer in the Bronx before following him to the institute in 2002, said their goal was to create a vibrant forum for debating ways to improve the lives of underprivileged and ***working-class*** people. The institute, she said, was never about Mr. Ferrer.

''It was clear that we were going to build an institute that was bigger than one person and would last beyond one person's tenure,'' Ms. Schlesinger said. ''The only thing fueling what we did here was, 'How do we build a strong and effective organization?'''

Originally called the Drum Major Foundation, the organization was founded in 1961 by Harry Wachtel, William's father, who was an adviser to Dr. King. It derives its name from a speech in which Dr. King asked to be remembered as ''a drum major for justice.''

In 1999, it was reconstituted as the Drum Major Institute by William Wachtel, Martin Luther King III, and Mr. Young, who was a friend of Dr. King's.

With not a lot of money at its disposal, the institute initially conducted a few advocacy campaigns, running newspaper advertisements and holding forums on topics like gun control, poverty and inequities in education.

William Wachtel described the institute's early efforts as ''trying to be a woodpecker on the conscience of America.''

Mr. Wachtel said he became impressed with Mr. Ferrer during the 2001 campaign, and afterward saw an opportunity to ramp up the institute's activities. With help from former Senator Bill Bradley, a meeting was arranged between Mr. Ferrer and members of the institute's board.

Mr. Ferrer said he came away believing it was a chance to create an organization that could serve as the progressive counterargument to the Manhattan Institute, an established conservative public policy group that was a breeding ground for many of the initiatives of the Rudolph W. Giuliani era.

Mr. Ferrer hired more staff and greatly increased fund-raising, taking in $484,000 in his first year as president, compared with $116,000 the year before, according to the institute's tax returns. With a revamped Web site (drummajorinstitute.org) and a more savvy media-relations effort, the institute began promoting reports on voter rights, affordable housing and the economy. It published scorecards of how members of Congress voted on crucial issues.

''With a full-time president, people became excited,'' Mr. Wachtel said. ''People believed Freddy was the kind of person you could rally around, and we were able to go from a stride to a run.''

Mr. Ferrer was well compensated compared to top executives of other similar-size nonprofits in the city, according to a survey by the Nonprofit Coordinating Committee of New York, which represents more than 1,300 groups in the metropolitan region. The median annual salary last year for top executives of groups with operating budgets from $2 million to $5 million was $120,000, the survey said. By comparison, the Drum Major Institute had an operating budget of about $550,000 in 2003, and Mr. Ferrer's salary ranged from $120,000 to $150,000 during his tenure.

Among the institute's benefactors who also became Mr. Ferrer's campaign contributors were labor unions, health care companies and real estate groups that have business dealings with the city. Another donor was a Massachusetts company trying to build a fertilizer factory in the Bronx.

The state's largest health care union, 1199/S.E.I.U., a politically influential group that had a close relationship with Dr. King and recently endorsed Mr. Ferrer for mayor, gave at least $75,000 to theinstitute during Mr. Ferrer's tenure -- the equivalent of about half his salary. The institute's largest individual contributor is Mr. Wachtel, who gave at least $100,000 in 2004. He has also emerged as a major fund-raiser for Mr. Ferrer's mayoral campaign, and Mr. Ferrer's contributors include several clients of Mr. Wachtel's law firm, which has lobbied City Hall on behalf of real estate developers and outdoor advertising companies.

By the time Mr. Ferrer formed a new committee to explore another run for mayor in November 2003, the institute had shifted its focus to issues facing the middle class, a theme that Mr. Ferrer adopted as a central plank in his campaign platform. Two months earlier, the institute released the findings of a poll -- conducted by Global Strategy Group, a consultant to Mr. Ferrer's campaign -- showing that New Yorkers were worried about making ends meet.

''If we do not intervene, we are taking out a terrible mortgage on the vitality of our city,'' Mr. Ferrer said in an institute news release, which was posted for a time on his campaign Web site but has since been removed.

The institute, a tax-exempt charity that calls itself nonpartisan, is sensitive to accusations that its activities have overlapped with those of the Ferrer campaign. Ms. Schlesinger said the institute's new emphasis on the middle class was in keeping with Dr. King's concern for union laborers, and indicative of the institute's desire to steer a path between ''tired orthodoxies'' on the political left and right.

''The left was somewhat allergic to talking about the middle class,'' she said. ''But the middle-class work is actually a lens through which we evaluate all social and economic policy. It's as much about expanding the middle class as it is about the existing middle class.''

It is not clear what Mr. Young and Mr. King think of Mr. Ferrer's leadership of the institute or his campaign for mayor; neither man responded to messages left at their offices. When Mr. Ferrer left, Mr. Young issued a statement praising him: ''Under Freddy's leadership, D.M.I. has helped shape the conversation about the future of America's middle class and those who want to work their way to the American dream.''

Last year, at a Ferrer fund-raiser organized by Mr. Wachtel, Mr. King and Mr. Young each contributed $50, while another board member donated $1,000 and the institute's accountant wrote a check for $4,950. Mr. Wachtel said it would be wrong to read too much into the smaller donations from Mr. King and Mr. Young.

''Andy actually offered to contribute more,'' he said. ''But the feeling was, their making a contribution was a very kind gesture.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Fernando Ferrer, campaigning in Manhattan yesterday, was president of the Drum Major Institute, a liberal public policy organization, before his latest mayoral run. (Photo by G. Paul Burnett/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Fernando Ferrer was joined by Andrew M. Cuomo, the former federal housing secretary, for a campaign stop on East 23rd Street yesterday. (Photo by G. Paul Burnett/The New York Times)(pg. B8)

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[***AT THE MOVIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SMX-DR90-007F-G326-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By Bernard Weinraub

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, May 7

**Body**

Disco Nights Of Studio 54 Studio 54 is back at least in the movies.

Two forthcoming films, "The Last Days of Disco," and "54," seek to revive the cocaine-dusted world of the Manhattan nightclub that from 1977 to '79 seemed to be the epicenter of a world of celebrities, hangers-on, models, drug addicts, thugs and, well, charmers like Roy M. Cohn.

The music abruptly halted when the club's owners, Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, pleaded guilty to evading corporate and personal taxes; each served 13 months in prison. Mr. Rubell died in 1989. His partner resurfaced as the owner of trendy hotels.

Why the current fascination with Studio 54? "To go through those doors, past those velvet ropes, you checked your life at the door, all your hang-ups were left behind, anything could happen," said Mark Christopher, the writer-director of "54," which will be released by Miramax in August. "The downside was that people didn't see where it was going -- ultimately the cost was jail for some, and drug addiction and AIDS for others."

Mr. Christopher, 36, who grew up in Fort Dodge, Iowa, and read about the club in After Dark magazine, said he was hopeful that the film would appeal to a broad audience.

"People who are older want to look back, and people who are younger want to see what it was like because it's so very different now," said Mr. Christopher, who studied film at Columbia University and has made several short movies. He showed this screenplay to a Miramax executive several years ago.

The movie deals with a fictional ***working-class*** youth from New Jersey (played by Ryan Phillippe) who becomes a bartender at Studio 54, and his friendship with Rubell. The cast includes Mike Myers (above) as Rubell as well as Salma Hayek, Neve Campbell and Sela Ward.

"The Last Days of Disco," to be released by Castle Rock and Gramercy Pictures on May 29, deals with a Studio 54-like dance club and a group of mostly obnoxious Upper East Side Ivy Leaguers who glide past the velvet ropes. The director, Whit Stillman, previously wrote and directed "Metropolitan" and "Barcelona."

Mr. Stillman, 46, who used to go to Studio 54, said several issues interested him: "The music, the atmosphere in the clubs and the narcotic of exclusivity -- if you got lucky and got past the ropes, you felt this adrenaline high," he said. But Mr. Stillman said he believed that a great deal about Studio 54 had been overhyped.

"It wasn't as wild as people might believe," he said.

Leaving 'Homicide'

With tonight's episode of NBC's "Homicide: Life on the Street" (review on page 25), Andre Braugher ends his six-year run as the charismatic and prickly detective Frank Pembleton. "Time to move on," said Mr. Braugher the other morning, while eating breakfast at a West Hollywood restaurant.

In some ways, Mr. Braugher (above) was the centerpiece of the award-winning series, whose creators included Barry Levinson, the director. Like Pembleton, Mr. Braugher seems coolly decisive and utterly confident. " 'Homicide' has been wonderful to me," he said. "I had a character who was complex and three-dimensional. I got a chance to have security for the first time in my life. I got the opportunity to learn about putting together an episodic television show. I got the kind of notoriety and visibility I had always hoped for. I'm 35 years old. In great health. I've got a strong and stable marriage and two wonderful children. I've got everything I've looked for. And now I'm able to move into feature films."

Mr. Braugher is currently appearing as an angel sidekick to Nicolas Cage in "City of Angels" and has begun a film about gangsters, "Thick as Thieves." He also plans to make his directing debut on a film for Showtime. His immediate priority is moving his wife, Ami Brabson, an actress (she played his wife in "Homicide"), and their children from Baltimore, where the series was made, to the New York area. He's looking for a home in New Jersey.

"Four years ago my wife made the sacrifice of coming down to Baltimore from New York to keep the family together, and it provided quite a chill to her career," Mr. Braugher said. "So now it's time to go back and settle down and give up the mercenary life. This is what we need to do."

Recounting his career, Mr. Braugher made it plain that, although he and his wife faced some lean times when they lived in an apartment in Harlem in the late 1980's, finding work as an actor was never a problem. He grew up in Chicago and attended Stanford University as an engineering and pre-med major. One day, a friend who was directing a student version of "Hamlet" pleaded with him to replace the actor playing Claudius, who had dropped out. He learned his lines in three days and, once he appeared before an audience, was hooked.

"My parents were shocked -- they thought I was throwing away a very valuable education to join the vaudeville," he said.

Mr. Braugher won an acting scholarship to Juilliard and began appearing at the New York Shakespeare Festival and at the Folger Theater in Washington. His film breakthrough was a feature role in Edward Zwick's "Glory" (1989), about the first unit of black soldiers in the Civil War. "After 'Glory,' I got to move to a better apartment and pay off my college loans," he said.

As a black actor, Mr. Braugher has crossed the color line and played some roles that could have been played by a white actor.

"Twenty years ago, we wouldn't be having this conversation," he said. "Twenty years ago I would have agreed with my father that this industry held out no promise for black actors."

Mr. Braugher said his parents -- his father, Floyd, is a heavy equipment operator in Chicago -- had altered their view of his acting career, especially after "Homicide." They have videotaped every show and his other television appearances.

"They're the archivists of my career," he said with a laugh.

Beyond 'Anne Frank'

Natalie Portman leaves her starring role on Broadway in "The Diary of Anne Frank" at the end of the month to pursue a burgeoning film career and attend college. But she said the stage experience playing Anne Frank, who perished in the Holocaust, will remain imprinted in her mind for a long, long time.

"One of the most painful things for me is that often, at the end of the show, I see a little kid in one of the front rows just crying uncontrollably," Ms. Portman (above) said by telephone from her home on Long Island, where she lives with her parents. "The more I lived with it every day, the more I realized there's no way I could feel what the real people felt, no way I can convey what they went through. It's something no one can fathom unless they actually lived through it." She paused. "The part is emotionally draining," she said.

"Of course there is, in the play, a lot of light moments and laughter," she added. "But the audience is reluctant to laugh."

The 16-year-old actress -- who was discovered several years ago by a Revlon scout at a Long Island pizza parlor -- is, most certainly, one of the most sought-after young stars. Next month she is set to start filming "Anywhere but Here," an adaptation of a novel by Mona Simpson about a mother (played by Susan Sarandon) and daughter who leave their family in Michigan and resettle in Beverly Hills. She has already completed the first of the three "Star Wars" prequels for George Lucas, playing the mother of Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia. The highly anticipated "Star Wars" film will be released next May.

Ms. Portman said she was not too intimidated playing the "Star Wars" role. "Because I was born in Israel -- my father's an Israeli -- 'Star Wars' wasn't as iconic as it was in most American households," she said. "It's not as rooted in me personally as it is with a lot of American teen-agers. My friends made me realize what a big deal it was."

The actress is driven each night to Manhattan for "Anne Frank" by one of her parents. She attends high school during the day -- she declined to say where -- and often studies before the show and afterward. "I sleep very little," she said. Ms. Portman is planning to apply to several colleges.

Her average? 98.5. "I'm not the smartest, I'm near the top of the class," she said. "But I really work hard."

**Graphic**

Photos

**Load-Date:** May 8, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Blending Two Cities Into One***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H92-M8W0-TW8F-G33V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 9, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 7; LIVING IN/West New York, N.J.

**Length:** 1716 words

**Byline:** By JERRY CHESLOW

**Body**

***WORKING class*** grit and Manhattan glitz meet in West New York, where luxury homes and commercial buildings are being built on the western bank of the Hudson River. ''We are really two cities,'' said Mayor Albio Sires, ''and my challenge over the coming years is to bring them together as one community.''

West New York, less than a mile from West 70th Street in Manhattan, as the crow flies, is one of the most densely populated municipalities in New Jersey. About 52,000 people live within its 1.3 square miles, and a population of illegal immigrants adds at least 20 percent, according to Mayor Sires (pronounced seer-REEZ). ''Even illegals need schools, housing and health care,'' he said. ''And we have to provide those services.''

The median annual household income in West New York is below $40,000. Seventy percent of residents are renters, and more than 80 percent are Hispanic, according to the 2000 census data. Among the largest groups are Cubans, Colombians, Peruvians, Ecuadorians and Mexicans.

At John F. Kennedy Boulevard East, known as ''Boulevard East,'' the population, housing mix and scenery change abruptly. Mostly New York City professionals and empty-nesters live in towers that soar 30 stories or more over the Palisades, a 450-foot-high belt of cliffs that line the New Jersey side of the Hudson.

At the foot of the high-rises, a broad promenade of pink concrete pavers overlooks the Manhattan skyline. It is interrupted by a string of narrow parks, playgrounds and basketball courts that were built decades ago but have all been renovated over the last five years.

Along the river, a former Penn Central Railroad yard and several dilapidated docks and warehouses are being redeveloped into luxury housing. According to the mayor, when the waterfront is completed, it will add another 15,000 residents.

Susan and Richard Turtz are typical Boulevard East homeowners. Empty-nesters who sold their house in neighboring Weehawken three and a half years ago, they bought a 1,700-square-foot, two-bedroom co-op on the 18th floor of the 34-story, 421-unit Riviera Towers building for $250,000. Mr. Turtz, a lawyer, practices in nearby Edgewater, and Mrs. Turtz works for a nonprofit organization in Lower Manhattan.

''I can see the Empire State Building, the George Washington Bridge and Midtown Manhattan from every room in the apartment,'' Mrs. Turtz said. ''I can get to my job in less than 40 minutes. We have buses, ferries and jitneys so we never have to wait for transportation. If I had lots of money, I might move to Manhattan, but this is almost like being there at less than half the price.''

What You'll Find

The housing choices in West New York reflect the town's split personality. In ''the plateau,'' which includes everything west of Boulevard East, the options start with one-family fixer-uppers and go up to gut-rehabilitated or new condominiums, many of which are lofts in converted industrial buildings.

The most prevalent type of house is a two-family, squeezed onto a 25-foot-wide lot, separated from its neighbors by about 18 inches on either side. The most common apartment building is a five-story walk-up with 20 to 30 units. On Boulevard East, there are some two- and four-family homes, but most residents live in high-rise apartment buildings. And on River Road, along the waterfront, new town houses and luxury apartment buildings are rising.

Bergenline Avenue, known in northern New Jersey as the ''Miracle Mile'' for shopping, bisects West New York north and south. It is classified by the state as an Urban Enterprise Zone, and its merchants charge shoppers just 3 percent state sales tax, which is half the normal amount.

Bergenline bustles with customers and baby strollers throughout the day and shimmers after dark with the lights of well-known chain stores like Modell's, Mandee and Shout Men's Fashion, alongside bargain stores like Payless ShoeSource.

Fast food outlets like Popeyes chicken and pizzerias coexist with ethnic restaurants that reflect the variety of Hispanic influences. Among the best-known restaurants on Bergenline is Las Palmas, which serves Cuban dishes.

The center of government is on 60th Street, where the colonnaded, turn-of-the-20th-century municipal building looks out onto the brick and limestone West New York Public Library across the way. The narrow front lawn of the municipal building is crowded with bronze monuments and plaques to local heroes -- including 1,350 men who served in World War I, 170 who died in World War II and those who served in Korea and Vietnam.

At the entrance to the library, a sign asks visitors to turn off their cellphones and to be quiet, but the reading room is anything but silent, as tutors and students talk through their work and patrons bring librarians problems that in most other towns would be answered by social services agencies.

''We speak Spanish and have access to information,'' said Estella Longo, a librarian. ''So they come to us with questions on citizenship, housing, health care and taxes.''

What You'll Pay

The lowest-priced single-family home that sold this year was a 50-year-old two-bedroom that went for $238,000. Houses close to Boulevard East, without water views, start at about $465,000, according to Leonard P. Turi, a broker at Century 21 Turi Realty on Bergenline Avenue. So far this year, 57 two-family houses have sold for prices from $330,000 to $670,000 for remodeled or new homes with parking for up to six cars.

Mr. Turi describes buyers at the low end of the scale as upwardly mobile immigrants. ''We often get two or three families, each with an income of $45,000, getting together and buying a small multifamily,'' he said, ''their first step on the road to the American dream.''

Raymond E. Bulin, an independent local broker, said that ''many high-end buyers are New Yorkers who are discovering that they can pay half the price of Hoboken and a fraction of the cost of Manhattan for the same sized house.''

There are currently 55 one- to four-family houses on the market, from $300,000 to $1.3 million. Mr. Turi says that a realistic top end for small multifamilies is $750,000. Ninety-seven condo and co-op apartments are on the market, from $89,000 for a one-bedroom in an older five-story walk-up to $2.899 million for a new town house condo in the Jacobs Ferry development along the river.

Rentals start at about $600 for a small studio in the plateau section and about $3,000 for a two-bedroom on the waterfront.

What to Do

The town has 19 parks and Miller Stadium, a minor league baseball stadium used primarily by Memorial High School. Ms. Longo, the librarian, said Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig took part in exhibition games in Miller Stadium in the 1930's.

Abutting the stadium is Miller Park, which has two basketball courts, two tennis courts, playgrounds and walking trails. Donnelly Park, along Boulevard East, has an Olympic-sized pool, a fountain and basketball courts.

The Schools

The 6,300-student West New York Public School system consists of six kindergarten-to-Grade 6 elementary schools, a middle school, Memorial High School and an early childhood center that is housed in a newly converted industrial building on 53rd Street. Ninety-three percent of the students are Hispanic, according to the superintendent of schools, Anthony Yankovich.

The district provides before- and after-school care, which starts at 7:30 a.m. and ends at 6 p.m. About 1,000 children take part in early childhood programs.

Last year, Memorial High School students scored under the state averages on both the High School Proficiency Assessment achievement test and the SAT Reasoning test. But they significantly outperformed other schools in their district factor group, a state system that rates districts according to income levels.

''We have a high transient population,'' Mr. Yankovich said. ''Some students come to us for just a couple of months, not speaking English, and then move on. Their issues negatively impact on our ratings.''

The average class size in the district is 21, compared with a state average of 19. All classrooms in the district have Internet access, compared with a state average of 96 percent. Of last year's high school graduating class, 39 percent went on to four-year colleges and 23 percent went to two-year colleges.

The Commute

The commute to Manhattan doesn't get much better than West New York's. During rush hours, New Jersey Transit buses and private jitneys transport passengers to the Port Authority terminal in 18 minutes. Many residents take the New York Waterway Ferry from Weehawken to 38th Street, using the company's free buses. The ferry crossing takes about five minutes.

The History

West New York celebrated its centennial as an independent municipality in 1998. Its history, though, goes back to the 1600's, when woodcutters harvested timber there. In the Revolutionary War, the British army built a blockhouse fortress on what is now Boulevard East to protect woodcutters who provided firewood to New York City.

The area has a long history of welcoming immigrants -- Germans, Poles, Italians, Jews and Irish who worked in the town's many lace and embroidery mills, docks and the rail yard. During the Korean War, locomotives were sent overseas from the dock at West New York.

The owners of the few dozen remaining factories and warehouses are selling them to developers because housing has become the most valuable use for property so close to Manhattan. This year seven industrial buildings have been converted to apartments, according to Mr. Bulin.

What We Like

Although West New York is a poor town, it is hardly impoverished. Its streets are clean and, although there are virtually no lawns, the city has planted hundreds of saplings along the sidewalks, softening the feeling of a concrete jungle. The town is also taking advantage of its most valuable asset -- its proximity to New York -- to enrich the population mix and increase the tax base.

What We'd Change

West New York has an image problem: many people do not even know it's in New Jersey, and those who do often remember it as a litter-strewn, high-crime city. Residents say it's time their town was recognized as a clean place where crime has been cut by 40 percent in the last decade.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: PALISADES AND BEYOND -- Walking along John F. Kennedy Boulevard East, above, and the Bergenline Avenue shopping district. (Photographs by Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times

far left On the Market photograph by Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times)

On the Market: 517 HARBOR PLACE -- This four-bedroom, three-and-a-half-bath town house condominium is on the waterfront and is listed at $2,899,000. (201)944-1400

161 59TH STREET -- This two-family building has two three-bedroom apartments, one with one bath and one with two, and is listed at $544,900. (201)861-4300

6114 PARK AVENUE -- A renovated two-bedroom, one-bath condo in this building is listed at $159,000. (201)861-5400Map of New Jersey highlighting West New York.

**Load-Date:** October 9, 2005

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[***BASEBALL; In a Lifetime Full of Second Chances, Denny McLain Receives His Biggest***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BBD-74J0-01KN-21YN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section D; Column 1; Sports Desk; Pg. 9

**Length:** 1552 words

**Byline:**  By IRA BERKOW

**Dateline:** DETROIT

**Body**

Given the context, it was an extraordinary event a small wedding attended by a handful of family members and friends. It took place Oct. 18, at the home of Michelle and Mark Lauzon in a Detroit suburb, and was the remarriage, in fact, of Michelle's parents, Sharyn and Denny McLain.

It came six months after the bridegroom's release from prison. He had spent more than six years in the McKean federal penitentiary in Bradford, Pa., after a jury convicted him on charges including embezzlement, mail fraud and conspiracy in connection with the theft of $2.5 million from the pension fund of a meatpacking company in which he was part owner.

It was the second time McLain had been behind bars. The first was for racketeering, extortion and possession of cocaine. After serving 29 months, he was released in 1987 when his conviction was overturned by an appeals court that ruled he had not received a fair trial. He entered into a plea agreement to avoid a retrial, and accepted a five-year probation.

At the wedding, the bride wore an elegant dress made of beige chiffon. Her once-and-future husband was decked out in a black tuxedo. A disc jockey played love songs that had been requested by the couple.

The way McLain proposed to her this second time around, he recalled at dinner recently, was "on my hands and knees."

"I begged her to forgive me, and told her I'd never put her through anything like that again," he said. "I had caused her so much grief. She suffered a heart attack, developed migraine headaches, got high blood pressure. I did it all to her."

In a toast to his bride at the wedding, McLain said he would do everything possible "to be worthy of her affections in the future."

A baseball fan might be excused for not recognizing McLain right off. At 59, his hair turning gray, wearing spectacles and sporting a noticeable paunch, he looked little like the last pitcher to win 30 games in the major leagues.

He won 31 games for the Detroit Tigers in 1968, the first 30-game winner since Dizzy Dean won 30 for the St. Louis Cardinals in 1934. McLain went 31-6, won the American League Cy Young award, was named the A.L.'s most valuable player and led the Tigers to the pennant. He was 24.

The next season, he shared the Cy Young award, going 24-9. He appeared headed to the Hall of Fame.

More than that, his life seemed like a fairy tale. He was a kid from a ***working-class*** family with an abusive father who grew up on the South Side of Chicago, signed out of high school at 18 and pitched a no-hitter in his first game in the minor leagues, at Harlan, Ky., in the Class D Appalachian League. He was in the major leagues a year later and became a 20-game winner at 22.

He was married at 19 to Sharyn Boudreau, the daughter of the Hall of Fame shortstop Lou Boudreau, and they became the parents of four children. He was also an accomplished organist who, during the off-season, played in Las Vegas for $15,000 a week (his major league season salary was only about double that), and even cut two albums for the Capitol label.

Then came two suspensions from baseball, a sore arm and a rotator-cuff tear that may have resulted from overuse -- he pitched a total of 661 innings in 1968 and 1969, leading the league in both seasons. In 1971, traded to the Washington Senators, he lost a league-high 22 games. In 1973, at 29, Dennis Dale McLain was gone from the major leagues.

His attempted comeback in the summer of 1973 with a semipro team in London, Ontario, was short-lived. In his prime, the 6-foot-1-inch McLain weighed 190 pounds. By 1973, he had ballooned to 300.

Between jail sentences, he was in and out of several businesses -- he declared bankruptcy at one point -- but then became a successful radio talk-show host in Detroit, and also had a popular television program. Then he got involved in the meatpacking company, and wound up being sent to prison in 1997.

"One month after I hit McKean, Sharyn filed divorce papers," McLain, seated in a restaurant in Detroit, said recently. "I couldn't believe it. I was livid. I called her. She said: 'I've had enough. I can't take any more.' It shook me up so bad I wanted to run out of prison and run to Detroit to see her."

Even though he was housed in adormitory setting, played the organ at Sunday church services and was commissioner of the sometimes rowdy but intense prisoners' softball league, prison was still prison.

"It was lonely, and it was humiliating," he said. "All you did was wait in line. Wait for meals, wait for the commissary, wait for the telephone, wait for visitors, even wait for the bathroom. And, yeah, you had a lot of time to think."

He was still distraught over the death of his eldest daughter, Kristin, who was killed in a car crash by a drunken driver in 1992. She was 26.

"Life has never been the same for me, or for Sharyn," he said. "It's still like it happened yesterday. The pain never goes away."

About three years ago, McLain began to get help from a psychiatrist in prison. "It came out that I had self-destructive flaws, and I was beginning to see them," he said. "I'm still getting help. No way I'm ever going back to prison."

For those who knew McLain over the years, his flaws were never far from the surface. He was talented, cocky and often childish. As far back as the minor leagues, when he signed with the White Sox, it seemed as if he thought he could get away with anything. He jumped his first two minor league teams, never thinking that the White Sox, his hometown team, would get fed up. But he was placed on waivers, and Detroit took him.

From the beginning, McLain was said to be self-centered, a smooth talker tending toward a con man who did things that were both outrageous and stupid. In 1970, he was suspended from baseball for six months for bookmaking, supposedly using the clubhouse telephone for the enterprise.

But McLain also had a sense of humor, even at his own expense. When he returned to the Tigers on July 1, 1970, after the suspension, a standing-room-only crowd of nearly 54,000 at Tiger Stadium saw him pitch his first game back, against the Yankees. (He got no decision in the Tigers' extra-inning victory.) The following month, just over 40,000 attended Al Kaline Appreciation Day.

"I was standing next to McLain along the foul line," said Mike Roarke, then the Tigers' pitching coach, "and he looked around the stands and said, 'Nice guys never draw.' "

As for his bookmaking episode, McLain said: "It was hardly any kind of major operation. It was a bunch of guys having fun. We got in trouble when the Pepsi truck guy told the wrong people. And I got out of the business when we got taken for 40 grand."

Later that season he was suspended again, for dumping water on two sportswriters. "It was just clubhouse stuff, just a prank," McLain said. But the suspension was also for carrying a gun onto a team plane.

While McLain now says he is "truly sorry for my past actions," and looks and sounds convincing, some people wonder if he will ever truly accept responsibility for what he has done.

McLain has contended that he was in the dark about the fraud at the meatpacking company, but the jury saw it another way, and McLain's appeals for a retrial were turned down.

While McLain said that, through restitution, "everyone's been paid, everyone's been made whole," the United States attorney's office in Detroit said the debt remained unpaid.

McLain has been paying court-ordered restitution since September 1997 to the more than 100 pensioners at Chesaning's Peet Packing Co. who lost money. His payments come primarily out of money that is garnisheed from his baseball pension. He has been paying $25,000 a year -- about $150,000 to date -- to satisfy his share of the restitution, which is $250,000.

After his release from prison, McLain was transferred to a halfway house in Detroit for six months. During that time, he was employed in a 7-Eleven. He will be on supervised release for three years, during which he must remain in regular touch with his probation officer.

McLain said that he and Sharyn had never enjoyed each other more than in the eight months that he has been back from prison. When asked what Sharyn sees in him, he smiled wanly. "I don't know, I really don't know," he said. "But I think that after 40 years together we're still in love."

McLain praised his wife's instincts in judging people. "Sharyn always said one of my biggest problems was that I trusted too many people," he said. "She didn't like most of the people I had business dealings with, and she was right." McLain's newest business venture is a telephone service company with a retired Detroit circuit-court judge.

He has some interest in going back to radio. "But I think now I'd just like to fade into the woodwork," he said. He has five grandchildren and said, "It's my family, now, that's most important to me."

McLain had finished a hamburger and left most of the French fries, but he did consume a generous slice of strawberry cheesecake. He rose from the table and said, "You come back and see that things change, but that nothing changes."

McLain has, as the saying goes, paid his debt to society. He has served nearly nine years in prison, and continues to pay the debt as long as he is on probation and makes restitution.

But the jury is still out on how much Denny McLain has, or will, change.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Denny McLain, above, winning his 30th game in 1968. At left, McLain, who recently spent more than six years in a federal prison, sitting in his lawyer's office. (Photo by Associated Press); (Photo by Allen Einstein for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 29, 2003

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[***FILM; When Love Thought It Could Defeat War***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43SK-MJ40-0109-T11M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1530 words

**Byline:**  By KAREN DURBIN; Karen Durbin is a critic-at-large for Elle magazine.

**Body**

IN the first moments of "Together," an offbeat comedy of manners from Sweden, a slim, red-haired man named Goren, whose glasses and neatly trimmed beard make him look like a graduate student, lies on his bed reading. Suddenly the music on his table radio is interrupted by a voice announcing the death of Spain's longtime dictator Francisco Franco, and the news so galvanizes Goren that he literally tumbles into the living room in his rush to tell his housemates. Soon, a half-dozen young men and women and two little boys are jumping up and down, hugging each other and chanting "Franco is dead, Franco is dead," in the nyah-nyah singsong of a playground taunt.

"Together," which opens on Friday, is the second film by the 31-year-old director Lukas Moodysson. A hilariously acute portrait of the doings in and around a suburban Stockholm commune, circa 1975, it is also oddly touching. The title refers to the fundamental human need for the consolation of others, and in many respects Mr. Moodysson's revolutionary communards are just one big dysfunctional family. The grown-ups hug with the awkwardness of people who don't entirely like one another, and the children, one of whom is named Tet, for the historic North Vietnamese offensive that signaled a tougher war than the American government had counted on, haven't a clue what they're cheering about.

For an American who came of age, as I did, in a volatile landscape of countercultural high jinks, visionary rock 'n' roll, intense personal questioning and violent political convulsion, "Together" packs a special punch -- the shock of recognition. Mr. Moodysson rightly calls it a movie about an atmosphere. Its grasp of the era's complexities and contradictions feels effortless. Which is remarkable, considering that in 1975, when the Vietnam War reached its frantic end and the 15-year paradigm shift we call the Sixties started fragmenting into Tom Wolfe's cocaine-fueled Me Decade, Mr. Moodysson was only 6 years old.

Over breakfast recently at a TriBeCa hotel, Mr. Moodysson confesses that his own family is the nuclear sort: he has two young sons with his wife, Coco, a graphic artist. And he wasn't reared in a commune, although a couple of his actors were. Still, he didn't have to do a lot of research for the movie. "I read a few books and looked at photographs and I talked to people in a spontaneous way," he says. "But when you start writing something about the 70's, you see the 70's everywhere." He credits growing up in "a very, very normal Swedish environment" (a surburb of Malmo) but "a not-quite-normal family" (his parents, an engineer and a librarian, divorced when he was 3) with providing the insider-outsider perspective he needed to breathe complicated life into his varied characters.

The action in "Together" gets under way when Goren, who isn't a student but a gentle, ***working-class*** radical, shakes up the commune by taking in his apolitical sister Elisabeth and her children, Eva, 13, and Stefan, 10, after Elisabeth's alcoholic husband has begun hitting her. Meanwhile, the shy, brainy son of the bourgeois couple next door (who watch their unlikely neighbors' every move with horrified fascination and handy binoculars) manages to sneak an acquaintance with Eva, whose glasses, he notes with quiet pleasure, are every bit as thick as his own. By the time "Together" ends, Mr. Moodysson's emotional palette has ranged from the most wrenching family anguish to bedroom farce, and everybody's living arrangements, as well as some of their sexual ones, have radically altered, for better or for worse.

There are no stereotypes in "Together" and, except for the Generalissimo, no villains. Even as he nails their foibles, Mr. Moodysson feels his characters' pain. The movie's most raucous joke features the pompous burgher next door who, having harrumphed his disapproval of his libertine neighbors, leaves his wife to her needlepoint and disappears to the basement, where he pounds loudly on his workbench with his hammer while masturbating to a girlie magazine.

"He's actually the only one I feel a bit bad for," Mr. Moodysson says, "because I really love my characters, and I wanted to show the possibilities for them to change. I think I let him down a little bit."

Mr. Moodysson is perfectly serious when he says this. Small and wiry, with receding, convict-short hair and alert, deep blue eyes, he resembles Moby, the pop artist and D.J. whose hit 1999 album, "Play," has a supple complexity not unlike that of "Together." The director harbors his own set of contradictions. Despite his gift for comedy, he doesn't joke in conversation, answering questions in fluent, irony-free paragraphs. The character he feels closest to in "Together" is Eric, a handsome but forlorn young ideologue who has turned his back on his wealthy family and embraced hard-line Marxist-Leninism like a lover. In one funny, appalling scene (a combination Mr. Moodysson excels at), Goren's girlfriend, who is radical chiefly in her narcissism, decides she wants to have sex with Eric. He reluctantly accepts, but only on the condition that they discuss the difference between surplus value and profit afterward.

Despite the comic mileage he gets out of Eric, Mr. Moodysson insists that he admires his seriousness. "He is extremely naive, but he wants to change the world, and I think I have a part of that in me," he says. Yet the director, who says he votes Socialist because, to his disgust, Sweden's dominant Social Democratic Party has scuttled to the center, never fails to furnish his own political and ethical assertions with courteous loopholes for others to jump through. He doesn't eat meat, he says, because one needn't kill animals in order to nourish oneself -- then quickly adds, "It may be necessary in Africa or Greenland, but in Sweden, no." Mr. Moodysson says he is opposed to rigidity in politics, which he calls "political fundamentalism," because it's both anti-democratic and inhumane.

Mr. Moodysson's politics probably aren't so different from those of a lot of filmmakers working at the edges of the industry here and even a few at the more lucrative center. And yet it's impossible to imagine an American director making a film like "Together" or even wanting to. First-rate films about our Vietnam experience are in good supply; Joel Schumacher's "Tigerland" opened last year, and Francis Ford Coppola's stunning re-cut of "Apocalypse Now" ("Apocalypse Now Redux") is in current release.

But movies that deal seriously with any other aspect of the period or its aftermath can be counted on the fingers of one hand with digits to spare. The best, Ivan Passer's "Cutter's Way," a gripping 1981 thriller that features three soulful and wrecked postwar idealists, was championed by critics, but audiences stayed away. Sidney Lumet's "Running on Empty," about a radical 60's couple on the run with their children, came out seven years later and didn't do a whole lot better, although it has enjoyed a decent half-life on tape. The cultural and political upheavals of the 1960's and 70's were as traumatic and transforming in their way as the Civil War had been a century before. But it's as if we don't want to think about that time, much less risk revisiting its great and terrible vitality.

Years ago, when an activist friend and I were pondering our own place on the spectrum of the New Left, she said: "I want to live in a society that's reasonably just, so that I can concentrate on my writing with a clear conscience. Basically, I'm an aesthete, not a politico." Mr. Moodysson is both. At 17, he published his first book of poems, following, after high school, with four more. But he calls writing poetry "very self-centered" and says he turned to filmmaking out of a growing interest in the rest of the world.

His first movie, about the unexpected romance between two feisty small-town high school girls, one a nerd, the other super cool, opened here two years ago under the cleaned up title "Show Me Love." (The slangy Swedish original is bracingly rude.)

At home, "Show Me Love" broke box-office records, made Mr. Moodysson famous and swept the Guldbagge (Gold Bug) awards, the Swedish Oscars, where the director caused an uproar by telling the audience at the awards ceremony in Stockholm's opera house that films shouldn't be seen in fancy venues by people wearing tuxedos. Payback came with "Together," which is a more ambitious and accomplished film. Although it did very well, Mr. Moodysson was criticized in the Swedish press for "defending the bourgeoisie" and pointedly denied any Guldbagges.

He doesn't mind; he found fame uncomfortable, he says, and he isn't in it for the prizes. Mr. Moodysson loves making movies, he adds, because "you can stay personal and true to yourself, but at the same time you can communicate to a large audience and really change what people feel about things."

No matter how well "Together" does in America -- hey, it's got sex and even a little violence -- he is unlikely to head for Hollywood. He doesn't have the right attitude. "I think that movies are really such a wonderful way of changing the world," he says. As usual, he's quite serious.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Swedish commune members cavorting in "Together," a film that treats the 70's with the acutely observed humor of the director Lukas Moodysson. (IFC Films)

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**End of Document**



[***ART REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SHX-W870-007F-G2X3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Exposing A Heart Seething***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SHX-W870-007F-G2X3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1521 words

**Byline:** By ROBERTA SMITH

By ROBERTA SMITH

**Body**

"An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine," which opens on Sunday at the Jewish Museum, is a gantlet. Pushing in from every side are canvases thick with extravagantly manipulated paint, resonant colors and an aura of intense emotional engagement.

The bombardment is conducted by 56 works, a refreshingly compact and manageable number, as retrospectives go. But it is more than sufficient considering how much Soutine packed into every inch of his best paintings, flattening space, agitating texture, modulating backgrounds into tonal symphonies of red or blue, as in "Woman in Red," or his most famous picture, "The Page Boy at Maxim's," a daffily ingratiating figure in a scarlet uniform.

The exhibition has been organized by Norman L. Kleeblatt, curator of fine arts at the Jewish Museum, and Kenneth E. Silver, associate professor of art history at New York University, and is the first Soutine show to be held in a New York museum in nearly 50 years. On the previous occasion, Soutine's posthumous retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in 1950, the critic Clement Greenberg asserted that "one has to go back to Rembrandt (whom Soutine himself worshiped) to find anything to which his touch . . . can be likened." Although in the same review, with memorably haughty sentence structure, Greenberg qualified his admiration: "Certainly, he discounted to an excess the obligation to organize a picture decoratively."

Indifferent to the most advanced art of his time -- Cubism, Surrealism and Dadaism -- Soutine was prominent in the re-entrenchment of figuration in Paris between the wars. He looked to Cezanne and van Gogh and other Post Impressionists, was guided by the examples of "reformed" Fauvists like Andre Derain and Maurice Vlaminck (even as he also learned from Fauvist color) and was frequently grouped with artists like Modigliani, Utrillo and Kokoschka who also observed the world through seductively painterly lenses.

Soutine was not an artist of radical invention who changed the course of history. Still, like Marsden Hartley, he gave painting a new sense of visual forthrightness and urgency, one that can be as unforgettable as the greatest masterpiece. We love Soutine for the subtlety of his obviousness, for the way he simultaneously exposes the nuts and bolts and emotional core of painting.

One encounters that core repeatedly in this exhibition. It includes skewed, heaving, nearly abstract landscapes in which the paint has hills and valleys of its own, and torqued, vertiginous compositions threaten to push the actual picture frames off square. In "Les Gorges du Loup sur Vence," a stand of trees seems to hurl itself against a house, a recoiling mass of beautiful ochres, yellows, whites and reds, while two barren trees, nearly lost in the brushwork, swivel in alarm. In "Group of Trees," where white tree trunks form angled jail-cell bars, the houses huddle behind them, wailing in unison.

There are portraits of bohemian and ***working-class*** Parisians and children, all soulfully deformed by alternately tender and assaultive brushwork yet full of carefully observed details. In "Man With a Long Nose (Racine)" a mournful figure wearing a green suit as animated as any Soutine landscape is hit on his left shoulder by a downdraft of fiery red background, but he rests the fingers of one hand on the back of the other with the delicacy of a safe-cracker.

Also present are Soutine's potent still lifes of strung-up carcasses -- images of cattle, fish and fowl famously based on Chardin and Rembrandt -- in which paint and flesh (and feathers) often form dizzyingly tangled contortions. On one wall of the exhibition's third gallery are displayed five paintings of turkeys butchered and hanging by either neck or claw from garret rafters that Soutine has translated into powerful thrusting planes. The images soon lose all sense of correct orientation. They could be turned upside down or sideways and, instead of being above us, the birds would seem suddenly to spin away in a downward direction, like lost souls being sucked into the vortex of Hell.

Who was Soutine? He stares out from the few surviving photographs, looking handsome and Slavic and sardonic, like Marc Chagall or Chico Marx. He kept no journals, made no artistic statements (nor many drawings), wrote only a handful of letters and dated his work casually. What little is known about him is often sensational.

He burst upon the Paris art scene in 1922, when Albert C. Barnes discovered him and bought 52 of his paintings. He had arrived there in 1913, after a hardscrabble childhood in a Lithuanian shtetl and four years of art study in Minsk and Vilna. And he got to Minsk on a windfall of 15 rubles, court-ordered compensation for being severely beaten by two brothers who were offended by his making a portrait of their father -- in violation of the Jewish prohibition of graven images.

Other stories have Soutine struggling with the paintings of beef carcasses that would later inspire Francis Bacon. He works feverishly against the clock, reviving the rotting flesh with splashings of fresh blood while an assistant swats flies and neighbors complain. He was obsessed with what he considered his failures, slashing or burning unfinished canvases and even destroying those he no longer owned when he could get his hands on them. And his end echoed his harsh beginning: he died of perforated ulcers in 1943 at the age of 50, after hiding for two years in the French countryside with his mistress, Marie-Berthe Aurenche, the former wife of Max Ernst. Fearing discovery as Nazi deportations of Jews in France intensified, they didn't return to Paris for medical help until it was too late.

Mr. Kleeblatt and Mr. Silver find Soutine to be a "liminal" figure, tangential to many artistic developments but adhering to none, whose critical reputation was similarly nomadic. Their exhibition unfolds in five modest size galleries, including a sparsely installed opening space that introduces its unusual organizing principle: the show plays down Soutine's chronological development and charts instead the way different critics at different times and with different agendas have characterized his contribution.

Despite the presence of sometimes confusingly similar work in its different sections, the exhibition still manages to introduce three fairly distinct Soutines. First there's the primitive instinctual, even "savage" outsider, heir to Rousseau and Roualt, who held sway in the 1920's. Then there's Soutine the sophisticated savior of the tradition of French painting who came to the fore after 1930, when his paint handling settled down a bit and he devoted more and more time to pictures based on works of Rembrandt, Chardin, Courbet and Corot. (Sometimes there's a little too much settling. With a little more neatening, "Return From School After the Storm" might illustrate the series of famous "Madeline" children's books.) And finally there's the Soutine seen by American critics and artists of the 1940's and early 50's as the prophet of Abstract Expressionism, whose emotive, improvisational semi-abstract landscapes helped open the way for Willem de Kooning, Mark Rothko and Jackson Pollock. (Each section begins with a photograph of the artist; here, it is a close-up with dangling cigarette that is serendipitously reminiscent of Hans Namuth's images of Pollock.) In the catalogue, the curators flesh out these characterizations in brilliant detail, examining the shifting attitudes toward Soutine's Jewishness and providing vivid encapsulations of critical and artistic developments.

This organizational principle has some odd effects. It hides Soutine's weaker late 1930's works in the show's center and places his great, semi-abstract landscapes from 1921-22 at the end, even though they preceded nearly everything else on view, Thus, the illusion of a rousing, typically modernist finale is created.

But the show is small enough for Soutine's progress to be reconstituted in the mind; I also recommend (no joke) going through the galleries back to front. And there is something admirable and real in the way this triple-visioned show offers no simple conclusion while suggesting that much more than beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

With no little force, the exhibition also reminds us that the history of painting is to some extent simply the history of paint itself. From Titian to Cezanne, from van Gogh to Pollock to Robert Ryman, Yayoi Kusama and Chuck Close (to cite a concurrent museum retrospective), artists have repeatedly come up with new ways to apply this supremely malleable, brilliantly colored substance to flat, or reasonably flat surfaces, constantly rewiring the connections between hand and paint, paint and image, image and viewer. Soutine equated paint with painting to an unusual degree, and his wiring carries a full charge.

"An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine" is at the Jewish Museum, Fifth Avenue at 92d Street, through Aug. 16. It will travel to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (Sept. 27-Jan. 3, 1999) and the Cincinnati Art Museum (Feb. 14-May 2, 1999).

**Graphic**

Photos: Chaim Soutine's "Madeleine Castaing" (circa 1929), right, and "Les Gorges du Loup sur Vence" (circa 1920-21), top. (The Jewish Museum)

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**End of Document**



[***18 Suburban Homes: A Dream Undermined***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-WSV0-0024-J046-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By LINDSEY GRUSON,

By LINDSEY GRUSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** HAVERSTRAW, N.Y.

**Body**

The American dream holds nine families hostage here.

The first thing 15-year-old Ivette Reyes does when she gets home from school is take aspirin for chronic headaches. Since her friends won't visit, she usually plays alone. And the children of the neighbors next door, Brenda and Louis Guarino, rarely get to see their grandparents, who don't like to visit at their home.

At first glance, there seems no reason for the shunning. The Warren Court subdivision in this Rockland County village is indistinguishable from many other suburbs -- a cul-de-sac punctuated by 18 identical two-story houses, verdant lawns and small swimming pools.

Underneath the houses is what makes this neighborhood different: a mountain of decaying Sheetrock. On good days it gives off a nose-crinkling smell of rotten eggs; on bad days, residents say, the fumes are so thick they assault the eyes, making even a few minutes in the pool unbearable.

"The house has become a prison," says Mr. Guarino, a registered nurse who does not allow his children outside except to dash to the family car. "We always wanted a house. That was our dream. There was a feeling that we hadn't made it unless we owned our own home. But we don't live here, we exist. We want out. We want to move, but we can't."

Who Is Responsible?

It is no mystery how the Sheetrock got there. The question is who was responsible for telling the families before they moved in and for helping them now that they are trapped in homes they cannot sell. As the families worry about their money and their health, there is no shortage of finger-pointing amid a mortgage strike, foreclosure proceedings against some home buyers, the filing of two lawsuits and the possibility of several more.

The American dream of home ownership has proved far more fragile than the Guarinos would have believed possible when Mrs. Guarino first saw a sign for an open house while driving to church three years ago with her in-laws, who also live in Rockland County.

They stopped and fell in love with the small development. They noticed a slight odor, but the real-estate agent told them it was nothing more than the weather and unusual Hudson River tides. That made sense to a city couple. And a pension fund that was financing the project offered below-market financing.

"The deal was a dream come true," Mr. Guarino said. He took three weeks vacation from his job at Westchester County Medical Center and worked 13-hour shifts at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center in Manhattan to earn the down payment. When they closed on the house on June 22, 1990, they couldn't contain their excitement. "We went downstairs and hugged and kissed," he said. "We couldn't believe we finally owned our own home."

They were the third family to move in. Other families moved in over the next year and 18 of the 21 planned houses were completed.

Gradually, the odors became worse. The Guarinos, like the other homeowners, said they began suffering extended health problems -- headaches, rashes, diarrhea, breathing problems and conjunctivitis.

Then, on Jan. 14, 1992, Jim Rivera's toilet backed up. When the repair crew dug up the sewer line two weeks later, "they hit this creamy stuff, like liquid concrete," Mr. Guarino recalled. "There was this instant stench. The workers jumped out of the trench and wouldn't get back in the hole."

County officials identified the substance as decaying wallboard, part of more than 10,000 cubic yards of scrap Sheetrock dumped there decades earlier.

Problem Discovered in 1970's

The problem stems from Haverstraw's roots as "The Brick Capital of The World" -- the center of a way of life that laid the foundation for Manhattan's concrete canyons 45 miles south. The industry faltered, but not before the village was undermined. The ground was so unstable that at least 20 residents were buried alive in 1906 when their shacks collapsed into an abandoned mine.

Decades later, the village tried to reclaim the carved-out earth, signing a contract under which U.S. Gypsum dumped scrap Sheetrock, also called wallboard, at sites around the area. It seemed like a mutually beneficial arrangement: the town received fill, the company a place to dump wastes. In the 1970's, the village discovered that the fill, decaying as it was exposed to groundwater, was emitting hydrogen sulfide, which smells like rotten eggs in low doses and can be deadly in strong concentrations.

Nonetheless, in 1985, the village's former building inspector bought one former dump. Within a month the land was re-zoned from industrial to residential use without an environmental impact statement.

Financial Troubles

A local developer bought the land, and with financing from the Pension Fund of Carpenter's Union 964, began building the Warren Court subdivision -- 21 "affordable" houses. But the project foundered when it was discovered that pylons were needed to support the homes in the soft fill. That pushed up costs by 33 percent and led the pension fund to take over.

Then the developer defaulted and left the financier, the pension fund, which has $14.1 million in assets, facing lawsuits from homeowners.

Officials of the fund said it too was a victim, a do-gooder who inherited a hazard it had no reason to know about. It says it financed the project as a long-term, safe investment for pensioners and to build ***working-class*** housing while creating jobs.

"We all entered this in good faith," says George Drapeau, the spokesman for the pension fund. "This was a win, win, win -- a win for everybody -- affordable housing, work for our members and a good investment.

"We merely served as the bank," Mr. Drapeau said. "You don't ask whether there's been a conspiracy of silence. All the approvals were in place to go forward with the residential development."

The village attorney, William Stein, declined to comment because the matter was under litigation. Health official have denied certificates of occupancy for the nine other houses that were completed.

Officials from state and Federal environmental agencies have investigated residents' complaints and concluded that the fumes, although a nuisance, do not pose a health risk now. But residents say no one has looked at the long-term risks of their exposure to the fumes.

The families who live in the subdivision, all but one black or Hispanic, say regulatory agencies would have moved more aggressively to solve their problem if they were white.

"They bargained on finding a bunch of minorities that would never say a word, that would be happy just to own a home," said Mr. Guarino, a white man whose wife, Brenda, is black. "Without a doubt we're being discriminated against because we're minorities. If this were an all-white community, the problem would have been resolved or would never have occurred."

Mr. Rivera, a 32-year-old police officer who commutes to his South Bronx precinct, said: "We've been robbed, robbed of everything we have. They didn't use a gun. They used a piece of paper, a piece of legal paper. But it's robbery just the same. We worked so hard for this dream and then someone, under the cleverness of the law, took it from us."

**Graphic**

Photo: Jim Rivera, left, showing where officials tried to use sheet metal to seal off noxious fumes from buried decaying Sheetrock that were escaping in the Warren Court subdivision in Haverstraw, N.Y. "The house has become a prison," said Louis Guarino, right, a neighbor. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)

Map of New York showing location of Haverstraw.

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**End of Document**



[***O'NEILL DECISION SPURS STAMPEDE FOR HIS SEAT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BBG0-0007-J0PG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1201 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, May 4

**Body**

Over almost half a century only three men have represented the Eighth Congressional District in Massachusetts.

First there was James Michael Curley, nearing his ''last hurrah,'' then a young politician named John F. Kennedy, and since 1953, when Dwight D. Eisenhower replaced Harry S. Truman in the White House, Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. In other words, there is a certain pedigree in the Eighth, which embraces Cambridge, parts of Boston and the ***working-class*** suburbs of Somerville and Watertown.

But now Mr. O'Neill, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has announced he will not seek re-election next year, and his withdrawal has touched off a stampede among local Democratic politicians, of which there is no scarcity.

Speaker Thomas P O'Neill Jr's announcement that he will not seek re-election next year touches off stampede among local Democratic politicians in Massachusetts's Eighth Congressional District, and five of them have already begun active campaigns, with seven more saying they are considering running; most intriguing speculation centers on Edward M Kennedy Jr, son of Sen Edward M Kennedy, and James Roosevelt Jr, grandson of late Pres Franklin D Roosevelt (M)Active Campaigns Already

So far, with the election 18 months away, a State Senator, three State Representatives and an antinuclear activist have begun active campaigns for Mr. O'Neill's duchy. At least seven other people say they are seriously considering running, including two Mayors, a black State Representative who received an honorary degree from Harvard University after leading protests against the school's expansion into her poor neighborhood, and Melvin H. King, the black community leader who ran a strong race for Mayor of Boston two years ago.

''It seems like everyone with 10 friends is giving it some thought,'' said George Bachrach, a maverick liberal State Senator who is one of the early front-runners.

But the most intriguing speculation centers on two other possible candidates: Edward M. Kennedy Jr., the 23-year-old son of Senator Edward M. Kennedy, and James Roosevelt Jr., a Boston lawyer and state Democratic Party activist whose grandfather was Franklin D. Roosevelt and whose father was a six-term Congressman from California. Could there be a Kennedy-versus-Roosevelt race?

The younger Mr. Kennedy, who lost his right leg to cancer when he was 12 years old, recently moved from Virginia to an apartment in Somerville. He is also in the process of opening an office in Boston where he plans to run a foundation for what he terms the ''physically challenged,'' according to friends.

Charting His Prospects

For the moment, his friends and family members insist, he has not made up his mind whether to run. ''But he's moving around, as they say,'' one close relative said, charting his prospects.

With his name, the Kennedy family's popularity in Massachusetts and his access to wealthy fund-raisers, Mr. Kennedy would be a formidable candidate, his possible opponents concede. Furthermore, he is likable and admired, they say, and few of his rivals begrudge his possible candidacy.

Mr. O'Neill has not been seriously opposed in years, so the Democratic primary in the fall of 1986 may produce the most pyrotechnics since Mr. Curley's time.

At a rally in the 1942 Democratic primary, Mr. Curley recounted in his autobiography, ''I'd Do It Again,'' he told his audience he wanted to introduce his opponent. But before his rival, J. Ralph Granara, could mount the rostrum, Mr. Curley grabbed a black air raid warden and introduced him as Mr. Granara. ''The crowd went wild, and so did Granara, who made an effort to haul me into court,'' Mr. Curley wrote.

In the general election, when his Republican opponent was Tom Eliot, son of a Unitarian minister, Mr. Curley told an audience that the Unitarians ''are a curious sect who seem to believe that Our Lord Jesus was a young man with whiskers who went around in His underwear.''

Reagan Got 36% of Votes

Today the Eighth District is one of the most liberal seats in the country.

About 62 percent of its 522,000 registered voters are Democrats, with only 9 percent Republicans. Last fall the district gave President Reagan only 36 percent of its vote, one of the lowest figures he received outside some predominantly black areas in Chicago and Philadelphia.

''This district is so liberal most Americans wouldn't recognize it,'' said one contender, Thomas J. Vallely, a State Representative from Boston's affluent Back Bay.

Almost two-thirds of the district's residents are tenants, and 15 percent are college students, one of the highest rates in America. Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston College, Boston University and Brandeis all lie within its boundaries.

''The voters all know who the contras in Nicaragua are, and you had better be able to talk about South Africa and the Philippines,'' said Mr. Vallely, a 35-year-old of Irish descent who won a Silver Star as a Marine infantryman in Vietnam and later earned a master's degree from Harvard's Kennedy School of Government.

''They all drive 1968 Volvos and wear old suits, but it's not a greedy Yuppie district,'' he added. ''They put their value in things they care about, not money.''

'A Left-Handed Group'

One result is that almost all the possible Democratic candidates are drawn from the party's liberal wing. ''This is a left-handed group of people,'' Mr. Vallely observed.

Mr. Vallely contends he is ''the least left of the group,'' although he sponsored a homosexual rights bill, is a Roman Catholic who favors abortion and received a 95 percent rating from the Americans for Democratic Action last year.

Farthest to the left is Thomas M. Gallagher, a 36-year-old South Bronx native who graduated from Boston College and was an antiwar and tenants' rights activist before becoming a State Representative. The Boston Phoenix, a weekly newspaper, refers to him as an ''income redistributor,'' some State House colleagues as ''Tommy the Commie.'' Mr. Gallagher scoffs at these labels, preferring to focus on issues like more worker ownership of American industry.

This week he was the lone dissenter when the State House voted for a tax refund. He argued that the money would be better spent helping the needy.

A Debate on the Party

Mr. Roosevelt, who considers himself in the middle of the group, thinks the campaign may provide a chance to debate in microcosm the future of the Democratic Party. ''What we have to emphasize,'' he said, ''is that our policies, like Social Security and student loans, are not just for special interests, but to help Americans as a whole.''

Who will win? John Marttila, a political consultant, says the political differences among the candidates may be too subtle for voters to grasp. He thinks the better question, so far before the vote, is ''which of these people will provide the more compelling personal story.''

Mr. O'Neill has become something of a forgotten man. He is not backing any candidate, and so far only Mr. Roosevelt has openly praised the Speaker, saying, ''I disagree with the notion that Tip is what's wrong with the Democrats.''

But then Mr. Roosevelt has known Mr. O'Neill a long time. His father's House office was next to Mr. O'Neill's.

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[***AFTER THE INFERNO, TEARS AND BEWILDERMENT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B860-0007-J1WW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ROBERT HANLEY, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA, May 14

**Body**

Two women and three children were sitting on a cot, clinging to one another in the Red Cross emergency shelter. Their cries of anguish filled the room. The once-tidy row houses on Osage Avenue, where the family had lived, were nothing but rubble and wisps of smoke.

Milton Williams, one of at least 150 people in 45 families who were suddenly left homeless by the destruction, tried to comfort and encourage the weeping women and children.

Neighborhood residents who lost homes in Philadelphia's police bombing of house of radical group Move flee to shelters; voice anguish and perplexity at devastation, although many seem acquiescent toward police action against disruptive group they have long tried to oust; illustrated at meeting with Mayor W Wilson Goode (M)

''The whole world sees us,'' said Mr. Williams. ''We've got to stick together. We'll have homes again. The city and the state did this and they have to replace our homes.''

The neighbors he was trying to comfort were members of Thomas Mapp's family. They had lived at No. 6241 Osage, two doors from Mr. Williams.

''I was in the house 22 years and all I got left is the clothes I got on,'' Mr. Mapp said. ''I haven't seen the house yet. I'm afraid to look.''

Event Hard to Think About

At a police barricade a block away from the devastated neighborhood, a woman who had returned from Osage Avenue told a friend: ''You can't even conceptualize it. It's just walls, brick walls. No fronts and no backs.''

''It sends a shiver up my back,'' her friend said. ''I can't even think about it.''

Mayor W. Wilson Goode has promised residents that the city will rebuild their homes within a year.

Happy Last Day at Home

The Mapp family's last day at home, on Sunday, had been a happy one, Mr. Mapp recalled. A family reunion and a Mother's Day celebration was just ending when the police called about 8:30 P.M. and told the family to leave their home for 24 hours.

The same order went to the homes all up and down Osage Avenue between 62d Street and Cobbs Creek Parkway and to the homes on the same block of Addison Street to the south and Pine Street to the north.

Four years of friction and tension between homeowners in the ***working-class*** neighborhood and a dozen or so hostile and angry people living at No. 6221 Osage were moving to a final and violent confrontation. The homeowners went Sunday night to the homes of friends and relatives or to the hastily arranged Red Cross shelter at St. Carthage Roman Catholic Church three blocks from the neighborhood.

Few could have imagined then that their homes, their whole neighborhood, would lie in smoldering ruins on their return.

The confrontation began with the crackle of gunfire about 6 A.M. Monday. By nightfall, almost all of Osage between 62d Street and Cobbs Creek Parkway and half the homes on Pine Street were engulfed in an inferno. It started when the Pennsylvania State Police dropped an explosive device from a helicopter onto what everyone in the neighborhood called the bunker on the roof of No. 6221 Osage.

People said today that the ''bunker'' measured roughly 10 feet in each directions. Some said it was fortified with steel and had rectangular openings built into it for weapons. Others said gasoline was stored there to fuel a rooftop generator.

The police said they could not verify the comments about the stored gasoline.

'They Dropped the Bomb'

''I was in the kitchen cooking when they dropped the bomb - BOOM!'' said Margaret Copeland, who lives on Larchwood Avenue, south of Addison. ''There was black smoke when I got to the front door and then white smoke. And then there were the flames. The flames just kept running up and up.''

Kenneth Brooks was on a rooftop on nearby Cedar Street when the explosive device went off. ''As soon as it hit, the bunker exploded and the fire went everyplace.''

For reasons none of the people questioned today could explain, the people at No. 6221 called their group Move. Residents said Move espoused back-to-earth naturalism and hated the police. That animosity grew after a 1978 shootout with the Philadelphia police, in another neighborhood, that left one officer dead and, eventually, nine Move members imprisoned after they were convicted of murder.

Move came to the Osage Avenue neighborhood in poverty in 1981, residents said. At first people gave the members food and clothing. But dislike and then hatred built. Three neighborhood men were beaten by Move members in the last 18 months, residents said. And every day three loudspeakers atop No. 6221 Osage boomed profanities and threats into the neighborhood from noon until well after midnight.

''They openly called for confrontation with police over the bullhorn,'' said Howard Nichols, a spokesman for a neighborhood block association, the United Residents of the 6200 Block of Osage Avenue. ''They were completely destroying our property values.''

Motives Are Unclear

''They were always cussing people out - all times of night and day - because we wouldn't agree with what they wanted,'' said Nathaniel Poole, 68 years old, of 428 South 62d Street. ''To tell you the truth, I don't know what they wanted.''

The block association complained, to no avail, to the police and to City Hall. Frustrated, the group wrote Gov. Dick Thornburgh in March and April, asking for state help.

''We love our block and we will not be driven out by anyone,'' the March letter said. ''We don't want a bloodbath, but we will not be driven out by anyone.''

In the end, members of the block association lost their homes to fire.

Despite their loss and their miseries, many of the residents today seemed acquiescent toward Monday's police action. There was no sign of any deep-seated hostility toward the police.

''We initiated this fight and put pressure on the city to get these radical people out,'' said Mr. Williams at the Red Cross shelter. ''It snowballed into more than the police could handle. It just turned out wrong.''

Earl Watkins, 73, lost his home of 27 years at 6218 Osage. The fire also destroyed his collection of 500 records that included some Duke Ellington originals from 1937.

''I went to church Sunday and I prayed for Move and I prayed for the police, and I'm not angry at anyone,'' Mr. Watkins said, as he waited for the police to allow him to inspect his ruins.

''But I feel I've lost my best friend - my home.'' He excused himself. ''I'm going to take a look at it now and say goodbye.''

**Graphic**

photo of Mayor W. Wilson Goode (UPI) (page B9); photo of Clifford Bond and his daughter, Ghantee (AP)

**End of Document**



[***Demand for English Lessons Outstrips Supply***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4N4Y-45G0-TW8F-G3D0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 2007 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 4; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1687 words

**Byline:** By FERNANDA SANTOS

**Dateline:** MOUNT VERNON, N.Y.

**Body**

Two weeks after she moved here from her native Brazil, Maria de Oliveira signed up for free English classes at a squat storefront in this ***working-class*** suburb, figuring that with an associate's degree and three years as an administrative assistant, she could find a good job in America so long as she spoke the language.

The woman who runs the classes at Mount Vernon's Workforce and Career Preparation Center added Ms. Oliveira's name to her pink binder, at the bottom of a 90-person waiting list that stretched across seven pages. That was in October. Ms. Oliveira, 26, finally got a seat in the class on Jan. 16.

''I keep wondering how much more I'd know if I hadn't had to wait so long,'' she said in Portuguese.

As immigrants increasingly settle away from large urban centers -- New York's suburbs have had a net gain of 225,000 since 2000, compared with 44,000 in the city -- many are waiting months or even years to get into government-financed English classes, which are often overcrowded and lack textbooks.

A survey last year by the National Association of Latino Elected and Appointed Officials found that in 12 states, 60 percent of the free English programs had waiting lists, ranging from a few months in Colorado and Nevada to as long as two years in New Mexico and Massachusetts, where the statewide list has about 16,000 names.

The United States Department of Education counted 1.2 million adults enrolled in public English programs in 2005 -- about 1 in 10 of the 10.3 million foreign-born residents 16 and older who speak English ''less than very well,'' or not at all, according to census figures from the same year. Federal money for such classes is matched at varying rates from state to state, leaving an uneven patchwork of programs that advocates say nowhere meets the need.

''We have a lot of folks who need these services and who go unserved,'' said Claudia Merkel-Keller of the New Jersey Department of Labor and Workforce Development, noting that her state has waiting lists in every county, ''from beginner all the way through proficient level.'' New Jersey, like New York and many other states, does not keep statewide figures on how many people are on waiting lists.

Luis Sanchez, 47, a Peruvian truck driver for a beer distributor in New Brunswick, has been in this country 10 years -- and on the waiting list for English classes in Perth Amboy five months. ''You live from day to day, waiting to get the call that you can come to class,'' Mr. Sanchez said in Spanish, explaining that he knew a little English but wanted to improve his writing skills so he could apply for better jobs. ''I keep on waiting.''

Mr. Sanchez is unlikely to get the call soon: Perth Amboy's Adult Education Center recently discovered that it was operating in the red and canceled 9 of its 11 evening classes in English as a second language, including all at beginner and intermediate levels. In Orange County, N.Y., where the immigrant population doubled in the past 16 years, the Board of Cooperative Education Services' adult education program has stopped advertising for fear its already overflowing beginner classes will be overwhelmed.

In Framingham, Mass., 20 miles west of Boston, hundreds of people used to spend the night in line to register for English as a second language, so the program now selects students by picking handwritten names from a big plastic box.

''With the lottery, everyone has the same chance,'' said Christine Taylor Tibor, director of Framingham's Adult E.S.L. Plus program. ''Unfortunately, you might have to enter the lottery several times before you get in.''

Census figures show that in the United States there were 32.6 million foreign-born residents 18 years or older in 2005, up about 18 percent from the 27.5 million counted in 2000 (and nearly twice the 17.1 million in 1990). Federal spending on adult education, about $580 million last year, has increased 23 percent since 2000 and more than tripled since 1990; some 45 percent of the money is devoted to English.

But financing varies widely across the states, which are required to allocate at least one quarter of what was provided by the federal government: Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Texas spent the minimum in 2003, according to the Education Department, while California and Connecticut each spent about seven times that.

In New York, the state Education Department added $76 million to the federal government's $43 million for the 2005 fiscal year. That year, according to a recent report by the Center for an Urban Future, a nonprofit research group based in Manhattan, there were about 86,500 people enrolled in government-sponsored adult programs for English as a second language, serving about 5 percent of the state's 1.6 million adults with limited English skills.

Last fall, Arizona voters approved an initiative banning illegal immigrants from benefiting from all state-financed programs, including English instruction; administrators of English-as-a-second-language classes in several other states said they do not check for documentation when registering students and thus do not know how many of them may be in the country illegally.

Advocates for more English classes say the state-federal financing split leaves an adult education system whose quality and reach vary widely from place to place -- and is lacking most everywhere. Senator Lamar Alexander of Tennessee, where the immigrant population has tripled since 1990, largely because of an influx of Mexicans, sponsored a bill last year that would have given legal immigrants $500 vouchers to pay for English classes since so many of the free ones were full.

''Most education policy is the prerogative of state and local governments, but I would argue that the prerogative to help people learn our common language is a federal responsibility,'' said Senator Alexander, a Republican who was education secretary under the first President George Bush. ''If we make it easier for people to learn English, they will learn it. I think that ought to be a priority of our government, and I don't think it has been.''

The government-financed classes are most often run by school districts or worker training centers and generally require only a registration fee of perhaps $10. Libraries, churches and community centers often also provide free or inexpensive classes, like the English Language Institute at Westchester Community College in Valhalla, N.Y., which offers nine levels of instruction for $76 to $247 per three-month session. Then there are private programs like the one at Pace University in Pleasantville, N.Y., which costs $790 for two classes a week for 14 weeks.

With immigrants accounting for half of the growth in the nation's labor force from 1990 and 2000, and expected to make up all of the growth in the two decades to come, ''the issue of English proficiency has become an issue of economic development,'' said Tara Colton, the author of the Center for an Urban Future report. Indeed, some business owners, frustrated at the lack of low-cost classes, have begun teaching immigrants English at work.

At Skyline Furniture Manufacturing Inc. in Thornton, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, about half of the company's 60 employees have learned English at the factory over the past five years, under a state program in which the government pays to bring teachers to work sites if companies pay workers for the hours in class.

''It makes sense to us because our workers can do their jobs better, and it makes sense to them because they can advance in their jobs,'' said Cinthia Nowakowski, the plant's manager, adding that three of the company's eight foremen were promoted after completing the program. ''Besides, it's convenient. The guys don't have to worry about having to arrange transportation to get to school or getting there and finding that there's no room in the class.''

In Newburgh, N.Y., an Orange County town where one in five of the 29,000 residents are immigrants, Blanca Saravia has amassed an impressive portfolio of odd jobs since arriving from Honduras in 2004: gas station attendant, office janitor, cook's helper, and, for the last 14 months, packager at a local nail-polish factory. Speaking in her native Spanish, Ms. Saravia said that she has been able to get by with co-workers' translating, but that ''when the boss gives orders, I don't understand.''

So earlier this month, Ms. Saravia joined 30 others in a cramped classroom learning to conjugate the verb ''to be'' as part of the adult English program in Orange County, where the immigrant population doubled in the last decade -- and the number of free English classes has jumped to 26 from 2 in 1995.

''If I tell her, 'We're full, come back in a couple of months,' chances are she'll get discouraged and never come back,'' said Ramon Santos, who runs the Newburgh program.

Carl DeJura, director of adult basic education at Brookdale Community College in Long Branch, N.J., said he has lately crammed as many as 40 students into a class -- ''double what it should be.''

''If you have to cut back on textbooks, supplies and materials to serve the people who need it,'' he said, ''that's what you do.''

In Mount Vernon, Haitian, Chinese, Somali, Arab, Mexican and Brazilian students flock to the beginner class each morning at 8:30 before heading out to work or to look for work. Ahmed Al Saidi, 49, who works at a gas station and moved from Yemen in 1994, said in halting English that he wants to learn the language ''for better work and to talk to people when I go to the store.''

Ms. Oliveira, the immigrant from Brazil, said she still knows too little English to venture into the marketplace; her husband, who is American born and supports the couple financially, encouraged her to enroll in the classes, held five mornings a week.

''I hope that when I'm speaking a little better, I'll be able to find a job where I can use the English I learned here and the skills I have from back home,'' she said in Portuguese. ''When I was on the waiting list, there were times I thought this time would never come.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: While many English language classes for immigrants, like this one in Mount Vernon, N.Y., are free, they often have long waiting lists. (Photo by Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. A1)

Ramon Santos, who runs the English language program in Newburgh, N.Y., above left, with a new student, Blanca Saravia. Right, Maria de Oliveira, in the middle, had to wait three months for a class in Mount Vernon. (Photographs by Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. B6)Chart/Map: ''Waiting Lists Lengthen''Financing for English as a Second Language (E.S.L.) classes has not kept up with the surge in the foreign-born population needing such programs. Each state is required to contribute at least one-quarter of federal money received for E.S.L. and other adult programs. Some states contribute more, while others contribute the bare minimum.Graph tracks the total spent on E.S.L. and other adult programs in New York State from 1997 to 2005.Map of the United States highlighting percentage of funds for E.S.L. and other adult programs that comes from each state(July 1, 2003 to Sept. 30, 2005)NEW YORK STATE: 65%Map of the United States highlighting estimated percentage of adults in each state in need of E.S.L. service(Based on 2000 Census data)NEW YORK STATE: 10%(Sources by U.S. Department of Education

Census Bureau)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** February 27, 2007

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[***BANK OF BOSTON'S MANY FACETS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-C2H0-0007-J346-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 13, 1985, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1186 words

**Byline:** By JAMES STERNGOLD

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Feb. 11

**Body**

To many in New England, the Bank of Boston Corporation is a monolithic, powerful financial institution that helps form the bedrock of the region's economy and that they feel they know well.

But the bank does occasionally show a face that few recognize.

This happened most recently with the guilty plea last week by the principal unit of the Bank of Boston, the First National Bank of Boston, to Federal charges that it had committed a felony by not reporting $1.22 billion in cash transfers between the United States and Europe, incurring a record $500,000 fine.

John M. Walker Jr., the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Enforcement and Operations, has said that the cash movements resembled a money-laundering operation.

Profile of Bank of Boston Corporation following its guilty plea to not reporting $1.22 billion in cash transfers between US and Europe; photo; charts on bank's earnings and assets (M)

The Justice Department is also reported to be investigating domestic cash transactions made by the Bank of Boston that may have been used by organized crime figures.

In 1981, the bank was in the spotlight when the owner of a chain of jai alai frontons, which were financed by the bank and over which it had some control, was found slain in Tulsa, Okla. In addition, at that time there were questions about a number of other bank practices, including certain loans and some large fees, some of which were the subject of lawsuits.

For now, some are willing to believe the bank's explanation that the recent charges resulted from ''an administrative glitch'' among as many as a dozen departments.

''I just can't believe that the senior management of the bank had anything to do with this,'' said Stephen Kay, partner in charge of the Boston office of Goldman, Sachs & Company.

Others, however, are expressing concern that the bank's problems seem to mount as the case unfolds.

The worries come at a time of renewed growth at a bank that is, in several ways, unusual. The Bank of Boston's net income jumped a healthy 21 percent last year, to $164 million, for a relatively high return of 79 cents for every $100 of assets. Its total assets of $22.08 billion make it the 16th-largest bank holding company in the country.

Most important for 1985, said James McDermott, an analyst with Keefe, Bruyette & Woods, earnings accelerated in the fourth quarter, when net income soared 115 percent from a year earlier and the bank's return on assets climbed to $1.36 for every $100.

One feature that sets apart the Bank of Boston, which traces its roots back to 1784, is that it dwarfs its competitors in New England.

''In our market in New England, the Bank of Boston is the competition,'' commented Peter H. McCormick, chairman of the Bank of New England. ''They are a good, big, strong, dominating bank.''

The bank has a reputation as the preserve of, and banker for, the upper crust of Boston society.

In the race to expand across state lines, the bank has also been an aggressive leader. It has recently acquired or is trying to acquire large banks in Maine, Rhode Island and Connecticut and has invested in a Vermont bank.

A National Force

The bank has grown into a force nationally, too. ''Can they butt heads with a Citibank, or Chase or Morgan? Not really in terms of sheer dollar assets,'' commented Mr. Kay of Goldman, Sachs. ''But they cut a much wider swath nationally than a regional bank of that size would be expected to.''

The Bank of Boston has, for example, applied to open 16 consumer-bank offices in 10 states. It has also carved out several profitable niches nationally. It is, for instance, very strong in lending to the entertainment industry. This specialized lending was the result of the efforts of Serge Semenenko, a Russian emigre who retired from the bank in 1967. His by now fabled entrepreneurial spirit left an indelible impression on the institution, contrary to its conservative reputation.

''The perception of this bank has always been as a large, solid, Yankee, somewhat arrogant, stubborn institution,'' said one prominent Boston business figure, who asked not to be identified. ''The reality is that it is not so stodgy. Most people here don't know about the movies, or its involvement in the New York textile business, or a lot of sides to the bank.''

There are other ways in which it does not fit the traditional mold. William L. Brown, the bank's crusty and impatient chairman, is from North Carolina, not Boston, and its president, Ira Stepanian, is of Armenian heritage and from a ***working-class*** Boston neighborhood.

The bank also does not hesitate to take combative positions in public, contributing to its reputation for arrogance. This was clearly demonstrated at a news conference on Monday aimed at putting to rest questions over its movements of cash internationally. Mr. Brown, indicating that he saw little to apologize for, suggested that the Federal charges were unwarranted and blamed the news media for most of the problem.

Large Overseas Network

There is yet another distinct face to the Bank of Boston: it is an international force. It says that it has the third-largest overseas network of offices and branches of any American bank, currently 160. In Argentina, where it has had a presence since 1917, it has about 20 offices. The Bank of Boston is also a major player in Brazil, as well as in Europe.

With the Latin American debt crisis, some have looked upon this involvement as a liability. According to Keefe, Bruyette's Mr. McDermott, however, much of its lending is in local currencies and to private companies, not governments, giving it something of a shield against the worst problems in the region.

In addition, this international presence adds to the Bank of Boston'a competitiveness in New England. The region's manufacturers have increasingly been looking abroad for markets and facilities, and they need international banks to service this expansion. ''The bigger the international network one has, the stronger you can appear to manufacturers in this region with overseas operations,'' said Mr. McCormick of the Bank of New England.

Finally, there is that more puzzling side of the bank that has a tendency to crop up every few years. The bank's recent problems involving its international cash transfers have been compounded by its admission that the reporting violations were discovered by Government investigators who were originally inquiring into other business involving its domestic operations.

Further Charges Possible

Federal officials have said that there could be further charges regarding these domestic cash transactions. There have already been allegations that the Angiulo family, reputed leaders of organized crime in Boston, may have laundered money by making large cash transactions through the bank.

Still, while such events and the recent felony charge puzzle many who thought they knew the bank, they are not yet altering their generally positive views of the unusual institution.

As Mr. McDermott of Keefe, Bruyette said: ''Am I changing my estimates for the bank at this point? The answer is no. But I will have to wait and see what the end result is.''

**Graphic**

photo of William Brown and Ira Stepanian; graphs of earnings and assets at the Bank of Boston

**End of Document**



[***Straight Out of Newark***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H7J-V2P0-TW8F-G2ND-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 3; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1740 words

**Byline:** By MARK ROTELLA

**Body**

IT'S a long, long way from Newark to Broadway. Just ask Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons.

You remember the Four Seasons, right? Their sound, the wail of Frankie Valli -- ''She-e-e-e-e-e-ry baby'' -- layered over solid three-part harmonies, was the music of the streets of urban New Jersey and New York. It was the sound of the projects of Newark and the poor Italian neighborhoods of Belleville. The tight living quarters shooed the singers out to the streets, to compete with the hustle and buzz of people, traffic and trains. They searched for the quiet night to harmonize under streetlights, on street corners, under bridges, in hallways. Their songs were sharp and quick -- just like you had to be in the rough parts of town.

And starting next month, those days will be resurrected at the Virginia Theater on Broadway in ''Jersey Boys,'' a show that takes the Four Seasons back to their Essex County roots and promises to tell their unknown story -- the bright lights, the seedy alleys; ''Jersey Boys'' begins previews on Monday.

The Four Seasons broke onto the music scene in 1962 with ''Sherry.'' Quickly following that first song came hits like ''Walk Like a Man,'' ''Big Girls Don't Cry'' and ''Rag Doll,'' bursting from car radios and diner jukeboxes everywhere.

On the surface, Mr. Valli, Bob Gaudio, Tommy DeVito and Nick Massi looked like nice, clean-cut boys; but they struggled with the bare-knuckle realities of living in tough neighborhoods. While so many other bands of the time projected a street-tough image, the Four Seasons cleaned themselves up to land in the living rooms of mainstream America along with groups like the Beatles and the Beach Boys.

But when we hear the Beatles, we can still picture trembling girls yowling through their concerts. And when we listen to the Beach Boys' carefree songs, we imagine archetypal California blonds ''cruising the strip'' or ''shooting the curl.''

But who listened to the Four Seasons? Rick Elice, who along with Marshall Brickman wrote the script for ''Jersey Boys,'' explained in a recent interview by quoting lines from the play: ''They were the factory workers, the truck drivers. The kids pumping gas, flipping burgers. The pretty girl with circles under her eyes behind the counter at the diner.''

And judging by a recent sold-out performance in the Bronx by Mr. Valli, who is now 71, those fans are still around and still come out in force.

But at a time when some rock musicals on Broadway close almost as soon as they open (''Lennon'' and ''Good Vibrations'') what separates ''Jersey Boys'' from the others? For one thing, the show isn't just a flimsy narrative to showcase songs. The play is about the Four Seasons -- their real lives. For another, the book was written by serious writers. And what was the attraction to the Seasons' tale? ''It's a classic American story,'' said Mr. Brickman, who wrote the screenplays for Woody Allen's ''Annie Hall'' and ''Manhattan.'' ''It's rags to riches, and back to rags.''

Between Sinatra and Springsteen -- those two singing icons from ***working-class*** New Jersey -- there were the Four Seasons. And the Seasons might just have the more compelling story to tell. ''On the way to church you could stumble over three or four crap games,'' remembered Tommy DeVito, 77, one of the group's founders. Sitting in the Waldorf-Astoria in a polo shirt and leather loafers, he was describing his neighborhood in Belleville in the 1950's when he, his brother Nick, and a friend named Nick Massi first formed the Variety Trio, then the Varietones. ''We used to perform in dives and pool halls.''

''The neighborhood was tough, but you never had to lock the door,'' Mr. DeVito said in a raspy voice, commenting on the neighborhood's ability to self-rule -- and the presence of the mob.

Mr. DeVito soon met a young singer from Newark named Francis Castelluccio, who was making the rounds at various bars trying to land singing gigs. Already sniffing out fame, Mr. Castelluccio had changed his name to Frankie Valli.

When Tommy's brother left the Varietones, the band was introduced to Bob Gaudio, a tall, thin, contemplative guy from Bergen County. Originally from the Bronx, Mr. Gaudio had, at age 15, written the hit ''Who Wears Short Shorts,'' which he made up while driving with friends along the main drag in Bergenfield. With Mr. DeVito on guitar, Mr. Massi (who died in 2000) on bass, the voice of Mr. Valli and the songwriting and keyboard playing of Mr. Gaudio, the Varietones became the Four Lovers.

Coffee, Eggs and Harmony

Driving through Stephen Crane Village -- one of Newark's first projects, built in the 1940's -- you notice that it's still an ethnically mixed neighborhood. Alley-size roads wind throughout the village-like complex. The two-story brick buildings still open up to long front yards, though now they are enclosed by chain-link fences. There are still clotheslines in front of the houses.

Frankie Valli grew up here, and it was in his tiny kitchen that the band practiced late at night over cups of coffee, eggs and fresh-baked bread.

Frankie Valli, a guest star during the most recent season of ''The Sopranos,'' remembered his hometown fondly in an interview at Sterling Studios, above Chelsea Market, in Manhattan a couple of weeks ago.

''There were a lot of reasons why Newark will always be special to me,'' he said, his voice firm though soft. ''There was a place called the Adams Theater, where I used to hear so much great music.'' His gestures were understated, and he acknowledged people with a nod, or simply a look.

Mr. Valli was unsure of his chances in music before the band hit, and had been studying to become a hairstylist. But he and Mr. Gaudio went knocking on the doors of music producers in Midtown Manhattan. By chance they ran into Bob Crewe, a producer and songwriter who had worked with Mr. Valli before, and who also happened to be from Belleville. In time, Mr. Crewe matched his lyrics with Mr. Gaudio's music, and produced several of the Seasons' records.

The Seasons had a producer, but they had yet to have a hit. They continued to play throughout New Jersey -- but before things got better, they had, of course, to get worse. ''We had auditioned for a gig at a bowling alley and cocktail lounge in Union -- and were turned down,'' Mr. Valli said, explaining how they came up with the name of the band. ''As we were leaving we looked up at the name of the place, the Four Seasons.''

Finally, in 1962, the Seasons managed to get a show at the Sea Breeze nightclub in Point Pleasant. They had just finished their last song, but the crowd wouldn't let them leave. ''They had run out of their songs, but then Frankie picks up some maracas and does a great imitation of 1940's singer Rose Murphy in a falsetto,'' Mr. Crewe recalled. ''It was so clear, so crisp.'' That night Mr. Gaudio went home and wrote a song with that falsetto still ringing in his ears. ''Sherry'' took all of 15 minutes to write. It surged onto the charts, and hit No.1.

Mr. Gaudio and Mr. Valli knew there was a match between them -- the music with the voice. From then on the two agreed to work together, having a financial interest in each other's success.

''We were 50-50 partners on a handshake,'' said Mr. Gaudio, who is 62.

The Four Seasons, who are members of the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame, recorded on Vee-Jay, a rhythm-and-blues label (upon first listening to the Seasons, many people thought they were black). The Beatles, too, had recorded some of there first songs on Vee-Jay, and in 1963 the label's executives came up with a double record called ''The Beatles vs. the Four Seasons,'' which paired songs like ''Please, Please Me'' with ''Walk Like a Man,'' and ''I Saw Her Standing There'' with ''Sherry.''

Even those who didn't grow up with these bands have visual images of the Beatles and the Beach Boys. John Lennon sings into his mike while Paul and George face each other, singing harmony. Ringo happily shakes his head to the rhythm. Mike Love, Brian Wilson and the rest of the Beach Boys line up behind a surfboard with Southern California's sunny beaches in the background.

But the Four Seasons? Unless you were a teenager in the early 1960's, you might only know that they wore suits. Or did they? Did they play their own instruments? We know their songs, at least many of them, yet are surprised when we hear that along with ''Big Girls Don't Cry'' they also sang ''Dawn,'' Rag Doll,'' ''Stay,'' ''Let's Hang On,'' ''Working My Way Back to You'' and Mr. Valli's solo efforts of ''My Eyes Adored You'' and ''Can't Take My Eyes Off You.''

Despite the number of hits, few people today have a solid image of the Four Seasons. ''No one really wrote about us like they did other bands,'' Mr. Gaudio said.

Then, in 1969, the Seasons came out with their departure album, ''Genuine Imitation Life,'' recorded with big-band instruments found in a dusty closet of a recording studio.

''It was one of the few times we were treated kindly by Rolling Stone magazine,'' Mr. Gaudio said. The critics might have loved the album, but the radio stations didn't know what to do with it.

After that record, the Four Seasons all but disappeared from the public eye. Then, in 1975, they released ''Who Loves You'' and their biggest hit to date, ''December, 1963 (Oh, What a Night).''

When asked what it was like having the Four Seasons' story arrive on Broadway, Mr. Gaudio said, ''It feels like coming home to a different neighborhood.''

Old Songs, Old Friends

Working at Sterling Studios last month, where the Broadway cast recording was being mixed, Mr. Gaudio looked up to see Mr. Valli walk in. They embraced as do friends who speak regularly but don't see each other often. It was honest and sincere -- as strong as that word and a handshake four decades before.

''Want to hear it?'' Mr. Gaudio said. It was the first time Mr. Valli had heard the cast.

''Sure,'' Mr. Valli said.

Mr. Gaudio played a couple of cuts, including ''Walk Like a Man'' and ''Sherry.'' The show's producers hadn't gone for a stereotypical Broadway send-up. The group sounded like the Four Seasons themselves.

''Hey, that kid's got a voice,'' Mr. Valli said. He looked around at the modern studio. ''Wouldn't it have been nice to have a mixing room like this?''

''Yeah, and a nice view to go with it,'' Mr. Gaudio said.

Out of the west-facing window, they gazed at the New Jersey skyline.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bob Gaudio, center, and Frankie Valli, right, in the studio listening to the Broadway cast album with Ted Jensen, the master recording engineer. (Photo by Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times)(pg. 1)

Jersey boys then, above, and the boys on Broadway now. The play about the story behind the Four Seasons, with their Essex County roots, begins previews on Monday. (Photo by Four Seasons)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** October 2, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Union Organizer's Warm and Chilly Reinstatement***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD9-RPX0-007F-G1WH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 7, 1998, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1251 words

**Byline:** Kathy Saumier

By IVER PETERSON

By IVER PETERSON

**Dateline:** SOLVAY, N.Y., April 6

**Body**

More than a year after being dismissed from her job, Kathy Saumier went back to work at a plastics factory here today with a little band of union supporters outside to applaud her, and her dogged effort to unionize workers still ahead.

It was the first time Ms. Saumier had stepped inside Landis Plastics since February, 1997, when the company charged her with sexually harassing male workers and dismissed her. Over the months of her appeals, Ms. Saumier has become something of a local hero in this factory town just northwest of Syracuse, especially since March, when a Federal District Court judge issued a preliminary injunction ordering the company to take Ms. Saumier back. The judge said the dismissal was in reprisal for Ms. Saumier's pro-union activities, rather than for sexual harassment.

If anything, the time off has re-energized Ms. Saumier, a product of the city's ***working-class*** West Side.

"I'm going to go back and do the job I get paid for, and I'm going to go in and organize this place and get a union in there," Ms. Saumier said in an interview Sunday night. "I'm going to do what I have always done."

About a dozen supporters, including two prominent religious leaders in Syracuse, gathered in the chill of the early morning to see Ms. Saumier back to work.

"In this Holy Week we think of Moses going to the Pharoah to let his people go," the Rev. William L. Coop, a Presbyterian minister who heads the Labor and Religion Coalition of Central New York, said to the little band. Turning to Ms. Saumier, he continued, "Maybe you're going to be not only Norma Rae but Moses as you go back in there and help your people get fair representation in a safe workplace."

Bishop Tom Costello of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Syracuse also came to show his support. He said he first began following her case when she raised concerns about the plant's poor safety record, and became a supporter when she was dismissed.

"Some of us feel that Kathy was done an injustice," Bishop Costello said, "and we did not want her to think she didn't have any friends."

Inside the plant, which is appealing the injunction, Ms. Saumier did not face as welcoming a reception. Most workers on the floor who could take time to answer questions were noncommittal about her return. And Kimberly Holden, a vocal union opponent and a critic of Ms. Saumier, strongly objected to the religious leaders' accompanying Ms. Saumier. "They're not reading the same Bible I read," Ms. Holden, a stacker at the print machines, said.

At first, it might seem odd that there would be any doubts about organizing a plant here in central New York, where big industry and big unions have long worked together at places like the Crucible Steel Company, the Anheuser-Busch brewery and the Carrier Corporation air-conditioning equipment plant.

Yet the idea of voting in a union still seems to scare some of the workers at Landis, most of whom are women, and many of those single mothers. Several said they were a job or two away from fast-food work, which pays much less than the $7 to $9 an hour that is a typical wage in this plant.

Random and unsupervised interviews inside and outside the plant today revealed some distinct support for a union, some adamant hatred of the very idea, and a lot of wariness in between. "This is a particularly vulnerable group of people, or at least, they feel vulnerable," said Robert J. Rabin, a law professor who follows labor law issues at Syracuse University. "They feel terribly uncertain about their place in the economy, and Landis is a newcomer -- they have facilities in other states -- and I think people are afraid that if Landis is unhappy with the outcome, it could pick up and move."

Tenille Terranova, 21, who makes $9.70 an hour stacking and inspecting yogurt cups that tumble from a machine, could be one of the women Mr. Rabin had in mind. "If there was an election right now? I think I'd vote no, personally," she said. "I don't really see where we need a union, and there seems to be a lot of trouble around them."

Trouble is what Ms. Saumier got in buckets when the optical shop she was working for closed and she got a job at the Landis plant in April 1995, six months after it opened.

A 36-year old single mother of two, she began attending organizing meetings held by the United Steelworkers of America so she could raise her complaints about unsafe working conditions around the big, chugging machines, and about undependable worker compensation payments.

With the union's help, Ms. Saumier obtained Landis's workplace injury reports and discovered that the company was one of the most accident-prone in the region, with four workers losing their fingers or parts of fingers in one 13-month period. She also found that the family-owned company, based in Chicago Ridge, Ill., was underreporting its injury rate to the New York State Workers' Compensation Board and to the Federal Occupational Safety and Health Administration.

In late 1996, the Workers Compensation Board fined Landis $48,000, which it paid, for failure to report on-the-job injuries, and in January 1997, OSHA imposed one of its heaviest fines ever, $720,700, on the plant for deliberately underreporting the number and severity of injuries there. Landis is contesting the Federal fine.

Although they disputed the severity of their safety record at the time, Steve Ellis, the plant's manager, conceded today that accidents had gone unreported, and that a large investment in safety equipment made last year was badly needed. And in a speech to company employees on Friday, Greg Landis, the company's chief operating officer, told the plant's 250 workers to accept Ms. Saumier's return.

"Everybody is to be treated equally, with dignity and respect," Mr. Landis said, according to an abbreviated version of his talk released by the company. "Whatever your feelings may be about Kathy, leave 'em outside."

Whatever the workers think of Ms. Saumier and her return, their ideas about forming a union at Landis seems to have more to do with their own experiences and struggles in life.

Evelyn Davis, for example, said she did not mind Landis's practice of imposing penalty points for tardiness that, if accumulated, can lead to dismissal. "I think it's good that they just give you points," Ms. Davis said, "because you have a chance to work them off if you're not late for a while."

Ms. Davis, 28 and with a young son to care for, said she had worked at a linen service that docked her pay 15 minutes in wages for every 5 minutes she was late.

Besides Ms. Saumier, a second worker, Clara Sullivan, who was dismissed on charges of racial and sexual harassment, was also returned to work today under the order. Judge Rosemary S. Pooler ordered the reinstatement of the two workers after the National Labor Relations Board filed 77 charges against Landis, accusing it of unfair labor practices involving the two workers and several others.

But Judge Pooler's ruling is only a preliminary one. An administrative law judge is expected to rule over the next few months on all 77 charges, including the charges involving the two women.

The Steelworkers have refused to hold a union vote at Landis until all 77 charges have been resolved. To do less, Jim Valenti, a senior union official, said, would be like letting the workers vote "while Greg Landis has a gun to their head."

As for being a symbol of labor, Ms. Saumier just shakes her head.

"I don't know how I got that," she said at last, smiling. "I never asked for it. I just got ticked off."

**Graphic**

Photos: Kathy Saumier and John Sobon of the United Steelworkers yesterday, after her first shift in 14 months at Landis Plastics. (Michael J. Okoniewski for The New York Times)(pg. B1); Workers at Landis Plastics, near Syracuse, counter-protested in October 1996 against union efforts to organize the factory. Landis employees, many of them single mothers, are sharply divided over unionization. (Michael J. Okoniewski for The New York Times)(pg. B7)

**Load-Date:** April 7, 1998

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[***Whose Hoop Dream Is It, Anyway?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SCX-CN00-007F-G032-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 5, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By Patricia J. Williams;

Patricia J. Williams is the author of "Seeing a Color-Blind Future," to be published this month.

By Patricia J. Williams;  Patricia J. Williams is the author of "Seeing a Color-Blind Future," to be published this month.

**Body**

My son's godparents live in England. "Why is everyone so obsessed with lecturing you about the virtue of sports?" they asked me during a recent visit to New York. It was one of those questions that make you instantly aware of cultural boundaries, for in fact I have never felt lectured, and I don't think my friends here are really obsessed. Yet upon further discussion, it became clear that what the godparents were responding to was an undeniable shift in some people's image of me ever since I adopted my son. Seemingly overnight, I was transformed from a spinsterish, over-40 law professor in an "all-male world" into the roiling Medusa archetype of Black Single Mother. What they were observing, in other words, was a low drumbeat of worried chiding from numerous male friends and acquaintances that I deliver my son up to the great gods of sports.

Some of this is inevitable: I am blessed with a little boy who, at 5, is conspicuously large, who can hit a home run and play goalie, who has a nice golf stroke. But since he is already deeply and happily involved in sports, I worry that an aspect of this pressure is actually a cipher for anxieties about his fatherlessness. Sometimes it's overt: why did I "choose" a boy to rear by myself?

Sometimes it's more subtle, as in their singular absorption with imbuing my son with sporty "guy" mannerisms, from adjusting the angle of his baseball cap to high- and low-fiving -- everything but how to spit a wad of tobacco. Furthermore, since many of my friends are white, and the gestures of hypermasculinity are so often coded as black, there's an almost comic aspect of triangulated projection about it all. "Basketbaaawwl!" says my preternaturally husky-voiced, little black son, sounding exactly like a white person imitating a black person who has absorbed the message that heterosexual identity and social acceptance are tied up with the ability to say that word in just that way, and so ends up imitating a white person imitating.. . .

This is a touchy thing to talk about, I know. On the one hand, I am genuinely grateful for my friends' interventions. It's certainly true that, reared in a family of girls, I never quite fathomed the culture of sports -- the gladiatorial politics, the body envy somehow vaguely related to anxieties about weight and hair, the pressure to do Little League a bit like the pressure put on young girls to excel at ballet. It mystifies me, this stuff about the pain, the pathos, the glory, the contradiction. I have a friend who is always limping off to Toys "R" Us to buy my son footballs, bats and shinguards. A 50-ish former triathlete, he has had four knee operations and can hardly walk. "Sports are the most satisfying part of a man's life," he says, gritting his manly teeth against his pain.

On the other hand, there is an undercurrent sometimes that assumes I will be the ruination of my son. Sports will keep him out of trouble. He's a happy, normal 5-year-old. Why the assumption of trouble? Organized sports will teach him discipline, cooperation and fair play. Perhaps, although the same might be said for homework, music lessons and the tutelage of kind adults. Your son has the hands of a great athlete -- look at that spread! Yup, I say, and he'll have a reach wide enough to play Rachmaninoff. That last remark always seems to send them over the top, as if I had said, "I plan to dress him in lace collars and velvet pantaloons." And so they gallop right to the heart of it: Sports are where the secrets of manhood are lodged. Guys will make fun of him if he doesn't know the rules of the game. Aha.

There is an unfortunate polarizing of the paths to success that too frequently leads people to act as though all aspects of my son's being were insignificant beside the prowess promised by the mass of a 75-pound 5-year-old. Why are you bothering with music lessons? He's got basketball scholarship stamped on his forehead, says a friend who went to college on a chemistry scholarship. It's not just that my son's bursting physicality seems to bring out the thwarted athlete in my bookish, tweedy, bespectacled male friends; it's as if they're upset because I have expanded my son's life opportunities. How can you get a good hoop dream going when he's living in a home with all those silly intellectual distractions?

There are, in my experience, some subtly different emphases between black and white men's anxieties in this. Both fear that the fledgling male instinct will be crushed by an unchecked voodoo of single-mother sissification, and both implore me to consider the virtues of football as a route to college. Still, white friends tend to be more enamored of big-game heroism as an end in itself; black friends more often underscore the eventual escape from gladiatorial status that an all-expenses-paid college education might mean. While both urge sports as a way of keeping testosterone eruptions under control, it's my white friends who tend to worry about mindless adventurism with women and cars; my black friends worry about channeling social frustrations, depression and feelings of rage.

I also sense a class-based, highly specialized metaphoric order that is emerging these days, organized a little like a corporate beehive. The nerdy Bill Gates bees are on top, all brain and genetic endowment but with soft, impractical bodies. And below are the worker bees, who enjoy buff bodies but no brains. (Even my son's Michael Jordan doll -- excuse me, action figure -- underlines this division: the body stands about eight inches tall; its head is the size of a lima bean.)

This part of the image is limited enough, but there's a racial component, too. The brains are white, the bodies are black. Everyone wants to be a brain. No one wants to be a black body -- at least in this Manichaean sense -- even blacks, whose political energy has been siphoned into that great yes-and-no quagmire: Am I only and always this body? Similarly, ***working-class*** and middle-class whites fight for a place in this system, twisting back and forth from envying and fetishizing the black physique (particularly in the realms of crime and sports) to proving that they themselves are truly deserving of white brains. (Their presumptive positioning on the bell curve of life, as proffered by sociobiologists, has been particularly handy in this regard.)

Against such a backdrop, my son and children like him, their strong little bodies connoting more than their young brains can comprehend, search the faces around them for approval and a sense of destiny. Annoying I may be, but I want the adult faces that look back into those trusting and hopeful eyes to reflect a range of possibilities as broad as my wonderful male friends themselves -- black and white, Asian and South American, professionals and mechanics, accountants and poets, tall and short, athletic and not very. Ultimately, the brain must abide in the physical realm, and the body will survive only as a thinking being. These two conceptual halves are what need most to be married in the world, for without that we stray from the path to our salvation.

My son has got the knack. "I can jump backwards into bed," he says. "Want to see me? I can do it just like an astronaut coming back to earth. Pretend this is the earth's atmosphere." He pats the bed. "Here I go. No. Pretend I'm half astronaut and half a whale. I can balance a basketball on my nose. Watch this. I'm going to leap into earth's atmosphere, leave a trail of sparks across the sky and land backwards in the sea with a basketball on my nose. Pretend this is the basketball." He puts his finger to his nose. "Here I go."

He runs, runs, runs across the room, leaps, does a miraculous half twist in the air, lands backward on the rickety bed. He looks a bit like an astronaut; he looks somewhat like a breaching baby whale; he looks exactly like my little boy. When he resurfaces, the basketball is still balanced perfectly upon his nose.

**Graphic**

Photo: A boy's life: The writer's male friends, white and black, sometimes seem more enamored of football than intellect.(Photograph by Erin Patrice O'Brien)

**Load-Date:** April 5, 1998

**End of Document**



[***'Honeymooners' Isn't Over, As Early Sketches Turn Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X630-0024-J0J3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By WILLIAM GRIMES

By WILLIAM GRIMES

**Body**

When television viewers on Oct. 5, 1951, tuned into Jackie Gleason's "Cavalcade of Stars," they expected to see such popular Gleason characters as Joe the Bartender, the Poor Soul, Reggie van Gleason. But this program delivered a surprise.

"You know, friends, that great institution, the honeymoon, is the time when the ship of life is launched on the sea of matrimony," said the show's announcer, Don Russell. "Well, tonight Jackie Gleason introduces two brand-new characters, Ralph and Alice Kramden -- the Honeymooners -- whose boat has sprung a leak."

The four-minute sketch that followed, with Pert Kelton playing Alice, was the wobbly first step toward "The Honeymooners," whose 39 episodes on CBS in the 1955-56 season are among the most watched and studied comedies in television history.

The show's origins can now be traced in a series of sketches on "Cavalcade of Stars," a variety show on the DuMont network, most of which have not been seen publicly since they were first broadcast more than 40 years ago. Seven sketches, some of them discovered only in the last few months, will be shown on Friday at both the Museum of Television and Radio in Manhattan and at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. The Museum of Television and Radio will continue showing the sketches through June 13.

Flashes of Inspiration

The material is uneven, with occasional flashes of "Honeymooner" inspiration transforming a rather crude, variety-stage comic situation. The first episode is little more than a shouting match between Ralph and Alice about dinner that turns into a competition to see who can throw the biggest object out the window.

As the battle escalates, Alice starts to climb out the window. When Ralph shouts, "No! No!," she turns slowly and says, "I wouldn't give ya the satisfaction." The fight stops when Art Carney, playing a policeman, shows up at the Kramden apartment covered in flour.

The sketches get longer and more complex, but the emotional atmosphere remains harsh. "Some of the comedy is almost painful, because it's so real," said Rob Simon, the television curator at the museum. "There's always a reconciliation at the end, but you never quite believe it."

As played by Kelton, a character actress who specialized in gangsters' molls and hard-boiled Brooklyn gals, Alice is a tough bird with some hard miles on her. "She plays a very beaten Alice," Mr. Simon said. "You can see a dispirited marriage on display."

Trixie was originally played by Elaine Strich, but Gleason had his eye on Joyce Randolph, whom he had seen in a live television commercial for Colgate on "Cavalcade of Bands," another DuMont program. He invited her to join him in a serious sketch, which has since disappeared, on "Cavalcade of Stars," and soon after told his producer to sign her up.

A Violence-Prone Norton

Norton, played by Mr. Carney in signature pork-pie hat and vest, but a long-sleeved shirt, is stupid, loutish and prone to violence, with a thick, marbles-in-the-mouth Brooklyn accent.

"Obviously he was a stock comic character, and there was no way you could develop a relationship with him," Mr. Simon said. "Also, the Norton marriage is an exact duplicate of what you see with Ralph and Alice. You can see that they didn't really expect the thing to have a life beyond a couple of months."

Ralph, however, emerges in something like finished form, loud-mouthed and blustering, an overgrown 5-year-old whose attempts to bully Alice are doomed to failure. The set, too, is virtually the same as in the CBS series, right down to the empty candy dish on the dresser.

The DuMont sketches, which cover the period from Oct. 5 to Dec. 21, 1951, with one sketch undated, were preserved on kinescope by Snag Werris, a longtime gag writer for Gleason. In 1985, the museum broadcast 17 unseen "Honeymooners" sketches from "The Jackie Gleason Show," provided by Gleason from 75 sketches in his own vaults. Werris's daughter, Wendy, then invited the museum to examine her late father's extensive collection of television and film tapes.

Two complete sketches, along with half of a special 40-minute Christmas sketch, turned up and were included in a Gleason program that the museum presented in 1987. In the last year, the Werris collection has yielded four more sketches and the last half of the Christmas program.

Video Release Planned

Worldvision Enterprises, which owns the rights to the sketches, plans to release them on videocassette later this year and is exploring the possibility of a network or cable special.

The seven sketches probably do not represent all the DuMont material, Mr. Simon said, since the Honeymooners were popular and were more than likely carried over into the 1952 season.

After leaving DuMont, Gleason continued "The Honeymooners" in sketch form on "The Jackie Gleason Show" from 1952 to 1955, when he decided to pursue film projects. To fill the hour that he owned on CBS, he filmed "The Honeymooners" as 39 independent half-hour episodes and subcontracted the remaining half hours to the band leaders Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. A year later, Gleason resumed the hourlong "Jackie Gleason Show," and "The Honeymooners" again became a series of sketches, until Art Carney left the show in 1957.

The last of the seven sketches, the Christmas special, was one of the first presented on television. In it, Gleason leaves as Ralph, sent off in search of potato salad for dinner, and returns as four different characters: Fenwick Babbitt, a hapless delivery boy dropping off a keg of beer, Joe the Bartender, Rudy the Repairman and the Poor Soul.

Finally, he enters as the florid Reggie van Gleason, who presents a Christmas gift to the Honeymooner characters. For Alice, "an East Indian curio, an elephant's tooth filled with cannibal." For Trixie, "a guide to the second-best hotels in Rangoon." For Norton, "a genuine hand-carved mahogany bicycle clip."

Marconi Invented Macaroni?

In a sketch that foreshadows a classic "Honeymooners" episode, Ralph and Alice take part in a radio quiz show called "Your Guess Is as Good as Mine." With a $25,000 jackpot and a new home on the line, Ralph has to answer the question, "What did Marconi invent." A sick smile on his face as the flash bulbs pop, he answers, "Macaroni?"

The DuMont episodes are likely to reignite a long-running debate among television historians about the creation of Ralph, the last and most enduring of Gleason's comic characters.

Some historians argue that Gleason drew almost entirely on his own experience in developing what was in effect an alter ego. Others believe Gleason adapted the character from a radio show called "The Bickersons." More recently, it has been suggested that the character came from a stock burlesque routine known as "The Friendly Neighbors," a theory that, Mr. Simon said, the DuMont sketches tend to support.

It is not clear why Pert Kelton was replaced as Alice by Audrey Meadows. Gleason insisted that she had been unable to continue because of heart trouble. Some television historians have speculated that she was dropped after she and her husband, the actor Ralph Bell, had been named as Communist sympathizers in a publication called "Red Channels." Age may have had something to do with it. Kelton was nine years older than Gleason, while her replacement was six years younger.

But modern audiences may learn to value Kelton's unvarnished, spunky Alice, a hard-luck ***working-class*** wife with a good heart. It's a touching moment when, to the strains of Gerswin's "Our Love Is Here to Stay," she turns to Ralph and says, "I loved you ever since the day I walked in your bus and you shortchanged me."

**Graphic**

Photo: Seven early "Honeymooners" sketches, with Pert Kelton, left, as Alice, will be shown publicly for the first time since 1951 on Friday at the Museum of Television and Radio in Manhattan and at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Jackie Gleason, Art Carney and Joyce Randolph also starred.(Museum of Television and Radio)

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**End of Document**



[***Movies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S6N-JGX0-TW8F-G061-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 4, 2008 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Body**

MOVIES

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

'ALEXANDRA' (No rating, 1:32, in Russian) The Russian director Alexander Sokurov makes films that are serious, intense, beautiful, at times opaque and so feverishly personal that it can feel as if you're being invited into his head, not just another reality. Here, the soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, the widow of the cellist and conductor Mstislav Rostropovich, plays a woman visiting her grandson at the Chechen front. A must-see. (Manohla Dargis)

'THE BAND'S VISIT' (PG-13, 1:29, in Arabic, English and Hebrew) The Israeli writer and director Eran Kolirin wrenches comedy out of intense melancholia in his beautifully played story about eight Egyptian musicians stranded in the Israeli desert.

(Dargis)

'THE BANK JOB' (R, 1:50) A wham-bam caper flick, efficiently directed by Roger Donaldson, that fancifully revisits the mysterious whos and speculative hows of a 1971 London bank heist. With Jason Statham and Saffron Burrows. (Dargis)

'BE KIND REWIND' (PG-13, 1:41) Michel Gondry's sweet and lackadaisical new film pays tribute to movie love, not as a grand aesthetic passion but rather as an antidote for boredom. Jack Black and Mos Def are a pair of loafers who recreate well-known films (e.g., ''Ghostbusters'' and ''Driving Miss Daisy'') on videotape. Their art, like Mr. Gondry's, is both silly and inspiring. (A. O. Scott)

'BOARDING GATE' (No rating, 93 minutes) A casually beautifully, preposterously plotted, elliptical thriller from the French director Olivier Assayas starring the fascinating Italian actress Asia Argento as a woman in trouble. (Dargis)

'CITY OF MEN' (R, 1:51, in Portuguese) The companion piece (not strictly a sequel) to ''City of God,'' the Brazilian hit about youth gangs in the outskirts of Rio de Janeiro, is a warmer-hearted melodrama built around the friendship of two 18-year-old boys from the favelas, both brought up without fathers, making their way into manhood.

(Stephen Holden)

'CJ7' (PG, 1:26, in Cantonese) A devilishly entertaining curveball, ''CJ7'' is ''E.T.'' as reimagined by the premier clown of Chinese cinema, Stephen Chow. Here he plays an impoverished widower whose young son (the 9-year-old actress Xu Jiao) befriends a tiny alien with magical powers. Ceding the limelight to his young co-star, Mr. Chow devotes his considerable creative energy to unexpected scenes that showcase his bizarre sense of humor. The violence is as exaggerated as vintage Hanna-Barbera, but the film's gentleness of spirit and frequent flights of fancy ensure that no child will be left behind. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

\* 'DEFINITELY, MAYBE' (PG-13, 1:52) This unusually smart, thoroughly charming romantic comedy follows a nice guy's involvement with three women, one of whom he will marry. Isla Fisher, Rachel Weisz and Elizabeth Banks are all wonderful as the candidates, as is Ryan Reynolds as the guy. (Scott)

'DOOMSDAY' (R, 1:45) In this science fiction adventure from the director Neil Marshall (''The Descent''), set 30 years after a plague-ridden Glasgow was sealed off from the rest of Britain, a stoic, one-eyed mercenary named Eden Sinclair (Rhona Mitra) leads a mission into the city, hoping to locate a doctor-turned-political-leader (Malcolm McDowell), find out how he managed to survive the plague along with his followers, and apply his lessons to London, where the virus has surfaced.

(Matt Zoller Seitz)

'DR. SEUSS' HORTON HEARS A WHO!' (G, 1:28) Much better than the recent live-action Dr. Seuss adaptations, this animated feature builds impressively on Seuss's visual whimsy, but overloads the story -- of a noble elephant protecting a tiny world -- with irrelevant pop-culture clutter. Jim Carrey's clowning, jabbering performance as Horton is especially annoying. (Scott)

'DRILLBIT TAYLOR' (PG-13, 1:42) Owen Wilson plays a homeless man hired to protect some high school geeks from bullies. A waste of his time and yours. (Scott)

\* 'THE DUCHESS OF LANGEAIS' (No rating, 2:17, in French) Based on Balzac's 1834 short novel and set against the French Restoration, Jacques Rivette's nearly impeccable interpretation traces how a passionate affair of the heart (Jeanne Balibar and Guillaume Depardieu play the lovers) curdles into cruelty and obsession. (Dargis) 'FLAWLESS' (PG-13, 1:45) Michael Caine and Demi Moore are larcenous employees of a corrupt London diamond company in this period heist movie (set in 1960). It is a mildly diverting throwback. (Holden)

'A FOUR LETTER WORD' (No rating, 1:27) Airily directed by Casper Andreas, this romantic comedy about a swishy gay man (Jesse Archer) and his less flamboyant lover (Charlie David) explores gay relationships with low-budget verve. Explicit but never sleazy, the movie coasts on a good-natured raunchiness that nevertheless has something to say about hypocrisy and the dangers of snap judgments. (Catsoulis)

'FUNNY GAMES' (R, 1:52) Michael Haneke, remaking his own 1997 German-language shocker in English, serves up punishment for moviegoers who don't take violence seriously enough. Not that this nasty little film can be taken seriously at all. Did I just prove his point? Oh dear! (Scott)

'HATS OFF' (No rating, 1:24) A documentary tribute to the 93-year-old actress Mimi Weddell, whose resume defies the industry's rampant ageism. Widowed at 65 by a husband who left only unpaid bills and fond memories, this indomitable lady embarked on a career that spans everything from ''Sex and the City'' to cheese commercials. As we follow her punishing schedule of dance lessons, gym workouts and auditions, it's clear that for Ms. Weddell, standing still may be life's only remaining terror. (Catsoulis)

'IRINA PALM' (R, 1:43) A fairly standard British naughty-granny movie about a widow who finds cash and fulfillment as a sex worker. It rises slightly above its cliches, thanks to the quiet realism and sly wit of Marianne Faithfull as the granny in question. (Scott)

'LOVE SONGS' (No rating, 1:35, in French) A musical, a melodrama, a modern sex comedy -- this new film from Christophe Honore is less than the sum of its parts, but charming nonetheless. Its view of Paris is compounded equally of Nouvelle Vague nostalgia and an up-to-the-minute sense of today's French youth, in perpetual motion from song to song and bed to bed. (Scott) 'MISS PETTIGREW LIVES FOR A DAY' (PG-13, 1:32) The particular screwball screen magic Amy Adams commands in this weightless period fairy tale, based on the novel by Winifred Watson, hasn't been this intense since the heyday of Jean Arthur. She helps turn a little nothing of a movie into a little something. (Holden)

'MY BROTHER IS AN ONLY CHILD' (No rating, 1:48, in Italian) Italy in the volatile 1960s, through the eyes of two brothers, one a left-wing militant, the other a fascist. A well-told if somewhat familiar story. (Scott)

'PARANOID PARK' (R, 1:18) Gus Van Sant's haunting, voluptuously beautiful portrait of a teenage boy who, after being suddenly caught in midflight, falls to earth, is a modestly scaled triumph without a false or wasted moment. (Dargis)

'PLANET B-BOY' (No rating, 1:35) Early in this documentary by Benson Lee, an experienced street dancer asserts that break dancing is ''as legitimate as any dance that has ever existed.'' This brisk feature makes his case, showing international teams of break dancers -- or b-boys -- battling to win best-in-the-nation status in their home countries, then going on to compete in the 2005 world finals at the Volkswagenhalle in Braunschweig, Germany. (Seitz)

'SHELTER' (No rating, 1:38) When art school and a male lover beckon, a short-order cook (Trevor Wright) must choose between his family and his future -- and a new sexual identity. Set in the ***working-class*** San Pedro area of Los Angeles, the movie has an abundance of tanned bodies, rolling waves and golden sunsets that create an aesthetic of inoffensive hedonism that perfectly matches the subject matter. Coming out has rarely looked so pretty. (Catsoulis)

'SNOW ANGELS' (R, 1:46) David Gordon Green's warm, offbeat direction and some fine performances cannot rescue this tale of small-town American misery from a studious grimness that seems assumed rather than observed. (Scott)

'STOP-LOSS' (R, 1:53) Fine performances -- in particular by Ryan Philippe -- and strong emotions anchor this chaotic, confused but nonetheless arresting drama about the hard homecoming of a group of American soldiers fighting in Iraq. (Scott)

'THE SUPERHERO MOVIE' (PG-13, 1:25) Less parodic than parasitic, this weary spoof adds gross-out humor to the weary conventions of the comic-book crime fighter genre. (Scott)

'TYLER PERRY'S MEET THE BROWNS' (PG-13, 1:40) Angela Bassett supplies the acting, and the rest of the cast contributes the raucous comedy, righteous sentiment and familial warmth that make up Mr. Perry's reliable formula. And don't forget Madea, the director's plus-size, cross-dressed alter ego, who shows up briefly near the end, just to make sure the fans get their money's worth. (Scott)

'UNDER THE SAME MOON' (PG-13, 1:49, in Spanish and English) An ''Incredible Journey'' for the socially conscience-stricken, Patricia Riggen's shamelessly manipulative film places all its marketing eggs in the cute-kid basket. Following a 9-year-old Mexican boy as he journeys to Los Angeles to reunite with his mother, the movie is too busy sanctifying its protagonists and prodding our tear ducts to say anything remotely novel about immigration policies or their helpless victims.

(Catsoulis)

Film Series

A CENTURY AGO: THE FILMS OF 1907 (Monday) The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences sponsors a survey of the 1907 season: a time when the mechanics of cinematic storytelling were just beginning to be formalized, and most movies ran 12 minutes -- the length of a single reel of 35-millimeter film. Randy Haberkamp serves as curator and host of this program, which includes examples of early trick films (including J. Stuart Blackton's stop-motion animated ''Haunted Hotel''); some initial stabs at sustained narrative (the Kalem Company's one-reel adaptation of ''Ben-Hur,'' made without the knowledge of Lew Wallace, the author of the best-selling novel); and recorded vaudeville acts (like the indescribably delightful ''Dancing Pig'' from France). Academy Theater at Lighthouse International, 111 East 59th Street, Manhattan, (888) 778-7575, oscars.org; $5. (Dave Kehr)

'DREAMS WITH SHARP TEETH' (Tuesday) Harlan Ellison, the prolific author of speculative fiction (some 75 books and counting) will be present for this advance screening of a new documentary, from the director Erik Nelson, based on his life and times. At 7 p.m., Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 875-5600, filmlinc.org; $11. (Kehr)

AN EVENING WITH KAZUHIRO SODA (Monday) This Japanese filmmaker will introduce his 2007 debut feature, ''Campaign,'' a documentary about a former classmate who mounted a quixotic run for local office, despite a complete lack of support from the national organization of his party, the Liberal Democratic Party. At 7 p.m., Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)

GREG POPE (Thursday) This British avant-garde filmmaker will make a rare visit to New York to present a program of 10 film and video works, many of which involve engraving directly on the film stock. At 7:30 p.m., Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Avenue, at Second Street, East Village, (212) 505-5181, anthologyfilmarchives.org; $8. (Kehr)

'THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT' (Friday through Thursday) Filmed in Poland in 1965 by Wojciech Has, this 180-minute adaptation of the famous experimental novel by Jan Potocki nests stories within stories within stories, as the time frame hops from the Napoleonic Wars to the Spanish Inquisition, and the setting from Western Europe to Islamic countries. (Martin A. Schell has supplied a remarkable outline of the novel on his Web site, globalenglish.info/saragossamanuscript). Among the film's admirers are Martin Scorsese, Francis Ford Coppola, Jerry Garcia (who financed a restoration) and the Village Voice film critic J. Hoberman, who has included it in a continuing survey of his personal favorites at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. BAMcinematek, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, (718) 636-4100, bam.org; $11.

(Kehr)

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

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**End of Document**



[***3 Years Later, Attack Haunts Youth Set Afire***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TNX0-0024-J0CH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1227 words

**Byline:** David Opont

By GARRY PIERRE-PIERRE

By GARRY PIERRE-PIERRE

**Body**

Sometimes when David Opont is watching television at home or sitting in his math class at school he suddenly begins to shiver, reliving the horror of the morning three years ago that dramatically changed his life.

He says he cannot stop a recurring daydream: the youth who beat him and set him ablaze in a basement in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn is coming back to hurt him again.

"Sometimes I think that he is going to kill me," said David, now 15 years old.

The incident left David with third-degree burns over more than half his body. At first, doctors gave him a 50-50 chance of surviving.

But in the weeks that followed, as David slowly recovered, he became a sort of celebrity, treated as a symbolic victim of the random violence that plagued inner-city neighborhoods. He was visited by movie stars and politicians, including Ronald Reagan and his wife, Nancy. Donations poured in to help his family.

Since then, his burns have healed, although rashes sometimes develop on his right hand, the worst burned. He has moved to a better neighborhood and now attends a private school. But he has become a lonely, often angry boy, his family says.

His mother, Prenise Aupont, says it is not so much the physical injuries that haunt her son, but the psychological ones. She says that her son, who was once vivacious, has become moody and is angered by the slightest provocation. David, she says, sometimes becomes so angry that he will crush a glass with his bare hands.

A Simple Twist of Fate

"I tell him to take courage and to thank God he is alive," said Ms. Aupont, who had to quit her job as a seamstress to care for her son. "It could have been the worst for him."

Still there are times when Ms. Aupont is angered as she watches her son's lingering agony, brought on by a simple twist of fate.

"Look what they have done to him," said his mother, who speaks Creole. "When my son came here he was fine."

Though he has lived in Laurelton, Queens, a ***working-class*** neighborhood dotted with single-family homes, for more than a year, David said that he did not have any friends. In an interview recently, he said he seldom ventured outside the house and spent most of his time watching television and playing his favorite Nintendo and Genesis games.

Even at the Lowell School in Jamaica, where he is in the eighth grade, David said he did not have any friends. The family would not allow school officials to talk about David.

Sitting on a couch in the living room of his three-bedroom home, David rubbed his eyes when he talked of the assault on March 7, 1990. He sighed. He looked up at the ceiling.

David said he was on his way to school when the boy approached him, said he was a detective and ordered him to follow. David, 12, had recently emigrated from Haiti and barely spoke English. He naively went with the boy into the basement.

Three years later, however, it is not clear what happened there. David said he was offered drugs in a brown paper bag. But the police said they found no traces of drugs. The police said that a flammable substance was used to set David on fire, but David said he did not remember.

What is certain is that the youth set David's book bag on fire and then his shirt. David panicked and ran to a nearby garage, the movement fanning the flames. There, some mechanics put out the fire and called the police.

"I should have fought him back," David said. "It was confusing and I did not know what to do."

After the accident, the family received hundreds of donations, enough for the down payment on the family's $100,000 home. They were also able to obtain state aid to help with David's tuition at the private school.

David's father, Luther Opont, a carpenter who works in New Jersey, does not live with the family, which includes his sister, Naomi, 17.

David spent seven months in and out of the hospital, and had to undergo therapy until about a year ago.

The Lowell School has provided David with individual counseling and group therapy to help him cope with his ordeal. David said that during the sessions, which last about an hour, he discusses everything from his progress in school to life at home.

"It's O.K.," David said. "It helps me deal with what I am going through sometimes. The counselor tells me that it's O.K. to feel mad."

The 14-year-old boy who attacked David was never publicly identified because he was a minor. He was convicted of second-degree attempted murder, second-degree kidnapping, robbery, attempted third-degree robbery and two counts of first-degree assault, said Deborah Lashley, a lawyer in the District Attorney's office in Brooklyn who worked on David's case.

David's attacker was ordered to serve three years at a State Division of Youth residential center, the maximum allowed by law. His sentence began on Dec. 14, 1990, and he is expected to be released in December.

Celebrities and Plaques

"I don't hate him," David said of his tormentor. "If I could talk to him, I would tell him to stay away from drugs and to start looking toward his future because he's got a lot ahead of him."

In the living room of his house -- a sharp contrast from the brick buildings in the Brooklyn neighborhood where they lived three years ago -- the walls and shelves are adorned with photos of David with celebrities and plaques from various groups.

"From one David to another," Mayor David N. Dinkins wrote on a picture of him with the young David.

But David said his most memorable hospital visitor was Bill Cosby. "He made me laugh."

Since it was believed that David's misfortune occurred because of his refusal to take drugs, several groups invited him to speak to children and others about the dangers of drugs.

'A Link in the Chain'

The popular Brooklyn-based Haitian band Tabou Combo mentioned him in a 1991 Creole song about Haitian-American achievements:

*David Opont we congratulate you*

For having said no

No to drugs

You are a link in the chain

A chain that will never be broken

David was also quickly embraced by Haitian leaders in communities from Miami to Boston. They saw him as someone who could be a symbol of the typical Haitian immigrant, a boy whose harrowing story could help them combat what they saw as America's unfavorable image of Haitians. Haitian groups eagerly helped his family by organizing fund-raising dances and raffles.

Parents often scolded their recalcitrant children to be more like David and to stay out of trouble.

Wilson Desir, Haiti's consul general in New York, who has long been active in the city's Haitian community, often had David as a regular guest on the Creole-language radio talk show that he presents. David would talk to young Haitians about staying away from drugs.

'Like a Brother to Me'

"He is a true hero," said Mr. Desir, 54. "We are very proud of him. He is like a brother to me despite our age differences."

David was also interested in the struggle and the abject poverty facing most of his countrymen back in Haiti. He insisted on meeting President Jean-Bertrand Aristide during Father Aristide's inauguration in February 1991. Father Aristide was overthrown in September 1991.

But Naomi Opont, David's sister and the unofficial spokeswoman for the family, would not let him answer a reporter's questions about his political views.

"Oh, he thinks he's deep when it comes to Haitian politics," she said. "He gets all excited. He would get agitated and I don't want him to talk about it."

**Graphic**

Photo: David Opont, burned in a 1990 attack in Flatbush, now rarely ventures from his home in Laurelton, Queens. (Rebecca Cooney for The New York Times)

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[***Young Jews in Warsaw Rebuild Their Heritage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-WYF0-0024-J1PR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JANE PERLEZ,

By JANE PERLEZ,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WARSAW, April 18

**Body**

In the pale spring sunlight, several stooped, white-haired men in dark suits and hats shuffle across the stone courtyard in front of the city's only synagogue, a stark reminder that in Europe's once-flourishing center of Judaism, few elderly Jews remain.

In a shabby building nearby, a group of university students gather around their computer to plan the next issue of their Jewish newspaper. Downstairs, white paint is hastily slapped on walls for the opening of a Jewish youth sports club.

Almost all the Jews who survived the Nazis emigrated from Poland, leaving the contrast of generations: a handful of elderly and a small youthful group reclaiming their heritage.

The 3 Million Dead

Here, on the ruins of the Warsaw ghetto, where drab post-war apartment buildings dominate the skyline and the renovated synagogue is the only original structure, Poland is confronting the history and consequences of the killing of three million Polish Jews by the Nazis.

On Monday, the 50th anniversary of the ghetto uprising, when several hundred young, poorly armed combatants heroically fought their German occupiers and lost, will be commemorated. There will be many foreign dignitaries, and questions, too.

Some Poles are asking why there is so much fuss about the Jewish uprising. Others wonder whether the white swastika sprayed on a synagogue door last week, and a rally by skinheads today in front of one of Warsaw's main churches, are symbolic of a dominating anti-Semitism in Polish culture or just expressions of ***working-class*** frustration in difficult economic times.

An ArchbBishop Visits

Today, Archbishop Henryk Muszynski appeared in the synagogue for an ecumenical service and appealed for an end to anti-Semitism in Poland, which is overwhelmingly Roman Catholic. It was the first time a member of the Roman Catholic clergy had appeared at a Warsaw synagogue, Jewish officials said.

Polish newspapers and magazines have given broad coverage to the anniversary of the uprising, recounting the bravery of the fighters and giving details of how arms were smuggled in and how Jews escaped through sewers. Some articles discussed the small Jewish renaissance emerging now among young Poles who are discovering their Jewish roots.

The writer Adam Michnik signaled in this weekend's issue of his newspaper what he called twin elements of Polish heritage: "The heroism of people who helped Jews and the villainy of anti-Semitism."

But it is in the small living rooms of Warsaw apartments, many not far from the vanished ghetto, that painful memories are recalled and the debate goes on, invigorated by Poland's post-Communist freedom of expression.

A Lack of Comprehension

"There are many Poles who wonder why there is so much ceremony about this anniversary," said Prof. Jakub Gutenbaum, a Jew who survived both the Warsaw uprising and a concentration camp and who, unlike most survivors, stayed in Poland. "For many of my friends it is something they don't understand. The Poles consider the real uprising the uprising of 1944, and from a military point of view, the two are not comparable."

Mr. Gutenbaum was referring to the uprising against the Nazis by thousands of soldiers of the Polish Home Army, who were directed by the government in exile in London. It was crushed by the Nazis when the advancing Russians failed to come the Poles' aid.

"I find it my duty to tell people about our uprising and that its importance is symbolic, not military," he said. "The ghetto uprising was a symbolic victory of spirit over a false ideology."

Mr. Gutenbaum, whose mother hid the 13-year-old boy in an underground bunker during the uprising, said that on anniversaries under Communist rule, he felt unable to talk about his experiences. "Before it was manipulated," he said. "Only now is it possible to do something without politics."

The Good Catholics

Thus, in 1991, he helped form Children of the Holocaust, a group of about 250 Polish Jews who, as children, were hidden from the Nazis by Roman Catholics. "They are very grateful to get the recognition," Mr. Gutenbaum said of the previously unheralded saviors.

One of them is Wanda Biernacka, a 74-year-old widow who hid Andrej Jonas, now the editor in chief of The Warsaw Voice, an English-language newspaper. Mr. Jonas was 2 years old and Mrs. Biernacka was 19 and engaged to a Polish soldier who had been captured by the Germans. She got a false baptismal certificate for the boy and kept him at home.

"My neighbors thought he was my illegitimate child," she said.

Mrs. Biernacka has been honored by Jewish organizations in the United States, but she is bitter that the Polish Government has not officially recognized her bravery. Her son, Witold, who was born after the war and is now a businessman, is even more emphatic.

"This group, like my mother, has been ignored by history," he said. "It is as if they didn't exist. It should be stated very clearly what the consequences were: Poland was the only country where the Germans shot you for hiding a Jew and where the entire neighborhood would be shot."

The New/Old Community

Mr. Biernacka said he felt the anniversary should be emphasized in clear terms: "That the Jews were the first on the Nazis' list and the Poles were the second. It's just that the Germans didn't have time to do to us what they did to the Jews. That's why the ghetto uprising should never be forgotten."

Scholars of Jewish heritage in Poland estimate that about 10,000 Jews are loosely affiliated with Jewish organizations. Rabbi Michael Schudrich of New York, who came to Warsaw last year with funds from the Ronald S. Lauder Foundation to stimulate interest in Judaism among Jews, believes there could be as many as 40,000 to 50,000 Poles of Jewish ancestry.

But he said the post-World War II history of anti-Semitism in Poland made it difficult for Jews to acknowledge their ancestry.

"A 45-year-old woman told me she had asked her parents two years ago if she was Jewish and she told me the other day they still hadn't answered her," the rabbi said.

Aside from the fear of anti-Semitism, Rabbi Schudrich said one of the stumbling blocks for young Jews was the fact that the head of the only Jewish welfare organization in Poland had been a public supporter of the Communist Party leadership.

Defiant and Aggressive

Even so, about 100 Jews in their early 20's are involved in the youth center he has established adjacent to the synagogue. Last week the Polish Union of Jewish Students was formed. And publication is near for the fifth issue of the student Jewish newspaper, Idele, a deliberately provocative title from the Yiddish word for "little Jew," which is a term of endearment in Yiddish but is sometimes used as an anti-Semitic slur.

"We are very tired of living in the cemetery," said Beata Juraszek, 23, a philosophy major at the University of Warsaw and an editor of the paper. "In the states, you think there exists in Poland only a few old Jews who live in the cemetery. We want to be a young Jewish voice of the young generation. We are the people who want to stay here, who don't want to emigrate, who want to live their lives in Poland."

Is there anti-Semitism in Poland?

"I don't say there's no anti-Semitism in Poland," she said. "Of course there is. But what people are most interested in is physical acts of violence. This is not the kind of anti-Semitism that is the most dangerous.

"The worst kind is anti-Semitism in white gloves -- the manner in which politicians talk about Jews with words and gestures. Yes, there is plenty of that."

**Graphic**

Photo: A visitor weeping yesterday near a memorial at the death camp in Treblinka, Poland, where about 400,000 Jews from the Warsaw ghetto and hundreds of thousands from across Europe were killed. (Reuters)

Map shows location of Warsaw ghetto.

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**End of Document**



[***Paper, Pencil And a Dream***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B76-TGV0-01KN-21DR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By DANA JENNINGS

**Dateline:** DOVER

**Body**

JOE KUBERT is one of the old masters of the comic book.

For more than six decades as an artist, writer, editor and teacher, he has helped define American comic books. Characters he has breathed life into through his supple line include Tarzan, Batman, the Flash and Sgt. Rock. He was a principal in the creation of the groundbreaking "Three Dimension Comics" in 1952, featuring Mighty Mouse. His award-winning "Fax From Sarajevo" (Dark Horse Comics) is considered one of the best graphic novels of the past 10 years. And since 1976, he and his wife have run the Joe Kubert School of Cartoon and Graphic Art, which has trained scores of comic book artists.

At 77, Mr. Kubert, who has lived and worked in this blue-collar town in Morris County for more than 40 years, shows no signs of slowing. If anything, he is more productive than ever, and has had the kind of glorious fall that would make men half his age blush.

This recent Kubert cornucopia comprises four beautifully produced hardcovers, two new, critically acclaimed graphic novels and two reprint albums -- "Yossel: April 19, 1943" (iBooks); "Sgt. Rock: Between Hell and a Hard Place" (Vertigo/DC); "Tor," volume 3 (DC/The Joe Kubert Library); and "The Sgt. Rock Archives," volume 2 (DC Archive Editions).

"I'm amazed," Mr. Kubert said, referring to this bumper crop. "I'm absolutely amazed."

"Yossel," which recounts the history of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising through the eyes of a teenage boy who loves to draw, may be the capstone of Mr. Kubert's career. In page after powerfully drawn page, he imagines what his life might have been like if his family had not left Yzeran, in eastern Poland, for America in 1926. The Comics Buyer's Guide, a weekly newspaper that covers the industry, calls it the best graphic novel of 2003.

What is most striking about "Yossel" is that it is printed directly from Mr. Kubert's pencil images; drawings are usually inked over before the reproduction process. The pencil drawings make the finished publication as raw and immediate as a sketchbook. "I wanted the reader to seem to look over my shoulder as I was drawing," he said.

The book grew from the overheard murmurs of childhood, as the specter of the Holocaust lengthened. "Families would visit us in Brooklyn from back home in Poland," Mr. Kubert said, "and talk about the terrible things happening in Europe."

But his creative turning point came after he went to the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington a few years ago. After that visit, he knew he had to write and draw "Yossel."

"It was so moving," Mr. Kubert said of the museum. "The pile of glasses frames. The shoes. The actual train car in which people, hundreds crowded, were taken to the death camps.

"In the end, my intent wasn't so much to show the Holocaust as to show how it affected people caught within it."

A Brooklyn Childhood

Mr. Kubert's handshake is as firm and sincere as a farmer's, his face as stubbled as Sgt. Rock's. He has thick wrists, perhaps like those of his father, Jacob, who was a kosher butcher in East New York, Brooklyn.

"My father always encouraged my drawing, always pushed me to do as well as I could," Mr. Kubert said. "I'd help my father clean up in the shop, and then he'd let me cut up brown paper bags and I'd draw on them."

Mr. Kubert grew up in the gray heart of the Great Depression; neighbors would buy him boxes of penny chalk so he could draw on the streets. Jacob Kubert understood that his only son's love of drawing was a calling.

"My father had his whole life savings in his pocket," Mr. Kubert said. "But when I had my eye on an $11 art table, he bought it for me.The top of that table has been replaced half a dozen times, but I still have it."

Mr. Kubert's history parallels that of comic books. The first newsstand comic, "Famous Funnies," Vol.1, No.1, arrived in 1934, when he was just 8. By the early 1940's, there were dozens of comic book companies, nearly all in New York City, selling millions of copies a month.

He got his first job in 1938 when he was 11, as an apprentice at the Harry "A" Chesler studio, a comic book production house; think pen-and-ink sweatshop. He was paid $5 a page.

When he considers comic books' esteemed place in today's popular culture, Mr. Kubert shakes his head in wonder. Craving plot and adventure, Hollywood has come calling in a big way with films like "Spider-Man"; graphic novels are the fastest-growing category for bookstore chains like Borders and Barnes & Noble; and those novels are reviewed in publications like Entertainment Weekly and The New York Times Book Review.

"The possibilities are manifold in comics now," he said. "Their quality and acceptance is only something we dreamed of years ago."

A New Jersey School

Mr. Kubert said that Dover, which has 18,000 people and is bisected by the Rockaway River, suits him. He and his wife, Muriel, raised their five children here, and it was here that they opened their school.

The school is in Dover's former high school, a vintage, red-brick building straight out of "Blackboard Jungle." Walking the halls, you half-expect to hear Bill Haley and the Comets bopping in the boys' room.

The building's tall, light-bearing windows are perfect for drawing. Mr. Kubert keeps his studio here, as do his sons, Adam and Andy, who are also respected comic book artists and who teach at the school.

"There's no other way to learn this stuff, except through other people in the business," Mr. Kubert said.

At any time, there are 150 to 200 students attending the school, immersed in a three-year course of study. Mr. Kubert said that 80 to 90 percent of the students get jobs in related fields, "but they really have to work."

"The average student is drawing 8 to 10 hours a day, 6 to 7 days a week," he explained.

The school attracts students from as far away as Japan and Malaysia, but there are also a lot of ***working-class*** New Jersey students from Newark and Paterson.

"You get a complete and total dedication from these students," Mr. Kubert said, who still recalls the gritty streets of his childhood. "This is their lifeline out. A chance to make a livelihood at something they love to do."

When he was young, Mr. Kubert's imagination was fired by the old masters of the newspaper comic strip: Hal Foster ("Tarzan"), Milton Caniff ("Terry and the Pirates") and Alex Raymond ("Flash Gordon").

He especially loved "Tarzan." "It was like you were there, in the jungles, while it was going on," Mr. Kubert said. In the 1970's he got to draw Tarzan for DC Comics. "It was like a kid's dream come true."

No Time for a Breather

Mr. Kubert's studio is a gallery of pop-culture icons, drawn by him, his friends and those he admires. There is Superman boxing toe-to-toe against Muhammad Ali; Al Capp's "Li'l Abner"; the improbable Hawkman.

There is also a photograph of Mr. Kubert with John Wayne and, on a table, a Remington sculpture of a feral Indian warrior spurring on an equally feral horse. The sculpture stands next to a stack of brand-new graphic novels starring Sgt. Rock.

Of all the characters he has drawn, Mr. Kubert may be most closely identified with Sgt. Frank Rock, the unflappable leader of Easy Company. The Sarge was one of DC's most enduring creations, appearing monthly for more than 30 years, starting in 1959 in issue No.81 of "Our Army at War."

"Between Hell and a Hard Place," written by Brian Azzarello, who is younger than Sgt. Rock, and drawn by Mr. Kubert, is part war story and part murder mystery, taking place in November 1944 during intense fighting around the Hurtgen Forest in the European theater. The fierce story follows Sgt. Rock as he leads Ice Cream Soldier, Bulldozer, Little Sure Shot and the rest of Easy Company into battle.

For Mr. Kubert, drawing Sgt. Rock again, it was as if the decades had not passed at all.

"If someone had told me 50 years ago that I'd have the opportunity to do this," he wrote in the book's foreword, "I'd never have believed it."

Mr. Kubert does not plan to take a breather any time soon. There is still the school to run, tours and signings to support "Yossel" and "Sgt. Rock," a new book to write and draw, a crime novel set in 1930's Brooklyn.

"I've been thinking a lot about Murder Inc.," Mr. Kubert said. "I've been thinking about this guy. He was the Robin Hood of the whole neighborhood."

Mr. Kubert, whose Web site is [*www.joekubert.com*](http://www.joekubert.com), still devoutly carries a sketchbook wherever he goes. Through the years, he has kept his boyish, penny-chalk zest for drawing, proud that he has never been out of work one day in his adult life.

"I would probably be drawing as much as I do now," he said, smiling "even if I didn't have a job.

"I don't think there's a day that goes by that I don't draw."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The comic book artist Joe Kubert, of Dover, has had a great fall with two new graphic novels out and two reprints. (Photo by Nancy Wegard for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Illustrations from Joe Kubert's new Sgt. Rock novel, far left, and from "Yossel," the history of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising through the eyes of a teenage boy who loves to draw. Mr. Kubert, who is 77, has been drawing since he was a child growing up in Brooklyn, N.Y.; Joe Kubert in his studio in Dover and with a copy of his new graphic novel, "Yossel." Below, Mr. Kubert illustrating a page for P.S. magazine, which is distributed by the United States Army to its personnel. (Photographs by Nancy Wegard for The New York Times)(pg. 15)

**Load-Date:** December 14, 2003

**End of Document**



[***The Man Behind Gingrich's Money - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:54V5-MSB1-DXY4-X1N3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 29, 2012 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2856 words

**Byline:** By MIKE McINTIRE and MICHAEL LUO; Reporting was contributed by Adam Nagourney from Las Vegas, Ethan Bronner and Isabel Kershner from Israel, and Keith Bradsher from Hong Kong.

**Body**

The trip to Jordan by a group of United States congressmen was supposed to be a chance for them to meet the newly crowned King Abdullah II. But their tour guide had a more complicated agenda.

The guide was Sheldon Adelson, a Las Vegas casino magnate who helped underwrite trips to the Middle East to win support for Israel in Congress. On this occasion in 1999, as the lawmakers enjoyed a reception at the Royal Palace in Amman, Mr. Adelson and an aide retreated to a private room with the king.

There, the king listened politely as Mr. Adelson sat on a sofa and paged through his proposal for a gambling resort on the Jordan-Israel border to be called the Red Sea Kingdom.

''This was shortly after his father, King Hussein, died, and he was grateful to me,'' Mr. Adelson explained later in court testimony, recalling that he had lent his plane when the ailing monarch sought treatment in the United States. ''So they remembered.''

The proposal never went anywhere -- Mr. Adelson later said he had feared that a Jewish-owned casino on Arab land ''would have been blown to smithereens.'' But his impromptu pitch to the Jordanian king highlights the boldness, if not audacity, that has propelled Mr. Adelson into the ranks of the world's richest men and transformed him into a powerful behind-the-scenes player in American and international politics.

Those qualities may also help explain why Mr. Adelson, 78, has decided to throw his wealth behind what had once seemed to be the unlikely presidential aspirations of Newt Gingrich. Now, in no small measure because of Mr. Adelson's deep pockets, Mr. Gingrich is locked in a struggle with Mitt Romney heading into Florida's Republican primary on Tuesday.

Mr. Adelson, by some estimates worth as much as $22 billion, presides over a global empire of casinos, hotels and convention centers whose centerpiece is the Venetian in Las Vegas, an exuberant monument to excess with canals, singing gondoliers and acres of slot machines. That fortune is a wellspring of financial support for Mr. Gingrich, who has benefited from $17 million in political contributions from Mr. Adelson and his wife, Miriam, in recent years, including $10 million in the last few weeks that went to a ''super PAC'' supporting him.

The question of what motivates Mr. Adelson's singular generosity toward the former House speaker has emerged front and center in the campaign. People who know him say his affinity for Mr. Gingrich stems from a devotion to Israel as well as loyalty to a friend. A fervent Zionist who opposes any territorial compromise to make way for a Palestinian state, Mr. Adelson has long been enamored of Mr. Gingrich's full-throated defense of Israel.

In December at an event in Israel for a charity he supports, Mr. Adelson made a point of endorsing Mr. Gingrich's assertion that the Palestinians have no historic claim to a homeland.

''Read the history of those who call themselves Palestinians and you will hear why Gingrich said recently that the Palestinians are an invented people,'' Mr. Adelson said at the event for Birthright Israel, which takes young Jews on trips there.

Mr. Adelson is hardly a household name. He avoids the limelight and rarely speaks to the press, remaining something of an enigma. He declined to be interviewed for this article, but he and his wife issued a statement saying friendship and loyalty are ''our motivation for helping Newt.''

Through interviews and a review of Mr. Adelson's testimony in legal disputes with former associates, a portrait emerges of a formidable and determined striver who lifted himself out of childhood penury in ***working-class*** Boston. He has a sentimental streak -- on one of his first trips to Israel, he wore the shoes of his late father, a cabdriver from Lithuania who was never able to visit there -- and he has given hundreds of millions of dollars to Jewish causes, medical research and injured veterans.

But his rise has not been without controversy. The Justice Department is investigating accusations by a former casino executive that Mr. Adelson's operations in Macao may have violated federal laws banning corrupt payments to foreign officials. Also, a Chinese businessman accused Mr. Adelson of reneging on an agreement to share profits from the Macao project.

Mr. Adelson also has a reputation for irascibility and has left a trail of angry former business associates. Even his two sons sued him at one point, accusing him of cheating them, though they lost. He filed a libel suit against a Las Vegas newspaper columnist, John L. Smith, who eventually had to declare bankruptcy, and he waged a bitter court battle with a former employee whom he accused of spreading lies about him.

Nevertheless, his concern for his image was apparent in a deposition he gave in a court case, which also hints at the risk for Mr. Gingrich in accepting so much financial help from Mr. Adelson.

Complaining that negative things said about him were winding up in news articles, Mr. Adelson said his charitable donations had ''been rejected a couple of times'' because of the bad publicity: ''Nobody ever says in such an article: 'Oh, he's a very nice guy. He helps old ladies across the street. He pets dogs behind the ears. He's a hugely charitable person. He gives away hundreds of millions of dollars.' ''

Early Ambition

Mr. Adelson likes to recount how his first business breakthrough came when, at age 12, he bought a newsstand in downtown Boston, eventually parlaying his earnings into a brief teenage career operating candy machines.

After high school, he had stints working as a mortgage banker, running a business packaging toiletries for hotels and operating a charter travel company. But he hit the jackpot with a computer trade show, Comdex, which he started in Las Vegas in 1979. Comdex became the signature annual event for the computer industry, attracting more than 200,000 visitors at its peak.

Jason Chudnofsky, who knew Mr. Adelson growing up in Dorchester, Mass., and became chief executive at Comdex, said his friend always had outsize ambition. He recalled Mr. Adelson's telling him decades ago that one day they would be ''talking to ministers'' and heads of state.

''He was thinking big even back then,'' Mr. Chudnofsky said.

Big thinking led Mr. Adelson to set his sights on a project that would transform both the Las Vegas casino trade and his own life in ways that seem to have surprised everybody but him.

In 1988, Mr. Adelson and his partners bought the historic Sands Hotel and Casino and built a convention center to accommodate their thriving trade show. Eight years later, after they sold Comdex for $862 million, Mr. Adelson used his profits on a risky new venture: tearing down the aging Sands and spending $1.5 billion to develop a lavish hotel and casino modeled after Venice.

Accepted wisdom had it that building both a hotel-casino and a convention center was a money loser. Mr. Adelson proved otherwise. As his reputation as a successful developer grew, he explored opportunities for overseas expansion. But his attempts to build a casino in Israel met resistance despite his connections, according to court records.

''I went to see the chief rabbi,'' Mr. Adelson testified in 2009 in a lawsuit he brought against a former employee. ''There was no chance the religious bodies were going to allow a casino in Israel.''

He turned his attention to Asia. China in 1999 reclaimed the former Portuguese colony of Macao, and a few years later ended a casino monopoly that had existed for many years. Mr. Adelson's company, the Las Vegas Sands Corporation, bid for one of the licenses offered by the Chinese and won, leading to the opening of the $240 million Macao Sands in 2004.

The resort was so successful that its first-year profits exceeded the cost of the project, according to industry analysts. Mr. Adelson, who was also building a casino in Singapore, was riding high. But with so much money on the line, disputes arose with former associates looking for a share of the profits.

He was sued by a Hong Kong businessman, Richard Suen, who said he had been promised a ''success fee'' for introducing Mr. Adelson and his team to Chinese officials. A jury awarded Mr. Suen $44 million, but the award was overturned on appeal and the case sent back for a retrial, which is still pending.

In his suit, Mr. Suen asserted that while visiting Beijing in 2001, Mr. Adelson had been asked to use his influence in Congress to derail a human rights resolution that Chinese officials feared could complicate their bid to host the Olympic Games. Mr. Adelson acknowledged calling several congressmen, including Tom DeLay, who was the House majority whip at the time, but he and Mr. DeLay denied undermining the bill, which died in committee.

Still, a Sands executive testified that he had relayed a message to the Chinese taking credit for it.

The most damaging accusations have been made by a former Sands executive, Steve Jacobs, who sued after being fired in 2010. He alleges that he was pressed to exert ''improper leverage'' with Macao government officials to get approvals needed by the company, which Sands officials have denied. His assertions are now the subject of the federal investigation.

Passion for Israel

When Mr. Adelson appeared at the Birthright event in December and spoke approvingly of Mr. Gingrich, he had earned his place on the stage by virtue of his donations to the organization -- more than $100 million in all.

He is also the single largest donor to Yad Vashem, Israel's Holocaust memorial and museum, with gifts totaling $50 million. Mr. Adelson's generosity to Jewish causes is especially striking given that for most of his life he was relatively uninvolved in that world.

Mr. Adelson's business partners in his early days at Comdex were all much more active in Jewish affairs. But friends say Mr. Adelson experienced something of an awakening after his first visit to Israel in 1988, when he was in his mid-50s.

''He fell in love with the country,'' said Ted Cutler, an early business partner.

This coincided with his divorce from his first wife, Sandra. Not long after his trip, he encountered a friend, Sara Aronson, at a Boston restaurant. Mr. Adelson talked excitedly of Israel and mentioned that he was interested in meeting Israeli women, Ms. Aronson recalled.

Ms. Aronson introduced him to her best friend, Dr. Miriam Ochshorn, a divorced physician from Israel in her 40s who was completing a fellowship in addiction medicine at Rockefeller University in New York. As it turned out, Mr. Adelson's two sons from his previous marriage both struggled with drugs. One would die in 2005.

After the couple married in 1991, Mr. Adelson's visits to Israel became so frequent that he told friends he was contemplating settling there. His increasing wealth gave him the means to make a lasting imprint on causes important to him and his wife, including the establishment of drug treatment centers in the United States and Israel.

He also became one of the biggest donors to the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, the powerful pro-Israel lobby, and joined its executive committee.

Friends point out that his staunch Zionist beliefs are consistent with his take-no-prisoners personality. They also said the views of his wife, who had lived through so much tumult in Israel, including the 1967 war, undoubtedly helped shape his.

Over time, Mr. Adelson made his conservative views felt not only within the committee, but also in Israel. He started a free daily newspaper in 2007, Israel Hayom, that is widely viewed as supportive of Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, a close friend who shares his hawkish outlook.

Ehud Olmert, who was prime minister from 2006 to 2009, got a taste of the newspaper's treatment of politicians who fall short of Mr. Adelson's expectations. He and Mr. Adelson had been friendly, he said, but grew distant after Mr. Olmert tried to negotiate a two-state solution with Mahmoud Abbas, the president of the Palestinian Authority.

''Once, after I was already prime minister, he asked to come see me with his wife, Miri,'' Mr. Olmert recalled in a telephone interview. ''He already had his newspaper, and every day it attacked me viciously.

''Toward the end of our meeting, I asked him, 'Aren't you ashamed of what your paper is doing to the prime minister?' '' Mr. Olmert said, referring to himself. ''He said, 'I don't read Hebrew.' And Miri said, 'I do, and I must tell you that we are very aggressive against him.' ''

Mr. Olmert added that he had heard from senior American officials that Mr. Adelson had advocated firing Condoleezza Rice as secretary of state and getting rid of Mr. Olmert because both were ''betraying Israel.''

Shared Conservatism

As Mr. Adelson was experiencing his awakening on Israel, Mr. Gingrich was ascending the Republican ranks. He was also endearing himself to stalwart supporters of Israel.

In early 1995, newly elected as speaker of the House, Mr. Gingrich caused a stir when he called for moving the United States Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. He later backed legislation endorsing the move. It was at a reception celebrating the measure that Mr. Gingrich first met Mr. Adelson, according to an associate of Mr. Adelson.

From then on, Mr. Adelson was among a cadre of pro-Israel advocates with whom Mr. Gingrich had regular interactions. The casino magnate also frequently lent his Gulfstream jet to Mr. Gingrich for cross-country trips, a former Gingrich adviser recalled.

Beyond Israel, the two men shared a conservative philosophy on matters important to Mr. Adelson's businesses, including limiting the ability of labor unions to deduct money from members' paychecks for political activities.

Mr. Gingrich also backed legislation sought by casino owners in 1998 to preserve tax deductions beneficial to the industry. That same year, Mr. Adelson hosted a Republican fund-raiser at one of his Las Vegas venues, headlined by Mr. Gingrich, and donated $300,000 to the party for the midterm elections.

Getting Involved

In 2006, when Mr. Gingrich began laying the groundwork for a possible run for the presidency, Mr. Adelson provided $1 million in seed money for his political committee, American Solutions for Winning the Future. Mr. Adelson donated an additional $2 million the next year; his contributions to the group have totaled more than $7 million.

During the 2008 election cycle, Mr. Adelson became recognized as a top-tier donor to the right and a moneyed villain to the left. He was the primary financier of a conservative nonprofit group, Freedom's Watch, which trumpeted plans to spend as much as $200 million on the presidential election. Those plans, however, fizzled as internal problems paralyzed the organization, with Mr. Adelson micromanaging the group's efforts, Republican operatives familiar with the organization said at the time. The group still spent about $30 million through early 2008, almost all of which came from Mr. Adelson, according to the operatives.

Today, the Venetian and the adjoining Sands Convention Center have become default destinations for Republican events in Las Vegas.

''I call it the Republican headquarters on the Strip,'' said Jon Ralston, the political columnist for The Las Vegas Sun.

The Venetian will also be the official headquarters hotel for Saturday's Nevada presidential caucuses. And in deference to observant Jews, the Clark County Republican Committee has scheduled a special caucus on Saturday night at the Adelson Educational Campus, a Jewish school financed by the Adelsons, six hours after the rest of the state is done caucusing.

When it came time to picking sides for this year's Republican presidential nomination, Mr. Adelson made clear to friends early on that if Mr. Gingrich decided to run, he would back him. When Mr. Gingrich's campaign faltered, friends who supported other candidates put pressure on Mr. Adelson to stay out of the race.

Nevertheless, Mr. Adelson made an initial $5 million contribution to Winning Our Future, a pro-Gingrich super PAC, before the South Carolina primary, which proved pivotal in Mr. Gingrich's victory there.

Fred Zeidman, a Texas energy executive active in Jewish and Republican circles, said he talked to Mr. Adelson early last week, before it became public that Mrs. Adelson, 66, had also donated $5 million to the super PAC. Mr. Adelson told his friend that he was going to give more money and seemed to signal that he was willing to keep it flowing.

''I think what he's trying to say is, 'Newt ain't going away, and I'm going to make sure of it,' '' Mr. Zeidman said.

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

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, an article last Sunday about the casino mogul Sheldon Adelson, a major financial supporter of Newt Gingrich's presidential campaign, referred incorrectly to testimony by an executive from Mr. Adelson's company, Las Vegas Sands Corporation. The executive testified that he himself relayed a message to the Chinese, taking credit for derailing a human rights resolution in Congress; the executive did not say that Mr. Adelson relayed the message.

**Correction-Date:** February 5, 2012

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Sheldon Adelson and his wife, Miriam, who is from Israel, have given $17 million in support of Newt Gingrich in recent years. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROSLAN RAHMAN/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE -- GETTY IMAGES) (A1)

MAKING A FORTUNE IN LAS VEGAS: Sheldon Adelson, right, showed a model of the Venetian, his Las Vegas hotel, to a visiting Russian official, Mikhail Shvydkoi, in 2000 (PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM MORRIS/LAS VEGAS SUN, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS)

DONATING MILLIONS IN ISRAEL: Mr. Adelson, left, met with President Shimon Peres of Israel after giving the charity Birthright Israel nearly $30 million in 2007. (PHOTOGRAPH BY GALI TIBBON/AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE -- GETTY IMAGES) (A14)

**Load-Date:** February 5, 2012

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[***Greenwich Feels Pain of Change***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X0W0-0024-J3N1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 12, 1993, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1214 words

**Byline:** By GEORGE JUDSON,

By GEORGE JUDSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** GREENWICH, Conn., April 9

**Body**

If the Disney people wanted to update Main Street, U.S.A., they might copy Greenwich Avenue, a broad, sloping street of historic storefronts where police officers, not traffic lights, direct cars through busy intersections.

D. W. Rogers, descended from a local general store, is a neighbor of F. W. Woolworth. Boswell's, Finch's and Grannick's pharmacies endure. But Victoria's Secret and Banana Republic are also neighbors, and each end of the avenue is now anchored by an office plaza.

Greenwich Avenue may already be a Disney-like illusion, in which the old and new seem to coexist peaceably. And its changing face is just part of the price that this wealthy Fairfield County community is paying for its transformation in the 1970's and 80's from small town to small city.

Now that the diaspora of corporations from Manhattan appears over, towns that welcomed their buildings and tax revenues are learning the true costs. In Greenwich, a looming property-tax increase has made clear that office buildings are not financial saviors. Too late, some residents are also concluding that the tax revenues are not worth the loss of harbor views, or the traffic congestion, or the opening of this serene community to the more harried world around it.

In a town that has long clung to a simpler image of itself than its population (58,400), wealth (per-capita income: $46,000) or better-known residents (Ivan Lendl, Ivana Trump, Tom Seaver) might suggest, second-guessing is common.

"I have the feeling that I'm sitting in a lawyer's office at the reading of a will, and everybody in the family is fighting about who got what and who didn't get what," said the First Selectman, John B. Margenot Jr.

The immediate cause of distress is a townwide revaluation of real estate, which Connecticut requires every 10 years for assessing property taxes. Ten years is a lifetime in real estate, so a revaluation can put a decade's changes in perspective with a jolt.

The revaluation found that houses had increased in value much more than offices, battered more by the recession. Commercial property now makes up 18.4 percent of the tax roll and pays $23 million in taxes; the revaluation reduces it to 12.0 percent and $15.5 million.

Homeowners will make up the difference. So while the taxes on the headquarters of U.S. Tobacco could fall 40 percent, to $261,800 from $442,755, taxes on small subdivision houses are to increase 20 to 30 percent, to around $2,500, from $2,000.

Many estates will see larger increases. On Field Point Circle on Long Island Sound, the increases range up to 100 percent, raising some taxes to more than $40,000 a year.

Compared with many towns, Greenwich will still have low taxes, despite a $160 million budget that supports excellent schools and amenities like 1,400 acres of parks and four beaches, including an island in Long Island Sound served by a municipal ferry. (Because more than 3,000 property owners challenged the new assessments, the town has delayed them until next year).

And Greenwich, while becoming home to American Can, U.S. Tobacco, Chesebrough-Pond's and other corporations, imposed building restrictions early, sending Xerox and other companies on to more willing Stamford.

The building boom ended here by 1980, and through the 80's the offices seemed to pay their way. The main cost, to many people, was the long lines of traffic caused by 20,000 commuters.

"I think most people are satisfied that we've maintained the scale of the town and limited large-scale development," said the town planner, James Sandy. "The residential property has become so valuable because we have maintained the scale."

The revaluation, however, has revived the 70's debates over allowing office development.

"The leaders of the town would say, 'This is a benefit, it will keep your tax rate low, they will not use any services, they will not use the school system, they will pay a fair share,' " recalled June Curley, a real-estate agent who has lived here since 1956.

"Nobody said to us that if they don't make the revenue they expect, you the taxpayer will have to pick up the slack," she said.

Many people regret the transformation of Greenwich over the last 10 years, when a community of nearly 60,000 people that felt like a small town suddenly, while losing population, started to feel like a small city.

Streets were widened, traffic lights installed, and yet traffic worsened. Local stores closed while national chains moved in. School enrollment dropped but the town budget swelled.

Mr. Margenot, whose family owns commercial property in Greenwich, says the corporations did help Greenwich keep its tax rate low, if only because the alternative -- more housing -- would have demanded more from the town's services and schools.

"Basically the town maintained the kind of life that we've always had," he said.

The shifting tax burden will cause pain; Greenwich has ***working-class*** families, a large middle class, retirees, and plenty of residents who are nervous about their jobs. Yet such tax shifts are common in revaluations, and have been even more extreme in poorer cities, like New Haven, and cities more dependent on commercial property, like Stamford.

Here, many people are looking at the revaluation as a warning that Greenwich must change even more, to preserve what it values most.

"Just like G.M. and I.B.M., the day of reckoning comes and somebody has to get serious about management," said George Schiele, the president of a taxpayers' group that is threatening a budget referendum.

That, however, might require remaking Greenwich's small-town government, which divides power among Mr. Margenot, an elected finance board, and a Representative Town Meeting with 230 elected members.

"I guess we do have to decide whether we're a town or a city," said Richard Stefani, the president of the Round Hill neighborhood association.

Mr. Stefani worries that higher taxes may prompt some residents to sell their extra acres to builders, filling in the fields and woodlots.

Ms. Curley worries that higher taxes will speed a trend toward younger families passing by Greenwich for New Canaan or Darien as they move up to larger houses. In their place, she sees more buyers from New York.

Others complain about the out-of-towners on Greenwich Avenue: both the shoppers taking parking spaces, and the stores like The Limited, The Gap and Polo Ralph Lauren that have replaced local merchants.

Parking is a headache, but many residents oppose building garages -- or tiered structures, as they are called here. Why, they ask, should Greenwich pay for city-like garages that will benefit national stores and shoppers from Westchester County?

But the new stores are helping to keep Greenwich Avenue alive while many downtowns die. They attract people who also spend money in the older local stores that define Greenwich for its own residents.

At D. W. Rogers, the clerks still hand-tie the bows on packages, carry bags out to customers' cars, and deliver pajamas to patients at Greenwich Hospital. "We get a lot of people who come out of the city on Saturday," said the owner, Terry Baxendale. "Maybe it's an alternative.

"Some people say, 'If we didn't have the chains, we would still be that quaint little town we were 20 years ago.' I don't necessarily buy that, because nothing remains the same."

**Graphic**

Photo: As Greenwich, Conn., has grown into a small city, it has retained much of its "Main Street, U.S.A." look, but many residents agree that more traffic and views blocked by new building are not worth new tax revenues. (David LaBianca for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 12, 1993

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[***Mayor's Arrest Hits Waterbury Harder Than Past Corruption***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43MR-XSF0-0109-T4RW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 1, 2001 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1522 words

**Byline:**  By CHARLIE LeDUFF and DAVID M. HERSZENHORN

**Dateline:** WATERBURY, Conn., July 31

**Body**

The people in this struggling blue-collar town in the hills of western Connecticut had come to accept it all: the empty city coffers, the boarded-up buildings, the magazine ratings as one of the worst places to live in America.

It is called the Brass City, but brass hasn't been made here in decades. Blocks away from City Hall and the picturesque town green, the old factories crumble like rotten teeth. The city is practically broke, its finances taken over in March by the state, despite local property taxes that are among the highest in Connecticut.

Then there is the corruption, more than half a century of it. Three mayors were arrested from the 1940's to the 1990's, and two of them went to prison.

The people of Waterbury thought things couldn't get worse. Until last Thursday, when Mayor Philip A. Giordano was arrested on federal charges that he had lured a child for sex.

The inferiority that residents suffer living in the shadow of Connecticut's affluence has devolved into almost unspeakable shame. Some even talk nostalgically about the bad old days of simple graft.

"Corruption, it's like a tradition," said Ken Harge, 42, a tile installer, who was standing in a long line at City Hall on Monday to pay his property taxes, which were recently raised to help keep the city afloat. "Money is one thing," he said, staring at his tax bill. "But little girls?"

A bail hearing scheduled for this afternoon in Federal District Court in Bridgeport was postponed until Friday. Mr. Giordano, a Republican who lost a long-shot bid to unseat Senator Joseph I. Lieberman last year, remained in custody at an undisclosed location. He been held without bail since his arrest last Thursday morning by federal agents in New Haven.

The president of the Waterbury Board of Alderman, Sam S. F. Caligiuri, is serving as interim mayor, and state politicians are calling for Mr. Giordano's resignation.

The particulars of the evidence, including excerpts of recorded telephone conversations that led to the mayor's arrest, remain sealed by a judge's order. Although the official charge is using interstate facilities to entice a child to engage in sexual activity, federal law enforcement officials have said they believe that Mr. Giordano engaged in "inappropriate sex" with children. They could not disclose the number, age or sex of the victims. If convicted, Mr. Giordano faces up to 10 years in jail and $250,000 in fines. The mother of one child has also been arrested, but officials say they cannot give details.

The beleaguered mayor, dressed in a navy blue suit and yellow tie, sat stoically through the proceedings today and said nothing.

"I know my husband's innocent," said his wife, Dawn Giordano, in the courtroom after the hearing. She asked the news media to keep away from her children and to stop showing their photographs.

Mr. Giordano's arrest on sex charges was an unexpected turn in a larger federal investigation into graft and mismanagement in Waterbury, which is drowning in the red ink of at least a $75 million budget deficit. The Internal Revenue Service has been involved in the case, but investigators have declined to discuss the agency's role. And after Mr. Giordano was taken into custody, agents from the F.B.I. and the I.R.S. removed dozens of boxes of records from city offices. Other city officials have received subpoenas.

Waterbury officials insist that the city is not inherently rotten, that at its core are good, hard-working people who have made unfortunate choices in the voting booth. Mr. Caligiuri, the acting mayor, said the city's form of government makes it vulnerable to mayoral malfeasance.

"Waterbury by charter places a huge amount of power in the hands of the chief executive," Mr. Caligiuri said. "It can also have a downside, and the downside is reduced accountability."

Things were supposed to be getting better for Waterbury. Gov. John G. Rowland, a Waterbury native who often calls his hometown the center of the universe, has drawn criticism from state legislators for directing state resources here.

Since Mr. Rowland became governor in 1994, a $17 million state office building has been constructed in the heart of downtown. The state's Department of Motor Vehicles has moved here from Hartford. And when George W. Bush made his first visit to Connecticut as president in April, Mr. Rowland made sure his first stop was at a Waterbury elementary school.

Over the years, Mr. Rowland has kept some distance from Mr. Giordano, 38, a young, brash Marine Corps veteran who completed law school in only two and a half years. When the mayor said he was interested in challenging Senator Lieberman, the popular Democrat, Mr. Rowland warned his fellow Republican not to bother. Mr. Giordano ran anyway last year and lost badly.

Mr. Giordano's Senate run may be the target of another federal inquiry. He was late filing fund-raising statements with the Federal Election Commission and he obtained an eyebrow-raising $300,000 loan from the Patriot National Bank in Stamford, where his father-in-law, Salvatore Trovato, is a director.

Last Thursday, Governor Rowland issued a statement forcefully urging Mr. Giordano to resign, saying it was "the right thing to do for the city and his family."

In an interview today, Mr. Rowland said he believed the city would survive this crisis as it had survived other tribulations. "There is a lot of loyalty in Waterbury," he said. "This city has always bounced back."

City Alderman John Sarlo has served during the tenure of the past three mayors, all of whom have been indicted. He stood on the steps of City Hall on Monday morning, admiring the turn-of-the-century architecture that embellishes the downtown, searching for the bright side, for something good to say about politics in Waterbury.

"We might elect crooked people," Mr. Sarlo said. "But one thing we do in Waterbury is find the guilty people and we convict them."

Waterbury's legacy of corruption goes back to the 1930's. The city's daily newspaper, The Waterbury Republican and American, won a Pulitzer Prize in 1940 for exposes on corruption that led to the indictment and conviction of Mayor T. Frank Hayes and other city officials.

Edward D. Bergin, a Democrat who served as mayor from 1976 until 1986 and again from 1992 to 1996, was acquitted in 1991 of state bribery charges that were brought against him during his first stint in office.

In 1991, Mayor Joseph J. Santopietro was indicted on charges related to a bribery and kickback scheme. He was convicted and sentenced to nine years in prison, and has since been released.

"This town is rotten, and you're embarrassed to tell people you're from here," said Christopher Rhodes, a self-employed man who sat in the North Main Barber Shop.

He laughed at his city and added, "The only thing I've seen the mayors do around here for the last 24 years is get arrested."

Even with all its troubles, Waterbury is, at its heart, a ***working-class*** town, with tight-knit ethnic neighborhoods and even a smattering of wealth among the poverty. It is an odd mix of brown fields and city parks, ghettoes and a country club, construction pits and horse paddocks. The first brass in America was rolled here by Abel Porter & Company in 1802, and the city on the Naugatuck River was off and moving. Clocks were produced here, as were shell casings and piping. It came to be known as the Brass City and it boomed until the mid-1970's.

But even the inscription in marble above the City Hall entrance has it wrong. "Quid Aere Perennius," it reads. Translated: "What is more lasting than bronze?"

Certainly not brass. The big three employers, the brass-making monoliths American Brass, Chase Brass & Copper Company, and Scovill Manufacturing, all closed their doors and left a hole where good-paying jobs once were. Those jobs that have yet to be replaced.

"It was a booming town," said Frank McCuster, 71, who was pouring drinks at the V.F.W. Hall in the Brooklyn Valley section of Waterbury on Monday afternoon. Mr. McCuster worked as a machinist in the old brass factories and retired from a battery company that has since relocated in North Carolina. "We made clocks, buttons, pipes, everything," he said. "Then it dried up. Moved away. It's just a dying town now a real fish out of water."

It is an aging town. Many homes are for sale, and the young people are moving to places where there are more than service jobs, Mr. McCuster said. Taxes are so high that businesses continue to close or move away, and residents register their vehicles in nearby towns with lower tax rates.

"We get no respect," Mr. McCuster said. "We don't get on the news except for corruption and pedophilia. And I can't say we deserve it."

Connecticut radio and television stations don't usually mention Waterbury on their weather reports. They give the temperatures of the four biggest cities -- Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport, Stamford -- and then Danbury. But Danbury, with a population of 75,000, isn't the fifth-largest city. Waterbury is, with 107,000 people.

"I tell people a lot of things about Waterbury," said one of Mr. McCuster's patrons. "But I don't tell them I'm from here."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mayor Philip A. Giordano faces federal charges that he lured a child for sex. (George Ruhe for The New York Times)(pg. B1) Map of Connecticut highlighting Waterbury: Waterbury, Connecticut's fifth-largest city, is often overlooked. (pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** August 1, 2001

**End of Document**



[***WINE TALK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-C940-0007-J41K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 16, 1985, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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

**Length:** 1051 words

**Byline:** By Frank J. Prial

**Body**

DON'T look back, Robert Mondavi, Joe Zakon may be gaining on you. Joe Zakon? Yes, Joe Zakon, Crown Heights' pre-eminent commercial wine maker. He is also Crown Heights' only commercial wine maker, but pre-eminent sounds better.

Crown Heights is a ***working-class*** Brooklyn neighborhood not known for its vineyards. But it is populated heavily by Orthodox Jews who, while they are not particularly known as connoisseurs of the grape, are very definitely drinkers of wine.

Article on Joe Zakon, only commercial wine maker in Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, who started making wine to find something that tasted better than the kosher wine he was always drunk in observance of Jewish holidays and sabbath; photo (M)

Wine and Jewish tradition are inextricable. Jews have always consumed wine as part of their religious rites, both at home and in the temple. Since Orthodox Jews observe their religious rituals more often than others, it stands to reason that they consume more of what has come to be known as sacramental or kosher wine.

Mr. Zakon hopes one day to supply a lot of it. ''Do you realize,'' he says with a note of awe in his voice, ''that my synagogue alone goes through five cases of wine on a Saturday for kiddush, just with people coming in and out? And that the same thing is going on all over Brooklyn?''

Mr. Zakon worships at the United Lubavitcher Yeshivoth on Eastern Parkway, a few blocks from his home on Montgomery Street. Growing up in an Orthodox Jewish family, he was exposed to wine at an early age. ''We had wine at our own family kiddush every Saturday,'' he said. ''You can't believe how awful that stuff is. Every week I got sick.

''I decided when I was just a kid'' - he is 27 now - ''that there had to be something better than that sweet concord wine. I could't find it. So I went to the public library in Manhattan and read everything they had on wine. I was going to make my own. I did, and it was a total disaster.'' But not for long.

That was in 1977. At 19, he was discouraged but not defeated. In 1978 he bought California grapes - zinfandel, ruby cabernet and barbera - enough for 150 gallons of wine. ''It was better,'' he said. ''I was beginning to get the hang of it.''

In those days, Mr. Zakon made his wine in the basement of the house on Montgomery Street where he still lives with his parents. He keeps a small makeshift laboratory at home, as well as a tiny, cluttered office. His winery, considerably expanded and known as Crown Regal Cellars, is now in a warehouse on East New York Avenue.

The turning point came in 1979. He drove up to the Finger Lakes and came back with seyval blanc and concord grapes. ''The concord is my bread and butter, my cash flow,'' he said, ''but my concord is good stuff, not junk.'' The seyval blanc is a white hybrid, bred to combine American hardiness with European finesse. ''One expert told me he thought I'd given him a California chardonnay,'' Mr. Zakon said proudly.

That year, he said, ''I went to work for the Navy in Brooklyn as a statistical clerk, but when they moved to Staten Island two years later I saw it as a message - I decided to make wine full time.''

After a mildly disastrous vintage in 1980 - he said his supplier sent him a load of not-so-fresh Marechal Foch, a red hybrid grape - Mr. Zakon hit his stride in 1981. He made 700 cases: De Chaunac, another red hybrid grape from the Finger Lakes; concord, and something he called Mellow Red, a blend of cabernet sauvignon from Long Island and a dash of concord.

''The concord was gone in no time - 400 cases of it,'' he said. In 1982, he made some 700 cases of concord and in 1983, almost 1,000. ''It's incredible,'' he said, ''there is actually a black market here in Crown Heights for my concord wine. At $3 or $3.50 it sells right out. But some guys who still have it sell it for twice that.''

With sweet concord kosher wine paying the bills, Mr. Zakon has been able to branch out. His biggest hit last year was his chardonnay, made from eastern Long Island grapes. ''It's on the wine list at the River Cafe,'' he said, ''and I may get the Water Club and, who knows, Elaine's.''

Crown Regal De Chaunac is in the wine cellar at the Governor's Mansion in Albany but, alas, not on New York Air flights. ''It kills me,'' Mr. Zakon said. ''They wanted 400 cases and I had none left.'' There won't be any De Chaunac this year; early frosts damaged those grapes upstate.

Crown Regal Cellars is a grandiose name for the drab warehouse where the wine is made, and perhaps for the wines themselves, which have a considerable way to go before they offer significant competition for the great wines of Europe and California. But Mr. Zakon's ideas are in keeping with the name. He is negotiating to acquire space under the Manhattan supports for the Brooklyn Bridge. ''It would be more than a winery,'' he said. ''It would be a showcase for New York State wines. It would be a major tourist attraction. It could also be a retail outlet.''

This year, there will be no chardonnay. Mr. Zakon was unable to buy any on Long Island at a reasonable price. He will make some Johannisberg riesling from Long Island grapes. ''Someday I will have my own vineyard out there,'' he said, ''and I'll have my own source of supply.''

The dry concord is Joe Zakon's vision of the future, or at least the future for fans of kosher concord wine. He hopes that congregations all over the borough will turn their backs on the sticky, sweet, grapy wine of their forebears and take into their midst Crown Regal dry concord, a practically sugarless variation of his regular concord. The grapy taste is there, but the wine is dry and better balanced. ''It'll take some getting used too,'' he acknowledges, ''but, well, you never know - it may sell.''

Mr. Zakon is planning a label that shows the Brooklyn Bridge, and he would like to do a label honoring his Lubavitcher congregation, at 770 Eastern Parkway. ''I don't know which wine it will be,'' he said, ''maybe the dry concord. I will call it just '770.' ''

He is also thinking of jettisoning the name Crown Regal Cellars. ''I named it after the neighborhood,'' he said, ''but people say it sounds too much like a whisky.''

If he gets rid of Crown Regal, he may have to change his car. His license plate is KESSER, a transliteration of the Hebrew for ''crown.''

**Graphic**

photo of Joe Zakon

**End of Document**



[***Taiwanese Group Prepares to Meet God -- in Texas***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S52-B7F0-007F-G3N9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 4, 1998, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1359 words

**Byline:** By SAM HOWE VERHOVEK

By SAM HOWE VERHOVEK

**Dateline:** GARLAND, Tex.

**Body**

The members of God's Salvation Church started moving in last summer. They have bought at least 30 houses, all with cash and all within a two-and-a-half-mile radius. At least 150 followers have arrived from Taiwan, with more on their way.

They dress almost completely in white, including white sneakers and white straw cowboy hats. Their leader, Heng-ming Chen, whom they call Teacher Chen, says he talks to God through his hand and discerns godly wisdom from golden balls that he sees floating in the sky.

But what has really attracted the neighbors' attention here is the bold pronouncement in Teacher Chen's long guide to his religion, entitled "God's Descending in Clouds (Flying Saucers) on Earth to Save People." On page 176, he promises: "At 10 A.M. on March 31, 1998, God shall make His appearance in the Holy Land of the Kingdom of God: 3513 Ridgedale Dr., Garland, TX. 75041 U.S.A." He concludes: "I guarantee this on my life."

The modest, split-level, beige-brick home at 3513 Ridgedale Drive is the home of Teacher Chen, a 42-year-old former social-science professor who says he fathered Christ nearly 2,000 years ago and whose group includes two boys, Chi-Jen Lo and Che-Yu Chiang, whom he describes as the reincarnations of Jesus and Buddha.

Here in Garland, a ***working-class*** city of about 200,000 people just northeast of Dallas, the arrival of this religious group has been greeted with some wariness, but mostly bemusement.

"They told me that Garland is God's land, and I thought, 'Well, O.K., to each his own,' " said Bonnie Nichols, who lives three doors down from Mr. Chen. Her husband, Carl, said: "They all seem nice enough. They're quiet. They keep their yards up and everything."

But back in Taiwan, where Mr. Chen's followers generally sold everything they owned before coming here, the group's gathering in Texas has been major news. It has set off a wave of concern from distraught relatives who describe Mr. Chen as a cult leader who has both swindled and brainwashed the members into paying him their life savings for the privilege of taking a ride on a flying saucer to heaven.

Even more alarmingly, there have been recurring rumors that the group plans to commit mass suicide if God does not arrive on schedule here on March 31.

Teacher Chen, in an interview in front of his home, denied that his group, which includes several former professors and engineers, has any suicidal tendencies.

"That is absolutely impossible," he said through his interpreter, Richard Liu, as the boy whom Mr. Chen describes as the reincarnation of Jesus, 10-year-old Chi-Jen Lo, stood a few steps away, drinking Mountain Dew soda and nibbling on raisins. "Our principle is respect for all life, including human life, and no one has the right to take a life."

At the same time, though, Mr. Chen says he will surrender his fate to his followers if his prophecies prove untrue. "He is willing to be executed, stoned to death, put on a cross," Mr. Liu said. "It doesn't matter."

In Taiwan, the group is known as the most controversial outgrowth of a booming national interest in unidentified flying objects. Numerous associations and quasi-religious organizations that track sightings or predict arrivals of U.F.O.'s have cropped up around the island.

Mr. Chen's group, whose Chinese characters are best translated as "God Saves the Earth Flying Saucer Association," started its first American chapter in San Dimas, Calif., in 1995. It moved to Texas in 1997 after the leader said he received a prophecy from God instructing him to move to the suburbs of Dallas. If you say it fast, Mr. Chen tells curious visitors, "Garland sounds just like 'God's Land.' "

In most cases, intact families have joined the group, although in late 1997 sheriff's deputies in Los Angeles County retrieved a 16-year-old girl, Nan-Hua Chiang, after her mother in California expressed fears that she was joining a dangerous pilgrimage with the group to Texas.

No one knows whether Mr. Chen's group may be an Asian version of Heaven's Gate, the group that committed mass suicide last March in a suburban house near San Diego in an effort to rendezvous with the Hale-Bopp Comet, or whether members simply subscribe to an unusual set of beliefs and will simply accept the development if God does not appear here on March 31.

Taiwanese officials in Texas, who say they are monitoring the group, play down its prospects for self-harm, noting that most group members have temporary United States visas and bought round-trip tickets to come here.

"They're just average people, just following their leader," said Chi-Chia Chen, assistant to the director general of Taiwan's Economic and Cultural Office in Houston, the equivalent of a consulate. "Their leader claims God will show on March 31 and will send a flying saucer to pick them up. If God doesn't show, then he says his followers can pack and go back to normal life in Taiwan."

Perhaps, but if interviews with Teacher Chen and several followers here are a reliable guide to their deepest beliefs, none would seem to have any intention of returning to Taiwan or any place else in Asia, even though many of their visas for stays in this country are scheduled to expire this spring.

Pointing to the ground in front of Teacher Chen's house, Ching-Hung Chiang, a follower, said: "This is where God is going to come. This is where God is going to be."

Mr. Chiang and many other followers were friendly and seemed open about sharing their views with a reporter.

Asia is headed for nuclear annihilation in 1999, Mr. Chen predicts, and recent events there -- the economic crisis, enormous fires in Indonesia -- are but a small prelude to the apocalyptic disaster (he calls it the Great Tribulation) in store for the whole continent.

According to his timetable, on March 25, God will make an announcement of His arrival, which can be seen by tuning into Channel 18 on any television set in the world. Then, on March 31, God will suddenly appear at the suburban house here, taking the human form of Mr. Chen.

At that time, there will appear to be two Mr. Chens, but the one who is God will be instantly recognizable because He will be able to walk through walls, converse in any language and clone Himself to simultaneously shake hands with everyone who comes to 3513 Ridgedale Drive.

Then, in exactly one year, from a primary rendezvous point on the shores of Lake Michigan in Gary, Ind., the select few will travel on flying saucers, possibly first to Mars, and eventually to heaven.

Mr. Chen and his followers caused a stir in January when they traveled to Gary and, in the shadow of the huge USX steel plant there, conducted a "purification ceremony" in the 37-degree waters of the lake with rice, fruit and ceramic dragons.

The group spent a few weeks last summer in British Columbia searching for a man whom Mr. Chen describes as the "Jesus of the West" (the boy Chi-Jen Lo is the Jesus of the East). The group could not find the man who, according to the prophecies Mr. Chen says he has received, is 28 years old, about 6 feet tall and looks like Abraham Lincoln.

The group here does not lack for money, and its members spend most of their time in rituals and study; none seemed to hold jobs.

Walt Hsu, marketing manager for a local bank here and a board director of the Garland Chamber of Commerce, said that many members had sold homes for more than $500,000 in Taiwan, bought houses here for an average of about $70,000, and deposited the rest in local bank accounts.

Just how much control Mr. Chen has over all the money is unclear. But in Taipei, City Councilor Hui-chu Chin said in December that she had received 16 letters from family members of Mr. Chen's followers, seeking assistance in getting the members back to Taiwan and in recovering their assets, according to the Central News Agency of Taiwan.

For now, the group continues to travel periodically to Gary and other places it considers holy.

In the main, the group simply awaits the coming of God, an event for which nonplused Garland officials are also preparing. "Our job, come March 31 at 10 A.M., will be crowd control and media access," said Officer J. D. Bettes, a Garland police spokesman.

**Graphic**

Photos: Heng-ming Chen, the leader of a Taiwanese religious group, prayed through his hand last week in front of his modest house in Garland, Tex. Ching-Hung Chiang, left, a religious group member, with Chi-Jen Lo, described as the reincarnation of Jesus, and Richard Liu, an interpreter. (Photographs by Mark Graham for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 4, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Phenom Director Goes to War - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S44-GR90-TW8F-G19Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 23, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 2012 words

**Byline:** By KATRINA ONSTAD

**Dateline:** TORONTO

**Body**

KIMBERLY PEIRCE talked at double speed and walked faster, cutting through a hotel lobby during an interview, huge strides belying her tiny stature. And yet, while she appeared to be trailed by those little horizontal stripes that indicate a cartoon character's speediness, Ms. Peirce is slow at something: making movies. It has taken her nine years to follow up her much lauded feature debut, ''Boys Don't Cry.''

''Yes, I should have made a movie sooner,'' she said with a deep laugh. ''Yes, I should be a lot richer than I am. Mea culpa.''

After almost a decade in the Hollywood wilderness trying to find a project that would equal her first film, Ms. Peirce earned just a single directorial credit, for an episode of the television series ''The L Word.'' Now 40, she has a new film called ''Stop-Loss,'' opening Friday, about American soldiers who have served in Iraq. Since November she's been promoting the movie on an extended road trip to colleges and theaters, hoping to generate buzz for a subject that has yet to seduce audiences, as producers of ''In the Valley of Elah'' and ''Redacted,'' among others, can attest.

''Stop-Loss'' stars Ryan Phillippe as Sgt. Brandon King, a golden boy from small-town Texas who returns home after two tours of duty in Iraq, ready to begin civilian life. But after a hero's welcome and a Main Street parade, he receives orders to go back.

He is a victim of a stop-loss, the controversial practice that allows the military to retain soldiers who have already fulfilled their terms of service. Sometimes referred to as a back-door draft, stop-loss is a result of a loophole in the contract soldiers sign upon enlisting that permits ''involuntary extensions'' in the event of a threat to national security.

Ms. Peirce learned about the little-reported practice from her half brother Brett, who joined the Army at 18, immediately following the Sept. 11 attacks. Speaking of her brother with palpable pride (and straightening her back when saying his name), Ms. Peirce recalled that during his tour in Iraq she would often wake in the night to beeping instant messages from him. When she would ask what he was doing, he'd type back: ''You know, the usual: kidnapping, razing houses, stuff like that.'' Ms. Peirce never knew how literally to take those missives.

By 2005 Ms. Peirce was working on a script about American soldiers, using the title ''AWOL,'' but when her brother told her about friends being sent back for third, fourth and fifth tours of duty, her vision for the project changed.

''We had been struggling because every time we went down the road with a soldier who was like, 'I'm against the war, I don't want to fight,' something died in the script. Whereas if we could stay with a soldier who was severely patriotic and then had a change of heart, but was still conflicted, it was much more interesting,'' she said. ''It's a very different debate than the people who don't want to fight at all.''

In ''Stop-Loss,'' Sergeant King, who has seen friends killed and maimed under his command, goes AWOL. He hits the road for Washington, accompanied by his best friend's girlfriend, Michele (played by Abbie Cornish, to whom Mr. Phillippe has been romantically linked in real life). Her fiance, Steve (Channing Tatum), has returned with a case of post-traumatic stress disorder so severe that he digs a foxhole in his front yard. The film repeatedly circles back to the damaged soldiers' rescuing of one another, in battle and at home.

''When I talked to a wounded soldier who lost his limbs and still wants to go back, he told me, 'It's not the war, it's the men,' '' said Ms. Peirce. ''That blew my mind. There's this huge desire for camaraderie and male bonding.''

That quest for intimacy is the only obvious link between ''Stop-Loss'' and ''Boys Don't Cry,'' a love story based on the real life of Brandon Teena, a Nebraska woman living as a man who was raped and murdered in a grisly betrayal. A short version of Teena's story was Ms. Peirce's film school graduate thesis at Columbia in 1995. By the time she completed the feature in 1999, she had been researching Teena for five years. That indie, shot on a shoestring budget of $2 million, gobbled critical awards and turned Hilary Swank from a ''Beverly Hills, 90210'' bit player into an Academy Award-winner. It also propelled Ms. Peirce out of obscurity and into a realm of unmanageable expectations.

''I had given everything to that movie,'' Ms. Peirce said. ''I was exhausted, and I got offered millions of dollars, many different movies. But it's like starting to run before you're ready to run. You're still the same. You're looking for emotional truth in your directing, but you're dealing with 20 times more people, 20 times more money. People are looking at every stage of your process. How did I make 'Boys'? Well, I picked up a camera and just went and did it.''

Ms. Peirce's first tangle with the complexities of success was ''Silent Star,'' a screenplay based on a piece of Hollywood lore about the unsolved 1922 murder of the actor and writer William Desmond Taylor. In 2001 she took the story to DreamWorks and began as a co-writer of the script. Two years later Evan Rachel Wood and Annette Bening had signed on to act in the film, but the deal with DreamWorks fell apart over budget issues, Ms. Peirce said.

Several other projects slipped away too: Ms. Peirce met with Dave Eggers three times in 2002 to discuss adapting his memoir ''A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius,'' but it never got off the ground; for a while she entertained the idea of directing ''Memoirs of a Geisha,'' but no deal was struck.

''There was a sense of deep, deep longing before 'Stop-Loss,' '' she said. '' 'Boys' set the bar very high artistically for me. I wanted to be that much in love with my next character. I wanted to feel it was taking over my whole life. I was lonely when I wasn't able to work on a movie at that level again.''

Though Ms. Peirce is a forceful, locking-eyes kind of listener and talker, she is also conscientiously private. For all the good will she garnered in gay circles after ''Boys Don't Cry,'' Ms. Peirce demurs on the subject of her own sexuality, saying only that her partner is going to be a professor of gender sociology and Turkish literature in California.

Born to teenage parents in Harrisburg, Pa., in 1967, Ms. Peirce said she got an early taste for the drama of youth. Her parents ''were very young and beautiful, and even though they were ***working class***, their charisma and their good looks, as they always do, elevated them in a certain way,'' she said. ''I think that obviously plays into my desire to work with actors and tell stories, because I keep telling the story of beautiful, charismatic young kids who keep getting in difficult situations.''

Her parents' split led to a peripatetic upbringing that took her to Pennsylvania, New York, Puerto Rico and finally Miami. After stints in Chicago and Japan, where she began to experiment with cameras and film, Ms. Peirce settled in as a student in New York, where she stayed for 15 years. Last year she moved to a small house on the water in Malibu, Calif., but is quick to add: ''I'm still a New Yorker. I feel like a New Yorker.''

Wanting to make sense out of 9/11 Ms. Peirce began traveling the country in 2003, interviewing military men and women and recording homecoming parades for a potential documentary about soldiers from sign-up to return. Then when her brother returned home on leave, he brought reams of video made by soldiers, often with cameras mounted on guns or Humvees, shot mostly for posting online. Some were romantic homages to patriotism backed by Toby Keith songs, others pure gore, with bodies piling up and heads splitting open, set to rap and heavy metal.

''I have to admit I would get adrenalized watching,'' said Ms. Peirce. ''We've never gotten this close to the soldier experience before. We're literally seeing it, feeling, hearing it, and they're cutting it, so they're seeing their fantasy of themselves. I just knew a movie had to be born from that kind of representation.''

So she abandoned the documentary and decided to write a fictional version inspired by her research, and to do so while bypassing the studio system as long as possible by writing on spec, a task for which she enlisted Mark Richard.

The two first met in 2005, when Ms. Peirce was thinking about adapting Mr. Richard's novel ''The Ice at the Bottom of the World.'' The project didn't pan out, but Ms. Peirce and Mr. Richard hit it off, and she called him when she had finally made the decision to turn her documentary into a feature. He had been working on his own film about the Korean War, and they agreed to try to merge the projects.

After weeks of working together on weekends and evenings Mr. Richard quit his job as a producer on the television series ''Huff'' and temporarily left his wife and two children to move into Ms. Peirce's house, sleeping on an inflatable mattress and enjoying war-movie marathons with his host.

Within 10 weeks they wrote a draft and sold it to Paramount, an unusually fast process. But they were massaging the script right up to, and during, filming in Texas. Mr. Richard estimates they did 65 drafts, moving toward a political balance that should satisfy red and blue states.

''I'm this Southern conservative, she's this incredibly intense liberal, but I think by the end of the process, the scales had fallen off both our eyes,'' Mr. Richard said. ''I've always respected soldiers' sense of honor, duty, service to the country. Stop-loss abuses the faith of these guys. You can't keep sending them back and chewing them up.''

The film doesn't shy away from the story's visceral horror, showing one hospitalized soldier's burns and stumps in lengthy close-up. A drawn-out raid in a housing complex in Iraq is ear-shatteringly loud and look-away bloody.

''We shot the sequence in Morocco during Ramadan, which made me uncomfortable,'' Mr. Phillippe said in an e-mail message. ''We were storming real homes and real neighborhoods, and at times I felt like a monster.''

But for Ms. Peirce the violence was imperative: ''You put it in because you want to implicate the audience. If you don't, it's not morally complicated enough.''

Most of the scenes set in Iraq are presented as a soldier's home video: short clips of guys hanging out in the macho haze of the war zone. Violence explodes at their eye level, set to a testosterone thump and song lyrics with phrases like ''Let the bodies hit the floor.'' But -- and perhaps this will work to Ms. Peirce's advantage at the box office -- such footage is ancillary to the larger story that unrolls at home. Despite its experimental flair, ''Stop-Loss'' is a portrait of a soldier.

''The idea of this one guy, this troubled patriot, just kept coming back to me,'' Ms. Peirce said.

The film's Web site has generated hundreds of postings on the subject, and MTV, which is presenting the movie, has been promoting it heavily on television and elsewhere.

In the end, for all her efforts to open up a discourse on stop-loss and Iraq, it appears as if the movie is being sold as a flick for teenagers, complete with a poster of good-looking young people shown sullen and sexy on the hood of a car. Ms. Peirce sees this rock 'n' roll treatment as a perfectly fine response to the nagging question: How do you sell a movie about Iraq?

''This war is a very young experience, and our film speaks absolutely to youth,'' she said. ''No one else is giving these guys a voice.''

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

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, an article about a filmmaker on the cover of the Arts & Leisure section this weekend misspelled her surname in some instances. She is Kimberly Peirce, not Pierce.

**Correction-Date:** March 23, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Kimberly Peirce and Ryan Phillippe on the set of ''Stop-Loss.'' Ms. Peirce directed the new film and wrote the script with Mark Richard. (PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCOIS DUHAMEL/PARAMOUNT PICTURES) (pg. AR1)

Kimberly Peirce, with headphones, and part of her cast and crew on the set of ''Stop-Loss.'' The film opens Friday. (PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK MASI/PARAMOUNT PICTURES)(pg. AR15)

From top, a scene in ''Stop-Loss''

one from ''Boys Don't Cry''

from left, Chloe Sevigny, Ms. Peirce and Hilary Swank at the Venice Film Festival in 1999. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK MASI/PARAMOUNT PICTURES

BILL MATLOCK/SEARCHLIGHT PICTURES

AGENCE FRANCE-PRESSE) (pg. AR15)

**Load-Date:** March 23, 2008

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[***When You Got It, Flaunt It***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B2S-HXY0-01KN-23DW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 23, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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

**Length:** 1628 words

**Byline:**  By FRANK RICH

**Body**

IF it's sex you're looking for, America's two most widely viewed porn videos of the year, starring Paris Hilton and L. Dennis Kozlowski, are nothing if not limp. Ms. Hilton's unimaginative exhibition, stillplaying on an Internet site near you, is as darkly lighted as a faded stag reel from the silent era. The hot parts of Mr. Kozlowski's $2 million toga party in Sardinia --so risible they were edited out of the version shown to jurors at his fraud trial -- include a guest "mooning" the camera, an ice sculpture of Michelangelo's "David" urinating Stoli, and a life-size woman-shaped cake with sparklers protruding from her breasts. Low camp hasn't had this high a budget since Bob Guccione made his movie of "Caligula."

But of course we want to see these videos anyway. Their real pull has to do with capital, not carnality. Money remains the last guilty pleasure in America. The obscenely rich engaging in conspicuous consumption or conspicuously idiotic behavior is the only excess that hasn't lost its power to amuse, titillate and shock. People watch Paris Hilton make a fool of herself because she's an heir to the $300 million Hilton hotel fortune, not because her wares top the thousands of competitors in this country's overstocked erotic supermarket. We watch Mr. Kozlowski's bacchanal not because we want to see his parade of go-go boys in Speedos but because he has been charged with helping loot Tyco of more money than the Hiltons may possess. It's more fun to watch someone caught in the act of being rich than caught having sex. Could Koz, as he's known in the tabs, possibly top that $6,000 shower curtain, that $15,000 umbrella stand? His bash -- a San Simeon reverie as it might have been juiced up by Siegfried and Roy -- did exactly that.

Our conflicted attitude about money, old and new, runs deep. There is nothing more American than piling up wealth, and yet nothing more un-American than showing it off. "When you got it, flaunt it!" roars Max Bialystock in "The Producers." But when you advertise your riches in America, you are setting yourself up as a clown. MTV's new reality show "Rich Girls" and Fox's coming Paris Hilton series, "The Simple Life," both bank on the premise that there's a large audience that wants a bigger helping of what Mr. Kozlowski and Ms. Hilton have teased us with this fall: the unexpurgated spectacle of the filthy rich behaving like pigs.

In keeping with the general hypocrisy about the upper class, these shows have already whipped up some moral outrage. In "Rich Girls," Ally Hilfiger, daughter of Tommy, and a less attractive sidekick are shown doing "damage" in Prada and expressing their patronizing concern for plebian New Yorkers, notably Prada salespeople and "garbage men." In "The Simple Life," which has its premiere on Dec. 2, Ms. Hilton and her own less attractive sidekick are airlifted from 90210 to the Ozarks for a monthlong live-in with a farm family. The gags fly when they pluck chickens, drive a pick-up and tease locals who don't know the term "threeway."

Coarse? Usually. Silly? Always. But the zeal with which all four rich girls throw themselves into their shows may be some kind of breakthrough -- a step toward candor in our national nonconversation about wealth. They are not pretending to be what they're not. They've got it, God knows, and no one's going to stop them from flaunting it. This guilt-free hedonism is a refreshing break from the norm in our post-bubble culture, where faux populism has become de rigueur among the wealthy in the public eye. We are awash in ambitious rich people, from the political arena on down, who play up their humble roots and down-home habits, however few or fictional in reality, to sell us products or themselves.

This phenomenon was typified by Martha Stewart asshe tried to salvage her image and business in an interview with Barbara Walters two weeks ago. The doyenne of East Hampton and, until last year, the New York Stock Exchange is now repositioning herself as a direct descendant of Ma Kettle, if not Ma Joad. We were reminded that her maiden name is Polish and that she grew up without "a silver spoon in her mouth" in a "***working-class*** town" (Nutley, N.J.) where her household had six kids and one bathroom. Soon came the tender tableau of the present-day Ms. Stewart rising at dawn to feed her chickens. Ms. Stewart seemed unaware that she was coming off as Marie Antoinette -- a humorless contrast to Ms. Hilton, who on "The Simple Life" treats her similar encounters with livestock as a joke and knows that she's the punch line. Ms. Stewart also reminisced about riding up Madison Avenue on that celebratory day in 1999 when she rang the bell to open the stock exchange. "I could actually buy pretty much anything in these shops," she remembered thinking. "But I didn't." Had she owned up to doing damage at Prada, or even Barneys, she might not have inspired laughter when reassuring us that the money saved on that ImClone trade amounted to a mere ".006 percent" of her net worth.

The perfect bookend to Ms. Stewart is Bill O'Reilly, another fabulously wealthy American entertainer who has burnished his humble roots to flog his product line. In his first book he wrote that he had grown up in lower middle-class Levittown, N.Y. -- only to be corrected by Newsday, which reported that Mr. No Spin Zone grew up in Westbury, a middle-class suburb near Levittown. Mr. O'Reilly went ballistic over being stripped of his blue collar. He defends his original poor-mouthing by saying that his family's house was built by Levitt and that his parents lived so modestly that they had to buy used cars. It's touching, really.

But Ms. Stewart and Mr. O'Reilly only aspire to hustle their omnimedia. When this kind of posturing comes from politicians vying for our vote in an election year, it's harder to laugh. At a minimum it makes one nostalgic for the day when Roosevelts and Kennedys didn't pretend to be anything other than the fat cats they were.

The reigning bogus good ole boy in public life remains our blue-blood president, an heir to large and aristocratic American fortunes on both the Bush and Walker sides of his family. Unlike his father, he is not about to be caught asking for "a splash more coffee." On the eve of his visit to London this week, he hit a characteristically phony note when he told an interviewer, "I never dreamt when I was living in Midland, Texas, that I would be staying in Buckingham Palace." Mr. Bush, who was born in New Haven, lived in Midland until only the age of 15 before moving on to such hick venues as Andover, Yale and Harvard when not vacationing in family compounds in Kennebunkport, Me., or Jupiter Island, a tony neighbor of Palm Beach.

Rich Democrats vying to replace him are merely less effective purveyors of the same aw-shucks nonsense. John Kerry is a Boston Brahmin (Mother was a Forbes) and a multi-millionaire in his own right before marrying a half-a-billionaire. Like the president, he's a Yalie (via St. Paul's in his case). But in his desperation to save a campaign whose poll numbers are floundering as much as Martha Stewart's stock price, he has taken to shooting game and playing hockey with firemen in Iowa. He has traded in his Turnbull & Asser shirts for denim and his effete Ducati motorcycle for a Harley-Davidson like the one he rode onstage to the Leno show just as his top campaign executives fled. "I don't intend to challenge President Bush to a contest of who's a more regular guy," Mr. Kerry writes in his new campaign autobiography, "A Call to Service," even as he does so. In the same book, he boasts that he's "the son of a public employee" (in the diplomatic service) and "a charter member of one of the most selective but fastest-growing sports clubs in the world: the Nascar fans of Massachusetts."

Howard Dean is more forthright about his Yale (via St. George's) and Park Avenue pedigree -- up to a point. On his Web site, a gathering place for smaller donors, his privileged upbringing goes unmentioned, and in the recent "Rock the Vote" debate on CNN he said he had gone to "a college in New Haven, Connecticut." But in his own campaign manifesto, "Winning Back America," he does own up to privilege before moving on to describe his youthful playground of East Hampton as a veritable Levittown with "people of every background living there throughout the year." In Dr. Dean's deft literary hands, months spent skiing in Aspen after winning a 1-Y deferment from Vietnam for a bad back becomes a "sojourn in the mountains," a quasi-spiritual quest tantamount to a stint in the Peace Corps, if not an ashram.

The sheer dishonesty of our wealthy politicians only increases my admiration for Jamie Johnson, the 24-year-old heir to the Johnson & Johnson fortune whose justly praised documentary "Born Rich" has its final HBO showing tonight. Mr. Johnson did something no one had done before: he got his rich contemporaries, from families with names like Trump, Newhouse, Bloomberg, Vanderbilt and Whitney, to let a camera into their closed world, embarrassing excesses and all. There's never been an inside look at the wealthy quite like it on screen. What drove him to do it? "Being afraid to talk about money in a wealth-driven society is a strange paradox," Mr. Johnson said in an interview. "Why not face the realities of your culture honestly and fairly?"

His movie casts our disingenuousness about wealth in a new light, but then again, so do Ms. Hilton's misadventures in the Ozarks. Are her exhibitionist efforts to go native on an Arkansas farm any less ridiculous than those of rich men purporting to be hayseeds while campaigning for president among the livestock in Iowa? At least Paris Hilton doesn't want to run the country -- not yet, anyway.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: More than a few of L. Dennis Kozlowski's closest friends, as captured partying on video in Sardinia. (Photo by Associated Press)(pg. 34) Drawing (Drawing by Scott Menchin)

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**End of Document**



[***DARTS: A PUB GAME AIMS FOR A WIDER TARGET***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-C590-0007-J2HW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 1, 1985, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 21, Column 2; Sports Desk

**Length:** 1176 words

**Body**

''Darts needs a major facelift,'' says Steven Simons, a sports promoter from Beverly Hills, Calif.

''They want to clean up darts for television, take the drinking away from it,'' Jerry Umberger of New Philadelphia, the second-ranked American player, says with a trace of bitterness. ''They can't.''

As the professional dart tour makes its annual stop here this weekend for the Lowenbrau New York Open at the Holiday Inn on West 57th Street, between Ninth and 10th Avenues, few spectators or even participants will be aware of the friction beneath the surface of this clubby and insular game. Its snug relationship with pubs and drinking, a source of strength in the past, is seen by some as a hindrance to its growth in an arena in which success is measured by television exposure.

Article on professional dart tour notes that game's snug relationship with pubs and drinking, source of strength in past, is seen by some promoters as hindrance to its growth in arena in which success is measured by TV exposure; illustration (M)

On one side are promoters like the 40-year-old Simons, who has hopes of duplicating his earlier coup of making a television sport of arm-wrestling. They believe darts needs middle-class respectability to appeal to a mass audience. So far, darts tournaments have been syndicated twice on television, including a segment on an NBC broadcast last fall about a United States Dart Federation tournament.

A Way of Life

''There's a belief that it's only played by blue-collar people in bars, that it's not a serious sport,'' Simons said.

In fact, many of the country's best players grew up in tough eastern Pennsylvania coal towns like Hazelton and Pottsville, enclaves where darts is a way of life, like basketball in the city. They have deep ***working***- ***class*** roots. To them, it is not so important how you look or speak, but whether you can ''take it out'' - that is, drill a game-winning dart under pressure.

The stakes, never high in the past, are rising as the game grows in popularity, spreading rapidly in Sun Belt states like Florida, Texas and California. The growth is not obvious in New York, where the number of players has held steady at 3,000 in recent years.

Membership Is Growing

But the American Dart Organization, the largest of several competing darts associations, has expanded from 8,000 members in 1976, the year after its founding, to 100,000. It sponsors tournaments offering prize money totaling $1.2 million, a sixfold increase since 1979. The money most often comes from sponsors, which frequently are beer and cigarette companies. A tournament in Las Vegas, Nev., the last weekend in January offered a purse of $101,000, the most ever. With television coverage, the rewards could increase.

Promoters like Simons and David Irete, a media consultant to the A.D.O., believe that attracting stars from show business or other sports is a key to putting darts in the public eye. But it is virtually impossible to get celebrities involved in the game, Simons contended, because of its connection to bars.

''You can't improve your game without going to a pub,'' he said. ''But the pub doesn't have the same image here, as a social institution, that it does in England. Established athletes and celebrities are friends with people who are achievers. Achievers aren't going to dart bars on the weekends.''

Simply producing championship players is not enough, the promoters say. For example, Sandy Reitan, a 32- year-old Californian, is ranked No. 1 in the world among women after victories in the Pacific Cup in 1982 and the World Cup in Edinburgh, Scotland, last September. She is among only three Americans ever to win a major dart tournament outside the United States, but is still virtually unknown, even to the estimated three million Americans who play darts.

Educating the Public

Another problem darts promoters face is educating the public about the subtleties of the game that make it attractive to educated fans in Britain. ''People have to learn that there's more to it than throwing darts at the bull's-eye,'' Simons said. ''They just don't understand what a cerebral game it is.''

Darts players face strategic decisions on virtually every throw, and they need to subtract with calculator quickness to determine the proper number to aim for. Beyond that, each championship-level match is psychological, as in tennis or golf, in which the one who succumbs to pressure first usually loses.

Most Americans are blind to darts' subtleties because they do not play. ''You cannot force-feed people on darts,'' Irete said. ''It's like golf. You have to get them out there to play it. Then they get hooked.''

Abstract questions about promotion and image-fashioning are not too popular in the coal country of eastern Pennsylvania, home to many of the best American players. Nor is there much problem getting people hooked on the game. As Umberger said, ''There really isn't anything else to do around here.''

Darts came to the area from Philadelphia, where it had been transplanted from England. Players start early, throwing ''American'' darts - bulky, cigar-sized and wooden, weighing only 11 or 12 grams - rather than English darts, the world standard, which are thin as a pencil, made from metal, and typically weigh 23 to 25 grams.

Link With Molly Maguires

According to Charles Cressman, a top shooter from Quakertown, Pa., local legend has it that American darts was invented in the mid-19th century by the Molly Maguires, the secretive Irish-American organization whose members despised anything British.

Rick Ney, who at age 23 is considered the top American shooter, is typical of the Pennsylvania shooters. Though he has never worked in a coal mine, Ney relishes the coal-country image and seems to regard each victory as a regional as well as a personal triumph.

He began playing by age 6, when he needed a chair to retrieve his darts from the board at his parents' bar and restaurant in Schuylkill Haven. As a teen-ager, he shot two or three nights a week in area leagues, and hustled anyone foolish enough to take him on in a side game. ''When I was 15,'' he said between rounds of a recent tournament in Atlantic City, ''I made $2,000 one night in a bar.''

Element of Intimidation

At a hulking 6 feet and 240 pounds, Ney, whose nickname is the Iceman, intimidates all but his most experienced opponents. ''I always think I'm the best,'' he said. ''I don't think anyone can beat me.''

Unlike most top players, who throw gracefully and effortlessly, Ney attacks the board with a ferocity that cools only slightly when the match is over. During a tournament, he stalks about restlessly, often with a can of beer in hand. When someone remarked that he seemed agitated, his wife, Lynn, said simply, ''He's always like that.''

''In darts,'' Simons said, ''you put up $15 to enter a competition and hope to win. It's just gambling.''

That is what about 300 players will be doing this weekend at the Holiday Inn, as they always have been. For now, darts remains a backwater, a game, Umberger said, that ''nobody can make a living at.''

**End of Document**



[***Former New York Official To Lead Philadelphia Police***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S29-CHX0-007F-G3CH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1342 words

**Byline:** John F. Timoney

By B. DRUMMOND AYRES Jr.

By B. DRUMMOND AYRES Jr.

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18

**Body**

Reacting to criticism that Philadelphia's police force is ineffective, sometimes corrupt and in dire need of new blood, Mayor Edward G. Rendell reached outside the city today and hired a new police commissioner, John F. Timoney, former first deputy commissioner in New York.

Mr. Timoney, who was second in command on the New York force in 1995 and 1996 and helped carry out many of the street patrol programs and other efforts credited with sharply reducing that city's crime rates, will succeed Richard Neal.

Mr. Neal resigned last week to become a private security consultant after struggling for five years to improve the performance of a 7,000-officer force that has been troubled over the years by numerous accusations of brutality, graft and, particularly this year, ineptitude.

The latest accusations of ineptitude, still heard almost daily, stem from widespread dissatisfaction in the city with the police department's limited success in reducing crime rates, particularly the murder rate. Tha murder rate has been dropping sharply in most other major cities, especially New York, and Philadelphia compared unfavorably.

The accusations also come from Philadelphia residents who contend that the police department has been making only a half-hearted effort to rid the city of such everyday nuisances as panhandlers, graffiti and, more seriously, purse-snatchers and petty thieves.

So vocal and widespread has the complaining been that it was threatening to blemish the record of a Mayor whose administration has otherwise been mostly praised for good management of a major American city.

In announcing the appointment of Mr. Timoney to Philadelphia's top police job, which pays $113,000, Mayor Rendell called him "perhaps the best available candidate in the nation to lead the police department here and to reclaim the city's rightful reputation as the best police department in the nation."

"When you review Commissioner Timoney's record," the Mayor continued, "it is clear that he is well-versed in every aspect of police operations and, indeed, that he is a dynamic commander."

Accepting the appointment effective March 9, Mr. Timoney promised results. "I guarantee you that," he said, adding that he would be a "hands-on" commissioner and that Philadelphia police officers and residents would see him on the street day and night, walking the beat with officers and riding with them in their patrol cars.

"I think the next 22 months are going to be a lot of fun," Mr. Timoney said, alluding to the amount of time Mayor Rendell has left to serve in his second and final term.

Mr. Timoney, 49, spent 29 years with the New York Police Department and as first deputy commissioner was instrumental in redeploying its street patrols around the city to increase pressure on criminals, particularly drug dealers and others who victimize homeowners, shopkeepers and other ordinary citizens. That redeployment, police experts say, was a major factor in the strikingly sharp decline in the city's crime rate in recent years.

Mr. Timoney resigned in 1996 when Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani chose Fire Commissioner Howard Safir to replace, William J. Bratton, as the Police Commissioner of New York City. Mr. Bratton subsequently became a part-time police adviser to Mayor Rendell and is said by City Hall aides to have been instrumental in getting his former top aide hired.

Mayor Rendell had high praise today for Mr. Neal, a 57-year-old veteran of 36 years on the Philadelphia force who has been hired as a security consultant by Drexel University and the Penn's Landing Corporation, a Philadelphia development group.

Mayor Rendell, who has given some thought to running for Governor and who has repeatedly denied finding Mr. Neal another job to speed his departure and avoid further criticism of the city government, said the Police Commissioner had done good work in carrying out a "comprehensive series of reform and deployment initiatives."

During Mr. Neal's tenure as the city's top police officer, the city has been sorely embarrassed by a scandal involving physical abuse and money shake-downs by some officers -- none of it was ever linked to the commissioner -- and half a dozens officers were eventually convicted and some sent to prison.

The city has never been classified as one of America's more dangerous big cities. But that was not the issue with Mr. Neal's critics, some of whom have an eye on Mayor Rendell's job. What they kept pointing out was that at a time when many major cities were enjoying a steady decrease in crime, in part because of the healthy national economy but also because of innovative and aggressive policing, Philadelphia was a laggard in many areas, with its murder rate especially stubborn.

The critics said the force was a laggard in adopting modern technology, particularly computers. They said the force was poorly trained and equipped. And, most serious of all, they warned that unless the city charter was changed to permit the Police Commissioner to appoint and dismiss all top department managers, the force would remain trapped in a bureaucratic morass.

The Police Commissioner can now appoint and dismiss only his two deputies. The rest of the force is protected by civil service regulations that are often restrictive.

Mayor Rendell, who until recently resisted departmental changes and deflected criticism of the police department, now says he favors a ballot referendum to change the city charter and give the Police Commissioner far broader powers.

Despite the praise and expectations for Mr. Timoney, Richard Costello, the president of the Philadelphia chapter of the Fraternal Order of Police, the police union, expressed concern that the morale of the force might be hurt by the choice of an outsider.

"We're disappointed that he wasn't from our ranks," Mr. Costello said.

Michael Nutter, a member of the City Council, said he was concerned that the Mayor did not consult with the Council before making the appointment, given the current mood in the city about the Police Department's performance.

"He should have sought our input for something this big, even though he technically didn't have to," Mr. Nutter said. "Certainly Timoney is facing a big, serious challenge, coming from the outside as he is. The troubles in this Police Department run deep and go way back, for decades."

In the years shortly after World War II, the Philadelphia Police Department was considered one of the most innovative and progressive in the country. It was among the first to aggressively recruit black officers and its city charter was written so as to limit political interference in its day to day management by putting most officers under civil service protection.

Then Frank L. Rizzo, first as Police Commissioner from 1967 to 1971 and as Mayor from 1972 to 1980, advocated a hard line against crime. The eventual result was brutality. Then came incidents of ineptitude, culminating with a police standoff with the radical group Move in which 62 row houses were ignited and 11 people were killed in a black ***working-class*** neighborhood in 1985.

In the 1990's six officers were convicted of brutality and graft. During this decade, there were also incidents in which detectives were accused of beating confessions out of suspects, undercover officers were discovered framing innocent people, vice squad members were caught taking payoffs from prostitutes and gamblers, narcotics officers became drug addicts themselves and demanded bribes from dealers and officers turned their dogs loose on people with little or no provocation.

Many other cities have had similar problems, though few have endured the police scandals that have taken place in Philadelphia.

"This is a city in which the culture of policing is often out of whack," said James Fyfe, a former New York police officer who teaches criminology at Temple University here. "It's the only city I've ever been in where even the white people don't like cops. That's a sad commentary. The good news is that now things are at the point where they can do something about it -- if they will."

**Graphic**

Photo: John F. Timoney was named to lead the Philadelphia police. (Associated Press)

Graphs: "FOR THE RECORD: Comparison in Crime Rates" shows crimes per 100,000 people (murder, rape, robbery, aggravated assault and vehicle theft) for Philadelphia, New York City and the U.S., from 1986 through 1996 (Sources: F.B.I. Uniform Crime Statistics; Pennsylvania State Police Bureau of Research and Development)

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[***Shelter Foes Reorganize as Helpers;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X4M0-0024-J3NK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Forced to Take the Homeless, Queens Neighbors Join Them***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X4M0-0024-J3NK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By RAYMOND HERNANDEZ

By RAYMOND HERNANDEZ

**Body**

More than a year ago, when Barbara Farmer and her daughter stayed at a shelter in Jamaica, Queens, they could scarcely go outside without hearing taunts and racial insults. "You don't belong here," she recalled several angry residents of the ***working-class*** neighborhood shouting at them and other homeless families.

"The people there didn't want us in the neighborhood," said Ms. Farmer, who is 39 and black. "But they had no say in the matter."

Ms. Farmer and her daughter still live in a homeless shelter -- in a new one that opened last fall in Briarwood, Queens -- but the reception this time has been strikingly different.

The residents in the neighborhood, who once bitterly opposed the shelter's construction, have in a way welcomed people like Ms. Farmer. Finding they had no choice but to accept it, residents have looked for ways to live peacefully with the shelter and support its homeless families in an attempt to preserve the tranquillity that has long lent charm to their modest neighborhood of narrow streets, small homes and tidy gardens.

Even before the shelter opened, residents offered recommendations on its design and its social programs, and are now volunteering as tutors, instructors and playmates -- in part in an effort to keep an eye on things.

"People, of course, want to help, but they also want to know what's going on in there," said Marianne Loser, the president of the Briarwood Community Association. The group initially opposed the shelter, which now houses 300 people at 134th Street and Union Turnpike.

The experience at Briarwood illustrates how the city's efforts to house the homeless need not always end with bitterness that leaves bruises on both neighborhood residents and the homeless people in their midst. The city has been sued at least 44 times in the last five years by residents trying to block its efforts to house homeless people in other neighborhoods.

Landscape Changed, With No Problems Yet

More than four months after the shelter opened in Briarwood, residents said, the shelter has clearly changed the landscape of their community, but it has not created the problems many feared -- at least not so far. And the homeless families who live there say they have yet to encounter hostility from their new neighbors.

"The Briarwood shelter is certainly an example that the city can meet the needs of homeless families while addressing the concerns of a community," said Steven Banks, a lawyer for the Legal Aid Society who has sued the city in the past over its handling of the homeless. The plan to build a shelter in Briarwood began like similar efforts in other areas. When the Koch administration proposed building it and other shelters around the city in 1987, the residents rose up in opposition.

Scores of people throughout the neighborhood voiced their concerns at monthly meetings of the Briarwood Community Association, which organized the opposition campaign. People donated $92,000 to hire a law firm and fought the shelter all the way to the State Court of Appeals before losing in 1989.

Once they lost that fight, though, the residents decided to work with the shelter, rather than against it, led by the neighborhood association and Borough President Claire Schulman of Queens. They have done so, they said, in an effort to keep it from being yet another of the city's impersonal, threatening warehouses of outsiders.

'You Want to Make Sure'

"Listen, if it's in your community, you're concerned," said Frank Ross, a Briarwood resident who has volunteered as a computer instructor at the shelter. "You want to make sure it functions correctly. Now that it's a part of the community, we should work together."

The residents, along with Ms. Schulman, said nonprofit organizations had been running safer, cleaner homeless shelters than the city had. In the end, the city contracted with the Salvation Army to run the shelter rather than leaving it to the Human Resources Administration.

And, as residents requested, the shelter has started a variety of social programs, from tutoring and recreation sessions for the children to training for parents. Bank Street College has recruited shelter residents for programs it runs at the shelter.

"The reputation that many shelters have had is that they're a revolving door, that people just come in and out and never really break out of the cycle completely," said Major Betty Israel of the Salvation Army.

Part of the early success of the shelter, those involved say, stems from the decision by residents of Briarwood and neighboring communities to involve themselves in shelter programs like children's after-school recreation.

Neighbors' Computer Course

As much to protect their own interests as to help the homeless families, some neighbors have shown up at the shelter to offer assistance. "If you help them keep their self-respect," said Barbara Valdez, a 31-year-old volunteer, "they in turn have respect for the neighborhood they're in."

Ms. Valdez, who lives in Queens Village but whose family lives in Briarwood, recently started trying to recruit shelter residents for a computer-literacy course that she and Mr. Ross plan to start soon.

"Basically we have a choice," she said. "We can leave them on their own or we can help them to get out of the situation they're in. If you say that it's not your problem, that's when it becomes your problem."

The other day, as homeless children returning from school entered the shelter, about eight volunteers waited inside with books and games. The children scattered throughout the building, some stopping at a noisy recreation room and the others heading for a second-floor room to pair off with tutors.

Getting to Know Them

Such has been the daily ritual lately, one that has slowly dispelled some misconceptions on all sides. Taking a moment from setting up bowling pins in the recreation room, a volunteer named Robert Woods talked about getting to know the children, most of whom are black and Hispanic.

"At first they're a little withdrawn and shy, probably because they see I'm a white man," said Mr. Woods, who is 62. "But when they see I'm willing to play, they come around."

At the other end of the room, another volunteer, Brendan Hannon, 17, clutched his head and complained of a headache as small bands of children hooted merrily, tugged at his arm for attention and squabbled over a basketball.

"Before I came here I had a different perception of what homeless children would be like," said Mr. Hannon, one of about 40 student volunteers from nearby Molloy High School. "I figured they'd be dressed in rags. I thought they'd be like evil children. They're not."

Some Worry About Summer

Some residents say, however, that it is too early to know whether the shelter will successfully fit into the neighborhood, and they worry what might happen when the summer comes and brings people out onto the streets.

"There hasn't been any problem with it yet," said Henry Vartanian, one resident who opposed the shelter. "But we're very cautious about it."

In a second-floor apartment of the shelter, Ms. Farmer echoed those thoughts. "So far, so good," she said, still bitter about her experience at the shelter in Jamaica. "But I wonder whether there will be tension here soon."

**Graphic**

Photo: Months after a homeless shelter opened, residents of Briarwood, Queens, have found ways to support their new neighbors while preserving their community by volunteering as tutors and counselors. At an after-school art class, Nakia Farmer, who lives at the shelter with her mother, shared a tray of paints with a neighbor. (Ed Quinn for The New York Times) (pg. B1)

Map shows location of the shelter. (pg. B2)

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[***Suburbia Outgrows Its Image in the Arts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VX2-PSN0-007F-G2WT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Samuel G. Freedman is the author most recently of "The Inheritance."

By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN;  Samuel G. Freedman is the author most recently of "The Inheritance."

**Body**

EARLY in the film "Pleasantville," a teen-age boy named David flops onto the couch of his suburban home, eyes fixed on the television for a rerun of a 1950's sitcom, all banter about Mom's meatloaf and the school science fair. Just behind David, meanwhile, his mother argues over the telephone with her ex-husband about who's stuck with custody of the boy this weekend. Before long, in the pivotal moment of "Pleasantville," he finds himself transported through the picture tube and into the show.

That scene conflates the two standard images of suburbia in American culture. It is either the scrubbed and cheerful utopia of such actual television series as "Ozzie and Harriet" and "Leave It to Beaver" or else it is the miserable, materialistic dystopia of novelists like John Cheever and Rick Moody. From either extreme, the chroniclers of suburbia agree on this much: it is white and upper middle class.

In the last generation, however, suburbia has evolved in startling ways, becoming ever more varied by race, class and ethnicity and eluding the grasp of all but a handful of perceptive artists and entertainers. As highbrow films like Todd Solondz's "Happiness" and popular-culture phenomena like "The Brady Bunch" revival peddle the same old cliches, reaping money and praise by pandering to audiences that share their smug presumptions, figures as disparate as the author Junot Diaz of "Drown," the filmmaker Tamara Jenkins of "Slums of Beverly Hills" and the comic D. L. Hughley of the television series "The Hughleys" are presenting the complex portrait of suburbia circa 2000.

"I always feel really alone in this conversation," says Mr. Diaz, a Dominican immigrant reared in central New Jersey. "The world I've created feels lonely." He could be speaking for the fellow artists who depict a suburbia of low-rent apartments beside gated developments, of strip malls and toxic-waste dumps, of the improbable commingling of ambitious immigrants, upwardly mobile minorities and ***working-class*** whites whose security is imperiled by downsizing and deindustrialization.

"The suburbs have changed, but our way of looking at them hasn't changed," says Rosalyn Baxandall, a professor of American studies at the State University of New York in Old Westbury and co-author of the forthcoming book "Picture Windows: How the Suburbs Happened." "The stereotype has always been that the suburbs are for rich people who ran away from the city, and there's alienation and conformity. But when I teach my classes, my students are mostly nonwhite. I've had 17 languages in a class. Some of these families are taking in boarders. It's a big, big revelation."

Demographic data lend authority to what Mr. Diaz and Ms. Baxandall describe. The percentage of blacks who live in suburbia rose from 23 percent in 1970 to 32 percent in 1990, the demographer William Frey of the State University of New York at Albany has found. Some 40 percent of all minorities are suburbanites, according to the 1990 census. The Los Angeles suburb of Monterey Park, which is 60 percent Chinese, has emerged as the archetype of the so-called "ethnoburb."

The counterbalance to the successful movement of immigrants and minorities into suburbia, though, is the deterioration of inner-ring suburbs. These communities, clinging to the borders of cities, have been growing poorer, more segregated and more troubled for decades, losing population nearly as rapidly in some cases as urban ghettoes. Several years ago, the Federal Government surrounded its own office complex in Suitland, Md., a suburb just outside Washington, with a chain-link fence topped by razor wire.

The seismic shifts that have engaged scholars, though, have escaped many of the makers and consumers of culture. "What's missed is the diversity of suburbia," says Greg Hise, a historian at the University of Southern California who specializes in urban planning. "At least with urban novels and films, you see cities as a place of freedom, autonomy, possibility. With the suburbs, the writers and producers and directors are working with a set of accepted wisdom. We see the same stories about suburbia because we expect them."

Early in this century, suburbia actually received a more nuanced portrayal. Academics like Graham Taylor and Chauncey Harris delineated a variety of suburbs -- commuter, industrial, ***working class***. F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Great Gatsby," set in a fictional version of Great Neck, N.Y., memorably etched the tensions between old money and parvenus, treating Gatsby's social climbing as the stuff of tragedy.

With the suburban boom after World War II, however, the stereotype of nuclear families in split-level homes was born. If in truth suburbia was already more stratified than that, with white-collar Scarsdale virtually next door to blue-collar Mount Vernon, the myth nonetheless reflected a certain amount of fact about the fast growing middle-class and the extraordinary increase in home ownership. It was true, too, that Federal mortgage regulations and private covenants conspired to keep much of suburbia white.

Television mirrored this version of the suburbs to the nation and the world. "Father Knows Best," "The Donna Reed Show" and their ilk delivered what the historian Stephanie Coontz has termed "our most powerful visions of traditional families." Homogeneity was part of the package. Desi Arnaz of "I Love Lucy," perhaps the only Hispanic star on a network show in the 1950's, lived in the city. So did Buddy Sorrell (Morey Amsterdam) on "The Dick Van Dyke Show," television's first identifiably Jewish character.

Inevitably the counterattack came, replacing one cartoonish version of suburbia with another. Journalists and social scientists -- David Riesman in "The Lonely Crowd," William Whyte in "The Organization Man," Betty Friedan in "The Feminine Mystique" -- argued that beneath the contented exterior of the salaryman and his stay-at-home wife lurked an anomie that Ms. Friedan called "the problem that has no name." Only the rare contrarian like Herbert Gans in "The Levittowners" portrayed a nourishing sense of community among the tract houses.

Novelists, in turn, transmuted the theme of suburban malaise in fiction. Sloan Wilson created both a character and a catch-phrase with the public relations man Tom Rath in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." (Gregory Peck starred in the film adaptation.) Robert Sheckley ("The Ticket to Trania") and Frederick Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth ("Gladiator-at-Law") made their critiques in the form of science fiction.

Still, it was three naturalistic writers who supplied literature's most indelible images of postwar suburbia as the American dream gone awry. John Updike's "Couples," set in a town dismissively dubbed Tarbox, put wife swapping into the cultural lexicon. In a vast body of short stories and novels, John Cheever painted the WASP elite in the moral emptiness of its country clubs and commuter trains; the places he created -- Bullet Park, Shady Hill, St. Botolphs -- defined a social geography that could be reduced to the shorthand "Cheever Country." Philip Roth, meanwhile, disposed of the ethnic arrivistes, typified by the gauche and acquisitive Patimkin family in his novella "Goodbye, Columbus."

The young radicals of the 1960's put the critique in overtly political terms. In their founding manifesto, the Port Huron Statement, the Students for a Democratic Society pointedly described themselves as having been "bred in at least modest comfort" in "the wealthiest and strongest country in the world" and yet "looking uncomfortably to the world we inherit." Suburbia, in other words, was something to rebel against.

Folk music took up the cry. Malvina Reynolds's 1963 song "Little Boxes," later covered by Pete Seeger, reduced suburbia to the refrain "Little boxes, little boxes, little boxes all the same." The contempt for suburbia became so nearly unanimous in the emerging youth culture that even the Brill Building songwriters Gerry Goffin and Carole King and the made-for-television band the Monkees collaborated on "Pleasant Valley Sunday." "Another Pleasant Valley Sunday," went its chorus, "charcoal burning everywhere. Another Pleasant Valley Sunday here in status symbol land."

"If Dylan or the later Beatles had been singing that, being social critics, it almost would have been expected," says Paul Levinson, a visiting professor of communications at Fordham University. "But the Monkees -- they're so suburban themselves, in effect. It's as if suburban people themselves were skewering the vacuity of their own lives."

Such perceptions continue to thrive in some of the most highly praised recent films. Even as affirmative action, mass immigration and growing income inequality have altered the shape of suburbia, these movies, whether satirical, realistic or fantastical in tone, trot out all the familiar indictments.

A NG LEE'S screen adaptation of "The Ice Storm," Rick Moody's novel about family discord in affluent New Canaan, Conn., had as its centerpiece that hoariest of cliches, a "key party" in which married couples trade partners. Peter Weir's "Truman Show" puts a patina of fantasy on its predictable attacks. Truman Burbank, an insurance agent whose life is the subject of a continuous sitcom, literally cannot escape the oppressive perfection of a made-for-television suburb called Sea Haven.

As written and directed by Gary Ross, "Pleasantville" carries a similar sensibility to even more overwrought ends. The visual conceit of the film -- that the eponymous suburb is shown in black and white -- merely hints at the didactic style. It takes David, the teen-ager deposited from the 1990's, to bring art, emotion and color to town, and when he does, such predictable villains as the local bowling league and the Chamber of Commerce respond by desecrating paintings and burning books in Nazi style. The World War II veterans who thronged to actual suburbs in the 1950's might quibble ever so slightly with Mr. Ross's choice of analogy.

Todd Solondz, a native of New Jersey who calls his production company Suburban Pictures, means to speak for the misfits in a monochromatic world. His debut film, "Welcome to the Dollhouse," centers on a girl gawkily teetering into puberty who is tormented by her classmates and ignored by her family. In tracing the lives of an extended family in his next feature, "Happiness," Mr. Solondz reserves his greatest affection for the outsiders among them -- a failed songwriter, a boy discovering his sexuality, a grandmother being divorced by her husband of 40 years.

Such compassion, though, relies on cheap shots against whatever or whomever represents the suburban status quo. The white-collar father in "Happiness," a Cheeveresque figure with his car phone and rep tie, cannot simply be unmasked as a hypocrite or a souse; no, he turns out to be a pederast who rapes his son's playmates. When Mr. Solondz's camera in "Dollhouse" surveys a suburban home, it lingers over a veritable catalogue of bad taste -- gaudy afghans, mismatched paneling, green shag carpet, cabinets stuffed with Yodels and Ring Dings. This kind of satire, far from seeking to jar an audience out of its complacency, sneers along with it from a superior distance.

"You know, people are always putting New Jersey down," says Helen, a writer who is a major character in "Happiness." "None of my friends can actually believe I live here. But that's because they don't get it. I'm living in a state of irony."

Irony, though, is an indulgence of the entitled. The material comforts ridiculed in a film like "Happiness" shimmer like mirages for the artists of new suburbia. Tamara Jenkins, the writer and director of the autobiographical film "Slums of Beverly Hills" (1998), grew up with a car-salesman father obsessed with getting his children into the renowned schools of that tony Los Angeles suburb. That meant bouncing from apartment to apartment, often with an unpaid landlord in the family's wake.

"For someone like me, who didn't have things, the usual middle-class sitcoms created an anxiety, an inferiority complex," Ms. Jenkins says. "With 'The Brady Bunch' I was fixated on the architecture; their house had an upstairs and a downstairs. I used to wonder, How did the people on the shows get that stuff -- couches, end tables, clothes? Because we had so much trouble accumulating stuff."

She says she "identified with the black sitcoms -- 'Good Times,' 'Sanford and Son' -- because those people were struggling."

"I remember an episode when Fred Sanford was flying and had never been on a plane before and brought his own food. That was something I understood."

When Ms. Jenkins ultimately put her experience onto film, not even her colleagues quite understood just how marginal suburban life could be. "After shooting the interiors of the apartments, people got concerned it looked too depressing," she recalls. "It was like, 'Oh, all the walls are so bare. Can't we put some color in there?' I'd told the production designer that these apartments are bare except for what the previous tenant left behind. They said, 'But it's a comedy.' I said, 'You read the script; poverty is not funny.' "

Eric Bogosian captured a similarly tenuous existence in his 1994 play "Suburbia," which was later filmed by Richard Linklater. The characters, gathering nightly around a convenience store, have been through the military or menial jobs, and their sense of stunted horizons and vanished opportunities infuses several of the most dramatic scenes.

At one point, a high school classmate-turned-rock-star arrives at the convenience store in his limousine. One of the regulars, a former football star now drinking away his nights, starts to flirt with the musician's young publicity agent. "You think we're alike, Erica?" he asks. "Deep down, way down," she answers. He fixes her in his stare and says, "It's a mistake to think that."

Later in "Suburbia," a girl from the convenience-store group overdoses. The Pakistani manager, already exasperated by the "drunks" and "bums" on his property, cries: "You people are so stupid! What's wrong with you? Throw it all away. You throw it all away."

While Mr. Bogosian cites several influences on "Suburbia" -- the television show "Roseanne" and Donna Gaines's book about a plague of suburban suicides, "Teen-Age Wasteland" -- he drew primarily on his own past. Mr. Bogosian grew up as the son of a bookkeeper and a hairdresser in Woburn, Mass., the same blue-collar suburb of Boston that is the setting for the book, and now the film, "A Civil Action."

"I wasn't writing about 'The Other,' " Mr. Bogosian says. "I wasn't writing about the exotic. A lot of my experience in Woburn had to do with class. One of my best friends' fathers was a carpenter. Another was a truck driver. I had a friend whose father was a laborer, who'd come home from the job and lay on the couch and get drunk. We were being told in school that Woburn was a town to be proud of because it'd been a capital of shoe manufacturing in the 1890's. But we knew that was all gone. When I ran cross-country in high school, I went past all the empty factories."

Immigrants like Junot Diaz have often inherited exactly such suburbs, and many of the short stories in "Drown" capture the social geography in meticulous detail. Mr. Diaz's characters live, as his actual family did, in a low-income apartment complex surrounded by the malls, cineplexes and municipal pools of the middle class. The autobiographical Yunior, as much as he is a bilingual and bicultural figure, does what so many Anglo suburban children before him have done: get car-sick on family trips to relatives in New York; take a boring job in the shapeless years after college; experiment with sex in the basement; waste afternoons smoking pot.

IN painting this milieu, Mr. Diaz came to realize his distance not only from the white chroniclers of suburban privilege but also from black and Hispanic writers who, like him, were reared outside the city. "One of the things I see in an M.F.A. program is how many of the writers of color are from very middle-class backgrounds," says Mr. Diaz, who teaches at Syracuse University. "But what they portray are low-income people. You can't begrudge anybody what they want to write about. But it shows that even writers are responding to pre-set notions of who 'we' are and how 'we' are supposed to be viewed."

Nowhere may such self-abnegation be more pronounced than in rap music. Such bands and performers as EPMD, Public Enemy, Busta Rhymes and Boss were reared in suburbia but rarely if ever reflect it in their songs. The most extreme example, Ice Cube, spent much of his childhood in a Los Angeles suburb attending integrated schools and then a trade college. Yet he went on to fame for his gangsta raps celebrating drug deals, drive-by shootings and sexual conquests in the South-Central slums that his own family had labored to escape.

"Because hip-hop started off in the inner city, the street was the place where you had to get your pedigree," says S. H. Fernando Jr., a rap producer and the author of the social history "The New Beats: Exploring the Music, Culture and Attitudes of Hip-Hop." "You hear a lot of rappers saying, 'You have to represent' -- meaning represent the inner-city life style, the 'hood, even if you didn't come from it. The suburbs are seen as corny, bland, Middle America. Who wants to know about that?"

As if to answer that question, every Tuesday night several million viewers watch the ABC sitcom "The Hughleys," the story of a middle-class black named Darryl Hughley who has just moved with his family into a mostly white suburb. The running gag of the show relies on Darryl's belief that his neighbor Dave is a closet bigot. "The man does wear a lot of flannel," Darryl says to his wife in one episode, "and he got those big belt buckles, too."

The most trenchant moments come when Hughley himself, the owner of a vending-machine company, grapples with his fear that by moving his family out of a black, urban neighborhood he has compromised his racial identity and solidarity. "You're on the slippery slope to lose your blackness," a friend from Los Angeles chides Darryl in the series pilot. Later in the episode, having watched his daughter choose a white doll rather than a black one in a toy store, Darryl moans, "I feel like a stranger in a strange land."

Yet that land surely looks stranger to the artists and audiences who remain stuck in the stock images of "Beaver" and Cheever than it possibly could to someone like Darryl Hughley, who is both a pioneer and a citizen of the new suburbia.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Jim Carrey in a made-for-television suburb in "The Truman Show."

(Paramount Pictures)(pg. 27); Joan Allen and Reese Witherspoon in "Pleasantville." (New Line Cinema)(pg. 26); Welcome home, Dad! This stereo-type of the 1950's produced an acerbic reaction among novelists like John Cheev-er, one that rolls on today in films like "Happiness." But by now the re-action is itself a cliche. (Willinger FPG )(pg. 1)

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[***ABOUT BOSTON***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-H150-0008-N3KC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

The ''Mammoth.'' That is what The Boston Globe is called in a new novel about Boston politics, ''A Saving Grace,'' by Ken Hartnett, a crusty former reporter and editor for both The Globe and The Boston Herald.

''The 'Mammoth' was more than just a newspaper,'' Mr. Hartnett says. ''It was also a social gyroscope that kept Boston from teetering into the wrong hands. It had kept its leverage, despite the changing tides of population, by the prudent exercise of power. The Irish could take control of City Hall; the Jews could dominate the city's commerce; but the 'Mammoth' held the city's soul in its grip.''

About Boston column on Boston Globe, which has emerged in recent years as preeminent force in Boston, particularly in politics; notes that Michael C Janeway will succeed Thomas Winship as editor on Jan 1, 1985; illustration (M)

There is more than a whiff of novelistic license in Mr. Hartnett's description. But in recent years The Globe has indeed emerged as a pre- eminent force in Boston, particularly in politics.

''If you talk about the impact of metropolitan papers on their readers, I think we are second to none,'' said Matthew V. Storin, the managing editor.

Two years ago, for instance, a single article by The Globe devastated the campaign of John Lakian, a Republican candidate for Governor. The paper detailed a series of exaggerations Mr. Lakian had made about his personal background. Mr. Lakian has since sued The Globe for $100 million.

Conservatives Dislike It

Feeling against the generally liberal Globe among conservatives runs so strong that Raymond Shamie, the Republican candidate for the Senate in this November's election, recently said he was ''really running against two opponents, The Boston Globe, which represents the establishment, and the opponent that's on the ballot.''

Mr. Shamie has declined to give any interviews to The Globe, or even to answer questions from Globe reporters at news conferences. This month he read a 15-page statement denouncing The Globe for ''distortion'' and challenged the paper's editor, Thomas Winship, to a debate. The Globe printed his statement in full.

Mr. Winship was in the news again last week when The Globe announced his long-expected retirement on Jan. 1, 1985. He reaches the mandatory retirement age of 65 next year. His successor will be Michael C. Janeway, an urbane, articulate 44-year-old former executive editor of The Atlantic Monthly and Sunday editor of The Globe.

Mr. Winship's departure marks the end of an era at The Globe. For the past 30 years the editor's chair at the paper has been occupied by a member of the Winship family, first by Mr. Winship's father, Laurence L. Winship, now dead, and since 1965 by Thomas Winship.

When he took over, The Globe was one of eight papers in Boston. It was trusted but dull, with lackluster writing, and did not have the social cachet of The Herald, the paper of the Yankee upper class.

Editor Is Revered in Newsroom

Mr. Winship, a man with a quick wit, a warm, generous manner and an abiding love for politics, changed all that. Under his stewardship, The Globe hired a series of talented writers, like Ellen Goodman, now a syndicated columnist, and Peter Gammons, one of the premier baseball writers in America, who has helped make The Globe sports pages a reader's delight. It also won 11 Pulitzer Prizes, the most for any paper in that period except The New York Times.

Around The Globe's block-long newsroom, Mr. Winship is revered with deep personal affection. ''That man gave me my job when I was 33 years old and had only written 12 stories,'' recalled Robert Lenzer, now the paper's chief business writer.

''He also backed me up when the heads of corporations in Boston came round to try to get a story killed,'' Mr. Lenzer continued. ''He just smiled at them and said to me, 'Be sure you get your facts straight.' ''

Paper Prospered Under Winship

Under Mr. Winship, The Globe has increased both the number of its news columns and its advertising linage two and a half times, according to William O. Taylor, the publisher. Despite a trend among other papers in the United States to cut back on their number of foreign correspondents, in the past year The Globe has also opened its first foreign bureaus, in London, Tokyo, Jerusalem and Central America.

With these changes has come increased circulation. The daily paper has risen from a readership of 380,000 when Mr. Winship took over in 1965 to 520,000, while the Sunday paper has climbed to 793,000 from 440,000.

At the same time, all The Globe's competitors have dropped out of business except The Herald, which has since been transmogrified into a tabloid and acquired by Rupert Murdoch, the Australian publisher who owns The New York Post, among other American properties.

Vietnam Coverage a 'High Point'

As The Globe became increasingly influential, Mr. Winship infused it with his own activism and political liberalism. ''Probably our high point was covering the Vietnam War,'' said Mr. Winship, sitting in his glass- walled corner office in a pink buttondown shirt and a red bow tie.

Each week during the war The Globe ran a front page box recording the casualty totals and the tonnage dropped by American warplanes, a reminder to its readers' consciences.

''We did our job so well that when Nixon went to China, we were the only qualified paper not to get a seat on his plane,'' Mr. Winship said.

But The Globe's viewpoint angered many ***working-class*** residents of areas like South Boston, an antagonism that was exacerbated when The Globe strongly supported a Federal court's order to desegregate the Boston schools in 1974. The order set off a racial crisis.

''I have no regrets about defending the court's order,'' Mr. Winship said. ''But I do have regrets that before it went into effect we didn't try to make it a more practical plan.''

John O'Brien, a taxi driver, said it was busing that turned him against The Globe. ''It's too liberal for me, always backing those social programs. I think someone should go in there and shake up their editors.''

''They don't live in the same city I do,'' Mr. O'Brien asserted.

Occasional Criticism

There are other occasional criticisms against The Globe: that it can be too quirky, perhaps reflecting Mr. Winship's personality, that it has too many columnists and that it does not do a good job of covering the major intellectual institutions in its territory like Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. ''They cover Harvard like some town government, missing all the fascination of ideas,'' said Steven Pearlstein, the publisher of The Boston Observer, a monthly review.

Despite Mr. Winship's impending departure, his family's ties to the paper will continue through his wife, Elizabeth, who writes an advice column for teen-agers titled ''Ask Beth.'' It is the best-read feature in The Globe.

**Graphic**

photo of Thomas Winship and Michael Janeway

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[***POP VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-XGS0-0024-J2FP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Country Just Ain't What It Used to Be***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-XGS0-0024-J2FP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Billy Altman writes about pop music for Entertainment Weekly.

By Billy Altman;  Billy Altman writes about pop music for Entertainment Weekly.

**Body**

Time was when listeners tuning into a country radio station had a pretty good idea what kind of music they were likely to find. For decades, country songs meant stories of rabble-rousing, ***working-class*** everymen loving, cheating on and/or crawling back to strong, understanding girlfriends, wives or mistresses. Throw in an undercurrent of alcohol-soaked, moralistic ruminations about a fixed set of mandatory topics (prison, religion, mom) and certain basic sociopolitical tenets (when in doubt, wave the flag), and there, with few exceptions, was the genre in a shot glass.

Lately, however, country has been redefining itself, particularly when it comes to the relationship between the sexes, and even its supposedly firmest cliches have been dropping off lyric sheets faster than an unsecured payload falling off the back end of an 18-wheeler on the interstate. Garth Brooks's recent album, "The Chase," for example, found the singer-songwriter using his megastar pulpit to attack some of country's longest-standing attitudes with the anthemic eye-opener "We Shall Be Free." "When we're free to love anyone we choose," he sings, "When this world's big enough for all different views/When we can all worship from our own kind of pew/ Then we shall be free." In so doing, he poses a direct challenge to country's traditionally conservative positions on sexual preference, political affiliation and religious persuasion.

"We Shall Be Free" is no isolated statement, either -- a fact underscored by other tracks on the album, most notably, "Face to Face," in which a date-rape victim is both supported and encouraged in a courtroom confrontation with her attacker, and "That Summer," in which a young, virginal fieldhand learns about sex from a widowed farm woman. Put the messages of these songs together and one begins to understand not only why Mr. Brooks is selling millions of albums to country's predominantly female audience, but also why the music is drawing new followers from outside its customary strongholds.

Simply put, the old country song just ain't what it used to be. Yes, there are still hurt-pride hunks like Billy Ray Cyrus pining over their achy-breaky hearts; the homefires-burning housewife that Reba McIntyre sings about will continue to look out the window and wonder "Is There Life Out There?" without ever venturing forth on her own. But at both ends of the gender gap, a growing number of artists are displaying raised con sciousnesses about the eternal battle of the sexes and helping to, if not erase, then at least recast many of country's male-female stereotypes into more enlightened models.

This updated sensibility is a function of a several factors. For one, country music has been appealing of late to a different breed of fan -- adults who grew up on rock and have found in country music the kind of listener-friendly melodies and narrative styles that have been elbowed off the airwaves by youth-oriented grunge, metal and hip-hop. But the standard if-it's-too-loud-you're-too-old argument fails to recognize one crucial point: from its very beginnings, country music has been an adult medium, with an adult tone and addressing adult concerns. Yet nobody saw adults running for country cover during the British Invasion of the 60's or when punk exploded in rock's face in the 70's.

The last time country music captured the public's attention to an even remotely comparable degree was in the "Urban Cowboy" days of the early 80's. But in retrospect, that revival seems to have been more a fashion-driven fad than anything else, with denim jeans replacing polyester leisure suits and the mechanical bull replacing the mirrored ball for the post-disco crowd. The music served merely as a background accessory, created no major stars and carried little import. Not exactly a movement.

What's going on now, though, definitely is a movement. And its leaders -- Mr. Brooks, Clint Black, Rosanne Cash and Mary-Chapin Carpenter -- clearly display a different perspective than those of an earlier era. Country's new songs, like its old songs, still focus on the social currents rumbling through American life -- remember, this is a genre that prides itself on being real people's music. But the observations being made, and the conclusions being drawn, about such well-traveled terrain as drinking and carousing, loving and losing and familial responsibilities, reflect the influences of contemporary concerns like feminism, the men's movement, the environment and AIDS.

For the men, macho swagger is out and ego-secure emotional maturity is in. Mr. Brooks's "Everytime That It Rains," a ballad about a failed attempt at re-creating a chance sexual encounter, ends in (of all things) friendship. Clint Black's 1989 debut hit, "A Better Man," avoids tears-in-your-beer self-pity in describing the breakup of a long-term relationship ("I'm leaving here a better man/ Knowing you this way/ Things I couldn't do before now I think I can/ And I'm leaving here a better man").

Speaking of beer, even erstwile honky-tonkers like Alan Jackson now know when to say when. He raised a few eyebrows in 1991 with "Midnight in Montgomery," which invoked the spirit of the legendary Hank Williams Sr., in a demythologized form -- "a drunk man in a cowboy hat." And, just in case anybody missed the message, his latest album includes the all-sobered up with somewhere to go "I Don't Need the Booze (to Get a Buzz On)," which finds the singer "hooked on my baby's love/ There ain't nothing in a jug this strong."

The idea of unquestioned male dominance in the home is also taking it on the chin in songs like Mr. Brooks's "Thunder Rolls." His depiction of a husband's unwarranted attack on his wife is probably the first song by a male country artist to confront spousal abuse. For a genre that once gave us Fiddlin' John Carson singing "It's a Shame to Whip Your Wife on Sunday" ("When you've got Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday . . . "), the empathy Mr. Brooks exhibits says a lot.

Country's women, meanwhile, are asserting themselves as never before. The bend-but-don't-break philosophy of Tammy Wynette's late-60's classic, "Stand By Your Man," is becoming a thing of the past. As Ms. Cash proclaimed on "The Real Me" a few years ago, "A woman's her own mystery/ Not a shadow of a man."

Similarly, Mary-Chapin Carpenter uses songs on her latest album, "Come On Come On," to address a range of women's issues, from men's need to express their emotions to women's need to have their own emotional space. The album's pivotal track, "He Thinks He'll Keep Her," describes the plight of a 36-year-old mother of three who has been taken so completely for granted by her husband that she wakes up one morning, packs his bags and tosses him out, without regard for what the future will bring.

Even sexy sirens like Lorrie Morgan are trying to define relationships on their own terms. On one of her singles, "Watch Me," a lover tells her cheating man, "If you think I won't go, just watch me." Ms. Morgan's latest song is about an unescorted woman getting hit on by a stranger at a bar. "I'm not interested in romance, or what you have in mind," she says without a trace of country-belle flirtatiousness in her voice. "What part of no don't you understand?"

If country music is a gauge of what Middle America thinks and feels, it's probably safe to say that happy hour will never be the same -- and that, in country music at least, the "kinder, gentler" America envisioned by George Bush may finally have manifested itself. Country music, nonsexist and politically progressive? Sounds like a cultural elitist's pipe dream.

**Graphic**

Photo: Mary-Chapin Carpenter at a recent concert at the Beacon Theater in New York -- Part of a new breed. (Adam Scher/The New York Times)(pg. 25)

Drawing (pg. 24)

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[***ALEC MCCOWEN TALKS OF KIPLING AND VANITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-H8Y0-0008-N4PP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.

**Dateline:** LONDON, Oct. 2

**Body**

''I guess it's vanity,'' replied Alec McCowen when a visitor asked him why he appeared in so many one-man shows.

''I wanted to be an entertainer, not an actor, when I was young,'' he said. ''I wanted to be Jack Benny, and I'm still dazzled, still fascinated, by the audacity of a Judy Garland or a Lena Horne or a Frank Sinatra going out there all by themselves and holding an audience's attention.''

It seemed an odd statement, coming from such a mild man, so understated in speech and appearance. At 59 years of age, Alec McCowen looks years younger; he is short and compact, with piercing eyes, shortcropped hair and a prim little mustache that will serve him well in his role as one of the most eminent of Victorians in the New York production of his London success, ''Kipling.''

Interview with Alec McCowen, who will play role of Kipling in New York production of his London success; photo (M)

The Broadway opening will be at the Royale on Oct. 10, with previews beginning tonight. The show will run through Nov. 11.

But the comment rings true, because Mr. McCowen is neither mild nor understated on stage - whether with other actors, as in ''Hadrian VII,'' a hit in London in 1968 and in New York in 1969, or without, as in ''St. Mark's Gospel,'' which also fared well on both sides of the Atlantic. Of the actor's performance in ''Kipling'' in London, Michael Billington wrote in The Guardian, ''His memorable feat is to have turned a very private man into a public performer.''

Contrasts in Kipling's Life

Mr. McCowen had the idea of a one- man show about Rudyard Kipling years ago. He was convinced, he said, that the poet and novelist would make riveting theater because of the bold contrasts in his life - ''between the extroverted, exotic, muscular quality of the writing and the straight, starchy, black-suited quality of the writer.'' Mr. McCowen also found it fascinating that Kipling, whose works dealt seriously with the ***working class*** and with the ordinary soldier, resolutely avoided the company of the common man.

At first, Mr. McCowen hoped to write the play himself, but he found that impossible. The project took 10 years to come to fruition, and it appeared on the stage only after Channel 4, the newest of the British television networks, provided the money, and Brian Clark and Mr. McCowen spent months cutting the material to two hours. (Mr. McCowen finished recording a shortened version for television last week).

Kipling enjoyed celebrity comparable to that of modern pop stars - Mr. McCowen calls him ''the Mick Jagger of his day'' - and he won England's first Nobel Prize in Literature in 1907, the seventh year the prizes were awarded. Since his death in 1936, he has often been derided as an outdated imperialist or ignored altogether. But in the decade since Mr. McCowen conceived the idea for his play, Angus Wilson, the novelist and critic, has emerged as Kipling's strongest champion since T. S. Eliot. He published a biography, ''The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling,'' in 1977.

Nevertheless, the public picture remains fuzzy, an amalgam of a few mediocre Hollywood movies and a few catch phrases: ''The White Man's Burden'' and ''You're a better man Burden'' and ''You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!'' and ''Lest we forget!'' Even some of those are ill- recalled. ''Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,'' Kipling wrote, but not to demonstrate irreconcilability; the poem ends, ''But there is neither East nor West, border, nor breed, nor birth,/ When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!''

Unsure of U.S. Audiences

Mr. McCowen said in an interview recently that he was not sure how American audiences would react to Kipling, who still seems to many in the United States as remote a figure as Disraeli or Kitchener. Kipling was almost as famous in the United States as he was in Britain, but he appears to have faded almost completely from public consciousness.

''The timing is interesting, too,'' the actor said. ''This is going on just before the election, and Kipling was a with India and the Empire, but he loathed the establishment, the clergy, most politicians and the monied classes. How will that go down in a time of reawakened American patriotism?''

Kipling knew the United States well - he married an American, Caroline Balestier, in 1892, and they lived in Vermont for four years - and that is reflected in the one-man show, as is the writer's friendship with Theodore Roosevelt, a fellow advocate of muscular Christianity and imperialism.

Mr. McCowen also has American ties. He first visited New York in 1948 and said he was much taken by the naturalism of Marlon Brando's acting in ''A Streetcar Named Desire.'' He credits Ruth Gordon, with whom he worked in Thornton Wilder's ''The Matchmaker'' in 1955, with teaching him that the secret of comedic acting was ''intensity of belief.''

He has appeared about a dozen times on Broadway over 30 years.

Wander Onstage by Mistake

Mr. McCowen and Mr. Clark devised a ''trick'' to make possible a monologue by a man who would never have delivered one. Kipling appears to wander onto the stage by mistake, and he talks directly to the audience. He says gruffly: ''You'll learn nothing from me you can't find in my books - if you bother to read them.'' Hal Holbrook used a somewhat similar technique in his one-man show about Mark Twain some years ago.

But there are no tricks in Mr. McCowen's preparation for his one- man shows. It took him six months to learn the lines through his own laborious process. He memorizes every morning from 6 to 8, then learns the same material in the evening. He says he has to ''do it three or four times before it lodges really firmly.''

And what does he think of Kipling, after having lived with him for a decade, and at very close quarters for the better part of a year?

''Had we met, I wouldn't have liked him and I doubt he would have liked me,'' Mr. McCowen said. ''As an actor, I of course adore him, because he was the greatest English literary entertainer since Dickens. What I have tried to do is peel away all those layers of respectability to get back to the violent, self-opiniated little boy that was always bursting out.

''When he was three or four years old,'' the actor said, ''Kipling used to run down the street yelling, 'out of the way, out of the way, there's an angry ruddy coming.' That's the man that I portray.''

**Graphic**

photo of Alec McCowen

**End of Document**



[***PERSONAL HEALTH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-H2X0-0008-N0VD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Jane E. Brody

**Body**

NEW studies analyzing the physical fitness of schoolchildren portend a depressing future in terms of the health of the American people. Despite the explosion of interest in health, exercise and disease prevention among young and middle-aged adults, health measurements on children indicate that they are

less healthy today than children were two decades ago and that little is being done to reverse this.

A national survey of 8,800 children 10 to 18 years old that was released last week by the Federal Government's Office for Disease Prevention and Health Promotion showed that youngsters are generally fatter today than children were in the mid-1960's; their heart-lung fitness lags behind that of most middle-aged joggers; fewer than half stay active when cold weather sets in, resulting in a winterlong decline in fitness, and few are learning in school to pursue activities that can improve fitness and become a permanent part of an active life.

A more circumscribed study involving 360 elementary-school children in Jackson County, Mich., (described as an ordinary ***working-class*** community), had equally grim news. Among the 7-to-12-year-olds who were scrutinized, body fat levels averaged 2 to 5 percent above the national average, which is already too high for optimum health; 41 percent had high levels of cholesterol in their blood, and 28 percent had higher than normal blood pressure. All told, 98 percent of the youngsters presented at least one major risk factor for developing coronary heart disease.

Jane E Brody personal health column on new studies on health measurements on children indicate that they are less healthy today than children were two decades ago; says Michigan study shows well-designed education and behavior modification program that can significantly improve health prospects for children (M)

That is the depressing side of the youth health story.

Now, the good news. The Michigan study, which was conducted under a grant from the W. K. Kellogg Foundation and is summarized in this month's issue of Prevention magazine, showed that a well-designed education and behavior modification program can significantly improve health prospects for children.

A three-year ''Feelin' Good'' program was designed for 24,000 children by Dr. Charles T. Kuntzleman, an adjunct professor of health services at Spring Arbor College in Michigan. A study involving 360 of these children found that regular exercise had produced the following changes: body fat measurements dropped an average of 16 percent, blood cholesterol dropped 4 percent and blood pressure 6 percent. There was, on average, a 6 percent decline in calories consumed, a 10 percent decline in sugar consumption and an estimated 25 percent decline in fats in their diets.

The youngsters in the exercise program significantly improved the times in which they could run a mile. About 46 percent of the children ended up increasing the amount of time they devoted to physical activities. Moreover, the number of children without any coronary risk factors increased 55 percent.

Whether such improvements will hold through the children's adolescence remains to be seen; at present, there are no funds committed to doing the necessary follow-up studies. But the results of this project show it is possible to influence health-related behaviors during childhood *if* the right tactics are used.

In an interview, Dr. Kuntzleman said it was important to avoid preaching. Rather, he said, the children's ''health consciousness'' was raised through standard classroom techniques - lectures, readings and discussions - and through self-discovery demonstrations.

The children learned how to measure their own blood pressure, heart rate and body fat. They analyzed the foods they ate, who brought the foods into the house and why. They learned about the nutritional value of various foods and how to balance assets and liabilities in making food choices. They studied cultural factors that influence health behavior, such as peer pressure and advertising pressure to smoke cigarettes and to eat fatty, sugary foods. And they discovered the joys of physical activity through noncompetitive, imaginative aerobic games, such as PacMan Fever and aerobic softball, in which everyone keeps moving.

The program sought small, realistic changes, not revolutions. And it tried, with limited success, to involve the parents so that the home environment would support what was happening at school. ''Feelin' Good'' enjoyed greater success with the teachers, many of whom had improved their own health habits and thus were enthusiastic about helping the children do much the same.

Perhaps the most telling finding of the Michigan study was the measured improvement in self-esteem among the children who participated in the special program. This is no surprise to the many adults who have discovered that when they take responsibility for their health and improve their living habits, they feel better about themselves and their outlook on life improves.

Dr. Robert S. Gold, project director for the Federal Government's School Health Initiative, said the survey of 8,800 was intended primarily to establish baseline data, or norms, for fitness among American youths. Since there are few comparable data from past years, it is hard to say whether children's fitness is improving or deteriorating. But the results alone are stunning.

For example, the best time achieved in a one-mile run was by 16- year-old boys - 7 minutes, 44 seconds; among girls, the 14-year-olds did best - 10 minutes, 42 seconds. Among the older children, the running times got worse. Many adult joggers will find the times remarkable, knowing that at age 40 or older, they can best these youngsters.

''We are under the impression that youth are the most vigorous segment of the population,'' Dr. Gold said. ''However, young and middle-aged adults are probably as fit or more fit than what appears to be the case among schoolchildren.''

Said Dr. Gold: ''We have to conclude that not enough time is spent in school or outside school on activities that would maintain a high level of cardiorespiratory fitness, such as running, swimming, bicycling or walking. The majority of activities are team and competitive sports and informal games, which don't promote fitness and are not the kinds of activities that will be pursued throughout life.''

As for the increase in body fat (a national health survey from the 1960's provided a basis for comparison), Dr. Gold could not explain this change for the worse. He said it might reflect a shift in eating habits toward easily accessible fattening foods or a shift in activity toward sedentary, television- oriented living patterns, or a combination of the two.

The Federal survey was done as part of a 10-year effort to improve the fitness of American children. By 1990, the goal is to have 60 percent of youngsters in daily physical education classes and 90 percent of schoolchildren participating in physical activities that will promote and maintain heart-lung fitness. The Government also wants to assess the short- term and long-term effects of physical activity on health.

Now it's a question of implementing the necessary programs. While there have been decided improvements in the last quarter century - for example, in involving girls in school-based sports activities - there have been recent setbacks. Physical education is often among the first courses to go when school budgets tighten. It is as if schools were unaware of John Locke's commentary on education - that ''a sound mind in a sound *body*'' is the essence of happiness.

**End of Document**



[***FILM; An Early Document From a True Radical***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4365-MYB0-0109-T1YD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By BILL DESOWITZ; Bill Desowitz's most recent article for Arts & Leisure was about "Planet of the Apes."

**Body**

THERE was a time, back in the 60's, when ideology mattered. Not just in politics, but in movies, too. And no filmmaker was more ideological than the Italian director Gillo Pontecorvo, who left little doubt about his sympathies when he depicted the 1954 Algerian uprising against the French in "The Battle of Algiers" (1966) and a slave revolt on a Portuguese-held sugar island in "Burn!" (1969).

People still marvel at "Algiers," which earned Mr. Pontecorvo the Golden Lion at the Venice Film Festival. A landmark film that spoke to the radicalism of the times, it combined fictional characters with documentary techniques to give what was then recent history the punch of an action thriller. And "Burn!," which starred Marlon Brando as a 19th-century English agent provocateur in the Caribbean, was even more belligerent in its condemnation of the European colonial adventure.

With Mr. Pontecorvo a hero of the left for his politics -- "The Battle of Algiers" was reportedly a favorite among the Black Panthers -- and of the critics for his Rossellini-meets-Eisenstein filmmaking, the movies were staples of the 60's and early-70's art-house circuit. So it's odd that Mr. Pontecorvo's debut feature, "The Wide Blue Road" (1957), has never been released theatrically in the United States -- this despite the presence in the cast of two established foreign-film stars, Yves Montand and Alida Valli, and a gripping story about a politically torn fishing village in Italy.

A valentine to Roberto Rossellini and the whole Italian neorealist movement, "The Wide Blue Road" was overlooked until 1999, when the Film Society of Lincoln Center showed it as part of a retrospective honoring Mr. Pontecorvo, who made his last feature film, "Ogro," in 1979. One person in the audience was the Oscar-winning director of "The Silence of the Lambs," Jonathan Demme, and his efforts on behalf of the film have resulted in its belated theatrical premiere, on Wednesday at Film Forum.

"On the surface, it's a simple story about a fishing village," Mr. Demme said by telephone from Paris, where he is shooting "The Truth About Charlie" (a reworking of "Charade"). "But the use of locations and the acting is extraordinary. This is no curio; this is a great, great tragic story. It brought me to tears. And what can you say about Yves? He was such an ultra-testosterone romantic male. I just couldn't believe it when I heard that the film had never been distributed in the U.S. It was shocking, and I was compelled to do something about it."

Mr. Pontecorvo, 81, speaking by telephone from Rome, where he lives, said he was pleased at the turn of events, even though he originally hated the film because of the commercial concessions he had to make to get it produced. "I was so sad that it didn't turn out the way I wanted," he said. "I wanted to shoot it in black and white, and I felt Alida was too exquisite to play the wife of a fisherman, and I felt it had too much melodrama. But Rossellini told me: 'Don't be stupid! This is only your first film. It's not that bad. There will be more.' "

In a powerful performance, Montand plays an outlaw fisherman torn between his aspirations and his commitment to his struggling community. Himself the son of Italian immigrants to France, Montand seems right at home as a ***working-class*** maverick who uses illegal bombs instead of nets to catch fish. Why use nets, he argues, when you can make a more secure living with dynamite?

For Mr. Pontecorvo, a steadfast Communist, the appropriate solution to this conflict between the individual and the collective is clear. But he gives both points of view their due. He provides everyone a sympathetic or vulnerable moment or two, while pushing Montand's bomb-throwing antics to dangerous extremes.

"I knew photography and I had done documentaries, but I was far from the approach I would use later," Mr. Pontecorvo said. "It was very natural for me to try to tell the true sentiments of simple people. Socially and on a personal level, I try to show what is most progressive and right."

Mr. Pontecorvo grew up in Pisa, Italy, one of 10 children of a wealthy Jewish industrialist. He fled the anti-Semitism of his country in the 30's during Mussolini's reign and moved to France, where he continued his music studies (he has helped to compose most of his film scores, though not that of "The Wide Blue Road") while pursuing a career in journalism. As a Paris correspondent for a few Italian newspapers, he met Pablo Picasso, Igor Stravinsky and Jean-Paul Sartre, a writer whose politics pushed him further to the left.

But politics were suddenly eclipsed when Mr. Pontecorvo saw Rossellini's "Paisan" (1946) back in Italy after the war. Thunderstruck, he immediately went out and bought a 16-millimeter camera and started shooting documentaries. Of the influence of Rossellini, he said: "To see his films is to be nearer to the truth. That's what I've always strived for."

While "The Wide Blue Road" honors Mr. Pontecorvo's roots in neorealism, its dark social and political overtones point the way to the New Wave that would soon follow in France and Italy. The fisherman is mired in a harsh life, trying to make it a little more comfortable for his wife and children (including a daughter played by Federica Ranchi). There is little joy in Montand's angst-ridden face, except when he is at sea with his two sons. The actor's charismatic charm is submerged in the fisherman's fear, his obsession with failure.

Although Montand had already created a stir a few years earlier, when he played the cocky demolitions expert in "The Wages of Fear" (1953), that performance doesn't quite prepare one for his depth in "The Wide Blue Road." The character may seem to have stepped out of one film into the other without missing a beat, what with his facility for handling explosives. But Montand's face has that haunted, pained expression of melancholy that would only become familiar later, in films like "Z" (1969), "Vincent, Francois, Paul and the Others" (1974) and "Manon of the Spring" (1986).

Although the glamorous Ms. Valli was forced on him, Mr. Pontecorvo had to persuade his producer, Maleno Malenotti, to cast the up-and-coming Montand, who was also a cabaret star but not well known in Italy. "Yves was such a showman," Mr. Pontecorvo remembered. "He was not only very patient with me, but he served as my assistant. He would do anything you asked. He couldn't swim and was afraid at first, but we attached a rope to him and he made it look so easy with that graceful body of his."

Mr. Pontecorvo, who recently watched "The Wide Blue Road" for the first time in 20 years, has softened his initial objections to the film. It's not hard to see why. While black and white would have undoubtedly brought him closer to the gritty neorealism he adores, his use of color is often striking, as in a chilling underwater scene. Having been forced to sink his boat in order to elude the Coast Guard commander (Peter Carsten) who is obsessed with his capture, the fisherman later returns to retrieve his valuable red motor. Bleeding from the extreme depths and nearly out of breath, Montand finally manages to remove the motor and attach a rope to raise it from the sea.

As for the title, Mr. Pontecorvo suggests that it refers to the "image of a boat, in late afternoon, drawing a line in the sea, a trail." But the sea is often green rather than blue, and it can be serene or it can be lonely, depending on the fisherman's state of mind.

Mr. Pontecorvo has resigned himself to the film's melodrama, which extends to two romances and multigenerational conflicts among the fishermen as well as the ramifications of Montand's unorthodox harvesting technique for his own family. When it was pointed out to Mr. Pontecorvo that even his idol, Rossellini, resorted to melodrama in "Open City," he admitted that it has its place. "It's a difficult balance between melodrama and reality," he said. "As long as you honestly communicate the emotions underneath."

IT was, Mr. Demme said, the humanism of Mr. Pontecorvo's approach and the sheer cinematic beauty of the imagery that so deeply moved him when he first saw the film. He went hunting for a United States distributor who would take on "The Wide Blue Road" and found Milestone Films, a haven for orphaned movies that had recently reissued "The Sorrow and the Pity."

Mr. Demme's involvement didn't stop there. He lent his name to the reissue, along with Dustin Hoffman, a friend of Mr. Pontecorvo's since the 60's, thus providing the prestige to help ensure a proper preservation and rejuvenation of the Ferraniacolor film by Studio Cine in Italy (financed by Milestone and partially underwritten by Turner Classic Movies).

"I've always considered Gillo one of the great deities of film, and was so knocked out by 'The Wide Blue Road,' " Mr. Demme said. "It deserves to be seen, even if it's nearly 50 years overdue."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Gillo Pontecorvo's "Battle of Algiers" portrayed Algeria's 1954 uprising. (Rizzoli Film Distributors)(pg. 22); Yves Montand and Federica Ranchi as his daughter in "The Wide Blue Road," from 1957. (Milestone Film)(pg. 13)

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**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X3R0-0024-J2DM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***With 'Leolo,' It Is Better to Feel Than to Understand***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X3R0-0024-J2DM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Peter Brunette is the author of "Roberto Rossellini" and co-author of "Screen/Play: Derrida and Film Theory."

By PETER BRUNETTE;  Peter Brunette is the author of "Roberto Rossellini" and co-author of "Screen/Play: Derrida and Film Theory."

**Body**

Although his new movie, "Leolo," seems resolutely focused on bodily functions, Jean-Claude Lauzon insists he wasn't really trying to shock anyone. "Some people think I sat there and made a list of the worst possible things I could show, but that's not true," says the 39-year-old French-Canadian director. "If you come out of the film and only remember the more outrageous scenes, you're in bad shape."

Reviewing "Leolo" during the New York Film Festival last fall, Janet Maslin wrote in The Times: "The film maker's taste for the scatological may send some viewers heading for the exits." But, she added, the film's emphasis on the body's nether parts "is linked to a remarkable delicacy -- and to a pure, fearless sense of purpose that raises 'Leolo' far out of the ordinary."

The film, which was also shown at Cannes last year, opens commercially on Friday. "Leolo" tells the autobiographical story of a French-Canadian boy growing up in a ***working-class*** section of Montreal. To escape his eccentric and suffocating family, the boy fantasizes that his real father was an anonymous Italian farm worker who impregnated his mother, long-distance as it were, through a sperm-covered tomato that ended up in a Montreal supermarket. It's a bizarre, occasionally upsetting film, but its underlying portrait-of-the-artist-as-a-young-man theme couldn't be more classic.

Mr. Lauzon's film purposely avoids a clear narrative development in favor of an emphasis on emotion. "At one point during the writing, it was very straight, full of normal sequences and explanations," he said. "But then I realized I didn't care about it. I think the movie works very well if you just sit down and don't try to understand it, just feel it."

He confesses that when he was writing the final version of the script two years ago, even he really wasn't sure what it was about. He did know what he wanted people to feel. "I remember the kind of film that you didn't want to talk about for an hour after seeing it because you didn't want to kill the feeling you got from it. I'm trying to reproduce the feeling I had when I came out of 'Midnight Cowboy.' You want to call a good friend or go take care of somebody."

Piers Handling, director of programming for the Toronto Film Festival of Festivals, sees "Leolo" in darker and more political terms. "It's a kind of epitaph for Quebec, which has a long tradition of trying to change reality, of refusing to be a colony. It's a film of despair, of closed doors, of the impossibility of any hope of change. Leolo the boy is himself a kind of metaphor for Quebec, both of them trying to dream themselves into another world, but completely failing."

Mr. Lauzon denies any political motivation for the film. "I'm not much of an intellectual," he says. "I'm an instinctive person." This extends as well to his preference for the strong visual image over a linear narrative. "There's no structure in my script; there's image instead. I don't wonder about where the images are coming from anymore and why they're so obsessive. I'm getting to the point where I just accept them."

Some of the more objectionable images, he admits, are part of an earlier version of himself that he doesn't want to censor (most of the initial writing was done when Mr. Lauzon was between 17 and 21 years old) but which he wouldn't write now. "You get to the point, you're 38 years old and you say, should I do this movie the way I was thinking at the time, and keep this kind of naivete, or completely rewrite it? It's impossible for me to think like that now, because I'm so far away from this milieu. At the time, though, I was so close to it and so angry at the mother of this kid. She was worrying about such idiotic stuff, whether he was smoking or not, compared to what he was suffering and was going through."

Mr. Lauzon, who has been a scuba diver, professional pilot and taxi driver, among many other things, gives the impression that film making is just another occupation he is trying out. He was encouraged in his writing by the scriptwriter Andre Petrowski, the model for the Word Tamer, Leolo's mentor in the film. "I was 16 at the time and having lots of problems with the cops. I was hanging out with some very heavy people. Andre was working for the National Film Board. He told me that in 15 years I would either be well known or in a psychiatric hospital. He also told me that I was a born film maker and that I had to write a script. I didn't even know what the word 'script' meant."

Mr. Petrowski virtually became a stand-in parent for the young Lauzon, but he has mixed feelings about "Leolo," primarily because he doesn't find a trace of himself in it.

"The film is beautiful and poetic, but a poem to egocentrism" Mr. Petrowski said. "Jean-Claude told me it was our story, but it's really all about Jean-Claude period. But if I had been through what he has, I'd probably be the same way."

Mr. Lauzon returned to high school in the early 70's. Later, when he was a film student, several of his short student films won awards. After his first professional short won first prize at the Montreal Film Festival in 1981, he began making commercials but also realized that the time had come to try a feature film. "I didn't really want to do it, though; I just wanted to go out and shoot a bow and arrow, go scuba diving, go out with women. Then this big guilt thing came on me that I had to do something with my life."

He gave himself 44 days to come up with a script, which turned out to be "Night Zoo." It then took five years to find the money to make it. When he finally did, the film was selected to open the prestigious Director's Fortnight at Cannes in 1987 and enjoyed a huge success. His reaction? "Damn it, I said to myself, now I won't be able to go scuba diving anymore."

Mr. Lauzon had a short fling with Hollywood after "Night Zoo," but he wasn't impressed with the scripts he was offered. "For me it's very clear that if I have to work the street, I'd rather wear high heels and nylon stockings, do commercials rather than make a bad film, in order to keep my title as an artist."

His friends and associates insisted that he immediately follow the success of "Night Zoo" with another film. "I kept saying I didn't want to, because I wasn't really a film maker. So I went back to making commercials and flying my plane in the bush country and riding my motorcycle. For about three years I was able to calm myself down; I really believed I would never make another movie. Then suddenly this wave came over me, and I sat down and wrote 'Leolo,' filmed it and the next thing I knew, it was in competition in Cannes. I guess some day I'm really going to have to start believing that I'm a film maker."

**Graphic**

Photo: Ginette Reno as the mother in "Leolo" -- Beneath the bizarreness is a classic portrait-of-the-artist-as-a-young-man theme. (Roger Dufresne/Fine Line Features)

**Load-Date:** March 28, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Regional Flavors Unchanged by the Big City - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MXJ-XS40-TW8F-G2GY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 28, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 5; Column 1; Travel Desk; Pg. 9; CHOICE TABLES: MEXICO CITY

**Length:** 1670 words

**Byline:** By MARK BITTMAN

**Body**

THOUGH the regions of Mexico retain their very distinct cuisines, Mexico City acts like a food processor, pureeing ingredients until you can't tell what went into the final mix. There are places like Fonda El Refugio, a classic old-style, semiformal restaurant, and the wonderfully authentic El Bajio, now with four outposts, considered by many to have the best food in Mexico City; both pick and choose favorite dishes from around the country. Then there is Izote, which features Patricia Quintana's fabulous, decidedly modern and slightly internationalized cuisine. There are scores of brightly colored restaurants serving food so oriented to tourists' palates that they might as well be north of the border. And then there are literally hundreds of places with cheap, good and rarely distinguished food.

But on this trip I was looking for restaurants that shouted of their homelands, and the ones I've selected here have character, promise, good and sometimes incredible food, and distinction. They will not be mistaken for one another, nor for anything else. (They all also have full bars, real service and comfort; you can spend a couple of hours in each, happily.)

Casa Merlos

This is the culinary traveler's dream, a real find, one no visitor to Mexico City should miss. In a ***working-class*** neighborhood not far from the historic center, Casa Merlos manages to be lovely, unpretentious and unusual. The space is altogether pleasant, with a high ceiling, stone arches, a marble floor, stucco walls and large windows overlooking a little mezzanine. Almost everyone is a local, and almost everyone knows one another.

It's a family operation; as a stranger, I was introduced to three members, and a fourth -- the father -- lingered in the background. The mother and one of the daughters sat at various tables chatting; my evident interest in food, and the fact that one of my companions was a local chef, brought them to ours too.

The food is from Puebla (which makes it poblano), and includes some odd items like chapilines, which I ordered largely because I had never heard of them. As it turns out, I was told they're fried insects, which didn't keep me from eating them. Their sweet, smoky, bitter and intriguing flavor, combined with their pure crunch, didn't even give me pause; I was enjoying them too much. Another local specialty you don't see too often is the excellent chalupas, open small tortillas with very fatty pork, best eaten at the beginning of the meal when your appetite is still revved. (They reminded me of the lardo di Colonnata served in New York these days, at 10 times the price.)

So beguiling you could eat it when you have no appetite at all is the fresh, relatively mild chipotle, made from a jalapeno native to Oaxaca, stuffed with goat cheese, stewed pork, nuts, and raisins. The pepper is fried, then sauced with a deep, not-hot chili mixture. The famous mole poblano, served with chicken or pork, is equally delicious. Mole is often disappointing, but for those who still question whether the best Mexican dishes can vie with those from anywhere, this is the answer.

After the meal, I asked how the mole was made, and the mother-daughter team brought me a plate of the ground mixture of sun-dried chilies, almonds, chocolate, tortilla and who knows what else (it's got to be more than 20 ingredients) that make up the basic mix: It's sweet and savory, it's bitter, and it's got a kind of depth that can be achieved only by people who really understand chilies.

There are at least a couple of other worthwhile dishes: Manchamanteles (or tablecloth stainers, because they're so juicy), which are stews of meat and fruit. Mine contained chicken with ripe plantain, pear and apple, but they vary from season to season. And totopostles, which were delicious and reminded me of the Turkish kofte: meat (in this case pork) pounded with garlic and cumin, then shaped into a steak and grilled.

Casa Merlos has several rotating ''festivals,'' celebrations of seasonal dishes. March features loads of manchamanteles; in April, you'll see pumpkin flowers stuffed with various mixtures; and in October 10 moles appear on the menu.

El Cardenal

This restaurant started in a poor neighborhood but has a new place in ritzy Las Palmas in Las Lomas de Chapultepec This is the one I visited -- a beautiful space filled with ladies who lunch (or breakfast) and men in ties -- and I'll head for the original next time I'm in town.

Start with the creamy, extraordinarily satisfying hot chocolate, poured from a jug. Or try one of the many jugos. I especially liked the mandarina and the guanabana (soursop), sweet, tart and not at all watery. One drinks jugos of all types in Mexico, and they can be thin and weak; these are anything but.

The sweet pastries, made with butter and probably lard, are irresistible: fig and coconut, an anise bun and the simple pan dulce are all supremely tender and tasty. If you get them served with nata -- the equivalent of clotted cream -- and you've had hot chocolate, you may be full. And happy.

But press on: The food shows strong influences from the state of Hildalgo, most notably the tortilla (omelet) con escamoles. These are the larvae of ants, but before you get too carried away with revulsion, let me remind you of caviar, which is also a weird little egg and is pretty good. So are these: white, small, with a soft but ''poppy'' texture and a subtle flavor that has hints of vanilla. In fact, in eggs it is too subtle, so you might, as I did, ask for a separate spoonful, simply cooked in butter, to really appreciate the stuff. There are other intriguing omelets, but you're not going to find this stuff at Zabar's, so why not give it a shot?

In any case, you must try the chilaquiles, which are the best I've ever eaten, perfectly cooked taco chips -- still with some crispness, but tending toward tenderness, a difficult state to achieve -- with onion, tomatillo, crumbled cheese, some spice and a lot of lime. The black beans with mozzarella-like cheese are also delicious.

The room is modern and tasteful, large and airy, with rust-colored walls and wood-and-leather chairs that match. Sun streams through windows facing the avenue, and there are windows on the other two sides, a courtyard and a small park. There is no better place in town -- maybe in the hemisphere -- to spend a good portion of the morning eating so much you need to take a nap.

D.O.

Just as visitors unavoidably find themselves on Fifth Avenue during the course of a few days in Manhattan, you will find yourself in Polanco if you're in Mexico City for more than a day or two; in fact, your hotel will probably be there. And there's at least one place (in addition to Izote and the new El Bajio) that's worth stopping in: That's D.O., short for denominacion de origen, the Spanish designation for distinctive regional foods. I wondered about including it here, because it's a stretch to call Spain a region of Mexico, and the chef, Bruna Oteiza, is a friend of mine. But for a drink and a few real tapas -- the likes of which you'd have a hard time finding in the United States -- it's fantastic.

You can get Jabugo ham here, the world's best, and some other classics: rabo de toro (bull's tail), a deep, dark, rich stew; various croquettes; little canapes of lomo (ham made of pork tenderloin) and piquillo peppers; or Camembert and anchovy (unusual and delicious). I like sitting at the bar, though the dining room is appealing, with big windows and an elegant, informal, black-and-white decor, and the main menu is alluring.

But the bar is of frosted orange glass, lighted internally, with a modern look and high-backed white chairs and old-fashioned chandeliers. And it's a bargain (some tapas are a buck) and, for some reason -- at least on the nights I was there -- not crowded, despite being among the most stylish places in the neighborhood.

Xel-Ha

I had two dreadful experiences trying to eat cuisine of the Yucatan before settling in at Xel-Ha the night before I left town. Lunch was at a downtown restaurant and entered the books as the worst meal of 2006; I'll spare you the details. An early dinner took place at a charming Yucatecan restaurant where the service was so bad we were forced to leave, though not until the server used the most novel excuse in history: ''The chef just died,'' he told us, placidly. (I'm almost positive this was a lie.)

So on this night, McDonald's might have seemed terrific, and I thought of settling for tacos de carbon at a place I knew to be good. But from the minute I approached Xel-Ha I liked it, and I never stopped. First of all, it's in the heart of Condesa, which you might call the Lower East Side of Mexico City (though I'm quite sure I've never seen people juggling with fire at stoplights on Avenue B). Secondly, it's lively and, if not exactly gorgeous, unpretentious and cheery.

It was the tostado of turkey that made my evening, though: when a restaurant can produce turkey this juicy and delicious, there's someone in the kitchen who knows how to cook. Sopa de lima -- lime soup -- was rich chicken broth loaded with lime, some heat and tortilla chips; it was soothing. This was followed by some tacos with cochinita de pibil, the slow-roasted pork of the Yucatan (you're supposed to cook it in the ground, but I doubt they do that in Condesa); relleno negro, the classic pate-like dish with black sauce, beautifully executed; and panucho cazon, essentially a shark sandwich. Suddenly I was liking Yucatecan food again. That's a good enough reason for me.

BILL OF FARE

Prices are a rough average for a meal for two people with beverages.

Casa Merlos, Victoriano Zepeda 80, Obsevatorio; (52-55) 5277-4360. 250 pesos, or about $23 at 11 pesos to the dollar.

El Cardenal, Avenida de las Palmas 215, Lomas de Chapultepec; (52-55) 2623-0402. breakfast, 150 pesos.

D.O., Hegel 406, Polanco; (52-55) 5255-0612. 600 pesos; less for tapas.

Xel-Ha, Parral 78 Bis, Colonia Condesa; (52-55) 5553-5968. 250 pesos.

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

**Correction**

A picture caption with the Choice Tables column last Sunday about dining in Mexico City misstated the name of a restaurant's neighborhood. As the article noted, El Cardenal is in Las Lomas de Chapultepec, not Las Polomas de Chapultepec.

The Choice Tables column on Jan. 28, about regional fare in Mexico City, misspelled the name for a dish of fried insects. It is chapulines, not chapilines.

**Correction-Date:** February 11, 2007

**Graphic**

Photos: El Cardenal, in the neighborhood of Las Polomas de Chapultepec, serves breakfasts that might include hot chocolate or fruit drinks called jugos. (Photo by Adriana Zehbrauskas for The New York Times)(pg. 9)

At El Cardenal, an omelet with ant larvae

slicing a ham from Spain at D.O.

a poblano-style dish involving pig meat and a mulato chili sauce at Casa Merlos

lime soup at Xel-Ha, which serves food of the Yucatan. (Photographs by Adriana Zehbrauskas for The New York Times)(pg. 12)Map of Mexico highlighting Mexico City. (pg. 12)

**Load-Date:** January 28, 2007

**End of Document**



[***A Summer Place For All Seasons***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H04-5HD0-TW8F-G2F2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 28, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 14CN; Column 3; Connecticut Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1671 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM YARDLEY

**Body**

THE knock on the door came late one night in 1942. It was just weeks after James and Helen Quinn were married, and the newlyweds from Norwich were spending one of their first nights in their modest summer cottage on quiet Groton Long Point.

The man at the door spoke with urgency. Turn out the lights, he said. This is wartime, he reminded them, and your bright windows stand out on a shoreline dark because of a mandatory blackout.

Six decades later, however, Groton Long Point is never dark.

''We see a lot of lights now,'' said Mr. Quinn, 91, as he gestured at cottages that had risen around his over the years, at trees that had matured where once there was rocky farmland, at the beach bustle that makes Groton Long Point easy to spot, day or night.

Indeed, much has changed in Groton Long Point over the years, including perhaps the most fundamental thing about the place: Rather than a cluster of cottages built for summer, the area is now a year-round community on the water where residents may live for 12 months or come and go all four seasons.

Leslie Acquaviva, 55, moved down permanently from Glastonbury two years ago, after buying a house on West Shore Avenue.

''I keep busy and I have a lot of friends,'' she said. ''I don't feel deserted in the winter.''

Towns and villages all along the eastern Connecticut shore are being transformed. Some, like Stonington and Noank nearby, were once ***working-class*** villages that have been gentrified by part-time residents from New York and elsewhere. Others, like Old Lyme and Clinton to the west, have felt pressure either to allow owners of summer cottages to convert their houses for year-round use or to make private beaches accessible to the public.

Yet Groton Long Point was among the first formal summer communities -- it was chartered by the state in 1921 and was formed out of land that once belonged to John Winthrop, a 17th-century governor of Connecticut -- and it also was among the first to embrace a shift to a year-round way of life. While some communities have resisted change, the Groton Long Point Association, the political subdivision that oversees the community within the Town of Groton, has long encouraged residents to live -- or at least visit -- throughout the year, to stay connected, to invest time as well as money.

''This is not a Greenwich cocktail party,'' said Rick Crolius, president of the association. ''We're here year round. We say, 'Come on up for Thanksgiving.' People drive down from New Hampshire for monthly meetings.''

Part of the motivation is that people here just seem to like one another, but the goal has also been to preserve Groton Long Point against the pressures of rising land values and property taxes. The association hopes that cultivating a unified front among residents will help it control its fate.

''The primary focus is on maintaining our sense of community,'' Mr. Crolius said.

Unlike other shore communities remade recently, Groton Long Point never was a fishing village or a shipbuilding harbor. It was a farm, first subdivided into a summer escape early in the 20th century, a salty collage of screen doors and tongue-and-groove woodwork built for warm breezes and sunsets.

People from Norwich and Hartford and Springfield, Mass., built houses and brought their children here for months at a time. Early deeds from the 1920's prevented members of some racial and ethnic groups from living on the land.

At least one older cottage still has an outhouse. While some other shore communities still rely on well water and septic systems, Groton Long Point had sewer service by the 1970's and has had city water since well before that. The state health code allows communities with sewer systems to build more densely than those on septic systems.

''The start of the change in Groton Long Point was sewers,'' said W. Gordon Lange, the association's zoning officer and vice president.

There now are about 615 properties on the point's 236 acres. Some lots are 40 feet by 80 feet or smaller. The population swells from as few as about 700 in the winter to more than 3,000 in the summer, association officials said. The winter number is rising, they said, and the overall year-round population is likely higher than census figures suggest because many residents spend some winter months in Florida and other warm climates.

Part of what makes the area distinctive is the association itself, which owns all of the property on Groton Long Point that does not belong to individual property owners, including beaches, marshes, a few community buildings and tennis courts. It also pays for a four-person police force that enforces parking restrictions on nonresidents and a volunteer fire department, and it enforces zoning regulations. It had a budget of about $1.3 million in the fiscal year that ended July 31.

Groton Long Point residents pay an additional tax to the association based on their property value, which for some equals about 10 percent of their property taxes.

For several years the association has been at odds with the Town of Groton over its precise status. The town says the association is a borough, a division of government in Connecticut that falls under greater control of town government. The association insists its state charter grants it political authority without losing its status as a private landholder.

''We are not a borough,'' Mr. Crolius said emphatically.

A lawyer for the town, Andrew Brand, said the issue has subsided.

''They wanted to be treated as a separate entity,'' he said. ''I don't know how else to phrase it.''

The area is not likely to be confused with other places where newcomers with money are forcing change.

There is no regular retail operation beyond the Spa, a euphemistically named snack bar that sells ice cream, full breakfasts, hot dogs and sandwiches and (the most expensive items, at $6.95 each) Cobb and Caesar salads. There is coffee, but only in the mornings, and espresso is not an option.

''I've never heard anyone ask for a Starbucks,'' Mr. Crolius said. ''The fare in there is the same as it was when I was 5 years old.''

Sun-washed children as young as 4 and 5 still bike the quiet narrow streets unsupervised, on their way to sailing or swimming lessons, just as Mr. Crolius did when he was a child. Crime is nearly nonexistent. Adults walk or bike to the beach and often do not notice if they are blocking cars along the way.

Some families have owned homes here for generations, cobbling lots together as the family expanded over the years. One family owns 12 properties, another has 5, Mr. Lange said.

Still, for all the continuity, change is obvious. Tear-downs are common. About 22 houses have been either replaced or completely renovated over the last two years, Mr. Lange said. The new places are usually big.

Nodding toward a new waterfront house during a driving tour recently, he noted its busy rooflines and bulky facade, an awkward attempt to mesh cottage quaint with the scale of newer suburbs.

''That was a tear-down,'' he said. ''Ugly as sin, but it meets the code.''

The zoning code requires new construction and renovations not to cover more than 25 percent of a lot's square footage, to rise no higher than 30 feet -- excluding tiny cupolas, which are allowed -- and to start at least 25 feet behind the front property line.

''Nobody gets a variance,'' Mr. Lange said.

But unlike in some communities, there are no requirements on paint colors, and only a few on architectural style. And there is little to prevent homeowners from selling land if it is among the original platted lots.

''People are doing it all the time,'' Mr. Lange said.

Rising taxes are forcing some older residents on fixed incomes to sell lots, which can go for $400,000 or more a few rows inland from the water. A house on the water recently sold for $2.2 million. Some people have moved away altogether. In 2001, during the Town of Groton's last property tax revaluation, Groton Long Point residents saw their taxes rise disproportionately to the rest of the town, said the town tax assessor, John S. Philip. Some residents saw bills double or triple.

Linda Colgan, who divides her year between Key Largo, Fla., and a cottage on West Shore Avenue, where her grown children visit, said her tax bill nearly tripled from about $3,500 in the late 1990's to nearly $10,000 now.

''It's not a pretty sight,'' she said. ''They're destroying the beach community.''

The property tax problem is serious enough that the association is exploring establishing a fund that would help relieve the pressures of property taxes for some struggling residents, Mr. Crolius said.

''We know that some of our elderly residents cannot sustain another huge increase in property taxes,'' he said.

Yet some longtime residents are not considering selling or even renovating. They hope to keep the same seasonal rhythms, regardless of increasing taxes and the trend toward year-round use.

Peter Viering owns a red cedar-shingled house on four lots that his grandfather, a Hartford stockbroker, bought in 1924. The four-bedroom house, surrounded by a large lush lawn, sits directly on the water and is one of few places that has not been winterized to some degree or subdivided.

Mr. Viering, 54, a lawyer who lives in Stonington, owns the house with his older brother. They grew up spending their summers here. Property taxes on the combined lots are somewhere around $30,000, said Mr. Viering's wife, Liz. The family shares the burden, Mr. Viering said.

Although they recently sold an adjoining lot, they joked that they should have been more financially savvy, perhaps selling more land or renovating the house. But they have also felt a kind of reverse pressure.

''I remember when we put tile in one of the bathrooms, my mother-in-law said, 'Why are you spending all of that money?''' Mrs. Viering said. '''It's just an old cottage.'''

The Weekenders

The last in an occasional series on how second-home owners are changing small towns.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Peter Viering with his wife, Liz, outside their house in Groton Long Point. Mr. Viering, a lawyer from Stonington, and an older brother own the four-bedroom house, which is not winterized.

A row of homes with views of Main Beach. (Photographs by C.M. Glover for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

There were far fewer homes in Groton Long Point when James and Helen Quinn first stayed at their summer cottage in 1942.

Linda Colgan divides her year between a cottage on West Shore Avenue and Key Largo, Fla. (Photographs by C.M. Glover for The New York Times)(pg. 4)

**Load-Date:** August 28, 2005

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[***Cuba and the Church Continue To Maneuver Over Pope's Visit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RTN-T220-007F-G17S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER

By LARRY ROHTER

**Dateline:** HAVANA, Jan. 18

**Body**

With Pope John Paul II scheduled to begin his long-awaited visit to Cuba in just three days, the Cuban Government and the Roman Catholic Church here are locked in behind-the-scenes maneuvering that ultimately will determine to what degree the political impact of the trip is muted or enhanced.

In public, those involved continue to say that the Pope's visit is "purely pastoral" in purpose and that all is proceeding in harmony.

And using the newspapers, television and radio stations that Fidel Castro has controlled since 1959, the Cuban President has in recent days sought to portray the Pope as an ally in a struggle against American imperialism.

"We want to see a full house," Mr. Castro said during a five-and-a-half-hour national television appearance that ended early Saturday, adding that he plans to attend a Mass at the Plaza de la Revolucion here on Jan. 25. Cubans should attend "out of courtesy, out of politeness to the visitor," he said, and cautioned, "No one should be shouting 'vivas' at any leader of the revolution."

But at the same time, the Cuban Government has erected obstacles that make it difficult for the church authorities to take their case to Cuba's 11 million people themselves.

Working quietly, the church has been trying to expand the limited space available to it in a one-party state that was officially atheist for 30 years, until 1992. As part of the extensive negotiations that followed the first meeting between John Paul and Mr. Castro, at the Vatican in November 1996, the Cuban church has already secured an increase in visas granted to foreign clergy. It is also pressing for regular access to the state news media and permission to offer religious instruction in schools.

Mr. Castro has sought the papal visit, diplomats and religious leaders here suggested, because he is confident that he can direct its packaging and presentation in a direction that suits his political goals.

They said the Vatican and the Cuban Government have an implicit understanding that the Pope will reiterate the church's longstanding criticisms of the American economic embargo of Cuba and what one senior Cuban official called "the vulgar materialism" of the West.

Referring to the newspaper of Cuba's Communist Party, Mr. Castro said in his televised remarks over the weekend that some of John Paul's speeches read as if they were written by "a journalist from Granma, although of course I am not going to accuse the Pope of being a Communist." The Pope, he added is "a big headache for the unipolar hegemonism of the United States" and "of imperialism, because he is not a man who can be manipulated."

For that reason, it is not correct to classify the Polish-born Pope as the "angel of death for socialism, Communism and revolution," Mr. Castro continued, adding, "He was not the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union."

Mr. Castro also said, "Instead of a meeting between an angel and the devil, wouldn't it be better to think of a meeting between two angels who are friends of the poor?"

Taking their cue from their leader, other Cuban officials have also spoken with admiration of the Pope and the church's social mission. Ricardo Alarcon, for instance, a former Foreign Minister who is now Speaker of Parliament, has referred to the Pope by such titles as "His Holiness" or "The Holy Father" and dismissed the religious persecutions of the past as a mere "misunderstanding."

At the level of individual churches, though, the situation is far more complicated. Churchgoers, whose numbers have risen rapidly during the "special period" of economic austerity that began with the collapse of the Soviet Union, still complain of official repression of the sort that occurred in the Havana neighborhood of Miramar on Saturday.

Youngsters enrolled in catechism groups at Santa Rita de Casia Church were happily pasting small posters proclaiming the arrival of "the messenger of love and hope" onto trees and poles there.

A police officer on a motorcycle, wearing an imposing helmet and sunglasses, approached them and ordered them to stop. "You know, there's a directive of the party forbidding this," he said sternly.

The adult supervising the children asked, "How can that be if the President himself said on television last night that it's all right, and he is the secretary general of the party?"

"Well, I don't know anything about that," the police officer replied. "All I know is that I've told various other groups to stop, and nobody else has given me any back talk. So it's best that you stop now, because if you don't, people are just going to get upset and tear those posters down."

With that, the children returned to their church as an adult stayed behind. A few minutes later, a man in civilian clothes arrived and told the policeman to let the postering resume. But when a separate group headed out from the church in another direction, it too was rebuffed, this time by a different policeman.

Earlier this month, the Madrid newspaper El Pais reported that church officials had found a bugging device in a house where the Pope is scheduled to stay during his five day-visit, which begins on Wednesday. Cuban officials have denied the report, and Vatican and Cuban church officials declined comment.

As evidence of some easing of restrictions, on the other hand, Jaime Cardinal Ortega last week delivered a half-hour address on state television about the visit, marking the first time since Mr. Castro came to power that a Cuban Cardinal has been permitted to speak to the nation through the mass media. Later, officials said broadcasts of the Pope's Masses here, the subject of more than a year of negotiations, would take place.

In his address, Cardinal Ortega described the Pope not as an anti-Communist first and foremost but as a nationalist whose patriotic pride was wounded by the Soviet occupation of Poland after World War II. Mr. Castro picked up on that theme in his remarks this weekend, drawing an implicit parallel to his own resistance to the dominance of the United States here before 1959.

But despite Mr. Castro's conciliatory words, church officials say that what they really want is regular access to the state media. In its absence, parishes have organized missions that have quietly gone door to door to explain the Pope's role in the church and his background.

The deacon of a small parish church in Regla, a ***working-class*** suburb, said that "after all these years, a lot of people know nothing at all" about Catholic teachings. "We have had to explain everything from the beginning, starting with what is the function of a Pope," he added.

Ultimately, diplomats here said, both the Pope and Cardinal Ortega aspire to a much more visible and prominent role for the church here. The precise dimensions of that role have not been made clear, but the church's desire to use the Pope's visit as a springboard are obvious.

In a recent pastoral letter, the Cuban Conference of Bishops declared, "The action of the church in society is not limited to the free exercise of worship." Cardinal Ortega told the Cuban church publication Verdad y Esperanza that the main challenge facing the church after the Pope's departure would be "a dialogue with the state that has yet to start seriously, and which did not advance during the year of preparation for the papal visit."

A Latin American diplomat here put it this way: "The state reserves all power to itself, so there is an institutional vacuum at a time when Cuban society has begun to worry who might guide or broker a transition after Fidel Castro. The church is the sole entity with both the independence and the credibility to allow it to possibly play such a role."

For the moment though, the average Cuban can only watch and wait as church and state jockey. As a group of residents of downtown Havana waited in line today outside a butcher shop across the street from a church, they were asked if they expected the Pope's visit to result in immediate, concrete changes.

"That would be a miracle," one woman said with a laugh. "And as Cubans, though we have learned to hope for miracles, we cannot bring ourselves to believe in miracles."

**Graphic**

Photo: Youngsters pasted up posters of Pope John Paul II in the Miramar section of Havana yesterday. In one incident on Saturday, policemen had stopped the poster activity by children from a Catholic catechism class. (Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. A8)

**Load-Date:** January 19, 1998

**End of Document**



[***SUMMARIES OF MAJOR SENATE RACES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GXK0-0008-N4P9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 7, 1984, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 22, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1260 words

**Body**

Illinois

PercySimon

Senator Charles H. Percy, the 65- year-old Republican, is facing Representative Paul Simon, 55, a liberal downstate Democrat. This campaign has been a different sort of test for Mr. Percy, a ''progressive'' who in three previous races has been challenged by conservatives from Chicago. This year, Mr. Percy has worked hard to win the support of the Republican right wing, tying himself closely to the economic policies of the Reagan Administration. Mr. Simon has mounted an appeal to blacks, liberal Democrats and moderate Republicans who have traditionally supported Mr. Percy. Iowa

JepsenHarkin

Senator Roger W. Jepsen, a 55- year-old Republican, is defending his seat against Representative Tom Harkin. Mr. Jepsen, faced with negative publicity about invoking a constitutional privilege to escape a traffic ticket and applying for membership in a ''health spa'' that was closed on prostitution charges, has depicted himself as a Senate leader and has relied upon visits by big-name Republicans. Mr. Harkin, 44, a Democrat with five terms in the House, has tried to hold the urban Democratic vote and his conservative base in western Iowa while attracting moderate Republicans and farmers. Massachusetts

Kerry

Shamie

Lieut. Gov. John F. Kerry, a 40- year-old Democrat, and Raymond Shamie, a businessman, are battling for the seat vacated by Senator Paul E. Tsongas. In the Republican primary Mr. Shamie, a 63-year-old conservative, upset Elliot L. Richardson, the former United States Attorney General. In the general election campaign he has pursued the ***working***- ***class*** and middle-class vote, stressing his opposition to abortion and higher taxes. Mr. Kerry, who organized Vietnam Veterans Against the War, has criticized his opponent's support of Administration policies on arms control and Central America. Michigan

Levin

Lousma

Senator Carl Levin, a 50-year-old Democrat of Detroit, is running for his second term against Jack Lousma, a former astronaut. Mr. Levin has opposed the Reagan Administration's economic and social policies but said he would favor a tax increase only as a last resort. He has stressed his work to extend unemployment benefits, limit auto imports and reduce prices for military spare parts. Mr. Lousma, 48, has opposed any tax increase. He has favored constitutional amendments to restrict abortion and allow prayer in public schools. Both candidates are fighting for Michigan's huge blue-collar vote. Minnesota

Boschwitz

Growe

Senator Rudy Boschwitz, a Republican, has largely ignored his opponent, Secretary of State Joan Anderson Growe. Mr. Boschwitz, who is 53 years old, has supported the Reagan Administration's military buildup, though he has stressed the need for parity with rather than superiority over the Soviet Union, and he has proposed limiting increases in Government spending to 5 percent annually over the next five years. Mrs. Growe, who is 49, has charged that Mr. Boschwitz is too close to special interest groups, and she has allied herself with Minnesota's strong nuclear freeze movement. Mississippi

Cochran

Winter

Senator Thad Cochran, a 46-year- old Republican, is defending his seat against William Winter, a 61-year-old Democrat who has spent three decades in Mississippi politics and was one of the most popular Governors of recent years. Mr. Cochran, who has cultivated a moderate image, has emphasized his Congressional seniority and his chairmanship of the Agriculture Appropriations subcommittee. Mr. Winter has labeled the incumbent a ''backbencher'' who has not helped the state, and he has stressed his own record as Governor of hammering out a new education program and balancing the budget.

New Hampshire

HumphreyD'Amours (*00 percent of precincts reporting*)

The Republican Senator, Gordon J. Humphrey, and the challenger, Representative Norman E. D'Amours, a 46-year-old Democrat, have been battling for the middle of the political road in New Hampshire. Mr. Humphrey, who has conceded that some of his positions have shifted away from militant conservatism, has denounced his opponent as ''a foot soldier in Tip O'Neill's liberal army.'' In response, Mr. D'Amours, who has described himself as a middle-of-the road Democrat, termed the 44-year- old Mr. Humphrey ''one of the John Birch Society's leading voices in the Senate.'' North Carolina

HelmsHunt (*00 percent of precincts reporting*)

In the most expensive and widely publicized Senate campaign of the year, Jesse Helms, the 62-year-old Republican Senator, is being challenged by Gov. James B. Hunt Jr., a Democrat who has served two terms. They have competed for ways to demonstrate their commitment to tobacco, the state's biggest cash crop, and traded charges over such matters as Mr. Helms's position on Central America and Mr. Hunt's use of state airplanes. Most experts believe the campaign has made little difference to North Carolinians who have known from the beginning for whom they would vote. Oregon

HatfieldHendriksen (*00 percent of precincts reporting*)

Senator Mark O. Hatfield, a 62- year-old Republican who has never lost an election in 32 years in Oregon politics, is defending his seat against a challenge by state Senator Margie Hendriksen, a 41-year-old Democrat. She has attempted to capitalize on news reports describing Mr. Hatfield's support of an African oil pipeline proposed by a Greek financier who also paid a $55,000 real estate commission to the Senator's wife. The Hatfields, denying any wrongdoing in the matter, have donated $55,000 to charity, and an investigation by the Senate Ethics Committee has been dropped. Tennessee

GoreAshe (*00 percent of precincts reporting*)

Representative Albert Gore Jr., a 36-year-old Democrat, and Victor Ashe, a 39-year-old Republican and a former state senator, are competing for the seat of Howard H. Baker Jr., who is retiring. Mr. Gore has taken advantage of a household name, the legacy of his father, the former Senator, to create the image of incumbency. He has attempted to cultivate support beyond the Democratic Party by backing the Reagan Administration on such things as the MX missile. Mr. Ashe, however, has worked hard to tie himself to President Reagan and has criticized Mr. Gore for opposing some Reagan programs. Texas

DoggettGramm (*00 percent of precincts reporting*)

A Democratic State Senator, Lloyd Doggett, 38, and a Republican member of the United States House, Phil Gramm, 42, are fighting for the seat vacated by John Tower, a Republican. Mr. Gramm has criticized Mr. Doggett's opposition to raising the drinking age and allowing prayer in public schools and has charged that the Democrat accepted a campaign contribution from a homosexual group that raised at least part of the money at a male striptease show. Mr. Doggett has termed the Republican a right-wing extremist who wants to cut Social Security benefits and eliminate Federal aid to education. West Virginia

RockefellerRaese (*00 percent of precincts reporting*)

Ineligible for a third term, Gov. John D. Rockefeller 4th, a 47-year-old Democrat, is seeking the seat of Jennings Randolph, a Democrat who is retiring at 82. His opponent is John R. Raese, 34, a Republican businessman. Mr. Rockefeller, a member of one of America's wealthiest families, has spent millions on a campaign in which he has termed Mr. Raese immature and inexperienced. Calling the Governor the dilettante, Mr. Raese has said his involvement in his family's businesses - coal companies, a newspaper and radio stations - has allowed him to develop a better understanding of West Virginia.

**Graphic**

photos of senate winners

**End of Document**



[***NEW FRENCH PROGRAM: TALE MUCH LIKE 'DALLAS'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HJG0-0008-N4PF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 5, 1984, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 21, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1161 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD BERNSTEIN

**Dateline:** PARIS, Sept. 3

**Body**

For nearly a year, a French television crew and several dozen actors have been traveling daily to the rolling countryside of wheat fields and stone villages about 25 miles southwest of Paris. There, they are making an already vaguely familiar program that they expect will be the European television sensation of the coming year.

The program is ''Chateauvallon,'' the name of a fictional French village supposedly in the valley of the Loire River where two families, one very old and very rich, the other newly arrived in France and also rich, compete for control of a regional newspaper.

The series, which is to be broadcast in 26 hourly episodes beginning in January, is by far the longest ever made for European television. Full of ''murder and marriage,'' as the magazine L'Express put it, the series is not by accident reminiscent of ''Dallas,'' a program that attracts about 26 percent of the television audience here when it is broadcast in dubbed form every Wednesday night.

Article on Chateauvallon, French television's forthcoming series about two families; Chateauvallon is name of fictional French village where two families, one very old and very rich, the other newly arrived in France and also rich, compete for control of regional newspaper; series, to be broadcast in January in 26 hourly episodes, is longest ever made for European television; photo (M)

Inspiration From America

Indeed, ''Chateauvallon,'' with its stress on rich families of questionable morality, its divorces, its treasons, its sexual infidelities, is widely seen by Parisians as inspired by similar stresses in the American series, an irony considering that in France, television is run by the Government and the Government has complained about excessive American cultural influence.

Whatever the case, however, to its producers, ''Chateauvallon' looms as more than just another family epic.

Produced by France's state-owned Channel 2, it is being seen here as an important and risky gamble, a $5 million effort to launch a new kind of television, not just in France but elsewhere in Europe.

''We are at the end of the era of artisanal television and at the beginning of the era of industrial television,'' Christian Dutoit, the vice director of Channel 2, said of the production of ''Chateauvallon.''

Fiction on a Larger Scale

He said that heretofore French television programs were made on a small scale, as if by old-fashioned artisans; there have been a few short fictional series and many cultural and educational programs. In that sense, ''Chateauvallon'' is a kind of pilot for what is likely to come in European television: long fictional series designed to appeal to a mass audience and made with mass production techniques pioneered in the United States.

Mr. Dutoit said the first step taken by the station was a public opinion poll, carried out by the Paris office of the Louis Harris organization, on what the French public wants. The answer was clear, Mr. Dutoit said. The French, like other people, are intrigued and fascinated by the rich, particularly the rich behaving badly.

''The French want to escape the problems of everyday life. They want exotic adventures that involve a class that is not their own class, the middle class or the ***working class***,'' he said.

The result is a family saga with plenty of the odor of wealth, corruption, and unscrupulousness that marks the family saga that is ''Dallas.'' It has a villain who, like J. R. Ewing, is an easy person to hate. He is Bernard Kovalic, the head of a clan that is originally from Yugoslavia but settled now in France.

His clan intrudes on the comfortable, privileged world of the the series' other family, the Bergs, the settled, spoiled and beautiful bourgeois family of old money and new morality.

The Lust for Power

The Kovalic family lives on a farm and lusts for power; the Bergs reside in a glittering 15th century chateau - filming was at the Chateau of Mauvi eres near Rambouillet. The Bergs dress expensively for dinner, drive Rolls-Royce limousines, and generally lead lives filled with love, off- camera sex, personal betrayal, adultery, divorce, disappearance and a fair share of their own lust for power.

At one point in the plot, the beautiful and much sought-after 45-year-old heiress of the Berg fortune, played by the 36-year-old Chantal Nobel, disappears, a device that seems intended to provide some of the suspense that came in ''Dallas'' over who murdered J. R. Ewing.

There are nearly 50 other characters in the series; there is a suicide; there are German and Italian actors who speak in their native languages.

The latter gives the production a trans-European flavor. Indeed, on location, there is a bit of a babble as each of the actors uses his own language. Eventually, the German and Italian parts will be dubbed into French, even as the French parts will be dubbed into German and Italian for versions that have already been bought by television stations elsewhere in Europe.

Getting It Out Fast

All of this has already attracted plenty of attention in the French press, which has tended to be somewhat contemptuous of ''Chateauvallon'' as little more than an imitation of ''Dallas.'' The newspaper Liberation, commenting on the speed of production - one hour-long episode completed every eight days - pejoratively dubbed the technique ''fast television,'' suggesting a visual version of McDonald's hamburgers, which are enormously popular in Paris.

Will Chantal Nobel become the Sue Ellen of our French countryside? the newspaper asked. Liberation, which published a three-page feature on the series called ''Chateauvallon, your universe is pitiable,'' argued that the French program is weaker than ''Dallas'' because its characters do not show the ''dizzying quirks'' of their American counterparts.

''In choosing to treat ordinary France in an ordinary fashion, you end up with an ordinary portrait of ordinary people,'' the newspaper said. ''Who wants to identify with ordinary heroes?'' it went on.

It added that the French program ''is not a soap but a soaporifique.''

In response to this criticism, the producers bridle at the notion that they are making a European version of ''Dallas.''

'We Are Completely French'

In an interview Claude Matalou, the director of production at TelFrance, this country's largest private television studio, said: '' 'Dallas' was completely American. We are completely French. We are making a story of two French families that have nothing to do with 'Dallas.' ''

Paul Planchon, the director of ''Chateauvallon,'' said: ''In the 19th century, we had great series. They were written by people called Balzac, Dumas, etc.

''In the 20th century,'' he continued, ''the Americans took over the tradition of making series, but they were visual series, not written series.''

The 19th-century ''feuilletonistes'' as the writers of the magazine series were called, took love, power, and ambition as their main themes, Mr. Planchon said. ''We are renewing that tradition.''

**Graphic**

photo of Chantal Nobel and Hugo Pagliai

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[***As Crisis Nears, Affordable Units Of Housing Lag***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S2X-PNW0-007F-G4WF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 22, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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

**Length:** 1510 words

**Byline:** By ELSA BRENNER

By ELSA BRENNER

**Body**

IN Westchester, one of the wealthiest counties in the United States, more than 12 percent of the households -- 38,400 -- live in deficient and overcrowded housing. Still, six years after the Board of Legislators called for 5,000 units of affordable housing by the turn of the century, little is being accomplished toward that goal, a study by an independent advisory group has found.

What is more, the shortage of affordable housing is quickly reaching crisis proportions, making Westchester inhospitable to many ***working-class*** families, according to the advisory group, the Westchester County Housing Opportunity Commission.

"This is hardly a popular subject in Westchester," George Raymond, the commission's chairman, said recently, adding that only 19 of Westchester's 43 municipalities have adopted resolutions endorsing affordable housing.

And even among communities supporting the concept in principle, many have yet to build any affordable units. With only 270 new affordable units being added each year to the current stock of 2,500, it seems unlikely that the county will attain the goal of the Board of Legislators by 2000, he said.

County Executive Andrew J. Spano, however, is of a different mind. Westchester's poor record notwithstanding, he announced on Tuesday that he would meet the 5,000-unit objective within four years -- by the end of his first term. "We have to set our goals high," he said.

Mr. Spano said he favored using available housing stock in areas where land for new development is in short supply. He vowed to review the municipalities that had not adopted resolutions and start a campaign to educate the public in those localities.

The 19 communities that have adopted policies favoring affordable housing are the cities of Mount Vernon, New Rochelle and Peekskill, the towns of Eastchester, Greenburgh, Mamaroneck, New Castle and Ossining and the villages of Ardsley, Briarcliff, Croton-on-Hudson, Dobbs Ferry, Elmsford, Hastings-on-Hudson, Irvington, Mamaroneck, Ossining, Rye Brook and Tarrytown.

Examples of successful ventures are the Hommocks Park Apartments in Mamaroneck, which contains market-rate and affordable rentals, and the Arch Condominiums in Sleepy Hollow, which has six affordable ownership units.

The county gives money and technical assistance to sponsors of low- and moderate-income housing, often working in partnership with developers, housing organizations, community and church groups and Federal and state agencies, Lawrence C. Salley, the Deputy Planning Commissioner, said.

Since 1991, the Planning Department has partly paid for more than 429 units of ownership housing and more than 655 units of rental housing in various municipalities. Yet, despite the help available, the resistance to affordable housing continues, Mr. Salley said.

"Without local acceptance, it is extremely difficult," Mr. Salley said. "There are a lot of unfounded myths, like affordable housing will decrease property values, when in fact, the contrary has been documented."

Nowhere has the unwelcomeness of affordable housing been seen more clearly in recent months than in fierce zoning and housing battles in Scarsdale.

With 5,500 homes and 16,000 residents, Scarsdale has done nothing to meet goals set by the commission. The village's poor record has prompted Jeanne Richman, a resident and Chairwoman of the County Planning Board, to call for "at least some small percentage to show that we care."

She continued: "Every community has people who need affordable housing, and Scarsdale has them too. We should not export our problems to other communities."

Meetings about building affordable units for the elderly and allowing so-called accessory apartments in Scarsdale have recently ended in heated arguments. Mrs. Richman explained that even though accessory apartments would not officially be classified as affordable housing, they would probably be "within the reach of those who otherwise might not be able to afford to buy a house here."

But the apartment issue, like that of affordable housing, has engendered intense opposition.

"This type of housing, often the mark of a neighborhood in transition, always proliferates in declining neighborhoods, such as parts of Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, the Bronx and Brooklyn, even the north end of White Plains, etc.," Ralph W. Kern, a resident, wrote in a letter to the village's Board of Trustees last fall.

In some communities, the issue of affordable housing has been so controversial that projects have not made it past the drawing board. In Harrison in 1993, a plan to provide affordable housing for 28 families was halted in the face of fears that the units would degrade property values. In Eastchester, a proposal for 60 units was dropped for similar reasons.

Sometimes, racial bias fuels the opposition, with municipalities worrying that blacks, residents of Hispanic descent and other minority groups who qualify for affordable housing will degrade a neighborhood, said Winston A. Ross, regional director for the Westchester chapters of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

In North Salem in the late 1980's, town officials rezoned 63 acres of lakefront property to prevent the building of 184 town houses and some affordable units on the site. The builder sued the town in 1987 for eliminating the multifamily housing, claiming the ordinance was unconstitutional -- a claim that was upheld first by State Supreme Court in White Plains, then by the Appellate Division of State Supreme Court and finally by the State Court of Appeals in Albany. In 1990 the State Court of Appeals invalidated North Salem's ordinance against multifamily housing and ordered the town to allow the builder to proceed. But since then the builder has sold most of the lakefront property and is not going to build.

An earlier case, Berenson v. Town of New Castle, filed in State Supreme Court in White Plains in 1975, determined that local zoning must balance "the local desire to maintain the status quo within the community and the greater public interest that needs be met." Despite these litigations, the Housing Opportunity Commission reports that Westchester has continued to lag in confronting the problem of "a huge imbalance between household incomes and housing prices and rents." The report cited statistics showing that 150,000 residents, or 17.5 percent of the county's population, are so strained economically that they must feed themselves through food stamps, soup kitchens and food pantries.

Many residents, according to the report, pay an excessive share of their incomes for shelter -- "often at the expense of other basic life necessities."

The report also stated that many municipalities in Westchester "are especially vulnerable" to lawsuits because the county has officially established both the regional need for affordable housing and each municipality's allocation, based on the land area of the community, growth in employment and the number of overcrowded units, among other factors. Scarsdale, for example, should provide 135 units of affordable housing by 2000, White Plains 245 and Cortlandt, 137, according to the Housing Opportunity Commission's allocation plan.

One legal challenge, involving a builder who was suing Cortlandt, was resolved last month in State Supreme Court in White Plains. The court, ruling that the town's zoning was unconstitutional, not only ordered Cortlandt to rezone to allow the developer to build multifamily and affordable units but also approved the Housing Opportunity Commission's allocation of units in the county's various municipalities.

Still, the slowness to develop affordable housing is most likely to continue, in part because builders have recently been lured away by a thriving luxury-housing market, said Rose Noonan, executive director of the Housing Action Council, a nonprofit technical assistance organization, which helps developers, communities and other nonprofit groups build affordable housing.

"Five years ago, the game was affordable housing because the market was down," said Bill Balter, a co-owner of Wilder Balter Partners in Elmsford, a real estate developer. "Clearly there's a profit in the affordable housing business, but not the kind of profit of luxury market-rate housing."

Despite community resistance and economic pressures, there have been some happy endings, most recently in White Plains.

"We're on our way toward finally becoming a success story," said Thor H. Anderson, president of Shore, which stands for Sheltering the Homeless Is Our Responsibility.

After years of objections from neighborhood associations, the volunteer organization will finally put its shovel in the ground this spring for seven town house units for middle-income earners, with each unit containing a rental apartment for the formerly homeless.

Mr. Salley also cited as success stories 22 rental units in Irvington, 120 assisted-living units for the elderly in Peekskill, 62 two-family, owner-rental units in Yonkers and 10 similar units in New Rochelle.

"There are a lot of good things in the works," he said.

**Graphic**

Photos: Hommocks Park Apartments in Mamaroneck, above, and the Arch Condominiums on Depeyster Street in Sleepy Hollow, left, which occupy a former church, are among the county's affordable housing projects. (Photographs by Richard Harbus for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 22, 1998

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[***POPE STARTS A TOUR OF CANADA TODAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HH60-0008-N304-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 9, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 16, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1196 words

**Byline:** By DOUGLAS MARTIN

**Dateline:** QUEBEC, Sept. 8

**Body**

When Pope John Paul II arrives here Sunday for a 12- day tour of Canada, he will find a French Canadian population still 87 percent Catholic, but the role of the church vastly diminished.

Once Catholicism was everything in the Province of Quebec. The church ran schools, hospitals, workers' organizations and social services.

In Montreal, pilgrims would climb the steps of St. Joseph's Oratory on their knees, pausing to recite a prayer on each step. Near Quebec, they would visit the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Everywhere, the belief was once firm that attendance at Communion on the first Fridays of nine consecutive months - if carried out in the proper frame of mind - was the way to escape Purgatory after death.

''I declare, in the name of all of us, that we have remained and shall remain Catholic and French,'' Honore Mercier, a 19th-century Premier of Quebec, declared.

Power Ebbs in Quiet Revolution

But from the early 1960's on, in a process called the Quiet Revolution, the church's power has ebbed.

The once unquestioned authority of the parish priest is a fading memory. Hospitals are no longer church-controlled. Young people dream secular dreams, of independence for Quebec or, more likely these days, financial independence for themselves.

In a report to the Pope last year, Quebec bishops said their domain had come to resemble ''a house in ruins'' and they termed their flock ''the people of God in exile in a foreign land.''

Attendance at Sunday mass has fallen to 25 percent, according to Quebec churchmen.

In a poll in today's issues of two Montreal newspapers, The Gazette and Le Devoir, only 38.2 percent of Catholics said they attended mass regularly.

''I am a Catholic, but I cannot remember the last time I went to church,'' a local photographer said.

Protestant evangelicals appear to be the fastest growing denominations in Quebec. Pentacostals estimate that their numbers have swelled to 30,000 from 4,500 a decade ago.

Protest Common in the Church

Protest, once unthinkable, has become common in the church. Last May, the bishops decried sexism in the church; shortly afterward, 1,700 women published a letter in Le Devoir saying the same thing, and last month 30 Montreal women called the church a ''misogynist and patriarchal'' institution and urged demonstrations against the Pope's visit.

The extent of the dissaffection was evident in the newspaper poll published today. It showed that 68 percent of Catholics are against the church's stand on birth control; 72 percent believe priests should be allowed to marry; 66 percent disagree with the ban on divorce, and 42 percent oppose the ban on abortion.

Quebecers account for half the 11.4 million Catholics in Canada, a country that is 46 percent Catholic compared with 29 percent in the United States. Prime Minister-elect Brian Mulroney is a Catholic, as are his three predecessors: John N. Turner, Pierre Elliott Trudeau and Joe Clark.

The first Catholic Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was elected in 1896, 64 years before John F. Kennedy, the first Catholic President.

The importance of the Catholic Church in Canada is accentuated by the absence of a constitutional distinction between church and state, as in the United States. Religious universities are publicly financed in Canada.

''There is a fluidity where the church has always had certain state privileges, certain federal rights,'' said Mary Jo Leddy, co-editor of the Catholic News Times of Toronto.

For example, the federal Government in Ottawa has been paying for 55 percent of major church repairs in Quebec Province.

Michael Higgins, a historian, says that the church has been ''an important formative influence'' in creating a Canadian identity more concerned with general welfare than individualistic values. Except for Maryland, he says, ''America began as a Protestant dissenting reality.''

Tellingly, one of Prime Minister Trudeau's last acts was to make the Vatican's envoy in Ottawa the permanent dean of the diplomatic corps, a practice common mainly in Latin American countries. The Government has budgeted $23 million for the Pope's visit, drawing some criticism.

Pope to Travel Coast to Coast

The Pope will travel coast to coast and will visit the Northwest Territories. Millions of people are expected to see him.

Catholicism came to Canada with Jacques Cartier, the French explorer who discovered the St. Lawrence River and celebrated the first mass on July 7, 1534, on the Gaspe Peninsula.

Quebec was established as a separate diocese in 1674, covering most of North America, with the exception of the British colonies and the Spanish territories in what is now the southwestern United States.

Catholicism might have faced extinction in 1759, when the British under Gen. James Wolfe defeated the French under Gen. Louis Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham here, affirming Britain's supremacy over Canada. But the British soon discovered that the tight organization of the church was ideal for governing resentful subjects, much in the manner that they used the traditional ruling classes in India.

Quebec Turns Toward Rome

The process was strengthened when the Revolution in France diminished the power of the church there. Rome, not Paris, became Quebec's focal point, and by the 1890's, every Union Jack waving in Toronto had its counterpart in a papal flag fluttering in Montreal.

The church thus became key to the idea of Canada as a balance between Quebec and Ontario. As millions of immigrants, many of them Catholic, have moved to Canada since World War II, Catholicism has become a unifying force in new ways. Canadian bishops have become bilingual and have no need for interpreters at their meetings.

But divisions remain. Quebec bishops, while endorsing neither separatism nor confederation with Canada, have said that the decision should be Quebec's alone. Ontario bishops want Quebec to remain part of Canada.

Both the English and French branches of the church want to make it more relevant to today's concerns. They have urged a more humane sort of capitalism with an emphasis on labor-intensive industries. The Fraser Institute, a conservative Vancouver research group, called the recommendation an echo of Luddism, the early 19th- century English workingmen's movement against the machines that were beginning to replace manual labor.

But a new flexibility seems to have entered the church, particularly in once rigid Quebec, which now leads in addressing social concerns.

''Before, the church had all the answers,'' said the Rev. Bernard St.-Hilaire, a pastor in a ***working-class*** neighborhood here. ''Now the Church asks questions.''

In a sense, keeping up with the rapid evolution in Quebec society would be difficult even for an institution not carrying centuries of tradition.

This is evident in the case of Dr. Henry Morgenthaler, a physician who runs 10 abortion clinics in Quebec Province. His plans to open similar clinics elsewhere in Canada have so far been thwarted, as he fights tangled legal battles in Ontario and Manitoba.

''There has been a tremendous evolution in the outlook of French Canadian people,'' he said. Since 1973, Dr. Morgenthaler has been acquitted three times by French Canadian juries.

**Graphic**

map of Canada; photo of security officials in Quebec

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[***The Mouths of Babes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5G6W-JMD1-DXY4-X3G5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

It was fall in Brazil, and rain drizzled under a gray moon. The faithful were beginning to arrive at the International Mission of Miracles, a Pentecostal church in the poor and ***working-class*** city of São Gonçalo, 10 miles from Rio de Janeiro. In front of the church, which was located between a supermarket and an abandoned lot, a banner staked in the muddy ground advertised a young girl named Alani Santos, whose touch could heal.

Inside the boxy, bright room, a boy played gospel songs on a turntable while the opening preachers gave sermons. Two home-goods-store employees -- still wearing their aprons and name tags -- took their usual seats. A man in a soccer jersey rocked a crying toddler in a plastic chair. In the back, Levan Lomsadze, a 24-year-old from the Republic of Georgia, paced nervously; he had flown from the Caucasus to Brazil in the hope that Alani could cure his severe speech impediment. Sergio Teixeira, 33, rushed in late; lean and tall, with imitation Nikes on his feet and a muay Thai tattoo on his arm, Teixeira had taken the day off from a temp job painting gates to travel to the church by bus from his home on the outskirts of Rio. Though it was only 20 miles away, the trip through jammed traffic on shoulderless roads had taken nearly five hours.

After the room filled with about 60 people, Pastor Adauto Santos, Alani's father, took the stage. Heavyset and slow-moving, he was dressed in a navy blue three-piece suit. Adauto built the Mission of Miracles himself, partly using materials he repurposed from odd jobs. It was modest -- uncovered fluorescent bulbs glared over the white tile floor -- but had a few regal touches, like sliding Plexiglas doors, a large multicolored banner showing Jesus rising above a saturated blue sky and, in the shed that served as the church office, a chair decorated to look like a throne, with hand-stapled leather and gold paint.

Adauto prepared the crowd to receive his daughter, who is now 11 and has been preaching since she was 3. On Monday nights, Alani lays on hands; on Wednesdays, she has a revelations service, in which she and other preachers make predictions about the future; on Saturdays, she hosts a radio show about the Bible. She also does Skype prayer sessions with followers who live far from her or are too sick to meet her, and preaches at other Pentecostal churches and gatherings.

The pastor offered practical reminders. There would be no need to touch Alani excessively; Jesus' followers were able to receive miracles after only brief contact with his garments. And everyone needed to turn off cellphones, lest they ring and ''interrupt a miracle.''

Adauto began pacing. ''If you believe the name of Jesus, say: 'I believe!' '' he called out in Portuguese. ''I believe it is in the hands of the little missionary Alani, her hands will touch us, I believe in miracles, father!'' A few minutes into his sermon, two deacons turned the hall lights off and started to yell: ''God is with you -- he's here! He's here!'' The boy at the turntable raised the volume of the music. The task at hand was to coax the Holy Spirit earthside, into this room with bare walls and harsh lighting, to ask him to transform the assembled congregants, who, having examined the resources available to them, saw a miracle as their best option. The man holding the toddler began to weep.

Adauto invited those in need of healing to the base of the stage. Roughly half the congregants made their way forward. Some hobbled, and some were held up by attendants. Many had copies of recent medical exams in their hands. Alani stood onstage wearing a pink dress and cardigan with matching sparkly shoes, nervously finger-combing her hair. She made her way slowly through the line of sufferers as they explained their symptoms: low platelet counts, chronic anxiety, swollen joints. She listened to each story with precocious focus and empathy, seeming to grasp both the gravity of their ailments and the gravity of her own power to ease them. When she had heard from everyone, Alani looked up at the deacons, who had positioned themselves behind the line. The men signaled that they were ready for her to begin.

Alani approached Teixeira. A year earlier, his wife miscarried; subsequent tests revealed that they both had H.I.V. The illness made it hard for Teixeira to do his job collecting used cooking oil, and when he was fired, he and his wife began fighting all the time. They separated three months before that night's service. Teixeira said his father-in-law was convinced that an evil spirit was causing his problems and had suggested that the young preacher might drive it away.

Alani cautiously placed one hand on Teixeira's forehead and the other on his hand. After a moment of deliberation, she moved a hand to touch his heart. Then, lightly, she blew on his face. Teixeira staggered backward. ''Hallelujah, God!'' called the deacons. Teixeira shuddered. The deacons caught him as he fell and eased him onto the tile floor, where he lay on his back, palms open, eyes closed.

After the service ended around 11, Teixeira lingered at the church, talking with people he had met. ''When she touched me with her hands, it was an inexplicable thing,'' he told me. ''I felt a good presence, as if my blood was being renewed.'' He planned to return to his neighborhood health clinic to get a second H.I.V. test. He liked the idea of showing people his first test and then the new one, to prove that a miracle had taken place.

In a corner of the church, Alani met with a reporter from an Italian TV station for an interview. He asked to photograph her, and she slipped into a practiced pose, extending her arms heavenward with a rapturous look. Then she went behind the church to the office in the shed, which had a small kitchen, and squirted ketchup and mayonnaise on some mini pizzas warmed up for her and a friend, Luiza Do Valle. Luiza, who was 11, explained what it was like to be in class with Alani. She told me shyly, ''Kids at school treat her normally, except for occasionally asking her to pray for them if they have a headache or something.''

The Santos family lives in a low-slung concrete house in São Gonçalo. On the evening I visited last year, a car had just rolled off an overpass nearby, and the sound of gunfire briefly kept residents from leaving their houses. By the time I arrived, though, the street was quiet. On the corner sat an empty food truck covered with a mural of baile-funk dancers; drug dealers sometimes set up shop in it, the Santoses told me. The only store I saw sold window bars, but it was closed.

The family's living room was tiny and tidy, with one cinder-block wall painted a cheery orange. Alani had finished her day at elementary school and was in her room, changing out of jean shorts and a school-uniform shirt. Her mother, Sandra, set out purple fruit punch and crackers as Adauto cued up a slide show of Alani's preaching on the family's computer.

Adauto and Sandra were each brought up Catholic. Adauto then converted to Umbanda, an Afro-Brazilian religion. When he was in his 20s, his brother, then the leader of a car-theft gang, went to jail. The prison had a Pentecostal church run by inmates, which held services for their families on Sundays. Adauto's brother converted, and his family was impressed by the change in his behavior. He seemed happier, more purposeful. Soon Adauto decided to be baptized, too. He took a theology course to become a pastor and began evangelizing in poor neighborhoods, known as favelas, and in prisons, preaching in the long underground tunnels where inmates with tuberculosis or H.I.V. were held. He brought Sandra to Pentecostal services, and she was taken with the raw emotionality and the feeling of community; eventually, she and her entire extended family converted, too.

Sandra, who is shy and, at 37, a decade younger than her husband, told me that she tried to become pregnant for seven years. During that time, three different people in church prophesied that God would give the couple ''a pearl,'' which she and Adauto understood ''to mean that we would have a daughter and she would be used by God. We just didn't know how young it would start.''

Alani's parents say she performed her first miracle at 51 days old. Her father placed her hand on the distended stomach of a woman who had come to his church for healing. The woman fell to the ground, and, Adauto said, her belly immediately deflated. When Alani was 1, her parents encouraged her to pray for miracles. At around 2, they allowed her to begin laying on hands at church services. ''By the time she could speak, she could preach, and she was already being seen as a miracle worker,'' Adauto recalled. He began taking Alani with him when he preached in prisons and favelas, to provide her an outlet for her talent. ''Some kids who have this gift are probably in psychiatric wards, because it could be easily misunderstood,'' he told me gravely. ''It's an extraterrestrial force.''

Adauto started his video slide show, which was set to an original ballad about his daughter, composed by an inmate at a prison where she had preached. On screen, a 3-year-old Alani, her hair in pigtails, grabbed the legs of a woman in a wheelchair and then stood nearby, wide-eyed and silent, as the woman staggered toward her and the audience cheered. A bit later, a 6-year-old Alani led a large public healing service for drug traffickers in a favela; after handing out small white cloths she had blessed, she took the stage in a little cardigan with a bow in her hair and, rocking from one foot to the other, sang a song composed for the occasion. Its lyrics translated as: ''True happiness, only Jesus can give you/a blunt doesn't cut it or sniffing powder/in the hour of danger they will leave you alone.''

While her parents and I were talking, Alani herself emerged from her bedroom, holding a pink Bible. She had inscribed it ''Princess Alani.'' After the slide show, she politely agreed to let me see her room, which was painted pink. Stuffed animals lined her bed; on a small table was a Portuguese translation of one of the ''Dork Diaries'' books, by Rachel Renée Russell, and a book published by a Christian company called ''The Power of a Praying Kid,'' by Stormie Omartian, in which children named McKenzie, Austin, Dillon and Dylan describe amazing outcomes from their prayers. Alani showed me a flowered diary, in which she recorded big days in her life. Jan. 24: ''Thank you father today I'm complete -- I was recorded by Polish TV!!'' Feb. 20: ''Today I am going on a trip to São Paulo for a birthday party woohoo!!''

To prepare for each healing service, Alani told me, she sometimes fasts for 12 hours or has a long private prayer session. For that night's service, though, her only preparation was to write a short sermon while she lay on her beanbag chair.

''I've written down a few words,'' she said. ''Sometimes I write more if I am going to give a big sermon, but it's not a scheduled thing. God makes a scene happen if God wants something.''

No one keeps track of the number of child preachers in Brazil, but Pastor Walter Luz, who coordinates a 10-day conference for preachers ages 5 to 18 in São Paulo, estimates there are thousands. Most come from poor or lower-middle-class families, and nearly all of them are affiliated with Assemblies of God, a Pentecostal denomination started in America in 1914 and taken to South America by missionaries. Assemblies of God is now the largest Pentecostal group in Brazil.

The central tenet of Pentecostalism is that God remains an active presence in the world; people can access his divine power just as Jesus, Peter and Paul did, to prophesy, speak in tongues and heal the sick. Assemblies of God, in particular, emphasizes that the Holy Spirit acts not just through trained priests but through anyone -- the poor, the uneducated, even children.

The growth of Pentecostalism and other charismatic movements influenced by it -- which also emphasize the Holy Spirit and miracles -- has been responsible for an epochal shift in Christianity. In the 1970s, less than 10 percent of Christians were affiliated with these charismatic or ''renewalist'' churches. Today it is estimated that one-quarter are, and their rapid growth outpaces that of other denominations. With this expansion, Pentecostalism has shifted the center of world Christianity from Europe to what is sometimes called the Global South -- Africa, Asia and Latin America. As Philip Jenkins, a history professor at Baylor University and the author of ''The New Christendom: The Coming of Global Christianity,'' writes: ''The era of Western Christianity has passed within our lifetimes.''

In Brazil, Pentecostalism -- and especially Assemblies of God -- has its strongest foothold in poorer neighborhoods, where residents are often overlooked by the government and too transient to be easily reached by the Catholic Church, which is structured around place-based dioceses. Scholars once thought that Catholic liberation theologies, which arose in the 1960s and 1970s, preaching a connection between faith and socioeconomic justice, would be the religion of choice for the poor, but Pentecostalism, with its emphasis on the supernatural, has proved far more appealing. Improvised storefront Pentecostal churches bloom like mushrooms in the cities' cracks, jutting out behind a gas station or wedged into the ground floor of a home.

Among charismatic denominations, competition to produce fantastic miracles and emotional release is fierce. Startling stories of redemption -- from former prostitutes, for example, or drug dealers or murderers -- are prized. (One famous preacher, Aldidudima Salles, is the former head of the Red Command, a drug-trafficking gang in Rio, and claims he was so depraved before he converted that he broke into tombs and ate human flesh.) Child preachers fill a special niche: They embody the charisma and showmanship of older preachers, but filtered through a child's inherent innocence. As Andrew Chesnut, a professor of religious studies at Virginia Commonwealth University and the author of ''Born Again in Brazil,'' explains it: ''These child preachers are something that Assemblies of God have found that sets them apart.''

The phenomenon is controversial, earning scorn from other Pentecostal denominations and even criticism from within Assemblies of God. Silas Malafaia, a high-profile Brazilian Pentecostal pastor whose TV show airs internationally and who has preached at American megachurches, says that children who are preaching are being exploited. ''It's absurd,'' Malafaia says. ''These are commercial interests on behalf of the parents in receiving donations and selling DVDs. It is not about God, and I am firmly against this.''

But the Internet and social media have helped young preachers find wide, sometimes international audiences. Today Brazil's most successful child preachers work nearly every day and travel extensively.

There's 14-year-old Daniel Pentecoste, who crisscrosses central Brazil leading outdoor revivals in new farming communities and services in drug-rehab centers, dressing in a shiny red shirt and tie, his hair carefully slicked back. He dreams of someday acquiring a passport so he can meet his hero, the American evangelist Jimmy Swaggart. There's Alex Silva, who is now 21 and left a tiny town in the Brazilian state of Bahia with his mother when he was 11 to take up preaching in São Paulo. The family slept on floors while he was getting his start; soon he was informally adopted by a church elder, who began managing his career. By the time he was 13, Alex had preached at Brazil's main Pentecostal conference for an audience of 500,000 and had been to Angola three times to speak in a stadium there. For Alex, preaching was a way out of poverty, as well as a genuine mission; his brother is hoping that soccer will serve that purpose.

There's also Victor Gabriel, a 17-year-old with braces who lives in a grim white-concrete public-housing project on the periphery of São Paulo, four miles from the nearest metro stop. Victor told me that he frequently missed school to preach three to five times a week. He made anywhere from the equivalent of $150 to $250 for a weekday Mass to $3,000 for an overnight vigil or conference. He decided long ago that his preaching career was worth sacrificing what he called his ''lost childhood.'' Victor told me he did not socialize much with other teenagers: ''The majority of my friends are older preachers -- I feel I have more in common with them than people my own age.''

Then there is Matheus Moraes, one of Brazil's best-known child preachers. He started playing drums and singing in his church's band at age 2. By the time he was 10, in 2008, he was traveling to Switzerland, Ireland, England, Portugal, Australia, Paraguay and the United States. He preached five days a week -- occasionally at stadiums in Brazil filled with 6,000 people -- and also produced DVDs of his sermons, which sold 500 to 1,000 copies a month.

Before I met Matheus, I studied a few of the roughly 40 DVDs of his preaching that are available for sale. One, called ''Captive No More,'' was filmed in the United States at an overnight vigil for Brazilian Pentecostals in Danbury, Conn., in 2008, when Matheus was not quite 10. It plays like a one-man vaudeville show in Portuguese. Matheus wears a crew cut and a too-big, wide-lapeled white suit with a bubble of belly poking through his suspenders. He opens confident, launching into classic borscht-belt stage patter: ''It's 3:30 in the morning and people are still happy -- how great it is to be here in this vigil!'' He pauses to acknowledge the ''people who will see this on the screen from a distance, or over the Internet,'' and thanks the pastors in attendance, noting that one, Ana Paula, ''is beautiful as always, like a girl of 15 years.''

Over the course of 75 minutes, Matheus sings, summons the Holy Spirit and dramatically retells the biblical story of God freeing the slaves in Egypt. He seems to be enjoying himself the entire time, hamming it up. He reminds the crowd, ''A true Pentecostal makes more noise than a funk boombox,'' and sternly promises that ''if a demon has come close to the city of Danbury tonight, it will be banished by the power of Jesus Christ.''

When Matheus channels the Holy Spirit, he hops on one foot, churning his arms as if running in place. He speaks and sometimes shrieks in vaguely Hebrew-sounding tongues, pausing to gasp for air, and wails, ''Agora! Agora!'' (Now! Now!), as older Brazilian Pentecostal preachers do. ''God is sending you a hug!'' he cries. ''Receive it -- receive it now!'' At one point, he frantically announces where the Holy Spirit will hit next, yelling, ''Hold that man over there!'' as he brings his hands back over his head and throws them forward, as if to push the spirit toward a congregant.

I was surprised, then, when I met Matheus, now a teenager, in Rio last year. Slender and a bit aloof, he bore little resemblance to the exuberant boy I had watched in videos. He was 16 and was dressed in Vans, pressed skinny jeans and a T-shirt, his hair styled into a parted Bruno Mars pompadour.

Matheus grew up in a favela called Gardênia Azul, where a dense web of wires, which residents use to poach electricity, sags above narrow, unmarked streets lined with storefront churches, bars, Afro-Brazilian religious shops and a run-down pet store. After Matheus was born, his father, Juanez, bought a roach- and rat-infested wood shack in the favela. Over time, as he could afford it, he added glass to cover window holes, tile to cover the concrete and eventually two more stories. Juanez himself grew up in several favelas, where drugs, crime and violence were rampant. ''It was an experience that I didn't want for Matheus,'' he said.

Juanez is a believer, but he is also pragmatic about what Pentecostalism gave Matheus: the only clear path he could find to keep his son away from the streets. He promoted Matheus's career with the pride of a stage parent and also the shrewdness; he told me it would cost $500 a day for access to Matheus, and he requested that sum several times. (Per New York Times policy, I declined.) When Matheus was about 9, preaching at churches in Brazil and around the world, the family moved from their home in Gardênia Azul to one 15 minutes away, in a gated apartment complex with lawns. Though it was not clear why, Juanez did not want me to see the new apartment; every time we got together, I picked up Matheus and his father outside a Honda dealership and then dropped them there afterward.

The first time we met, Matheus sat next to me in the van, looking straight ahead, offering one-syllable answers to every question I asked. But Juanez, seated in the row behind us, was eager to talk. He described how he and Matheus's mother, Francinete, a retired janitor, converted to Pentecostalism 23 years ago when they happened upon a morning service as they made their way home after a night of drinking. After she and Juanez converted, they received a sign from God, they say, that they would have a special child. But Francinete had a tubal ligation when she was a teenager because she already had three children. She decided to undergo a procedure, which had only a 30-percent success rate, Juanez said, to reverse the tubal ligation. When she became pregnant with Matheus, the couple viewed it as a miracle. They say they received numerous signs throughout the pregnancy that he would be ''used by God.''

Matheus has a younger brother, Nathan, who occupies the unfortunate position in the family of being the child not used by God. ''Nathan is a normal person, not special,'' Juanez told me. ''God didn't give a message about him. His role was to help Matheus be a child, since his career did not leave him much time to play and do things normal children do.''

Our van bounced along a dirt road past a horse and buggy; groups of children ate passion fruit by the roadside. While Juanez spoke to me, Matheus held his cellphone impatiently, looking bored. I told him that if he wanted to check his phone, it was O.K. with me. We sat in silence for a bit as he scrolled through Instagram. After a few minutes, Matheus turned and, to my surprise, asked in halting English what kind of music I liked. He showed me music on his phone -- Britney Spears, Beyoncé and Bruno Mars -- and we looked at his Twitter page.

Juanez operates Matheus's website and Facebook page, each of which features pictures of him dressed in a suit, looking pious. But Matheus controls his own Instagram and Twitter feeds; there, he identified himself as a ''Musician/Singer/Model/TV Presenter/Evangelical Preacher'' -- though he has since taken the description down -- and posts pictures of himself in a tank top and surfing.

I told Matheus he was the first person I met while reporting in Brazil who spoke any English. He smiled proudly, revealing a mouthful of braces and looking just a bit like his younger self. He explained that he had taught himself English through a language program called Wizard. His father piped in that Matheus was studying so that he could better reach the faithful in other countries.

Matheus informed me that AC/DC once played at a festival called Rock in Rio -- had I heard of it? Did I like AC/DC? He said that he had wanted to attend that year's Rock in Rio but was scheduled to preach every night of the event.

He continued steering the conversation. Had I ever been to Times Square? Who were my favorite soccer stars? Would I attend any World Cup games? He had planned to attend one of the games but recently learned he had to preach that night instead.

Matheus told me that in past years he asked his father to slow down his preaching schedule, so that he could attend school more regularly in the hope of one day going to college. He hoped to study law, because, he said, he had so much experience with ''elocution and defending a thesis.'' But now that he was preaching less and the economy was faltering, his parents had told him they didn't have the money to send him to private school anymore. Instead, he had been going to the local public school. The public-school system in Brazil is notoriously bad. Matheus said he was struggling to adjust to his new class. ''It's nothing compared to private school I used to attend,'' he said, shaking his head ruefully.

Matheus told me his father had rejected his original idea for a college major -- psychology -- because he thought it would confuse his preaching; in Pentecostalism, mental and emotional problems are caused by the Devil. Matheus said he was attracted to psychology because he had spent most of his life trying to heal emotional and spiritual problems. ''Since I was very young, I always liked to take care of people -- preaching is a way of doing this,'' he said. Matheus told me matter of factly that ''the church is like a hospital.'' He explained that ''people go there sick in a physical way or emotional way and I administer cures or liberations to help them to be free of their problems.''

The next evening, while Matheus was home changing into a pinstripe suit -- bought one size too big by a fan in London -- I waited in a storefront church where he would preach later that night, in City of God, a favela built around a public-housing project. It was raining, and a sewage river ran through the streets, stinking like rotten meat. Stacked subwoofers blared Brazilian hip-hop. The church was bare except for American and Israeli flags flanking the lectern, but it still felt warm and inviting.

I thought about what Matheus had said, that the church was like a hospital. It was a sentiment I'd heard from other young preachers. In São Paulo, I was introduced to Maria de Graça Silva, a girl healer who goes by the name Gracinha Di Jesus and is two years older than Alani Santos, though not as well known. We met at the studio that produced DVDs of her singing and healing. Maria came with her whole family -- her mother, father and a younger brother, Felipe, who confessed to me in a whisper that he, too, was practicing his preaching, although his father informed me with certainty that Felipe was not touched by God. Maria, wearing sneakers with pink shoelaces, slumped a little in her chair, kicking her feet, but when she started talking about the ''more than 6,000 souls'' she had brought to Jesus, she sat up straight and grew impassioned.

Maria and Alani were similar, both oddly beautiful mixtures of guilelessness and charisma. Like Matheus, they had been confronted with the problems of their poor communities -- alcoholism, drug abuse, H.I.V., unemployment -- from a very young age, and they were raised to believe that they had special powers to fix them. Maria was eager to rattle off a list of her most amazing miracles. Alani never grew impatient with the line of people who approached her after her three-hour service for still more laying on of hands, more blessings, more attention. She never rolled her eyes; in fact, she sometimes wept quietly at a particularly powerful healing.

But when I asked each girl separately what she wanted to be when she grew up, the answers were identical and seemed to hint at an unspoken doubt that the supernatural was a sufficient remedy for what was being brought before them. Having spent most of her childhood providing a certain kind of cure to sick people, Maria replied with the same certitude as Alani: ''I want to be a doctor.''

That night in City of God, families drifted into the church to listen to the opening preachers and chat. A few younger kids slept in a parent's arms or stretched out across two chairs. When Matheus arrived around 9:30, in his skinny tie and pointy shoes, all weariness drained from the room. He has been delivering 90-minute monologues without notes since he was 6, and his command was evident.

''Take your Bible and please turn to John, Chapter 5,'' Matheus called out as he strutted down the aisle, hand in the air.

He was totally at ease, one hand resting on the lectern as he recounted a story in which sick people flocked to Jesus. All the wild physical energy of his early preaching -- the hopping around and pitching the Holy Spirit like a baseball -- had become sublimated into more economical gestures: studied pauses, well-timed glances. He exuded the impassioned restraint of a trial lawyer in the throes of a closing argument. In the story he recounted, a man who was paralyzed had seen Jesus heal many people, but he had never been healed because he lacked faith. Matheus compared the man to a person who came to church many times but had not yet been cured.

''Sisters and brothers, maybe something is afflicting you,'' he called out. ''Maybe there is sadness in your soul, but Jesus is here and hears your story. All of you who are tired and oppressed, Jesus wants to hear your story.'' Spinning around to address the elders of the church behind him, he exclaimed: ''The church is a hospital. It's a place for sick people.''

Matheus bowed his head and began to speak in tongues -- ''Alla bash shambala bash lalala'' -- with total earnestness, as if giving driving instructions to the next town over. He asked the congregation, ''Do you want something new today?''

When a woman answered emphatically in the affirmative, Matheus murmured tenderly: ''Yes, love, have you been suffering with something?'' His body tensed, his voice became more fervent and his speech quickened. ''I envision something new inside of you!'' he shrieked. ''You are not going to go out of here in the same way you entered!''

As the evening crescendoed, the congregants were on their feet, singing along with Matheus and the church musicians. Matheus winced with feeling and turned his mike toward the crowd and let the worshipers, arms raised, sing the chorus back to him. Many were crying; the need in the room was palpable. Matheus's father sat behind him the whole time, beaming and taking pictures.

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[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/06/14/magazine/the-child-preachers-of-brazil.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/06/14/magazine/the-child-preachers-of-brazil.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Alani Santos, 11, praying at the Mount of Olives in São Gonçalo, Brazil. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SEBASTIAN LISTE) (MM46-MM47)

Alani Santos praying over a church attendee who fell backward after receiving a blessing. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SEBASTIAN LISTE/NOOR IMAGES, FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM48-MM49)

Top to bottom: Alani Santos, age 2, at a miracles service

Alani, 3, during the recording of her first DVD in Rio de Janeiro

Alani, 4, praying for children at a youth worship event. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAUTO SANTOS) (MM50)

Matheus Moraes, now 17, at an entrance to Rio de Janeiro's City of God favela, a low-income neighborhood where he sometimes preaches. (MM51)

Daniel Pentecoste, 14, preaching at the Assembleia de Deus Missão church in Brasília. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEBASTIAN LISTE/NOOR IMAGES, FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (52)

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[***The, Uh, Royalton Round Table***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6SV0-000P-21MM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

IN some ways, it is nothing like lunch at the Algonquin Round Table with Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley and company back in the 20's and early 30's. Lunch in those Prohibition days was booze disguised in tea cups, club sandwiches and maybe half a pack of Camels. The New Yorker magazine was born at the Algonquin Hotel's round table, they say, and it was there that Miss Parker, on hearing of Calvin Coolidge's death, asked, "How can they tell?"

In other ways the lunch scene at the Royalton Hotel, diagonally across from the Algonquin on West 44th Street, near Fifth Avenue, is every bit as clubby as the old round table. Of course, wits like Heywood Broun, the original unmade bed, would be out of place in this stylish company. The Royalton has become the beanery of choice, the nexus for the elegant editors of the high-profile magazines and Seventh Avenue designers and others in the fields of fashion, beauty, design and celebrity journalism.

"It's a little younger, cheaper and groovier than Grenouille," said Kal Ruttenstein, Bloomingdale's senior vice president for fashion direction. "It's fun to see who's eating with whom and speculate about who's getting what job. I'd rather watch that than Park Avenue ladies of a certain age."

Mr. Ruttenstein was not seated on one of the curvy lime-green banquettes reserved for the powerful. His back has rebelled. But Graydon Carter, whose name tops the masthead at Vanity Fair, had a banquette and -- could it be? -- yes, a bottle of Beck's beer. That's something you don't see a lot at lunch at the Royalton. Most of the regulars pass up the stuff the Algonquin crowd lapped up.

"I wish they'd drink more liquor," said Brian McNally, the British-born impressario of short-lived scene restaurants (150 Wooster, Canal Bar, et al.), who is at it again at the Royalton. "There's a huge profit margin on liquor. I encourage them to drink more wine, but they won't have it."

He was leaning on the bar, looking like a gray-haired Dudley Moore in jeans and counting the Pellegrino bottles beside the yellow orchids on the tables. Across the room, a woman raised a glass of red wine to her lips. "Good for you, Constance," Mr. McNally said to himself. He spotted Mr. Carter reaching for the beer bottle and smiled. "Oh, good old-fashioned beer!"

Back in the banquette, Mr. Carter was talking about the Round Table. "If there is a modern incarnation of Frank Case, who presided over the Algonquin for many years, it's Brian McNally," he was saying. "The food is great and the place is stylish. You feel like you're on an ocean liner."

That ship is flying the Conde Nast flag. While the restaurant is called 44, the magazine editors -- many of whom work for Conde Nast publications -- have any number of pet names for the lunchtime hangout, which is within a couple of blocks of their offices: Club Conde, Conde Nast Canteen, Conde Nast Commissary and Conde Nast Cafeteria.

"Meet you in the Conde Nast Mess," Bob Colacello of Vanity Fair tells lunch dates. He has been bunking at the Royalton for the last three months and bumping into Sandra Bernhard, celebrity in residence, along with the parade of models, stylists and photographers that Conde Nast routinely puts up at the hotel. It's one big slumber party.

Even S. I. Newhouse, a Four Seasons fixture, has been dropping by the canteen from time to time to lunch with Tina Brown of The New Yorker and other star editors. Some Conde Nast people are saying he should just buy the place, put it on the company's tab.

And if you are wondering how they decide who gets stars in the reservation book, check the hefty notebook under the desk. It contains the mastheads of all Conde Nast magazines, along with a few of the competition, in plastic sleeves. The stars go to the names highlighted in yellow.

The Royalton, one of several hotels owned by Ian Schrager and partners, was a Seventh Avenue hangout, though not a lunch scene, long before the invasion of the magazine editors. Fashion designers have been walking the narrow blue-carpeted runway of Philippe Starck's fin de siecle lobby since the refurbished Royalton opened in 1988. But when Mr. McNally and his partner, the chef Geoffrey Zakarian, took over the restaurant last February, the magazine editors began pouring in and the lunch scene came alive.

The restaurant, which seats 110, spills out into the lobby at lunch to accomodate 40 more diners. Some of them have to eat bending over the cocktail tables normally used for drinks or tea, but who cares? It's a scene.

The air is filled with British accents. Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Conde Nast Traveler, The New Yorker, Details, all have British editors at the top and British editors under them. They must feel at home with Brian McNally.

"Believe me, " said Mr. McNally, who grew up in a ***working class*** neighborhood, "they're from a different part of London than I am." Perhaps, but Mr. McNally was a roommate of Anna Wintour in the early 80's when they were both newcomers to New York. And his wife, Anne McNally, is a contributing editor at Vogue, where Ms. Wintour is now editor in chief.

"Brian takes wonderful care of me," said Ms. Wintour, who flies into the restaurant. "I can be in and out in less than a hour." Ms. Wintour wastes no time checking her coat. The minute she flings it onto one of the banquettes, a waiter in black appears with a cup of espresso. A minute later another waiter follows with her meal -- usually mashed potatoes and grilled fish or a hamburger.

"Red meat -- that's her secret!" a Mademoiselle editor was saying the other day as Ms. Wintour bit into her burger. Not that the editor was staring. The tasseled mirrors over the banquettes are angled so diners at some tables can see what the big fish eat. The Mademoiselle editor was also intrigued to see Calvin Klein sipping tea with lemon.

Another secret? "No," Mr. Klein croaked, "a terrible cold." Shouldn't he be home in bed? No, he said, barely audibly, he must have a holiday lunch with his dear friend Nonnie Moore of GQ. Ms. Moore smiled, solicitously.

Besides, he went on, eating at the Royalton was almost like being home. "You don't have to dress," he said, plucking at his T-shirt.

Others had no trouble talking, sitting two at a table -- editor and writer, editor and fashion designer, editor and job applicant. The writer may not get the dream assignment; the designer may not get enough space in the magazine; the applicant may have lost the job before cappuccino. But they were there, being courted over lunch by the powers of the so-called image books. It can't hurt, and as Mr. Ruttenstein said, "It will probably be in Women's Wear tomorrow."

Last summer, when Tina Brown was preparing to take over at The New Yorker, getting her editorial ducks in a row, she checked into the first table. The job interviews began at breakfast and ran through tea. Now, Ms. Brown doesn't lunch in her Royalton banquette as often as she once did, and lately she's been seen across the street, at the Algonquin.

**Graphic**

Photos: If the Royalton were a cruise ship, the tables that spill out into the lobby (you know -- the ones by the fishbowls) would be considered steerage. Nonnie Moore, fashion director of GQ magazine, and Calvin Klein nestle into one of the curvy lime-green banquettes. Mr. Klein thinks the restaurant is like home. "You don't have to dress," he said. (Photographs by Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 27, 1992

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[***Philadelphia Gives Struggling Homeowners a Chance to Stay Put***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7X45-3YC1-2PBB-200X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 2228 words

**Byline:** By PETER S. GOODMAN

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA

**Body**

Christopher Hall stepped tentatively through the entranceway of City Hall Courtroom 676 and took his place among dozens of others confronting foreclosure purgatory. His hopes all but extinguished, he fully expected the morning to end with a final indignity: He would sign over the deed to his house -- his grandfather's two-story row house; the only house in which he had ever lived; the house where he had raised three children.

''This is devastating,'' he said last month as he sat in the gallery awaiting his hearing. ''This is my childhood home. I grew up there. My mother passed away there. My grandfather passed away there. All of my memories are there.''

A union roofer, Mr. Hall, 42, had not worked since August 2008, when the contractor that employed him as a foreman went broke and laid off more than 40 people. He had not made a mortgage payment in more than a year, and his lender, Bank of America, was threatening to auction off his house through the sheriff's office.

In most American cities, that probably would have been the end of the story: another home turned into distressed bank inventory by the national foreclosure crisis. But in Philadelphia, under a program begun last year to try to keep people in their homes, Mr. Hall entered the courtroom with a reasonable chance of hanging on.

Under the rules adopted by Philadelphia's primary civil court, no owner-occupied house may be foreclosed on and sold by the sheriff's office before a ''conciliation conference,'' a face-to-face meeting between the homeowner and the lender aimed at striking a workable compromise. Every homeowner facing a default filing is furnished with counseling, and sometimes legal representation.

So, as Mr. Hall stepped into the ornate courtroom just after 9 o'clock, he was swiftly provided with a volunteer lawyer, Kristine A. Phillips. She huddled briefly with a lawyer for Bank of America and returned with a useful promise. The bank would leave him alone for six more weeks while his housing counselor pursued further negotiations in an attempt to lower his payments permanently.

''You've got more time,'' Ms. Phillips told him. ''We'll get this all worked out,'' she said.

''Thank you so much,'' Mr. Hall said softly, his body shaking with pent-up anxiety now tinged with relief. ''It's a lot of weight off of my shoulders.''

In a nation confronting a still-gathering crisis of foreclosure, Philadelphia's program has emerged as a model that has enabled hundreds of troubled borrowers to retain their homes. Other cities, from Pittsburgh to Chicago to Louisville, have examined the program and adopted similar efforts.

''It brings the mortgage holder and the lender to the table,'' said City Councilor John M. Tobin Jr. of Boston, who is planning to introduce legislation to enact a program in his city modeled on Philadelphia's. ''When people are face to face, it can be pretty disarming.''

When homeowners in Philadelphia receive legal default notices from their mortgage companies, the court system schedules a conciliation hearing. Canvassers working for local nonprofit agencies visit foreclosed homeowners, distributing fliers that inform them of their rights to a conference, and urging them to call a hot line that can direct them to free housing counselors.

''You can feel a certain sense of relief from their just being able to speak to someone about the program,'' said Anna Hargrove, who works as a canvasser in West Philadelphia.

Every Thursday morning, the courtroom on the sixth floor of the regal City Hall here is given over to the conciliation conferences. It fills up with volunteer lawyers in jogging shoes, who are representing homeowners; gray-suited corporate lawyers working for mortgage companies; and all variety of delinquent borrowers -- elderly citizens leaning on canes, construction workers in coveralls, parents with bored children in tow. The lawyers exchange preliminary settlement terms, while the homeowners fill out papers and wait.

In some cases, deals are struck that lower monthly payments for borrowers and allow them to retain their homes. When a homeowner cannot afford the home even at modified terms, the program helps to create a graceful exit, in which the borrower accepts cash for vacating the property or signs over the deed in lieu of further payment.

Those outcomes are similar to the ones produced by the Obama administration's $75 billion program aimed at stemming foreclosures, which gives cash subsidies to mortgage companies as an inducement to accept lower payments. But in Philadelphia there is one crucial difference: the mortgage companies have no choice but to participate. They have to attend the conferences and negotiate in good faith or they cannot proceed with a sheriff's sale.

Since the administration's program was begun in March, it has been plagued by complaints of bureaucratic confusion and the indifference of mortgage companies. Many homeowners who have applied for loan modifications complain that their documents have been lost repeatedly or that they have been rejected without explanation.

Right to Mediation

The Philadelphia program forces an outcome by bringing together all the principals in one room. If the mortgage company proves intractable, the homeowner has the right to request mediation in front of a volunteer lawyer serving as a provisional judge, who relays recommendations to the program's supervising judge. If the judge finds that the mortgage company is not acting in good faith, she can hold the house in limbo by denying permission for a sheriff's sale.

While data is scant, a legal aid group, Philadelphia Volunteers for the Indigent Program, has complete information on 61 of the 309 cases it has resolved since October 2008 through the anti-foreclosure program. Only five resulted in sheriff's sales, while 35 ended with loan modifications that lowered payments, the group says. The remaining 21 cases were divided among bankruptcies, loan forbearance and repayment arrangements, graceful exits and straightforward sales.

Some suggest the city's program is plagued by the same basic defect as the Obama rescue plan: Nearly all the loans that have been modified have been altered on a trial basis, requiring homeowners to reapply for an extension of the terms after only a few months -- a process that appears rife with obstacles, according to participants.

''There's no teeth to the conciliation program,'' said Matthew B. Weisberg, a Philadelphia lawyer who represents homeowners in cases involving alleged mortgage fraud. ''It's a largely ineffective stopgap prolonging what appears to be the inevitable, which is the loss of homes.''

Still, Mr. Weisberg grudgingly praised the plan.

''It's arbitrary and unpredictable,'' he said, ''but it's better than what anybody else is doing.''

Sheriff Delays Auction

Philadelphia's Residential Mortgage Foreclosure Diversion Pilot Program began with a resolution passed by the City Council in March 2008, calling on Sheriff John D. Green to scrap the sheriff's sale scheduled for April. Low-income neighborhoods were already experiencing a surge of foreclosures involving subprime loans given to people with tainted credit. With unemployment growing, lost paychecks were now pushing people into delinquency, reaching into middle-class and even wealthy neighborhoods. In early 2008, nearly 200 homes a month were being auctioned by the sheriff's office, about one-third more than in 2006.

In West Philadelphia, Councilman Curtis Jones Jr., one of the sponsors of the resolution, watched his childhood neighborhood consumed by foreclosure, as the homes of working families -- their porches once lined with flower pots -- were boarded up with plywood.

''It becomes a blight on your entire community,'' Mr. Jones said. ''It creates an environment that fosters everything bad, from prostitution to drug dealing to wildlife, like raccoons taking over whole houses. One house becomes 10, and 10 becomes the whole block.''

In response to the resolution, Sheriff Green canceled the April sale. Meanwhile, Judge Annette M. Rizzo, who oversaw a local task force on stemming foreclosures, joined with the president judge of Philadelphia's Court of Common Pleas to develop the program.

For Judge Rizzo, a high-energy woman who has long taken an interest in housing policy, the moratorium presented both a crisis and an opportunity. The sheriff was effectively refusing to fulfill his mandated responsibilities, leaving his office vulnerable to legal challenge. But if the mortgage companies could be persuaded to participate in an alternative way of addressing foreclosures, more people could stay in their homes.

''I realized we're either going to go down in flames or we're going to be a national model,'' Judge Rizzo said. ''We're going to look at these cases and see what we can work out.''

Mr. Hall knew none of this. What he knew was that his life seemed to be unraveling.

Home to Four Generations

Ever since he was a teenager, he had earned a middle-class living with his hands. He had been raised by his grandfather in his three-bedroom house on Akron Street, in a predominantly Irish Catholic ***working-class*** neighborhood in Northeast Philadelphia.

He had attended St. Martin's, the Catholic school around the corner, married his childhood sweetheart and still remained in his grandfather's house, sending his own children -- two boys (now in their 20s) and a 12-year-old girl -- to the same school.

Mr. Hall, a soft-spoken yet intense man with a silver-tinged goatee, had worked seven days a week for much of this decade, bringing home weekly pay of about $1,000 -- enough to build a deck in his backyard; enough to obtain a fixed-rate mortgage and buy the house for $44,000 when his grandfather succumbed to Alzheimer's disease in the mid-1990s; enough for a motorcycle and a boat.

But three years ago, Mr. Hall committed the sort of mistake that has upended millions of households. At the recommendation of a for-profit credit counselor, he took out a new mortgage -- a variable-rate loan from Countrywide Financial, which is now owned by Bank of America. He paid off some credit card debt, and he borrowed an extra $15,000 to renovate his home, expanding his mortgage balance to $63,000.

The loan began with manageable payments of about $500 a month. But Mr. Hall's interest rate soon soared -- something he says was never explained to him -- lifting his payments to $950 a month.

''When I got the mortgage, I didn't really understand it,'' he said. ''They told me this would improve my credit and that was it. It was just, 'sign here,' and 'initial here.' ''

No More Construction Work

He might still have managed had construction not come to a halt. By 2007, Mr. Hall's employer was cutting work hours. In August 2008, it shut down, turning his $1,000 weekly paycheck into an $800 monthly unemployment check.

Every day, he set the alarm clock and headed to the union hall at 5 a.m., waiting and hoping for work. Every day, he went home, still jobless and discouraged, now confronting the displeasure of his wife, who worked as a nurse, and who he said never came to terms with their diminished spending power. After months of bickering, she left him last December, taking their daughter.

''She was saying, 'How are we going to have Christmas? How are we going to go on vacation?' '' he recalled. ''She just seen it getting worse instead of better, and she got depressed.''

In January, his truck was repossessed, leaving him to walk through the winter dawn to the union hall for his daily ritual of defeat.

He watched the For Sale signs proliferating on his block, as mostly elderly neighbors found themselves unable to make their mortgage payments. He saw their belongings piled up on their front lawns as they abandoned their homes to foreclosure.

In September, the envelope finally landed with his default notice. A canvasser knocked on his door, proffering a flier urging him to call the city hot line. When he called, a housing counselor helped him assemble the paperwork for a loan modification and prepare for his conciliation conference.

When he arrived inside courtroom 676 in October, Mr. Hall carried a sheaf of wrinkled papers in a white plastic grocery bag. He occupied a solid wooden chair as an announcer called off cases for hearing. ''Number 27, Wachovia Mortgage versus ... .'' A girl no older than 6, with flower-shaped plastic barrettes in her hair, fidgeted as her mother applied for legal representation.

Mr. Hall was struggling to come to terms with what he assumed was the end.

''I put my whole life into this house,'' he said. ''After I do all this work, they want to take it from me. You've got to regroup and move, but where? If I can't pay my mortgage, how am I going to pay rent? And I have a whole house full of furniture.''

When he got the news that he had a few weeks' reprieve, relief quickly gave way to the worry that had dominated his thoughts for months.

''It's postponing the inevitable,'' he said.

''I'm a man,'' he kept saying, trying to make sense of how a lifetime of working on other people's homes had put him here, staring at the potential loss of his own home; still hoping for relief.

''I don't want no handouts,'' he said. ''I just want a reasonable loan that I can afford to pay so I can get on with my life.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Christopher Hall with his lawyer, Kristine A. Phillips, center, and Clare Nicholson, a counselor. (pg.A1)

The three-bedroom house in Northeast Philadelphia, top center, where Mr. Hall, pictured in his living room, has spent his entire life and raised his family.

Every Thursday, City Hall Courtroom 676 is given over to conciliation conferences between lenders and troubled borrowers. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGEL FRANCO/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A27)

**Load-Date:** November 18, 2009

**End of Document**



[***'I WANT MY DANCERS TO KEEP THAT WILDFLOWER FEELING'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J6W0-0008-N043-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1167 words

**Byline:** By ERIC TAUB

**Body**

Eric Taub writes frequently about dance and dancers.

It sounds too good, like the plot of

an inspirational television movie:

A young, dedicated choreographer

takes a handful of mostly ***working***-

***class***, black, untrained late-starters from downtown Rochester, of all places, and forges them into a nationally recognized modern dance company. But after almost 14 years of hard work, that's what Garth Fagan and the members of his Bucket Dance Theater have accomplished. From Tuesday through Saturday, they'll be performing at Jacob's Pillow, in Lee, Mass., offering the premiere of Mr. Fagan's ''Sojourn'' in a repertory that includes ''Easter Freeway Processional,'' one of the hits of his company's successful engagement at the Joyce Theater in March.

Reviewing the company then for The Times, Jennifer Dunning wrote that the ''dancers perform with extraordinary warmth and commitment'' and that ''Mr. Fagan has a choreographic style that is entirely his own.''

The Bucket's odd name, which was once even odder, reflects its humble origins in 1970. Mr. Fagan, a native of Jamaica who had danced with Ivy Baxter's National Dance Company of Jamaica and the short-lived Dance Theater of Detroit, had just become a teacher at the State University of New York at Brockport, and had also started teaching at the SUNY-affiliated Educational Opportunity Center in nearby Rochester, which prepares disadvantaged students for college. The unformed talent he saw in Rochester immediately challenged him.

''I'd always been accustomed to choreographing,'' the 43-year-old Mr. Fagan says, ''so I asked my students at the EOC which of them wanted to stay after class and work on some dances. I was surprised when almost every hand in the room went up. Then, lo and behold, we got a chance to perform in Buffalo. I wanted them to experience the stage. That first performance, I saw them watching me from the wings as I danced. There was so much feedback between us, I knew they had the magic. All it needed was strengthening and nurturing.''

His decision to make a company out of students with no dance background raised a few eyebrows. ''People asked me why I wanted to start with the bottom of the bucket. I said, 'It's the bottom of the bucket now, but wait,' '' he recalls. Hence his company's highly unusual first name - The Bottom of the Bucket, But. . .Dance Theater. A few years ago, as his company became better known, Mr. Fagan abridged the title, declaring that his point had been made. By now, the Bucket's schedule has grown to 21 weeks of performances, up from 14 last year, including summer seasons at Ballet/ Aspen and many Northeastern cities and also performances and lecture-demonstrations in Rochester.

As to why he chose to work with such dancers professionally, Mr. Fagan explains, ''I wanted to mold them myself. I didn't want to have to kick preconceptions out of people.''

Like many of the great choreographers from the early days of modern dance, Mr. Fagan had developed his own way of dancing, which he wanted to instill in his dancers from scratch. He also reveals a strong pedagogic streak of which his father, once Jamaica's chief education officer, would surely have approved, despite his initial dislike for his son's profession.

''I like a kind of freshness and rawness about these dancers,'' Mr. Fagan continues, speaking of his company members, who range in age from 16 to 39, and who support themselves with jobs ranging from substitute teaching to snowplow driving in snowy Rochester. ''But freshness is not to be confused with a lack of discipline, form or structure. It's like the beauty of a wildflower versus a calla lily. I adore both, but I want my dancers to keep that wildflower feeling without having their dancing turn into an expressionistic, undefined free- for-all. The discipline inherent in my technique makes kids realize that they have to come to rehearsals, that being a dancer doesn't happen overnight. To get dancers to move in the Bucket style, I do a lot of things some would find questionable. To force them to dance from the inside out, we use no barres or mirrors. Of course, at first we couldn't afford mirrors.

''My technique has an Afro-Caribbean base with a strong modern- dance focus on weighted movement, and a post-modern sensibility,'' he points out. ''But just because I'm a proponent of modern dance, that doesn't mean I don't like ballet. I like its lightness and speed, but, in my work, I contrast it with weightedness. It's not 'up' all the time.'' Balletically trained or not, Mr. Fagan's dancers seem to execute jumps that a ballet dancer might envy. And they have something else, too: sleekness. ''Call it an obsession of mine, but I hate fat onstage. I just want to see bone and muscle up there.''

But there's more to the Bucket approach than simply their way of moving. ''I'm not interested in having robot dancers learning to repeat a dance step by step. I want to teach them a way of moving that's not just physical, but intellectual. I want them to understand why they're doing a step, and what it should feel like, inside.'' he says.

Steven Humphrey, one of three original Bucket dancers still with the company, says, ''He's opened up new avenues for me. I've learned about dance, drama and the arts, things I'd never been exposed to before.'' Shelly Taplin, a seven-year veteran, adds,'We don't get away with pretending to be something we're not. You have to grow to be here. He's developed us as artists. He's a teacher. And you have to understand what's happening in the world to do his dances. He wants us always to look like regular people doing movement than like dancers portraying people.''

Although most of the Bucket's men and women are black, as is Mr. Fagan, he tries to avoid stereotyping the Bucket as a ''black dance company'' or himself as a ''black choreographer.''

''Although I'm proud of who I am,'' he says, ''I think the idea of a form of dance that's specifically called 'black' is a double-edged sword that can be used to divide and conquer. I see Jewish choreographers with strong Yemenite influences - they don't necessarily get labeled 'Jewish choreographers.' The same with Asian choreographers. And I think differences in movement are cultural and experiential, rather than racial.

Mr. Fagan compares the approach he took in a 1971 solo, ''Four Women,'' with a solo from his 1982 ''Of Night, Light, and Melanin.'' ''The first is specifically about the problems faced by a black woman. In the second, she's still a black woman, but the problems she's facing are more universal, and less specific.

''If I'm inspired by a deer moving through the woods along the Oatka Trail (a scenic old Indian path near Rochester, also the title of a dance to be shown at the Pillow), why should I make it 'black?' It was nature that was affecting me. I don't think of that experience as being filtered though a black man. I think I, and other black choreographers, deserve the right to change, grow and explore without being forced into categories.''

**Graphic**

photo of Garth Fagan

**End of Document**



[***Marseille***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GW4-78J0-TW8F-G26K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JULIA CHAPLIN

**Body**

WHY GO NOW -- Marseille is the only city in the South of France where it's possible to dance to live Algerian dancehall into the wee hours, snooze in a 1950's utopian housing project of Le Corbusier and swim among schools of bouillabaisse-pedigreed rockfish in the clear waters of the Mediterranean -- and to do so while avoiding the summer hordes descending on Provence and the Riviera.

France's second largest city, the entry point for immigrants from such varied places as Italy, Armenia, North Africa, the sub-Sahara and China, Marseille is an eclectic's dream and something of a well-kept secret. That's mainly because most tourists still imagine it as it was: a seedy, drug-riddled underworld with its ancient alleyways strewn with gangsters and garbage. (Think of the gritty 1970's film ''The French Connection,'' based on a true story about Marseille's international heroin ring.) And while unemployment and crime are still looming social ills, now, thanks in part to government reforms and investment, the laid-back, ***working-class*** city has parlayed much of its foreboding gritiness into a raw, quaint-free street culture with a new, multiethnic generation of graffiti artists, musicians and filmmakers.

WHERE TO STAY -- Marseille is centered on the Vieux Port (Old Port) along with the city's oldest hotel, the Grand Mercure Marseille Beauvau Vieux Port, 4, rue Beauvau, (33-4) [*91.54.91.00*](http://91.54.91.00),   [*www.mercure.com*](http://www.mercure.com), where such arty types as Chopin and George Sand stayed in the 1800's. Doubles start at $179, at $1.24 to the euro. Breakfast is $16.

In the postwar outskirts is the Hotel Le Courbusier, (33-4) [*91.16.78.00*](http://91.16.78.00),   [*www.hotellecorbusier.com*](http://www.hotellecorbusier.com), in the third floor of the Unite d'Habitation, Le Corbusier's experimental concrete housing project. When it was completed in 1952 horrified locals nicknamed it the Maison du Fada (House of the Crazy) because they thought it so ugly. It has the original restaurant and bar and no-frills guest suites with door-free bathrooms and Charlotte Perrian furniture. Elsewhere in this time capsule are cutely naive details like seashell indentations in the walls, stained-glass sculptures and, on the roof, a wading pool and giant rock forms for sunbathing. Double rooms start at $112 for a studio with sea view. Breakfast is $10.

For a more aristocratic experience the New Hotel Bompard, 2, rue des Flots Bleus, (33-4) [*91.99.22.22*](http://91.99.22.22);   [*www.new-hotel.com/bompard*](http://www.new-hotel.com/bompard), off a boulevard that winds along the coast, has 49 rooms, most housed in a grand villa with a pool and lush gardens. Doubles start at $174. Breakfast $14.

WHERE TO EAT -- Clusters of small ethnic restaurants, marked by colorful facades with signs in various languages, line the winding streets. (In one evening I spotted Vietnamese, Lebanese, Moroccan, Chinese, Swiss, Portuguese, Italian and Ethiopian.) Make sure to order a bottle of crisp rose from the region of nearby Aix-en-Provence.

One afternoon we climbed the stairs from the Old Port up to Le Panier, the recently spruced-up ancient quarter dotted with small markets and galleries, and lunched at Au Lamparo, 4, place de Lenche, (33 4) [*91.90.90.29*](http://91.90.90.29), an Italian restaurant on a sleepy square. Despite the divey, run-down facade, the Napoli antipasti (grilled vegetables drizzled with olive oil and fresh cheeses, $12) were palate-blowing. Lunch for two with wine, about $35.

Nearby is Pizzaria Etienne, 43, rue Lorette (no phone), which opened in 1943 in its now-dilapidated stucco house. Locals swear it's the best pizza in the world. It was packed and raucous even at 11 p.m. on a weeknight, the waiters all seemed to have tattoos, and there were old photos of famous footballers covering the walls. It was worth waiting for a table in an awkward line by the bathroom. The pizza ($9), which comes with either cheese or anchovies, ranked high on my best-ever list. (Dinner for two with wine was $75; cash only.)

Up the hill by Cours Julien, known as the ''tagger area'' because it's practically wallpapered with bright graffiti, is Restaurant du Tagine, 5, rue Crudere, (33-4) [*91.48.08.47*](http://91.48.08.47), with Arabian tiles and with John Coltrane lilting off the stereo. The owners, a husband and wife from Tunisia, whipped up a delicious ''sucre'' chicken tagine ($17) stewed with raisins and walnuts in a thick honey broth with couscous on the side. (Dinner for two with wine, about $50.)

Marseille is the birthplace of bouillabaisse (French for ''boil down''), and a handful of purist restaurants take the matter very seriously. The thick fisherman's soup, according to Michel, the grandson of the original owner of Restaurant Michel, 6, rue des Catalans, (33-4) [*91.52.30.63*](http://91.52.30.63), must contain the original four types of rockfish that live among the crags by the shore here and are hard to catch, which accounts, I guess, for the exorbitant cost. Dressed in pressed jeans and a fisherman's cap, Michel greets customers at the door of the restaurant, perched on the corniche with a view of the old harbor. (In order not to distract there is no music and the room is well lighted.) The formally dressed waiters present the raw fish on ice and give etiquette tips on consuming the stew. (It's considered declasse to share the giant portions, so save yourself the disparaging looks from Michel and don't even try it.) Bouillabaisse for two ($135), grilled calamari appetizer ($25) and a bottle of Domaine Ott rose ($74) and a bottle of water came to $234.

On the Old Port, much of which was rebuilt after bombs destroyed many buildings during World War II, is Le Crystal, 148, quai du Port, (33-4) [*91.91.57.96*](http://91.91.57.96), where members of a burgeoning film industry can be found lunching in the afternoon sun on 1940's red vinyl banquettes shaded by bamboo fronds and potted palms. (Lunch for two with wine $45.)

WHAT TO DO DURING THE DAY -- The streets are a pop culture aficionado's dream. Old colonial buildings with chipped wooden shutters are mixed with storefronts covered with 3-D graffiti murals (the latest trend in tagging here) signs from the 60's and 70's, groovy midcentury high rises and old dive bars with unrenovated interiors that would make trendy boutique hotel designers swoon. (My favorite was ne called Le Source, in the red light district around the opera, with gold-painted silhouettes of busty women that looked like vintage Russ Meyer.)

Friche la Belle de Mai, 41, rue Jobin 13003, (33-4) [*95.04.95.04*](http://95.04.95.04), is a government-sponsored artist squatters' building in a converted tobacco factory by the train tracks 10 minutes by cab from the city center. Wander the art-covered corridors -- if you want to tag, and evidently many do, you can buy a marker for $3.50 at Sound Kartel, 2, rue Berlioz, (33-4)   [*91.47.98.49*](http://91.47.98.49) -- and the cavernous exhibition spaces. There's also a nomadic cafe set up in the parking lot on a flatbed truck with tarps and corrugated aluminum siding.

For a late afternoon sugar fix, hit Plauchut, 168, la Canebiere, (33-4) [*91.48.06.67*](http://91.48.06.67), a patisserie that opened in 1820, with inlaid ceilings painted with angels, gold vines and clouds. The obscenely decadent tarte au poires Bourdalou, a pear tart with a meringue topping , is eight inches high.

WHAT TO DO AT NIGHT -- The trendies hang out in the open-air bars on the Old Port like Bar de la Marine, 15, quai de Rive Neuve, (33-4)   [*91.54.95.42*](http://91.54.95.42), with a jumped-up D.J. But the Cours Julien area, anchored by a park with laurel, cypress and olive trees and groups hanging out on benches, is the best sample of Marseille's youthful street culture.

At Le Rosly, 47, cours Julien, (33-4) [*91.42.59.46*](http://91.42.59.46), sip a pint of beer at a table outside. For live music Au Cafe Julien, 39, cours Julien, (33-4)   [*91.53.25.89*](http://91.53.25.89), is where dancehall artists rap to D.J.'s spinning ''Smells Like Teen Spirit.'' The pocket-size Balthazar, 3, place Paul Cezanne, (33-4)   [*91.42.59.57*](http://91.42.59.57), has local and touring acts performing such cross-cultural genres as Brazilian reggae and Cape Verdian ragga.

Most bars and clubs close at 2 a.m., but there are a handful of after-hours bars including L'Art hache, 14, rue de l'Olivier, (33-4) [*96.12.45.89*](http://96.12.45.89). Marked by a battered metal door, the speakeasy-like basement has lots of chairs, cold beer and an eccentric cast of characters that gets stranger as the night wears on; open midnight to 6 a.m.

WHERE TO SHOP -- The crop of young, local fashion designers and their one-of-a-kind creations can be found at Palma, 10, rue Corneille; (33-4)   [*91.33.76.58*](http://91.33.76.58). The two young designers at Pomponette, 2, rue Breteuil, (33-4)   [*91.53.34.26*](http://91.53.34.26), stitch up women's fashions like tulle prairie skirts and tunics on sewing machines behind the counter.

In the souklike African market district L'Univers Aliemelaire, 36, rue d'Aubagne, sells everything from two-foot-high hookah pipes, loose tea and Marseille's famous square soap bars.

YOUR FIRST VISIT OR YOUR 10TH -- Hire a taxi, roll down the windows and breeze along the rocky, galactic-looking coast up the Corniche President Kennedy (where Hitchcock shot many of his famed South of France road scenes). Laze away the afternoon at Les Goudes, a fishing village where a rocky path leads to la Baie des Singes, Les Goudes, (33- 4) [*91.73.68.87*](http://91.73.68.87), a family-run restaurant tucked into a jagged cove where groups at long tables on the terrace feast on bouillabaisse ($55) and fresh daurade ($27). Afterward dive in the clear Mediterranean, sunbathe on the rocks, and watch the fishing boats putt slowly past.

HOW TO GET THERE -- From Paris the high-speed T.G.V. covers the 417 miles in only three hours, with stress-free views of Provence and the changing terrain ($74 round trip advance purchase; several trains per day). Air France runs hourly shuttles from Orly and several flights daily from Charles de Gaulle (each $144 if bought in advance) The least expensive round-trip flight from New York in early September, was on Lufthansa out of Kennedy International via Frankfurt (and back via Munich), for $555.

GETTING AROUND -- The old part of the city, the most interesting, is best seen on foot. But it's hilly with lots of steps, which explains why the locals favor sneakers and flip-flops (high heels are a bad idea). Taxis are expensive but recommended late at night when the streets are empty, and in certain neighborhoods, potentially dangerous.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Sunbathing at Les Calanques, a rocky coastal area south of Marseille

North African cuisine at Restaurant du Tagine in the Cours Julien section of the city

and the graffiti-filled walls near the steps leading up to the area

Le Corbusier's housing project, the Unite d'Habitation, completed in 1952. (Photographs by Ed Alcock for The New York Times)Map of Marseille shows tourist attractions and points of interest.

**Load-Date:** August 14, 2005

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[***Buffeted Asian Economies Raise Fears of Unrest***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-36F0-000P-N21K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 30, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By NICHOLAS D. KRISTOF

By NICHOLAS D. KRISTOF

**Dateline:** TOKYO, Nov. 29

**Body**

As Asia's Miracle seems to fade to a mere marvel, many experts on the region worry that growing economic frustrations risk provoking political and social upheavals.

The underlying challenge is that for decades an implicit social contract has governed much of Asia: citizens put up with corruption, nepotism and often authoritarianism in their governments in exchange for getting rich. But now the financial crisis that has swept the region means that people can no longer count on getting rich.

No one knows exactly where the breach of this social contract could lead -- to riots, to toppled governments, to ethnic clashes, or perhaps to nothing at all -- but there is a profound apprehension that some countries may pay a price that is far greater than the already wrenching economic turbulence.

"Most of the governments in Southeast Asia claim the right to rule on the basis of delivering the economic goods," noted Muthiah Alagappa, a Malaysian scholar of politics at the East-West Center in Honolulu. "So one of the sharpest repercussions of all this is going to be the questioning of governments that are no longer able to deliver the goods."

The paradox is that much of Asia is still expected to grow by rates that are faster than the pace of the American economy. But Asians accustomed to cruising in the fast lane in the economic equivalent of a Ferrari may be profoundly irritated at hobbling along for a couple of years with the rest of the traffic.

Many Asian countries have not endured a real recession in more than two decades -- or in the case of Indonesia and Thailand, for three decades. The population of Asia is so young that most Asians have no memory of a recession, and if one is now arriving it will be a devastating experience socially and psychologically, as well as economically.

"After consistently high rates of growth, even a deceleration of the growth can cause disappointment and despair that may well have political and social fallout," said Linda Tsao Yang, the United States executive director of the Asian Development Bank in the Philippines. "And if the economic adjustments cause growth to grind to a halt, then the political fallout will be even more challenging."

Consequently, Mrs. Yang argues that international organizations and Western governments should be careful in setting conditions for bailouts, so as not to aggravate poverty and risk a backlash that would undermine social and political stability.

Aside from the threat to governments in the region, one of the greatest concerns is how economic malaise will aggravate ethnic fissures. One of the most sensitive divides concerns the ethnic Chinese minorities who dominate the economies of most Southeast Asian countries.

In the 1960's, Indonesia, Singapore and Malaysia were all torn by bitter riots between indigenous people and ethnic Chinese. In Indonesia, where the 4 percent of the population that is ethnic Chinese controls about 60 percent of the nation's wealth, upheavals led to the deaths of more than 250,000 people in the mid-1960's.

The long economic boom since then helped salve the ethnic antagonisms, for the average worker or peasant enjoyed a better life, even if he might fume about the Chinese shopkeeper down the road charging high prices for old vegetables. But over the last year, anti-Chinese riots have become more common, and the Indonesian Bishops Conference this month issued a statement warning against allowing the economic crisis to trigger further outbreaks.

Citizens should "refrain from blaming each other" for the economic crisis, the statement delicately urged.

In the latest Indonesian unrest, in September, the murder of a girl by a half-Chinese man led to rioting. Mobs tore apart a temple and burned Chinese-owned homes and shops. At least five people were killed.

Even in more homogeneous countries, the challenges are immense, in part because economics and security are often intertwined.

In South Korea, for example, some people fret that the current economic weakness and labor unrest, as workers go on strike to protest planned layoffs, might tempt a North Korean attack. And others worry that the economic crisis, coupled with labor unrest and a possible opposition victory in the presidential elections on Dec. 18, conceivably could encourage South Korea's own military to stage a coup, although this is widely regarded as very unlikely.

"I think at this moment this would not be possible," said Lee Shin Bom, a member of the National Assembly. "But it may be natural for people to worry about any possibility."

In a region once famed for its strongman rule, it is striking that relatively weak governments now rule many countries in Asia, from India to Japan. The economic crisis has already toppled one Government, Thailand's, and some analysts believe that more could follow.

"Leaders are generally vulnerable across the region," said William H. Overholt, a Hong Kong-based managing director of Bankers Trust Company. "And there's also a generational change under way that is now going to be accelerated."

To be sure, a bit of upheaval might not always be such a bad thing. One Government that may be vulnerable, for example, is the autocratic one in Myanmar, formerly known as Burma -- and many experts believe that a new Government is just what that country needs.

One of the biggest uncertainties concerns Japan, the world's second-largest economy, where Prime Minister Ryutaro Hashimoto had already been weakened before the Asian economic flu swept into his country this month and toppled a major bank and large brokerage house. Now Mr. Hashimoto is even more beleaguered, and the opposition is suggesting that he resign.

One difficulty in making predictions about the consequences of the economic crisis is that while governments are weak throughout much of Asia, the opposition forces also tend to be fractured. Japan's experience over the last half-dozen years demonstrates that in such circumstances the result can be that the social contract tears without leading to revolution or even much evolution.

Japan operated for decades with a social covenant similar to those of many other Asian countries -- accepting wealth in exchange for tolerating political iniquities. As a result, Japan, one of the most honest societies in the world, had one of the most corrupt political systems.

That social contract became frayed when Japan's economic "bubble" came under pressure in 1989 and eventually collapsed, leading to a long slowdown from which Japan has yet to emerge. Japanese voters retaliated in 1993 by evicting the Liberal Democratic Party from power for the first time in 38 years.

The opposition ruled briefly and ineffectually, and last year the Liberal Democrats were effectively voted back to power, not so much in a moral victory as by default. Voters, stymied by the lack of attractive alternatives, are retreating from the electoral system in disgust, sending voting participation rates to their lowest levels ever, and politicians are even more hobbled than before.

"The system has become more and more fragmented, and no one is ready to take charge of Japan," said Takeshi Sasaki, a political scientist at Tokyo University.

Another huge question mark concerns Indonesia, which like Thailand and South Korea has already turned to the International Monetary Fund for a bailout. Indonesia has a population of 200 million and no clear successor to President Suharto, who is 76. Although Mr. Suharto is still widely expected to win a seventh five-year presidential term next year, the economic crisis may weaken his authority and limit his ability to install whomever he wants as his own successor.

Then there is the giant of the region, a domino that towers so high that, while it is not wobbling now and perhaps never will, could produce a crash whose political, social and economic consequences would shake the world.

"The real question is China," said Michel Oksenberg, an Asia expert at Stanford University. "If China suffers a downturn, at what point will the substantial number of urban migrants feel pressure, and how will they react?"

China in some ways is vulnerable because the Communist Party has switched the basis of its legitimacy from the Maoist revolution of 1949 to the remarkable economic successes of the last 15 years. The challenge for the party is that this economic triumph has also nurtured dangerously high economic expectations and the emergence of a class of tens of millions of migrant laborers who increasingly resemble something akin to the volatile proletariat that Marx warned might rise up against the owners of capital.

Professor Oksenberg noted that there have been a growing number of reports of sporadic worker protests in recent years and added, "I do not think of the Chinese ***working class*** as quiescent, and I think that's what makes the regime nervous."

**Load-Date:** November 30, 1997

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[***THE TRANSITION: Visit to Washington;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-72P0-000P-21YT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Clinton to Take Walk in the 'Real City'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-72P0-000P-21YT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By GWEN IFILL,

By GWEN IFILL,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Nov. 17

**Body**

Bill Clinton visits his new hometown this week to meet with President Bush at the White House and Congressional leaders on Capitol Hill, dine in Georgetown salons and sleep at the elegant Hay-Adams hotel in a two-bedroom suite that commands a view of the Executive Mansion.

But as rich as the visit will be with the trappings and symbolism of official Washington, it will depart from the traditional for at least two hours on Wednesday afternoon, when the President-elect will journey to Georgia Avenue, the commercial spine of a large proportion of the city's black neighborhoods.

Before he heads to the avenue in Northwest Washington, Mr. Clinton is scheduled to meet for an hour with the incumbent President he defeated. Aides to Mr. Clinton said today that the meeting would be an open-ended courtesy call between the two men. Hillary Clinton is scheduled to tour the White House with Barbara Bush on Thursday.

On Wednesday evening, the Clintons will attend a fund-raising reception for the Children's Defense Fund at the National Building Museum and dine at the home of Vernon E. Jordan, the prominent Washington lawyer who is heading the President-elect's transition operation. After meeting with Congressional leaders on Thursday, Mr. Clinton will attend another dinner at the Georgetown home of Pamela Harriman, a Washington hostess who is an influential figure in the Democratic Party.

Going Beyond the Bubble

But Mr. Clinton is apparently making an effort to reach beyond the secure Presidential bubble that usually limits Federal officials to areas of Washington that are dominated by monuments.

The worn stretch of Georgia Avenue that Mr. Clinton will visit -- a combination of ***working-class*** residences and businesses that include a West Indian restaurant, a Korean-owned liquor store, a Chinese take-out restaurant and a beauty salon owned by a black woman -- is probably as far away as the President-elect can get psychologically from official Washington.

"It's the first time in my life a national figure has come here," Tony Mondy, a 32-year-old civil engineering student at the University of Maryland, said today as he waited for a bus on the avenue.

"It's a pretty good neighborhood," he added. "You hear a lot of things about Washington and black people and violence going on. But people here are hard-working. They're trying to make a future for their kids."

New Role, New Emphasis

As Mr. Clinton moves into a new role, even his simplest decisions have acquired a political veneer. He is to fly to Washington on a chartered Boeing 727 instead of the usual military plane, and he has decided to stay at a hotel instead of at Blair House, the 14-room residence across the street from the White House where dignitaries usually are lodged.

His aides said today that both decisions were made to save taxpayer money, but in the end, Mr. Clinton's accommodations will actually cost more because of the additional Secret Service protection that will be needed to secure a commercial hotel.

Mr. Clinton is expected to spend little time at his hotel, and his visit to Georgia Avenue may be his best effort to showcase what he likes to present as his informal side and to demonstrate that he will not lose touch with the people who elected him.

Rewards of Support

It is also an elaborate political payback to Charlene Drew Jarvis, the area's representative on the District Council.

Mrs. Jarvis, whose name has hit the rumor circuit as a possible Clinton appointee, spent much of her time campaigning for Mr. Clinton and barely won re-election to her council seat. On election night, she was in Little Rock instead of Washington.

But Mrs. Jarvis chose to cast the visit in other terms, calling it "a demonstration of his intention to know who his neighbors are."

"I'm going to be standing there right by his side," said Mrs. Jarvis. "And my ward will just be deliriously happy."

For Mr. Clinton's scheduled one-block stroll, Georgia Avenue will be closed off for three blocks around, and a flatbed truck will be brought in to accommodate reporters, photographers and camera crews. On the street today, Secret Service agents with hand-held radios patrolled the area .

But in a neighborhood that has seen its share of disruption -- merchants regularly arm themselves against incursions from open-air drug markets nearby -- the imminent arrival of the President-elect caused little stir today.

'He Can Make a Big Change'

"I voted for him, so I must think good of him," said Shirley W. Webb, a tire shop owner who plans to shake his candidate's hand today. "God has everything in control anyhow, but if he walks in the steps of the Lord, he can make a big change."

Yun Kwon Chong, whose father owns Hamilton Beverage, applauded Mr. Clinton's visit. "He wants to get in touch with the public," he said.

Bernadine Carey was washing her customer's hair and keeping an eye on the soap opera flickering on her black-and-white television when a visitor to her storefront beauty salon asked whether she would be excited to meet the President-elect when he strolls by tomorrow.

"I put it like this," she said, shrugging as she adjusted the flow of warm water. "He's the President, but it's not something to be all bent out of shape about. He's just another man."

Bina Avery and Felix Yeoman are loan analysts for a commercial revitalization office that has, with the help of city and Federal money, financed facade renovations along some of the more tattered areas of Georgia Avenue. They first learned of Mr. Clinton's visit when Secret Service agents knocked on their door first thing this morning.

Mr. Yeoman said he voted for Mr. Clinton because he thought the Republicans were out of touch and that small-business development financing would be more likely to increase under a Democratic administration.

"Even in the last days of the election, the Republican Administration was saying there wasn't a recession just because of a minor increase in the gross national product for the final quarter," said Mr. Yeoman. "They gave the impression that they didn't know people were hurting out there."

But not everyone in Washington is sure that Mr. Clinton's trek into the real city will accomplish all that is necessary.

Courtland Milloy, a columnist for The Washington Post who invited Mr. Clinton to "a ride on the welcome wagon" for a tour of the city, compared the President-elect's visit to Jimmy Carter's inaugural walk down Pennsylvania Avenue or Mikhail S. Gorbachev's impromptu leaps into Washington pedestrian traffic during summit visits.

"I guess it'll be a good gesture," Mr. Milloy said today. "Gorbachev popped out and made a big splash by jumping out and pressing a little flesh, but it's not the same as getting to know people. And you know what happened to him."

**Graphic**

Photo: Members of the Secret Service, police officers from Washington and transition officials for President-elect Bill Clinton inspecting Georgia Avenue yesterday. Mr. Clinton will journey today to the street, the commercial spine of a large proportion of the city's black neighborhoods. (Michael Geissinger for The New York Times)

Chart: "Clinton's Schedule"

TODAY

Noon -- Arrives in Washington

1:10 P.M. -- Arrives at White House

1:20-2:15 P.M. -- Meets with President Bush

2:45 P.M. -- Stroll on Georgia Ave (between Hamilton & Ingram Streets)

4:30 P.M. -- Leaves for hotel

6 P.M. -- Attends the Children's Defense Fund reception

7:15 P.M. -- Dines with Vernon Jordan

10 P.M. -- Returns to hotel

TOMORROW

Clinton will be at the U.S. Capitol in the morning, in private meetings in the afternoon and at a private dinner with Pamela Harriman in the evening. He returns to Little Rock late tomorrow evening.

Map of Washington, D.C. showing where Clinton will visit.

**Load-Date:** November 18, 1992

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[***Black Voters Are Wooed In Tight Senate Campaign***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-76Y0-000P-22FT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By CATHERINE S. MANEGOLD

By CATHERINE S. MANEGOLD

**Body**

Taking to the steps of City Hall in back-to-back attempts to woo minority voters in a tight race for the United States Senate, Alfonse M. D'Amato and Robert Abrams yesterday each surrounded himself with prominent black supporters and tried to claim the mantle of protector of the poor, the oppressed and the ***working class***.

Those almost homey appeals, made against the backdrop of a new poll showing the two candidates in a very tight race, marked the start of a last, bitter drive for thousands of undecided voters with less than one week remaining before the general election. They also came on the same day as a report by the consumer interest group, Common Cause, which showed Senator D'Amato spending more than any senatorial candidate in the nation.

Senator D'Amato's $9,891,974 campaign coffer placed him ahead of Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, the incumbent Republican fighting a tough race in part because of his aggressive questioning of Prof. Anita F. Hill. Mr. Abrams's $4,812,930 campaign fund was ranked 10th.

A survey of Federal Election Commission records in The New York Times yesterday cited slightly different spending figures than Common Cause for the two candidates.

While Common Cause showed Senator D'Amato's campaign spending $9,891,974, The Times reported that his campaign receipts were for $8,154,347. The Times's figure represented the D'Amato campaign's spending since Jan. 1, 1991, while Common Cause measured the campaign's spending since Jan. 1, 1987.

Common Cause reported that Mr. Abrams's campaign had spent $4,812,930, while The Times said his campaign had spent $5,231,170. The Times's figure represented Mr. Abrams's spending through Oct. 14, while Common Cause's figure did not include spending after Sept. 30.

In the last stretch of a race now widely called the most vicious in the nation, however, the disparity in finances is likely to fade as both candidates pour almost equal resources into aggressive advertising blitzes. The Attorney General has spent heavily on television advertising for the final days and staff members say they expect to be able to match Senator D'Amato's saturation ad campaign on television, though not radio.

Voters Vital to Outcome

Yesterday's appearances on the steps of City Hall showed one area where the two men are waging their final battle. Both campaign teams have clearly identified blacks and other minority voters as potentially important to the outcome next Tuesday. And both yesterday used the same dramatic venue to claim broad support; though Senator D'Amato had the added fillip of an endorsement by The Amsterdam News, the black community's largest weekly newspaper.

That endorsement came off as somewhat ambivalent, however, since it several times stressed displeasure with Senator D'Amato's record as well as "fundamental" disagreement on a number of issues of immediate concern to black voters.

In a lengthy commentary that was perhaps most notable for its many disclaimers of its own conclusion, the editorial noted that the newspaper is backing Senator D'Amato because "Al D'Amato is a fighter and Bob Abrams is not." The newspaper then applied "the lesser of two evils" principle, warning readers against trusting Mr. Abrams and urging them to back the incumbent but "keep both eyes open all night."

Mr. Abrams, forewarned of both the endorsement and the competing news conference, countered by gathering almost 100 prominent black leaders and dismissing the Amsterdam News endorsement as more political maneuver than a reflection of black voters' sentiment.

Appearing with Ronald H. Brown, the chairman of the Democratic Party, Mayor David N. Dinkins and other leaders from New York City and around the state, Mr. Abrams and his backers spoke passionately of his record on civil rights, discrimination cases and other issues relating to minorities.

'Great New Yorker'

They also uniformly criticized Senator D'Amato for his record on voting with the Republican Adminstration and against the Civil Rights Act of 1990. Noting that Senator D'Amato has recently tried to link himself with Gov. Bill Clinton, Mr. Brown denounced the maneuver as inappropriate to a man whom he called a "puppet of George Bush."

Summoned to the Abrams news conference to help spread Mr. Clinton's coattails and demonstrate solid support within the Democratic Party, Mr. Brown described the Attorney General as a "great American, a great New Yorker and a man I am proud to have as my friend." Then he faulted 12 years of Republican administration with leaving "the rich richer, the poor poorer and the middle class in the dust." Mr. Brown closed his brief remarks by urging a large voter turnout and telling the beaming Attorney General and a jostling mob of reporters that America's present troubles are because of "the failure of George Bush and the failure of Senator D'Amato."

That party line was also taken by Mayor Dinkins. "Al D'Amato can say he delivered this, or he delivered that," said the Mayor. "But the point is he's a Republican."

Just an hour earlier, Senator D'Amato had stood on the same steps to make an opposite point. He congratulated the two dozen black religious leaders who gave him their endorsement as courageous enough to step aside from party loyalties.

Standing flanked by those supporters, the Senator described himself as "deeply, deeply honored" by their willingness to put aside partisan politics. Then, in a reference to the Amsterdam News endorsement, he acknowledged past philosophical and political differences and vowed to "redouble my efforts" in such areas as jobs and housing. The statement was intended to deflect criticism that he channeled financing from the Department of Housing and Urban Development away from poor black neighborhoods and toward friends and relatives.

Several of Senator D'Amato's backers actually spoke with some discomfort of their endorsement, echoing criticisms later voiced in the Abrams camp. "We are here. We are saying that the Senator has made some mistakes," said Charles W. Mixon, pastor of the Maranatha Baptist Church and president of the Baptist Ministers Fellowship. "All of us have. But we are saying, from here on out, the Senator has assured us, and I have to go along with what he told me. I believe that. I forgive him."

The Rev. Charles Norris, pastor of the Bethesda Missionary Baptist Church, also acknowledged some reservations. Speaking of Senator D'Amato's vote against the Civil Rights Act, he said it was "a hard thing to swallow. But we swallowed it. We forgive him. He voted his conscience."

With the race floating within a range too close to call and nearly 17 percent of the voters still undecided, according to a poll released by the Marist Institute for Public Opinion, the divide among blacks, who make up 14 percent of all registered voters could provide an important swing vote.

The Marist poll showed Mr. Abrams with almost 44 percent of likely voters compared to 39 percent support expressed for Senator D'Amato, with a margin for error of plus or minus 4 percentage points. Nearly 17 percent of likely voters were undecided when the poll was conducted among 850 registered voters on October 25th and 26th.

The struggle to win the minds and votes of those undecided voters will be waged through the weekend with almost equal intensity by both candidates. Though a study released yesterday by Common Cause shows Senator D'Amato with the largest political war chest in the country based on lists of each Senate candidate's total receipts as of September 30, both men are likely to be spending equivalent amounts during the final push.

Mr. Abrams has acknowledged that he was "miserably outspent" in the first weeks after the Democratic primary and nearly disappeared from television screens, but his staff maintains that a large advertising purchase that covers the final five days will leave both candidates with almost equal time to broadcast their pre-set messages.

**Graphic**

Photo: Endorsed by black religious leaders at City Hall, Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato stood with the Rev. Charles Norris of Bethany Missifonary Baptist Church, left, and the Rev. Charles Betts of Southeast Queens Clergy. (Edward Keating/The New York Times); Outside City Hall, Robert Abrams received the endorsements yesterday of Cora Fields of the City Environmental Board, left, Representative Charles B. Rangel and Assemblywoman Gloria Davis, right. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 30, 1992

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[***In Mexico City, Elected Mayor Opens New Political Era***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RJF-4V40-000P-N3HX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 6, 1997, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 3; Column 1; Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1410 words

**Byline:** By JULIA PRESTON

By JULIA PRESTON

**Dateline:** MEXICO CITY, Dec. 5

**Body**

In an inauguration that greatly broadened the reach of democracy in Mexico, Cuauhtemoc Cardenas, a veteran opposition leader, was sworn in today as the first elected Mayor of Mexico's vast and tumultuous capital city.

After a grin and an embrace from President Ernesto Zedillo, whose party and Government Mr. Cardenas has long battled, and a standing ovation from Mexican leaders of all political stripes gathered under the stained-glass rotunda of the City Council Hall, Mr. Cardenas pledged to root out corruption, beat back crime and bring "a new way of governing" to Mexico City.

Because the capital towers over the country's political landscape, Mr. Cardenas has become the first opposition politician in seven decades who will rival the prominence of the President on the national stage, although even his powers to govern the city are limited.

The clout and unpredictability of the political forces Mr. Cardenas leads were in evidence Thursday night when the opposition-controlled lower house of the national Legislature, in a chaotic session, rebuffed President Zedillo for the first time on a major initiative by rejecting key portions of his 1998 tax bill.

Starting today, the 8.5 million residents of Mexico's commercial and cultural center will get their first taste of local government elected by popular vote, and the Mayor's performance in his three-year term will do much to determine whether Mexicans like the new pluralism that began with elections last July.

The simple, almost austere inaugural ceremony was a sweet moment of redress for Mr. Cardenas, who ran for President in 1988 and 1994 against Mr. Zedillo's party, the Institutional Revolutionary Party, or PRI, which ruled Mexico unchallenged from the 1920's until this year. Many Mexicans believe that victory was stolen from Mr. Cardenas by fraud in 1988.

If he is an effective Mayor, Mr. Cardenas will be in a formidable position to oust the PRI from national power in presidential elections in the year 2000.

True to his style, Mr. Cardenas, who is 63, allowed himself few rhetorical flourishes in laying out a nuts-and-bolts program.

"We are going to take this city away from the criminals," Mr. Cardenas said. "There are more of us than them, and we have better tools to face them with."

The task he faces is not easy. Mexico City is not only engulfed in a frightening crime wave but is also riddled with corruption and saturated with air pollution. Mr. Cardenas must also contend with soaring expectations among residents desperate for change.

A poll published this morning by the newspaper Reforma showed that 71 percent of city residents think that life in the capital will improve during his administration.

"We expect to see a change," said Gabriel Coleote Zayas, a 45-year-old merchant, as he stood earlier this week stirring pork rinds in a simmering vat of grease at his market stall in a ***working-class*** neighborhood. "He is going to watch where our tax dollars go to see that they don't end up in the pockets of some bureaucrat."

Florencio Rodriguez Perez, 62, a sidewalk photographer who has dressed up in a red plush Santa Claus suit for the Christmas season, reported glumly one day this week that he had three customers, who bought pictures worth only $2 each, in a whole day's work.

"We can't take any more lies and cheating from the city government," Mr. Rodriguez said, waiting beside an empty and forlorn-looking sleigh in a public square. "We want Mr. Cardenas to keep the prices we pay for everything from going up and up. We want him to make more of an economy for poor people."

Mr. Cardenas crushed his opponents in elections on July 6 by winning 47 percent of the vote. He will face no opposition from the City Council, since his left-of-center Party of the Democratic Revolution, or P.R.D., won 38 of the council's 66 seats.

But although his actions will be scrutinized in the national limelight, in practice Mr. Cardenas does not even control all of the metropolis for which the public will hold him responsible. As Mayor, he is in charge only of a federal district not unlike Washington, an urban core that encompasses only 40 percent of the Mexico City metropolitan area, which is home to 18.5 million people.

Mexico City mayors were appointed by the President starting in 1928, and although that changed this year, the President still decides what funds the capital city will have to spend, since most come from the federal budget.

"The symbolism is much bigger than the job," said Adolfo Aguilar Zinser, a federal Senator who has been both a close ally and fierce critic of Mr. Cardenas. "There is no relation between the expectations he faces and the powers he has to fulfill them."

Mr. Cardenas is inheriting a city whose facts and figures draw a picture of disarray. The fiscal debt has risen to $1.5 billion, a 445 percent increase since the last mayor took office three years ago.

Mr. Cardenas has said he expects no windfall budget increases to help pay these debts. Instead, his aides say, he hopes by attacking corruption to achieve savings to plow back into city programs.

Bribes and under-the-table fixes are standard operating procedure in city agencies. Aides to Mr. Cardenas estimated this week that as much as 10 percent of the work force is made up of what Mexicans call "aviators," employees who collect salaries without showing up at their jobs.

"Corruption will not be tolerated, not in any form," Mr. Cardenas said today. For the first time, he has insisted that all officials of his government will have to make personal financial declarations.

Some two million residents have no work or not enough to make ends meet. At least 100,000 people live by selling trinkets or tacos on the street. These vendors spell trouble for Mr. Cardenas, since many lack licenses and have forced their way onto sidewalks downtown, choking traffic and defying the authorities to remove them by force.

Mr. Cardenas has said he believes that three-quarters of the 628 felony crimes reported every day in the city are committed by well-armed organized rings whose members work hand in hand with the police.

But his first anti-crime measure provoked controversy. He named a Mexican Air Force officer, Lieut. Col. Rodolfo Debernardi Debernardi, to be police chief. Although he has served on the capital's police force, public opinion is running strongly against involving military officers in police work after a series of brutal crimes earlier this year in which police commanded by army officers have been accused.

To be able to manage the city, Mr. Cardenas must secure the allegiance of more than 125,000 city workers who are members of unions, most of which have long been the domain of the PRI.

Now that he has real power, Mr. Cardenas must also persuade followers in his own party, the P.R.D., to give up the combative tactics that served them well during the decades when they were a repressed opposition.

The degree to which Mexico remains unaccustomed to democratic interplay became clear during the vote in the Congress last night to lower a national sales tax, known as the value-added tax, from 15 percent to 12 percent.

Mr. Zedillo has campaigned vigorously against a cut, arguing that it would throw the federal budget off kilter and increase the deficit by as much as $2 billion, leaving Mexico vulnerable to the recent instability in global financial markets.

Opposition leaders had warned Mr. Zedillo that they would reject his pleas and adopt the cut. But in the session Thursday night, opposition deputies went further, suddenly deciding to ignore weeks of delicate negotiations with the executive and to vote rebelliously against all the tax amendments Mr. Zedillo had offered, including many the opposition had earlier approved.

Several times the session dissolved in confusion and fisticuffs, with PRI deputies storming the podium in an attempt to reverse the vote, and opposition leaders committing clumsy procedural gaffes that left everyone in doubt whether there had been a binding vote or not.

Mr. Zedillo, at a banquet last night with Mexican businessmen, directed a rare outburst of anger at the opposition.

The value-added tax cut must still go before the Mexican Senate, where the PRI still enjoys a majority and has pledged to scrap the bill. But the vote on Thursday was a harbinger of the confrontation the opposition could provoke in debates next week on the overall federal budget for 1998, which the lower house can approve or reject without the Senate.

**Graphic**

Photo: Cuauhtemoc Cardenas walked to City Hall yesterday from the National Assembly where he became the first elected Mayor of Mexico City. (Agence France-Presse)

**Load-Date:** December 6, 1997

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[***NEW DIVORCE LAW IN ENGLAND STIRS DEBATE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J3B0-0008-N02D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 16, 1984, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 11, Column 2; Style Desk

**Length:** 1177 words

**Byline:** By JO THOMAS

**Dateline:** LONDON, July 15

**Body**

In a matter of weeks, a bill that imposes a ban on filing for divorce within the first year of marriage will become law in England and Wales. Opponents have condemned it as a ''quickie divorce bill.''

The Matrimonial and Family Proceedings Bill, which will receive royal assent this month, is viewed as a radical reform measure because it replaces a law that forbids divorce during the first three years of marriage, except in cases of exceptional hardship or depravity.

The new law, which has been opposed by church and women's rights groups, also eliminates what is called the ''meal ticket for life'' problem for divorcing husbands. Under the old law, a divorced woman, with certain exceptions, had a right to alimony for life, unless she agreed to give up her claim. Although in practice she might receive only 15 cents a year, she always had the option of returning to court to petition for more money if her or her former husband's financial circumstances changed. In one case frequently cited by proponents of the new law, a divorced woman who had lost a good job because she became pregnant by another man was able to go to court and obtain financial support from her former husband.

The General Synod of the Church of England, which earlier this month sought to agree on a unified position on divorce, has made no statement on the 12-month ban on filing for divorce after marriage. The general feeling, according to Michael Atkinson, a staff member of the Board for Social Responsibility, which advises the synod, is that 12 months is not long enough to give a marriage a chance.

''It will weaken the stability of the family, and it will weaken the assurance with which young people will go into marriage,'' the Rt. Rev. Maurice Wood, the Bishop of Norwich, said of the measure.

Although some bishops still object, Anglicans are committed in principle to the remarriage of divorced people within the church, and the synod has agreed to send to its 44 dioceses proposals on how to handle these marriages.

The aim of the old law forbidding divorce during the first three years of marriage was to keep both halves of the divorcing couple living at a standard they would have enjoyed if they hadn't been divorced. The truth, most agree, is that there usually isn't enough money to do that. Under the new law, divorced wives will be encouraged to become financially self- sufficient. For example, the wife might be awarded alimony to pay for schooling that would help her to earn a living.

Women's 'Employment Potential'

''This is a bill which, introduced into the ideal world, we should be applauding: that women don't have to be alimony drones,'' said Wendy Saunders, a caseworker with the Greenwich One-Parent Project. ''But women do not have that employment potential, given the unemployment situation in our country. There are a lot of people retraining, not just women. ''The Government says you should go out and work, but who looks after the children? Where are the state child-care facilities? It is literally pouring oil on the fire.''

''We don't use the term 'alimony drone,' '' said a member of the Campaign for Justice in Divorce, which has pushed for the bill. ''It would be an insult to the drone, which is a hard worker.'' He, like most of the men in this organization, refused to give his name on the grounds that his former wife might use his comments as a pretext to take him back to court.

''For most of the members of the Campaign for Justice in Divorce, there's an awful lot of hate,'' explained Janice Allan, whose husband, Dr. Dick Allan, lobbied on the group's behalf. ''Their first wives use the present law to conduct a vendetta against them. Your life is centered around this wretched divorce court.''

She worries ''every time a letter arrives in the mail,'' she said. ''It dominates your life: Here's this woman who has power all the rest of your life. She didn't want him. She wants his money.''

Leo Abse, a Member of Parliament and author of the 1969 Divorce Reform Act, which established the concept of matrimonial breakdown as well as the maintenance-for-life provision, said: ''I have been acutely conscious in recent years of the cumulating hardships because the courts had to use my legislation as a guideline in determining financial rewards.

''Many a women felt it was demeaning to be regarded as a financial appendage of her husband. There was a heavy sense of grievance on the part of ex-husbands, but a greater dynamic coming from second wives.''

Mrs. Saunders of the Greenwich One-Parent Project said: ''Very few men have the earning ability to support two families, but they have permission to have two or three families.''

The result for ***working-class*** families, she said, is that only a small percentage of divorced women with children rely on support from their former husbands. ''Before, the court decided an award you didn't get,'' she said. ''Now the court will say you can't get it anyway.''

The new law says specifically, for the first time, that the interests of children should be the paramount consideration, and Mr. Abse believes that this will assure mothers that they will not be denied support from their former husbands while the children are young. But this has not offered women's groups much comfort.

''We view it with some trepidation,'' said Deborah Derrick, a spokesman for the National Council for One-Parent Families. ''There's nothing to back up what they say that children will be put first.''

She said that one marriage in three now ends in divorce, that 1981 census figures show that the number of single parents increased by more than 70 percent in the last decade, and that of every eight British families with children, one has only a single parent. These families include some 1.6 million children, and their income averages only 55 percent of that of a two- parent family.

For the last decade, British courts have largely ignored misconduct when awarding alimony and dividing up the property in a divorce. The new law requires the court to take misconduct into account when ''it would be inequitable'' to disregard it.

Anger at Lengthy Proceedings

''You don't stand a chance,'' said Kathryn Davis, the second wife of Dr. Neville Davis, a physician who is now chairman of the Campaign for Justice in Divorce. She said she was incensed that she had to disclose her earnings to the court during proceedings to determine whether the first wife should get more alimony.

She and her husband pointed out that former wives frequently pursue a case indefinitely, knowing that if they win, their legal fees will be paid by their former husbands.

''The case goes on day after day after day,'' Mrs. Davis said. Faced with the rising costs, ''a husband quite frequently will agree to a consent order.''

Joseph Jackson, chairman of the Family Law Bar Association and author of the standard law text on divorce, said the new legal view on alimony and a little-discussed provision that recognizes foreign divorces are major changes in the law, but ''most of the new law is an affirmation of what judges are doing already.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Dr. Neville Davis and his wife, Kathryn

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[***MONDALE'S BIG GAMBLE INVOLVES MORE THAN GENDER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J3K0-0008-N0D3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 15, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 1, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1150 words

**Byline:** By HOWELL RAINES

**Body**

SAN FRANCISCO THE announcement of Geraldine Ferraro as Walter F. Mondale's running mate polished his image and raised the energy level of his campaign. And the occasion marked one of those rare times when the political symbolism devised by White House media wizards seemed to be working against the President.

Mr. Reagan was in a cave in Kentucky when he went before the television cameras with his first comment on the Democrats' breakthrough. The selection of Mrs. Ferraro, he said during a tour of Mammoth Cave National Park, was no more ''historic'' than his decision to put Sandra Day O'Connor on the Supreme Court. In fact, Mr. Mondale's bold gamble may have permanently altered Presidential politics as well as redefining the terms on which the 1984 general election campaign will be waged.

Mr. Mondale's prolonged selection process had gotten almost universally negative reviews. Last week's choice produced a wave of good feeling among party leaders. But his abrupt installation yesterday of Bert Lance, the Georgia party chairman, as his general campaign chairman dampened the celebration and set the stage for consideration of the political risks the Ferraro choice entailed. Come fall, they will be sending a three- term member of Congress with no national campaign experience against Vice President Bush, a seasoned performer with an impressive foreign-policy resume.

Even so, there was one unarguable benefit for Mr. Mondale, a man who has been pilloried all year as dull, cautious and incapable of stirring emotional loyalty even among his own supporters. By choosing Mrs. Ferraro, said Robert Neuman, a former Democratic National Committee official, Mr. Mondale ''made great strides in getting rid of 'the passion gap.' ''

The choice may have done little to lay to rest the other main complaint against Mr. Mondale - that he panders to Democratic power brokers and constituency groups. After all, Mrs. Ferraro had been blessed by labor leaders, Governor Cuomo and House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. Then too, activist women's groups had threatened a floor fight if Mr. Mondale chose a man.

The tentativeness of the Republicans' initial jabs at Mrs. Ferraro on the experience issue showed they thought it might be more difficult to jump on Mr. Mondale now that he has a woman at his side. By week's end they were going straight at it. Mr. Bush accepted Mrs. Ferraro's challenge to a debate - ''I'd like,'' she said, ''to let the people of America see if I can keep up with George Bush,'' but added: ''What I want to do is focus on the national issues.''

In any case, Democratic and Republican strategists agreed that, whatever the risks of breaking the gender barrier, Mr. Mondale created a fighting chance for a candidacy that had been regarded as grinding along toward inevitable defeat. And he did it in a way that rekindled the fires of hope within his party. Beyond that, the selection of an Italian Roman Catholic career woman from an urban district may have shifted the entire campaign away from the terrain most favorable to Mr. Reagan. ''It's going to change the terms of the fall election from the old North-South, left-right terms'' and focus the contest on the demographic factors that most analysts believe will govern American politics for the balance of this century, said Robert Squier, a Democratic political consultant. To win, Mr. Mondale must reclaim the basically conservative Northern city Democrats. Many of these ''blue-collar ethnics,'' or BCE's, as political strategists call them, crossed over to Mr. Reagan because of appeals to a value system rooted in devotion to hard work, family, neighborhood, church and nation.

Democrats were cheered by Mrs. Ferraro's skillful references to her roots in the ***working class*** as the daughter of an immigrant who sacrificed to win her a place on the ladder of opportunity. San Francisco was alive with talk of campaign slogans like ''The Future and the Family'' or ''Working and Earning,'' that would emphasize the Democrats' heritage as the party of the average citizen rather than that of effete liberalism. ''A lot of ethnic Catholic Democrats around the country will identify with her and her background,'' said Representative Tony Coelho, chairman of the House Democratic Campaign Committee. ''She feels very comfortable talking about her family and her faith. These are qualities we need on the ticket. That is where we always were, but in the last few years we've appeared to get away from that.'' For all the Democrats' euphoric self-congratulation over having made history, there may be some sticky patches once the convention starts tomorrow afternoon. Senator Gary Hart, although he is now out of the running, could still use the convention to replay his differences with Mr. Mondale. And after weeks of negotiation with the Rev. Jesse Jackson, top Mondale advisers have no assurances that he will not try to provoke a floor fight over party rules on Tuesday. Questions and HopesBut whatever Mr. Hart and Mr. Jackson do will provide only temporary diversion from the question that hovers over this 39th quadrennial gathering of the Democrats. That has to do with the political map of the general election. The Mondale-Ferraro ticket seems tailored for Democratic strongholds in his native Middle West and her home area in the East. But to win, the Democrats must also beat Mr. Reagan somewhere in the South, the West or the farm states. Mondale officials believe that the new prominence of Mr. Lance could help them in the region. But many party leaders and labor officials said he would revive politically damaging memories of the Carter years. Some optimists in the party believe that the presence of a woman on the ticket will unleash a burst of feminist political energy that would give Mr. Mondale a chance in states, such as California, that otherwise look long gone for Mr. Reagan. But The New York Times/ CBS News Poll taken after the announcement of Mrs. Ferraro's candidacy showed the Reagan-Bush ticket ahead by 15 points in the South and 24 points in the West. On Friday, Mr. Reagan gave a hint of how he intends to protect his lead there and elsewhere by suggesting that, in Mrs. Ferarro, the Democrats had picked a woman whose background did not entitle her to be on the playing field. ''The women who have advanced in our party, and who are coming up through the ranks today, are doing it by merit,'' he said, ''and the American people, recognizing this, will support such a woman when she runs.'' Democrats hope the experience issue will backfire. After all, Mrs. Ferraro has put in more time in Washington than Mr. Reagan had when he became President. The word ''experience'' points up the extraordinary in the week's events. Mr. Mondale, generally considered a practitioner of conventional politics, offered Americans the unique experience of seeing a woman on the ticket of a major party.

**Graphic**

drawing

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[***BEST SELLERS: November 1, 1992***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7660-000P-21JD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 1, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 30; Column 2; Book Review Desk; Column 2;; List

**Length:** 1264 words

**Body**

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  |  | **Weeks** |  |
| **This** | **Last** | **On** |  |
| **Week** | **Week** | **List** | **Fiction** |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1 | 1 | 2 | THE TALE OF THE BODY THIEF, by Anne Rice. (Knopf, $24.) To prove he is still a hero among the living dead, Lestat embarks on a dangerous enterprise; "The Vampire Chronicles," continued. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 2 | 2 | 3 | THE STARS SHINE DOWN, by Sidney Sheldon. (Morrow, $23.) The fortunes of a successful businesswoman are suddenly imperiled by secrets from her past and present relationships. (LP) |
|  |  |  |  |
| 3 | 5 | 23 | WAITING TO EXHALE, by Terry McMillan. (Viking, $22.) The friendships and romances of four black women in Phoenix. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 4 | 3 | 7 | THE SECRET HISTORY, by Donna Tartt. (Knopf, $23.) Close friends at a small college must deal with the consequences of a crime they committed. |
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| 5 | 4 | 34 | THE PELICAN BRIEF, by John Grisham. (Doubleday, $22.50.) A woman law student probes the murder of two Supreme Court justices. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 6 |  | 1 | DRIVING FORCE, by Dick Francis. (Putnam, $21.95.) An ex-jockey's horse-transport business is besieged by a series of mysterious deaths. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 7 \* | 6 | 10 | WHERE IS JOE MERCHANT? by Jimmy Buffett. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $19.95.) A couple on the trail of a dead rock star who has been sighted. |
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| 8 | 7 | 3 | THE SHADOW RISING, by Robert Jordan. (Tor/ Doherty, $24.95.) Book Four of "The Wheel of Time," a fantasy saga. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 9 | 9 | 3 | SABINE'S NOTEBOOK, by Nick Bantock. (Chronicle Books, $17.95.) Continuing the epistolary romance between two talented people begun in "Griffin & Sabine." |
|  |  |  |  |
| 10 |  | 1 | MOSTLY HARMLESS, by Douglas Adams. (Harmony, $20.) In the fifth volume of the "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" series, a survivor tries to cope with new predicaments. |
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| 11 | 10 | 12 | THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY, by Robert James Waller. (Warner, $14.95.) A photographer and a lonely farmer's wife in Iowa. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 12 | 8 | 16 | GERALD'S GAME, by Stephen King. (Viking, $23.50.) Twenty-eight hours of horror suffered by a woman handcuffed to a bedpost. |
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| 13 | 12 | 9 | GRIFFIN & SABINE, by Nick Bantock. (Chronicle Books, $16.95.) The romance of an artist and a secret admirer, told through cards and letters. |
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| 14 |  | 1 | BEST DESTINY, by Diane Carey. (Pocket, $20.) Young James T. Kirk's first adventure in space; a new "Star Trek" story. |
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| 15 | 13 | 3 | LEAVING COLD SASSY, by Olive Ann Burns. (Ticknor & Fields, $21.) The story of a marriage that survives many strains; a sequel to the 1984 novel "Cold Sassy Tree." |
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|  |  | Weeks |  |
| This | Last | On |  |
| Week | Week | List | Nonfiction |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1 | 1 | 7 | THE WAY THINGS OUGHT TO BE, by Rush H. Limbaugh 3d. (Pocket, $22.) Anecdotes and opinions offered by the talk show host. |
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| 2 | 2 | 4 | IT DOESN'T TAKE A HERO, by H. Norman Schwarzkopf with Peter Petre. (Linda Grey/ Bantam, $25.) The autobiography of the general who commanded the allied forces in the gulf war. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 3 | 8 | 21 | EARTH IN THE BALANCE, by Al Gore. (Houghton Mifflin, $22.95.) The Vice-Presidential candidate discusses the environment. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 4 | 3 | 9 | EVERY LIVING THING, by James Herriot. (St. Martin's, $22.95.) Continuing the memoirs of the Yorkshire veterinarian. |
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| 5 | 4 | 23 | THE SILENT PASSAGE, by Gail Sheehy. (Random House, $16.) The psychological and social significance of menopause for today's women. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 6 | 5 | 6 | THE TE OF PIGLET, by Benjamin Hoff. (Dutton, $16.) Aspects of Taoist philosophy explained through the actions of an A. A. Milne character. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 7 | 7 | 12 | WOMEN WHO RUN WITH THE WOLVES, by Clarissa Pinkola Estes. (Ballantine, $20.) A Jungian analyst reinterprets myths and folk tales to enable women to understand their psyches. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 8 | 6 | 20 | TRUMAN, by David McCullough. (Simon & Schuster, $30.) A biography of the 33d President. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 9 | 11 | 9 | YOUNG MEN & FIRE, by Norman Maclean. (University of Chicago, $19.95.) An account of a disastrous fire in a Montana forest in 1949. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 10 | 14 | 2 | I CAN'T BELIEVE I SAID THAT! by Kathie Lee Gifford with Jim Jerome. (Pocket, $22.) The autobiography of the co-host of the television show "Live With Regis and Kathie Lee." |
|  |  |  |  |
| 11 | 10 | 3 | THE SENATOR, by Richard E. Burke with William and Marilyn Hoffer. (St. Martin's, $23.95.) The recollections of a man who served as an aide to Edward M. Kennedy for 10 years. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 12 \* |  | 1 | BANKRUPTCY 1995, by Harry E. Figgie Jr. with Gerald J. Swanson. (Little, Brown, $19.95.) The authors predict the collapse of America under Government debt and suggest ways to cope with it. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 13 |  | 1 | THE CHANGE, by Germaine Greer. (Knopf, $24.) An extensive survey of the physical, psychological and social effects of menopause. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 14 | 13 | 4 | THE CREATORS, by Daniel J. Boorstin. (Random House, $30.) Three thousand years in the history of religion, philosophy, literature and the arts, told through the lives of those who made it. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 15 | 12 | 18 | DIANA: HER TRUE STORY, by Andrew Morton. (Simon & Schuster, $22.) A biography of the Princess of Wales. |
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|  |  | Weeks |  |
| This | Last | On |  |
| Week | Week | List | Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1 | 2 | 16 | HARVEY PENICK'S LITTLE RED BOOK, by Harvey Penick with Bud Shrake. (Simon & Schuster, $19.) Anecdotes and tips about playing golf, by a legendary teacher. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 2 | 1 | 5 | ARE YOU THE ONE FOR ME? by Barbara De Angelis. (Delacorte, $21.) How to choose and keep the right partner in love and marriage. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 3 |  | 47 | HOW TO SATISFY A WOMAN EVERY TIME, by Naura Hayden. (Bibli O'Phile/Dutton, $14.95.) Sexual counsel for married couples. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 4 \* | 5 | 35 | A RETURN TO LOVE, by Marianne Williamson. (HarperCollins, $25.) Inspirational advice about ways to replace feelings of fear with feelings of love in daily life. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 5 \* | 4 | 5 | THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. (Houghton Mifflin, $39.95.) The third edition. |

These listings are based on computer-processed sales figures from 3,050 bookstores and from representative wholesalers with more than 28,000 other retail outlets, including variety stores and supermarkets. The figures are statistically adjusted to represent sales in all such outlets across the United States.

\*An asterisk before a book's title indicates that its sales, weighted to reflect the book-selling industry nationally, are barely distinguishable from those of the book above.

LP indicates that a book is available in large print.

And Bear in Mind

*(Editors' choices of other recent books of particular interest)*

CAPITOL GAMES: Clarence Thomas, Anita Hill, and the Story of a Supreme Court Nomination, by Timothy M. Phelps and Helen Winternitz. (Hyperion, $24.95.) Two journalists' comprehensive, insightful view of the Clarence Thomas story; they believe its outcome was determined by the political effectiveness of the Bush Administration and the mistakes of Ms. Hill's supporters.

DOCTOR CRIMINALE, by Malcolm Bradbury. (Viking, $22.) Mr. Bradbury's wicked novel casts a cold eye on modern national and intellectual cultures; its title character, an intellectual acrobat and political deceiver, owes something to the late Paul de Man.

DONOVAN'S WIFE, by Tom Wicker. (Morrow, $22.) A funny cautionary novel and a lesson in unethical politics, featuring a no-account Congressman (Donovan) and a disgusted political reporter who carries a torch for the Representative's wife.

I, TITUBA, BLACK WITCH OF SALEM, by Maryse Conde (Caraf Books/University Press of Virginia, $19.95), and TREE OF LIFE, by Maryse Conde. (One World/Ballantine, $18.) These two novels by a native of Guadeloupe, now a professor of French in California, deal with survivors against great odds: in one case, a victim of the 1692 witch trials; in the other, a morally complex patriarch who makes his way from Guadeloupe to California.

THE RASCAL KING: The Life and Times of James Michael Curley, 1874-1958, by Jack Beatty. (William Patrick/Addison-Wesley, $25.) A skillful profile of Boston's grand, colorful, corrupt and effective ***working-class*** Irish politician and his environment.

THE JEWS OF GERMANY: A Historical Portrait, by Ruth Gay. (Yale University, $35.) A moving, lively account of a vanished community and the surrounding society, from A.D. 70 to Hitler.

**Load-Date:** November 1, 1992

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[***Housing Investment Surges in Cambridge, Mass.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RJ1-8H70-000P-N21Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 14, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By SUSAN DIESENHOUSE

By SUSAN DIESENHOUSE

**Dateline:** CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

**Body**

A YEAR ago Linda and Russell Gee sold the roomy home in suburban Newton where they raised their two children and bought a Victorian house on a marginal block dense with housing in Cambridge.

"Classic empty-nester stuff," said Mr. Gee, a 51-year-old partner in a software company in the nearby town of Waltham.

The couple used the $400,000 from the sale to buy a 100-year-old house on Sacramento Street, a few blocks from the Harvard campus in a neighborhood with a mix of artists, academics and affluent professionals and ***working-class*** families.

They intend to invest $175,000 more to renovate the house. Given the expense, Mr. Gee said, "we're asking ourselves, 'Is this a bad idea?' "

"But it's so cool living here," he said. "We can walk to stores and bars that aren't chains and have neighbors who teach, who make furniture. Money is not at the center of everybody's life as it was in Newton."

In the last three years, this city of 92,000 residents in Boston's backyard has seen a wave of newcomers like the Gees invest in upgrading the existing housing stock. Along with them as well have come professional developers producing luxury housing for others to buy or rent.

Cambridge is buzzing with renovation activity because the end of rent control has coincided with a strong economy and favorable interest rates. A statewide referendum three years ago, financed by property owners and real-estate trade groups, led to the demise of controls in the three communities that had it -- Cambridge, Boston and Brookline.

In Cambridge it stripped 15,000 housing units of rent protections, about 37 percent of the entire housing supply.

Real estate specialists note that the long housing recession of the late 80's and early 90's has given many baby-boomer families the time to amass equity to plow into a housing investment.

"The housing market here is exploding," said Roger Herzog, the director of housing for Cambridge, who runs the city's affordable housing programs. He expressed concern that owners who developed low-income housing years ago under Federal programs would convert about 2,000 units to market-rate rentals once they became eligible to do so. If the owners refinance with conventional loans, they would be able to charge market-rate rents.

Already about 800 new luxury rental units are being built, the first upsurge in new market-rate construction in 25 years. And all around the city existing homes are being refurbished, sometimes expanded by new owners who build additions, and sometimes converted from rental or ownership occupancy to condominium apartments.

In the 1997 fiscal year, which ended June 30, Cambridge issued 2,100 permits for building projects, up from 1,488 for the year that ended in June 1994, the last 12-month period under rent regulation. Ranjit Singanayagam, the city's assistant commissioner of the Inspectional Services Department, estimated that the 1997 permits would generate $170 million in renovation activity. The 1994 permits brought forth about $61 million in renovation work, he said. The department keeps no figures on the number of housing units represented by the permits it issues.

"In Cambridge, we've seen some properties flipped after a rehab for prices that are almost too high," said Stephen E. Doran, a vice president for Fleet Mortgage Corporation, which recently had about a 30 percent increase in the origination of home-improvement loans over the last three years. According to Karl Case, a housing consultant to the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, "The low end of the market is disappearing and the high end is reaching new heights."

THE house the Gees purchased had not previously been a rental. They bought it from a woman who had lived in it for 70 years. With about 2,000 square feet on two floors, it is much smaller than their Newton house and has never undergone major renovations. It has two bedrooms, a sleeping porch and one bathroom upstairs. Downstairs, it has a gracious entry foyer and staircase, parlor, dining room and kitchen.

The Gees expect to spend about five months to modernize the interior and refurbish the historic exterior. They will tear down the garage to have a larger backyard and space to expand the sleeping porch and one bedroom into a master suite. They will also add one and a half bathrooms, finish part of the basement for an office, gut the kitchen and existing bathroom and rebuild a side porch.

Elsewhere in Cambridge, the ever greater presence of commercial developers has raised questions about whether residential streets in higher-density zones will lose their character as builders seek to maximize the economic potential of their sites.

The city's oldest house, the 307-year Cooper-Frost-Austin House, is on Linnean Street, where Steven A. Cohen, president of the CEA Group of Cambridge, who has long experience as a builder in the city, purchased an 1872 Victorian for $825,000 late in 1995. A long battle with neighbors ensued when he proposed to build eight new condominium units on the property, which was zoned for 14 units.

Ultimately, he compromised by renovating the existing house and building a four-story addition on the rear of the lot, with one luxury condominium of about 2,200 square feet on each floor. He had the original house lifted up while a larger foundation was poured for the project. He is also renovating the original house, and he has sold three of the five units at prices of just under $900,000 to just shy of $1 million each.

But neighbors are still unhappy, fearing that their Avon Hill neighborhood and similar districts with a historic character will be unwisely transformed.

Gwendolen G. Noyes, a partner in the Cambridge-based Oaktree Development Corporation, did a different kind of expansion and renovation on Garden Street, just a block from the Historic West Cambridge District where Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's mansion is maintained as a National Park site.

IN 1995, Oaktree purchased a 3,400-square-foot, single-family Victorian for $575,000. The company intended to renovate and convert the three-story, 1890 house into three units. But the city, fearing overdevelopment, downzoned that type of house, Ms. Noyes explained.

Instead, starting in the spring of 1996, her company added four feet to the back of the house and created two condominiums, which sold for a total of $1.2 million by last summer, she said. The most dramatic changes in the house -- the additional footage, a new entry, a widened and altered stairway, a new bathroom, finished basement, elaborately landscaped garden -- were made in the back unit purchased by Jerome and Marlene Schultz.

They sold the three-bedroom colonial where they had raised their two daughters in suburban Needham for a price they declined to disclose, and paid more to buy their 1,800-square-foot condominium with two bedrooms and a study.

"We were coming in every other week to have fun anyway," said Mr. Schultz, a clinical neuropsychologist who, with his wife, spent two years looking for a home here.

Ms. Schultz can walk to her job as an administrator at Lesley College while Mr. Schultz can easily commute throughout the region or around the country. His new home is near all the major highways and about 15 minutes from Logan International Airport.

"To decide at the last minute to go to a restaurant and walk to one of a hundred places is very exciting," he said. "We're close to the pulse of things."

As a bonus, he added, "We have enough space to maintain a family home that our daughters, and hopefully our grandchildren, can come back to."

Mr. Gee of Sacramento Street, meanwhile, wonders if some of the creative, youthful energy in Cambridge that attracts him and his wife will be priced out of the market.

Ms. Noyes, the developer, who herself is a Cambridge resident, acknowledges that to a degree, it is inevitable.

"People are being displaced," she said. "It can be heart-rending, but as an architect and a builder, when I see people fixing up houses and giving them 50 more years of life, I can't say I feel bad about that."

**Graphic**

Photos: Garden Street Victorian, left above, converted into three condominiums. Linda Gee, above, and husband, Russell, plan to modernize home near the Harvard campus and refurbish its exterior. Steven A. Cohen at his five-condominium Victorian project. (Photographs by Rick Friedman for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 14, 1997

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[***Michelle Obama Thrives in Campaign Trenches***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RV0-YHB0-TW8F-G0W4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 2104 words

**Byline:** By SUSAN SAULNY

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

There is no confusing Michelle Obama for her husband on the campaign trail.

Asked at the Democratic debate in Los Angeles whether he would pick Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton as a vice-presidential running mate, Senator Barack Obama said she ''would be on anybody's short list.''

But when a television interviewer asked Mrs. Obama last week whether she would support Mrs. Clinton, if she won the nomination, Mrs. Obama was less generous.

''I'd have to think about that,'' Mrs. Obama said on ''Good Morning America'' on ABC. ''I'd have to think about -- policies, her approach, her tone.''

Outspoken, strong-willed, funny, gutsy and sometimes sarcastic, Michelle Obama is playing a pivotal role in her husband's campaign as it builds on a series of successes, including a sweep on Tuesday of contests in Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia.

Her personal style -- forthright, comfortable in the trenches, and often more blunt than Mr. Obama -- plays well with a broad swath of the electorate and has given the campaign a steelier edge while allowing Mr. Obama to stay largely above it all.

''I am trying to be as authentically me as I can be,'' Mrs. Obama said in an interview. ''My statements are coming from my experiences and my observations and my frustrations.''

Mrs. Obama says she dislikes politics -- she insists there will be no second run for the presidency if her husband falls short this time -- but relishes a good fight, the competition of it all.

In the beginning, she had significant questions about an Obama candidacy. She pressed advisers for a blueprint of how the campaign would raise money and compete with Mrs. Clinton and other candidates. She gave her approval after seeing a concrete plan presented in strategy meetings in late 2006, all of which she attended.

Now she is involved in most major facets of campaign strategy, always a fierce protector of her husband's image. While the Obamas seldom travel together -- fanning out much as the Clintons do -- Mrs. Obama is often in touch with key advisers and her message is shaped by the same strategists who advise her husband.

''The strategy is not to pigeonhole her to any one kind of audience,'' said Valerie Jarrett, a close family friend who is a senior adviser to the Obama campaign.

Growing up in Chicago, her brother, Craig Robinson, recalls, Mrs. Obama did not like watching close basketball games, but would always watch blowouts to the end.

''She didn't like the stress of watching,'' said Mr. Robinson, the men's basketball coach at Brown University. Thinking about the campaign for a moment, he added: ''It's much harder watching Barack in this race than watching my own team. It's much harder to watch someone you love go through a close game.''

At almost six feet tall in heels, Mrs. Obama, 44, cuts an athletic and authoritative figure in her tailored pantsuits and skirts. A Harvard-educated lawyer who had been earning $212,000 a year as a hospital executive before she took leave on Jan. 1, she delivers rousing 40-minute speeches -- surveying topics as far-ranging as the specific failings of the federal No Child Left Behind education act and problems with the military strategy in Iraq -- without the aid of even a notecard.

A doting mother of two, Mrs. Obama has kept crowds waiting with telephone calls to her ''little people'' -- daughters Sasha, 6, and Malia, 9.

But Mrs. Obama's confident, commanding presence has its drawbacks. At an address last month for an African-American awards gala in Atlanta, some in attendance were left feeling that she had been condescending, preaching to a group of achievers about the need to achieve.

''Her speech was very long and inappropriate for that occasion,'' said Vivian Creighton Bishop, a public official in Columbus, Ga., who supports Mrs. Clinton.

Mrs. Obama has also had to learn to tamp down her sometimes biting humor because it too often leaves Mr. Obama as the punch line. (It has been a long time since she has talked publicly about her husband of 15 years being smelly in the morning, as she told Glamour magazine, or forgetting to put away the butter.)

''What I've learned is that my humor doesn't translate to print all the time,'' she said in the interview. ''But usually when I'm speaking to a group, people understand what I'm trying to say, they get the humor, they understand the sarcasm, they get the joke.''

Her audiences do laugh. Talking about how long it took her and Mr. Obama, 46, to pay off their student loans (they did so only in the last couple of years), she told a church audience in Cheraw, S.C., ''I'm still waiting for Barack's trust fund.'' They cackled. She continued: ''Then I heard Dick Cheney was supposed to be a relative! Thought we might be in for something here.''

On some occasions, Mrs. Obama's straight talk has also made it necessary for the campaign to explain her remarks. In the case of ''Good Morning America,'' campaign officials pointed out that in an unbroadcast portion of the interview, Mrs. Obama later acknowledged that as a good Democrat, she would need to support Mrs. Clinton if she were the nominee.

Mrs. Obama's nickname inside the campaign is ''the closer'' because she is skilled at persuading undecided voters to sign pledge cards. But as a smooth orator, she is also known as a connector, volunteering her own life lessons from ***working-class*** roots and discussing her confrontation with a culture of low expectations.

She has been transparent about more mundane things, too, like leaning on her mother for child care while she is on the road.

Mrs. Obama does not have a nanny, only her mother. ''Thank God for Grandma!'' Mrs. Obama says more than once on the campaign trail, adding that she ''couldn't breathe'' if she thought her girls, who attend private school here in Chicago, were being neglected for the campaign.

''I spend more time worrying about how do I keep their lives on track in the midst of this?'' she said in the interview. ''Barack and I both do. How do we keep our traditions whole? Those are the day-to-day concerns.''

In a presidential campaign that has included discussions of race and gender, Mrs. Obama has a singular vantage point at the intersection of the two. As the advantage in some states has seesawed between Mr. Obama, of Illinois, and Mrs. Clinton, of New York, based in part on the votes of blacks and women, Mrs. Obama typically makes a plea for unity, even when race- or gender-based appeals might be expedient and easy.

That was the case when they packed the pews to hear her one Friday night last month in a modest Methodist church in Orangeburg, S.C.

''Oh, amen!'' the participants cried out over the rise and fall of her voice, springing to their feet, howling their approval with hands lifted as if in praise.

It was the eve of the Democratic primary in South Carolina, and Mrs. Obama was urging the audience to the polls. But they were urging her on, too: ''Come on now, tell it, sister!''

And so she did, focusing on the economic hardships facing many Americans: ''What we have to understand in this race is that this is true regardless of the color of your skin, regardless of your gender,'' she said to the mostly black audience. ''This is the truth of living in America.''

Interviews with people who know Mrs. Obama say she chose, even as a young adult, to strive for the opportunities that were closed to previous generations.

Mrs. Obama grew up knowing, for instance, that her maternal grandfather, a carpenter, was squeezed out of the best jobs in Chicago because as a black man he was not allowed to join a union. But she said she had also been taught not to see race as a barrier, to look at the world in terms of what is possible, not the other way around.

''My parents told us time and time again, 'Don't tell us what you can't do,' '' she said. '' 'And don't worry about what can go wrong.' ''

She talks on the campaign trail about high school advisers who tried to dissuade her from applying to Princeton because they thought her scores were not good enough. (She graduated with honors in sociology in 1985.)

She talks about college counselors who said similar things about her desire to go to Harvard Law, from which she graduated and went on to one of the top corporate firms in Chicago.

''I realized that gnawing sense of self doubt that lies within all of us is within our own heads,'' she said in Atlanta. ''The truth is we are more ready and more prepared than we even know. My own life is proof of that.''

Mrs. Obama's father, Fraser Robinson, provided for the family of four on a city worker's salary. Her mother, Marian Robinson, now 70, stayed home and allowed their two children only one hour of television a night.

Mrs. Obama and her brother were expected to fill their time with books, chess, sports -- and, critically important they both said, dinnertime conversations with their parents.

The defending of ideas, the back-and-forth, the debates, they were an early in-home version of what Mrs. Obama has come to do, almost full-time now, for her husband.

At Harvard Law School, one professor recalled that Mrs. Obama was not one to mince words.

''Michelle was a student in my legal profession class in which I ask students how they would react to difficult ethical and professional challenges,'' said the professor, David B. Wilkins. ''Not surprisingly, many students shy away from putting themselves on the line in this way, preferring to hedge their bets or deploy technical arguments that seem to absolve them from the responsibilities of decision-making. Michelle had no need for such fig leaves. She always stated her position clearly and decisively.''

Mrs. Obama said her mother has been her No. 1 advocate and role model, even though their lives could not be more dissimilar.

''I remember Michelle telling me about a teacher complaining about her temper in elementary school,'' said Verna L. Williams, a law professor in Cincinnati who has been a friend of Mrs. Obama since their days at Harvard. ''She said her mom told the teacher: 'Yeah, she's got a temper. But we decided to keep her anyway!' ''

Mrs. Obama is an organized and self-described ''task master,'' who has always been focused -- so much so, that when she met Mr. Obama in 1989, when they were working at the same law firm in Chicago, she refused to go out on what Mr. Obama called ''a proper date.''

''Eventually I wore her down,'' he wrote in his memoir. During the summer when she met Mr. Obama, Mrs. Obama said she was influenced by his sense of purpose, and began to change her own career to add more service to others.

Martha L. Minow, a professor at Harvard Law School, did work with Mrs. Obama for a nonprofit educational group in Chicago. Dr. Minow's father, Newton N. Minow, is senior counsel at Sidley Austin, the law firm where the Obamas met. Dr. Minow said she remembered hearing about the day Mr. Obama announced to her father that he would be leaving the firm to pursue public service.

''My dad was very supportive,'' she said. ''Then he said, 'One more thing, I'm going to take Michelle with me.' ''

And Mr. Obama did. Mrs. Obama left the firm, where she specialized in marketing and intellectual property, after two years and eventually founded the Chicago office of Public Allies, a national nonprofit leadership-training network for young adults.

After that, she gravitated toward the University of Chicago, whose campus is in her own South Side neighborhood. As a whole, the university has an often-tense relationship with the poorer surrounding area, and Mrs. Obama's job, as vice president for community and external affairs at the university's medical center, is to form partnerships between the two.

A recent project has focused on opening more neighborhood clinics to provide preventive care and take stress off the emergency room. Mrs. Obama earned a reputation as being equally tough on the hospital and the community in regard to their obligations to each other.

Now, she often describes her life to audiences in terms of beating the culture of low expectations that confronted ''a little black girl'' from the South Side.

''I wasn't supposed to have my own successful career,'' Mrs. Obama said in Atlanta. ''They said my achievement must have been the result of racial preferences. And I am certainly not supposed to be standing here, maybe to become the next first lady of the United States.''

Asked about the role of first lady, Mrs. Obama said she saw it as a full-time job. But, she hastened to add, she reserved the right to change her mind if she gets there.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Michelle Obama said of her role, ''I am trying to be as authentically me as I can be.''(PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM WILSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. A1)

Michelle Obama, above, at a rally last week at the University of California, Los Angeles, with Stevie Wonder in the background. At left, she campaigned last month in Allendale, S.C.(PHOTOGRAPH BY MONICA ALMEIDA/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM WILSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. A32)

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[***Labor Strife Goes to College***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49K9-7760-01KN-20BJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1640 words

**Byline:**  By JANE GORDON

**Body**

YALE UNIVERSITY may be at the forefront of campus labor issues lately, but that does not make Robert Farrish's issues with Wesleyan University any less frustrating for him.

Mr. Farrish, a public safety officer at the university, is the chief steward of Wesleyan's new arm of the United Federation of Security Officers. He said the university has been loath to acknowledge the union, so a federal mediator has been called to the campus for a meeting this month to talk to the two sides. Yet little has been publicized about the dispute. That is partly because the university isn't talking (indeed, Wesleyan officials refused to comment) and partly because Yale's much-publicized workplace problems have managed to drown out just about every other campus labor issue in the state.

But those issues are still there, from Wesleyan's 21 public safety officers calling for contract negotiations to the University of Connecticut Health Center's 140 post-doctoral fellows working to join a union. But elsewhere it has been quiet. There is mutual admiration between the administration and unions at Western Connecticut State University in Danbury, and at UConn's Storrs campus, there has been a long tradition of the two sides getting along. Harry J. Hartley, UConn's president for much of the 1990's, was president of the professors' union before he led the university.

What makes labor issues at college campuses often more compelling than those in the corporate world is the notion that parity for workers probably should figure somewhere in the philosophies of higher education.

"As a university faculty member and a student who studied labor relations, I do believe there should be a higher standard on campuses regarding workers' rights," said Tom Juravich, director of the Labor Relations and Research Center at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. "Part of that comes from a belief that we do have to model for our students what we study and what we profess, and it's a little ironic and a little scary when our talk and our walk are so different."

Private and public universities in Connecticut differ in their approach to labor strife. The federal National Labor Relations Act, also known as the Wagner Act, gave private-sector employees collective bargaining rights. Because public employees were exempted from the Wagner Act, states were left to determine how they were going to deal with their own employees. Connecticut enacted a law in 1977 that prohibited public employees, who included workers at state-run institutions, from striking, but allowed for collective bargaining. "Collective bargaining is working in most higher education institutions outside of Yale," said Leo Canty, second vice president of A.F.T.-Connecticut, the statewide arm of the American Federation of Teachers.

Connecticut's collective bargaining statute allows employees to form unions and requires employee and employer to bargain in good faith. According to the state's Office of Legislative Research, Connecticut has the broadest binding arbitration law of the four states the office studied: New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. The law has managed to create an atmosphere of cooperation in the state's public universities over the years, union leaders said.

"This past year was no picnic," said Ed Marth, executive director of the American Association of University Professors at the University of Connecticut, alluding to the state's budget crisis. "But we were the first organization to propose renegotiation of our contract in order to help the university and the students. That's part of the longstanding goodwill here. If we didn't hold the president of the university in high regard, if we were at sore points like they are at Yale and other places, there would have been no such discussion."

Workers at private universities, alternately, retained the right to strike. Yale employees have used that right regularly, with 13 strikes in the 60 years unions have been present at the university. Strikes at other universities in the state, however, are rare. Even unions are still unusual on college campuses, union organizers said, which is why thousands of workers at one university get so much attention when they strike.

At Wesleyan, labor issues have been roiling for the last few years. In early 2002, Wesleyan food-service workers joined with students in a march and rally, complete with a band playing Samba music, to promote full health coverage for the workers in their new contract with Aramark, the university's food-service provider. The union eventually won a wage increase and kept much of its health benefits.

In the spring of 2000, almost half the student body at Wesleyan signed a petition supporting the school's janitors in their bid for a new contract. When change didn't occur quickly enough, student organizers, members of the United Student Labor Action Coalition, staged a sit-in at the university's Office of Admissions, at a time of year when the office was busy sending out notifications of admission.

Their efforts were part of a nationwide movement coordinated by the Service Employees International Union called "Justice for Janitors," which sought to unionize janitors nationwide. The successful efforts gained national attention not only because janitors were winning health coverage at a time when thousands of others were losing theirs, but because on campuses, students were sitting out in the cold for hours, missing classes and staying up at night to draw posters to rally for the ***working class***. At Trinity College, Fairfield University, Central Connecticut State University, the University of Connecticut and Capital Community College, to name a few, students all worked to unionize janitors.

"Although the colleges all realized this was the right thing to do, it didn't happen overnight," said Kurt Westby, district supervisor of local 32bj of the Service Employees International Union. "The workers and students all had to campaign, and there was resistance by the contractors. The universities allowed the contractors to resist for a while, because the industry without the union is one of cutthroat lowball bidding down to minimum wage."

Both Fairfield and Trinity said they have good relations with the unions that are on their campuses. Only 76 of Trinity's employees belong to Local 32bj. "We have an excellent, longstanding relationship with them," said Mary O'Connor, a Trinity spokeswoman. At Fairfield, Martha Milcarek, a spokeswoman, pointed to the university's policy on worker rights. It reads: "The University recognizes, supports and respects the right of individual employees to express their own personal freedom of choice regarding union organization and membership."

At Western Connecticut State University, everyone seems to get along. One union organizer even holds up the university's president as an icon of good behavior.

In the spring, cafeteria workers who work for the university's food-service provider, Sodexho, decided to unionize. They joined with several students and a union organizer, marching into the president's office to demand a meeting with him. The president, James R. Roach, welcomed them.

"He immediately sat down to talk to us and was receptive to the workers' concerns," said Katharine Cristiani, an organizer with Local 217 of the Hotel Employees and Restaurant Employees International Union. "The president is a great guy." Such good feeling all around helped the workers succeed in their union effort. It also helped Dr. Roach keep labor complaints to a minimum on his campus, even if the university's costs for the Sodexho food-service contract might increase due to a raise in cafeteria workers' pay and benefits.

"To me, it was a matter of justice and a fair day's pay for a fair day's work," said Dr. Roach, who has a doctorate of philosophy in world religions. "We're in the business of education, which has many dimensions to it, and our concern for justice ought to be paramount. I don't wear two hats: I try to integrate both of the concerns I have, as an employer and educator. And my basic concern is for the human condition."

For John Wagner, a post-doctoral fellow at the UConn Health Center, the story was different. Mr. Wagner was one of 140 post-doctoral fellows who worked to join University Health Professionals AFT Local 3837 to improve base wages. These are not people who are schooled in the basics of unionizing: Mr. Wagner is a mathematician who works in computational biology and a Universal Life minister who periodically marries couples.

So when during the organizing effort an instructor at the health center walked around a lab filled with post-doctoral fellows yelling that unionization was evil and had no place in science, Mr. Wagner said, many fellows were unnerved.

"There was a lot of simple intimidation," Mr. Wagner said. "Certainly, we didn't encounter as much resistance as Yale. But considering we were a group of 140 trying to join a group of 1,900 at the health center already, we did encounter a good deal of resistance, from administration all the way to the top, and as the vote got closer, faculty applying pressure." The fellows voted to join the union.

Mr. Juravich of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst said he believed institutions of higher education are placing higher priorities on balance sheets than ever before.

"There is a disconnect between faculty that is connected to ideas and values and administrations that are increasingly committed to the bottom line," he said. "In earlier generations, administrators tended to come from the ranks of faculty, and there was much more of a recognition that there had to be some of a consort between action and ideas. Now, administrators are increasingly coming from the private sector, and they are looking to run universities like corporations."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Many workers at Yale University have been on strike since last month. Below, post-doctoral fellows at the UConn Health Center who recently joined the American Federation of Teachers. (Photographs by C.M. Glover for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Striking workers from Yale with protest signs marched past a pedestrian (right) along Chapel Street on their way to the New Haven Green. (Photo by C.M. Glover for The New York Times)(pg. 6)

**Load-Date:** September 21, 2003

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[***Franks Gets a Lift From an Opponent***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6PR0-000P-24S3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 24, 1992, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 28; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Column 2;; Biography

**Length:** 1292 words

**Byline:** Gary Franks

By LINDSEY GRUSON,

By LINDSEY GRUSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** DANBURY, Conn.

**Body**

Even supporters of Representative Gary Franks, the first black Republican elected to Congress since the 1930's, describe his first term as inauspicious. But the 39-year-old former alderman from Waterbury is now considered the front-runner in his re-election bid -- helped, oddly enough, by his most vitriolic opponent's decision to stay in the race.

Mr. Franks, who won his nomination through something of a fluke in a six-way race, is benefiting from Connecticut's three-party politics. A Connecticut Party, Gov. Lowell P. Weicker Jr.'s independent vehicle, has provided a home for State Representative Lynn Taborsak, a 49-year-old plumber from Danbury and the unexpected loser in a bitter Democratic primary fight.

Ms. Taborsak and the Democratic nominee, James Lawlor, a Waterbury Probate Court judge, now seem to be splitting the large anti-Franks vote in this diverse district, which stretches northwest from the bucolic northeastern suburbs of New York City through the conservative, ***working-class*** Naugatuk Valley to the old brass-making city of Waterbury.

Intense Rivalries

Rivalries within the Fifth District are intense, suspicions mutual and pervasive. It is said that when the Naugatuck Valley wins a Federal grant, Waterburians view the money as foreign aid. The district was a Democratic bastion but became the most solidly Republican district in the state in the last three Presidential elections.

The candidates' geographies, personalities and backgrounds work to Mr. Franks's advantage. Ms. Taborsak undercuts Mr. Lawlor in the southwestern towns around Danbury, where he is viewed as something of a carpetbagger. Both are white Democrats. Mr. Franks splits the pro-choice vote with Ms. Taborsak and the Waterbury vote with Mr. Lawlor.

Earlier, the race's central issue had appeared to be Mr. Franks, and what his opponents called his continuing string of blunders. For instance, when Defense Secretary Dick Cheney testified before the Armed Services Committee on the Administration's plans to cancel the Seawolf submarine, a project important to the state's struggling economy, Mr. Franks had no questions for him. The Representative was in the restroom.

"Gary Franks is a slug," said Ms. Taborsak. "He's in over his head. His report card shows a big, fat F. He doesn't deserve re-election."

But geography is working against his challengers. The southwestern segment of the district, whose lines were essentially unchanged by this year's redistricting, tunes in to New York City; the northeastern portion catches New Haven and Hartford. That makes it impossibly dear to buy name recognition and gives Mr. Franks, who enjoys districtwide familiarity, a giant advantage.

Money in the Bank

Mr. Franks raised a campaign fund of $577,000, one of the state's largest, and still has $200,000 in the bank to orchestrate a last-week crescendo. Mr. Lawlor reported having $2,821.54 in the bank at the end of September and debts of $15,000. Ms. Taborsak's campaign said it had $57,000.

"It's a microcosm of the difficulty in unseating an incumbent, even in a year of discontent," said Frederick Hartwig, an important Lawlor consultant as vice president of Garin Hart Strategic Research Group. "You can't give enough speeches or ring enough doorbells. The only way to win is through the mass media. That's just flat-out expensive. If Jim Lawlor spends as much as Gary Franks, I think we'd win. Can we spend less and win? I'm not sure."

Ms. Taborsak's liberalism and environmentalism gives her a solid base, but it alienates swing and conservative voters. And Mr. Lawlor's opposition to abortion has led some of Ms. Taborsak's supporters to make Mr. Franks their second choice. A Lawlor poll of 401 likely voters taken three weeks ago showed him trailing Mr. Franks by 16 points, 41 percent to 25 percent. Ms. Taborsak had 17 percent in the survey, which had a margin of error of 4 percentage points.

Mr. Lawlor insists he is catching up. But at times he appears to lack the fire of an underdog on the move. When Donna McLean, a nurse's aide, greeted him with a friendly "Remember me?" at the dedication of a new housing complex, Mr. Lawlor stared blankly at her. "Not really," he finally said. He then excused himself to prepare for his one-minute speech. In a subsequent interview, Mrs. McLean, once a Lawlor supporter, said she now was undecided.

"People want change," said Mrs. McLean, a co-captain of the housing complex's block watch. "They're sick and tired of what's going on. People don't care who's there. But if you're there, do the job. Just do it."

In many ways, the election seems a replay of the Republican primary that rocketed Mr. Franks into the national limelight. He was one of six candidates seeking the seat vacated by John G. Rowland, when he ran unsuccessfully for governor. He finished last on the first round of balloting at the district convention. But when several opponents pushed votes his way in a frantic but miscalibrated effort to deny the nomination to more hated rivals, he emerged on the ninth ballot as the consensus second choice. In one of the most celebrated campaigns of the 1990 election, he defeated the former Democratic Representative Toby Moffett, who was attempting a political comeback.

Courtship of the Media

As the first black Republican to win a voting seat in the House of Representatives since Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal lured blacks away from the party of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Franks was catapulted into the national limelight. He was eagerly courted by the Administration and the national media as a spokesman for black conservatives. Handsome and soft spoken, he was an instant hit on television and was flatteringly profiled in major newspapers.

The attention came in part because he focused on national issues.

But at home he was earning a reputation for unreliability. He missed scheduled meetings and Connecticut residents called him "Phantom Franks," as he had been dubbed by Mr. Moffett. Leonard D'Amico, a Beacon Falls selectman and a Republican since he moved to his wife's hometown 30 years ago, said he repeatedly called and wrote Mr. Franks's office over a controversy about a planned regional post office.

"We'd set a time and date for a visit and he'd cancel," said Mr. D'Amico, who added he got better service from Democrats. "When we looked to him for help, support and service all we got was lip service. He just wasn't there."

Asked whom he was supporting for Congress this time, Mr. D'Amico declined to say.

Mr. Franks has acknowledged problems with his early performance, but blamed staff members he dismissed shortly before Christmas. But the way he conducted the dismissals -- summoning the police to supervise senior staff members clearing out their desks -- brought further criticism.

Then came a spate of embarrassing disclosures over his personal finances. He was sued for falling behind on his mortgage payments and credit-card payments. A former campaign official also sued claiming he was owed back pay. And in February, it was divulged that the brother of former Waterbury Mayor, Joseph Santopietro, who helped engineer Mr. Franks's primary victory before being indicted, was on his payroll.

Mr. Franks dismisses the criticism as the venting of political enemies and disgruntled former staffers. He says liberal Democrats, especially fellow blacks, are trying to discredit him because they fear that his philosophy and success will draw minority voters back to the Republican Party.

"If you're delivering fish every Friday, the last thing you want is to teach people how to fish -- because then you're out of business," he said. "We have a great story to tell. We're the most pro-business, pro-jobs Congressman in Connecticut. But the media only puts bad things in the paper."

**Graphic**

Chart/Graph/Map: "At a Glance: Connecticut Congressional District 5" shows population breakdown, median household income, number on public assistance, number of noncitizens and education level of Connecticut's fifth Congressional district. (Sources: Connecticut State Legislative Research)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 1992

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[***ABOUT BOSTON;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JFT0-0008-N4R4-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SEARCH FOR DOCK ADDS TWIST TO SEARCH FOR LOBSTER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JFT0-0008-N4R4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 4, 1984, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 14, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1119 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD

**Dateline:** BOSTON, June 3

**Body**

Alexander Ferent is a tall, bulky man with powerful arms who catches lobsters for a living. He also lives in Boston, and that's his problem.

It's not that there isn't a plenitude of lobsters in Boston's large harbor, which is dotted with islands and forms one of the finest natural anchorages in the world. Almost a million pounds was landed from the harbor last year.

About Boston column focuses on shortage of harbor pier space for city's 88 lobster fishermen; while Boston was one of biggest ports in world in 18th century, there now is no public landing place in downtown area; describes gentrification of Boston's waterfront as shipping tonnage decreases and developers revitalize area; illustrations (M)

But Mr. Ferent, like most of the 88 lobsterers who work out of Boston, is having increasing difficulty finding a place to tie up his boat. Indeed, though Boston was one of the biggest ports in the world in the 18th century and depended for its early growth on the sea, today there is no public landing place in the downtown area.

Mr. Ferent is a victim of the gentrification of Boston's waterfront.

For most of the 20th century, Boston's harbor declined. The tonnage of shipping decreased, its ancient piers rotted, and small fishermen had no trouble finding an abandoned wharf to work from.

But over the past decade, as the downtown business district was revitalized, developers also rediscovered the waterfront. The old India Wharf was replaced by two 40-story apartment buildings. Long Wharf, built in 1710 and the debarkation point in the New World for the British troops who fought at Lexington and Concord, was covered with a red brick Marriott Hotel. Nearby the old granite warehouses on Lewis Wharf were converted into trendy boutiques and offices.

Today, the process is still going strong, with an estimated $2 billion to $3 billion in harbor real estate deals under way.

''But what they are doing is treating the harbor like a reflecting pool,'' said Thomas Ennen, executive director of The Boston Harbor Associates, a private, nonprofit group devoted to enhancing the use of the harbor. ''They are sanitizing the waterfront.''

''All the yuppies and suburbanities are moving in,'' he continued, referring to young, urban professionals. ''And they are kicking out all the things that depend on water and that smell. They don't like noisy, dirty tugs, and freighters and fishing boats, which give the harbor its life and scale.''

At the same time, Mr. Ennen charged, the developers' buildings are creating a wall around the waterfront, shutting the public off from the sea and the sailors and fishermen from a place to dock. ''That's because the gentry who live there are used to having lawns and fences and don't want the wrong kind of people walking around.''

Mr. Ferent, a 41-year-old native of South Boston, a ***working-class*** area near the waterfront, doesn't have the big picture of a city planner. He only has his own experience.

As a boy, he remembers, ''you could walk along Atlantic Avenue and see hundreds of fishing boats: long liners, draggers, side trawlers, scallopers and lobster boats.'' They are almost all gone now, pushed out to Gloucester to the north or New Bedford to the south.

Boston still has its Fish Pier, but more fish is brought in by truck than by boat.

Almost alone among the fishermen, the lobsterers have tried to stay on, but it has meant being shoved from one wharf to another in search of a place to store their traps and keep their bait.

Some boats were shooed away by Anthony Athanas, a wealthy restaurateur who has purchased several piers to put up a $450 million complex that will include a hotel, offices and condominiums. Others got kicked out of a boatyard in East Boston, near where David McKay built his clipper ships in the 19th century. It is being turned into a marina for yachts.

Mr. Ferent recently gave up his own landing place, in a protected channel downtown, because it lay behind a city-operated movable bridge and he often had to wait an hour or two for the bridgekeeper to open the span. The city was under pressure from restaurant owners across the channel who didn't want their customers to have to wait while the bridge was opened and closed.

Now Mr. Ferent and 20 other lobster catchers have temporarily leased a landing place at an unused generating plant from the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority. But it may soon be taken over by the Boston Edison Company, which needs more space for coal storage.

''If we can't keep this place, it's our last chance,'' Mr. Ferent said, standing in front of his broad-beamed 38- foot boat, built in Nova Scotia. ''In five years the whole waterfront will be taken over for inland activities. They are killing a tradition of hundreds of years.''

Another person endangered by the redevelopment of the waterfront is Richard Nakashian, 53-year-old captain and president of the Bay State Spray and Provincetown Steamship Company, which operates cruise boats.

Starting in 1964 with a 50-foot windjammer when the cruise business in Boston was almost extinct, Mr. Nakashian has expanded to six boats that carried 170,000 passengers last year.

But he, too, has been harried from pier to pier, as his docking sites have been replaced by a parking lot, apartment buildings and now a lavish computer trade center on Commonwealth Pier, the largest remaining commercial wharf. It is owned by the Massachusetts Port Authority, and Mr. Nakashian finds it ironic that he must negotiate his lease there with the agency's real estate division, not their port department. ''They don't know the difference between a boat and a car,'' he commented.

Mr. Nakashian, a genial, dark- skinned man, still has his office and keeps his smaller boats at the end of Long Wharf. But he is concerned that the owner of the pier, the Boston Redevelopment Authority, ''doesn't have boat dockage in their long-range plans.''

''They've told me boats spoil the view of the harbor,'' he said.

He also gets complaints from the main tenant on the wharf, the new Marriott Hotel, which doesn't like the noise his passengers often make debarking from an evening cruise. ''I say, 'Why did you move to the waterfront?' That's what goes on down here. Ships blow their horns.''

And Mr. Nakashian is quietly outraged by the argument of the many city and state agencies that share jurisdiction over the harbor that buildings like hotels bring in more taxes to Boston than boats.

''Then why don't they start building hotels on Boston Common?'' he replies.

In 1779 John Adams wrote, ''There is no such pleasant Prospect of the Country as in Boston Harbor.''

Mr. Nakashian concurs. ''It's the most beautiful harbor on the East Coast,'' he said. ''But we do the least with it.''

**End of Document**



[***AUTHOR OF 'MACHINE DREAMS' FINDS DRAMA IN LIFE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J810-0008-N1NK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 27, 1984, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 23, Column 1; Cultural Desk; INTERVIEW

**Length:** 1076 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD

**Dateline:** BOSTON

**Body**

Jayne Anne Phillips had no clear plan when she set out four years ago to write her first novel, ''Machine Dreams,'' which has recently been published to critical acclaim.

''I had no idea of how to write a novel,'' she said. But Miss Phillips did have ''faith it would all come together in an organic way if I just followed the material.'' The material was her keen sense of her family and the time and place where she grew up, a small town of 8,000 people in West Virginia.

Interview with Jayne Anne Phillips on her book Machine Dreams; photo (M)

Miss Phillips doesn't want to give the name of the town - just as she doesn't like to say the name of the ***working-class*** section of Boston where she now lives. Coming from a small town, she relishes her current annonymity in a big city.

But her home town was much like Bellington, the fictional setting in ''Machine Dreams.'' Like Bellington, it was surrounded by rich green forests, a swift running river, had a small college and residents who clung to a vanishing way of life.

Book Not Autobiographical

And much like the characters in the novel, Miss Phillips's mother was a school administrator and her father a road-crew foreman. Danner, the daughter in the novel, was born almost the same year as Miss Phillips - 1952 - and studied English at the University of West Virginia, as she did.

But Miss Phillips insists that despite these coincidences, the book is not really autobiographical. ''More often than not, the reaction I get from my family is, 'Well, that's not what happened,' '' she said.

Moreover, in contrast to the semi- autobiographical quality of many first novels, with their accounts of coming of age, Miss Phillips has chosen a more ambitious format, telling the story through the different voices of four members of the Hampson family. They are Jean and Mitch, the father and mother, and Danner and Billy, the daughter and son.

'Always Interested in Language'

''I had a lot of sympathy for Danner,'' Miss Phillips said. ''But the point of writing the book was to see if I could write the other three, to represent the universe of them.''

''I didn't want a third person narrator commenting on the characters,'' she said of her approach. ''I've always been interested in language, and I wanted the characters to speak for themselves'' - as Mitch does in recalling his childhood.

''I was born on the farm in Randolph County, 1910, lived there until I was six,'' Mitch says in introducing himself in the book. ''Then went to Raynell with my aunt and her husband. He was a conductor on the railroad - big business then, everything went by rail.

''It was a new job for him and not traditional in the family; they had all been household farmers and worked in mines.''

Underlying ''Machine Dreams'' is a sense of the passing of time and a feeling of loss as the Hampsons suffer divorce, alcoholism, bankruptcy and other dislocations. As the book progresses, the Hampsons seem to become a parable for what has happened to America in the last four decades.

Teaches Intermittently

''So the time went on quietly,'' the mother, Jean, recalls to Danner. ''I worked, took classes at the college. Life wasn't like it is now. Look at you - born here and think you have to get to California, go so far, do so much so fast. Crazy situations, strange people - all this I hear about drugs. We had the Depression and then the war; we didn't have to go looking for something to happen. And the things that happened were so big; no one could question or see and end to them.''

Miss Phillips's fascination with the passing of time is reflected in her hobby, ''collecting old things, junk.''

''They are almost always used things,'' she added, pointing to the old tin toys, old photographs and old books that fill the modest two-family house she bought when she moved to Boston a few years ago after spending a year as a fellow of the Bunting Institute of Radcliffe College.

Although Miss Phillips did not have trouble getting ''Machine Dreams'' published, her previous collections of short stories have not been major commercial successes and she has had to live off teaching intermittently at Boston University and Williams College.

Concern Over Vietnam

Boston has a burgeoning community of writers, like James Carroll, author of ''Mortal Friends,'' Justin Kaplan, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for his biography of ''Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain,'' and John Updike. But Miss Phillips's mixed neighborhood of Irish and Hispanic families is cut off from them, and she leads what she describes as a ''pretty quiet life, not very interesting, except to me.''

Her drama is furnished by the local street with its ice cream truck and fights at 3 A.M.

In her novel, the intersection between her fictional family and America reaches a climax when Billy, the 19-year-old son, is drafted and sent to Vietnam as a machine gunner on a helicopter. A few weeks later, his chopper is shot down and Billy is listed as missing in action.

Miss Phillips's two brothers did not go to Vietnam, but she knew many people who did, and she feels very strongly about the war.

''Vietnam has not been laid to rest,'' she remarked. ''It remains as palpable as a death in the family, a death that goes on and on, haunting America. They were all our brothers.''

'Politics Is Very Dangerous'

In this sense, Billy's loss in combat is meant both literally and metaphorically, as a symbol of America's own loss of direction.

''Part of the point of the book is that politics is very dangerous, because it kills people. People don't react till they are in immediate peril, but the machinery that would entrap you is set in motion early on.''

Nevertheless, Miss Phillips doesn't think of her novel as explicitly political. ''A lot of that is what the reader brings to it. I think any good work of fiction is political, because it can be all the more subversive than propaganda since it connects with people's feelings and emotions.''

With the passage of time such a pervasive presence in her novel, does Miss Phillips feel a sense of loss, having traveled so far from West Virginia?

''There is a sense of loss,'' she replied. ''But I would call it more a sense of trying to save what is past, to transform that thing into something that remains permanently on the printed page, a working against loss.''

Miss Phillips, who originally began writing during college as a poet, has some plans for her next book. But like other details of her personal life, she prefers not to dicuss them.

**Graphic**

photo of Jayne Anne Phillips

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[***Three Aphorism Shows Are Better Than One***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3N70-000P-N2H2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Page 1; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1238 words

**Byline:** By CAROL VOGEL

By CAROL VOGEL

**Body**

It looks like Santa is getting a full body wax.

In a rented studio in downtown Brooklyn, Barbara Kruger and an assistant are carefully applying a thick coat of rubber to a nine-foot-tall fiberglass sculpture. But Ms. Kruger's Santa is no huggable guy from the North Pole. This one is grabbing a little girl and leering at her. He is part of a two-sided work, attached like a Siamese twin to Jesus holding a cross. The title of the piece is wrapped around its base in large, bold letters: "Faith."

Other recognizable figures are being readied for exhibition. Robert F. Kennedy and John F. Kennedy are kneeling near Santa and Jesus; perched on their shoulders is a buxom Marilyn Monroe in the white halter-top dress she wore in "The Seven Year Itch." This piece is titled "Family," and like "Faith" it is part of Ms. Kruger's first sculpture show, which opens tomorrow at the Mary Boone Gallery, 745 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street.

"I find my work to be cultural commentary in a world that has contained and enveloped me," Ms. Kruger said. "I want to reach people in ways that are forthright and compelling."

Ms. Kruger's images will be everywhere. Besides the Mary Boone Gallery, a multimedia installation with messages changing every 10 seconds opens Saturday in SoHo, and a shrink-wrapped bus, covered with pithy sayings and designed by Ms. Kruger, will make its rounds from Queens, down Fifth Avenue to 34th Street and up Madison.The bus is to run all day for a month starting tomorrow.

Subtlety has never been Barbara Kruger's style. Since the early 1980's her red, black and white graphics have become part of the popular visual vocabulary. They pose questions like "Who will write the history of tears?" or deliver messages like "When I hear the word culture I take out my checkbook." They have filled the walls of galleries and museums here and abroad and have been splashed across the covers of magazines like Newsweek and Esquire.

Ms. Kruger's art is in essence a quick take that disturbs, entertains and provokes thought, like a politically conscious advertisement. "It's about the power and the use and abuse of language," said Ms. Kruger, whose work has influenced the design of book jackets as well as advertisements. "How images and words determine the way we act toward each other. I have a short attention span and my work reflects that."

As might be expected, Ms. Kruger has a direct manner and a highly articulate way of expressing herself. Yet she's not nearly as angry as her in-your-face messages sound.

"Direct address is consistent in all my work," she said. "It's all about language and how it can veer from tenderness to brutality. How images and words can determine the way we act toward each other."

It has been three years since Ms. Kruger has shown her work in New York, and she has returned with a a vengeance. The $25,000 bus project was sponsored by Beck's, the German beer maker, through its New York Arts Program, and it was organized by the Public Art Fund, a nonprofit group that presents art projects around the city.

Ms. Kruger, who has worked with the Public Art Fund on everything from bus shelters to billboards for 10 years, put the phrase "Don't look down on anyone" on the top of the bus so that people looking out their windows could see it.

Quotations from personalities as diverse as Courtney Love and Billy Holiday or Mark Twain and Malcolm X will also adorn the bus, along with sayings like, "I want to be the girl with the most cake" and "All you need in life is ignorance and confidence and the success is sure."

"The bus is the perfect venue for Barbara's sound bites," said Susan K. Freedman, president of the Public Art Fund. "The messages are pro-freedom of speech and anti-violence, which is very pertinent in today's culture."

Ms. Kruger's SoHo work will be installed in a 3,000-square-foot space, formerly the old Canal Lumber Yard, at 18 Wooster Street (between Canal and Grand Streets), which is run by Jeffrey Deitch, a contemporary art dealer who also works at Sotheby's. She has transformed the space into a room she describes as "full of voices." The walls and floors are covered with texts that change every 10 seconds. There are also three 20-foot tunnels with large screens at the end showing films of talking heads speaking about love and hate, disgust and pleasure.

Ms. Kruger said she chose SoHo because it is close to subway and bus lines, instead of Chelsea, which is harder to get to. "I like the thought of a shopper looking for a sweater who will just happen to drop into my show," she said. "I want my work to be seen by as many eyes as possible."

Her upbringing, she says, influenced her work. Ms. Kruger, 52, whose face is framed by a halo of tight, blond curls, grew up in a ***working-class*** family in Newark. Her father was a chemical technician, her mother a legal secretary. "I grew up in a neighborhood where issues of race and money, or lack of it, was on people's minds," she said. "It gave me an insight into the way race and power work in this country."

She spent a year at Syracuse University and another year at the Parsons School of Design in New York but never received a degree. In 1967 when she was 22, she walked into the personnel office of Conde Nast with a book of her designs and got a job in the art department of Mademoiselle. She worked at Conde Nast publications on and off for 11 years, part of that time with House and Garden, where she was the picture editor.

"I loved spending my days looking through photos of opulent houses with shots of people eating pate," she said. "My experience at Conde Nast greatly influenced my work. I used to use big type for layouts. It was like a substitutional activity." Instead of using dummy type, she said, "I would simply put my words there."

Her work in the early 1970's was very different from her work today. In those days, the thick patterns of paint on her canvases suggested flamboyant hooked rugs or giant doilies. Her first show, in 1973, was at Artists Space, an alternative gallery in SoHo. "Jane Kaufman, the painter, recommended me, and I showed painted decorative works," Ms. Kruger said. "One of them was also included in the Whitney Biennial. Then I stopped. I felt making this work was so labor-intensive it was putting my brain to sleep."

So she headed for Berkeley, Calif., where she taught art and read a lot for the first time in her life. "Since I don't have a degree, I would do these visiting girl jobs, never full-time stints," she said. For several years she taught, from the University of California at Berkeley to Ohio State to the Art Institute of Chicago. During those years she also discovered the joys of living in Los Angeles, where she now spends most of her time.

Although she keeps a loft in Manhattan, where she has been living for the last few months preparing for her shows here, she plans to go West again for her next project, a retrospective of her work. It is scheduled to open at the Temporary Contemporary at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles in 1999.

"The Temporary Contemporary is such a huge space, I plan to show more sculptures," she said.

"I'm always adding," she continued. "The last show I did I added sound. This time many of the images are moving." Ms. Kruger says she's not sure what she will do next, except for work on her retrospective. But it will be more of everything: more moving images, more sound and, of course, more disturbing messages.

**Graphic**

Photos: A bus with Barbara Kruger's work will start carrying passengers tomorrow in a loop between Queens and Manhattan, including runs down Fifth and up Madison Avenues. (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. E1); Barbara Kruger with two works from her sculpture show at the Mary Boone Gallery: Roy Cohn kissing J. Edgar Hoover, left, and Marilyn Monroe on the shoulders of John and Robert Kennedy, who are kneeling. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E7)

**Load-Date:** October 30, 1997

**End of Document**



[***How Gap Inc. Spells Revenge***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0VR0-008G-F09V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 2759 words

**Byline:** By STEPHANIE STROM

By STEPHANIE STROM

**Dateline:** COLMA, Calif.

**Body**

WATCH OUT, Penney. Beware, Target. Take care, local retailer. At an obscure shopping strip in this San Francisco suburb known mostly for its many cemeteries, Gap Inc. has just opened a new kind of store that might well change the business of selling clothing to the vast majority of Americans.

The concept behind the store, part of a new chain called the Old Navy Clothing Company that is soon to be in 45 places nationwide, is simple. Shoppers who can't afford the Gap or other such retailers deserve better than the bland, poorly made and often carelessly displayed offerings of many stores with low prices. Combine the style and quality on which the Gap stores made their name with the low prices and big selection of a Toys "R" Us or a Home Depot, and you will steal this market -- $75 billion, by some estimates -- and become very rich indeed. Sell to the masses, live with the classes.

If it succeeds, Old Navy will be sweet revenge for Gap Inc., which, after making the Gap the second-largest apparel brand in the country behind Levis, ceded a chunk of its business to discount stores and some department stores that retaliated with cheaper knockoffs of the apparel staples the Gap had transformed into fashion statements.

Old Navy could backfire if it ends up attracting mostly customers who used to buy from the Gap, its older sibling. But even if it falls short of the company's expectations, Gap Inc.'s new chain offers one of the more refreshing sights in American retailing. And it may force many competitors to set higher standards in their merchandising. "It's going to send some wake-up calls," said Richard N. Baum, a retail analyst at Goldman, Sachs.

In some respects, the store here resembles just another no-frills, high-volume, large-inventory retailer, with its vast expanse of concrete floor and a ceiling padded with exposed insulation and laced with ducts. Customers wheel around shopping carts and pay for purchases at supermarket-style checkout counters. And Old Navy's prices mimic a discounter's; about 80 percent of the merchandise goes for $22 or less.

But to look at the clothing, the way it is displayed and the fixtures in the store is to be reminded of the elan and quality of a retailer with pricier goods, whether Gap Inc.'s own Gap and Banana Republic stores, A/X Armani Exchange or a Ralph Lauren/Polo or Tommy Hilfiger section in a department store. Unlike much apparel in this price range, the clothes are distinctive, made from higher-quality fabrics like linen-and-cotton blends and with an attention to detail like embroidery.

The clothes and accessories, for everyone in the family down to the baby, include basics like $7 cotton T-shirts, $22 jeans and cotton socks sold in sets of three for $6.50. For those seeking more than basics, there are trendy $34 floral-print rayon baby-doll dresses, $19 cotton-and-linen shorts and $16 cotton girls' jumpers in a pink patchwork print.

The store's layout includes high-school lockers, stripped to bare metal and bereft of some doors, that serve as chic display cases. The overhead storage space so characteristic of budget retailers is concealed with canvas flaps that lend a vaguely nautical quality.

Checkout counters are crafted from polished pressed board and galvanized metal -- no formica here. The light indicating that a cashier is free is a clever adaptation of the signal light one might find on a factory floor -- not the generic bulb behind a plain plastic box.

The store here in Colma is based not in a fashionable neighborhood but in a ***working-class*** area just south of San Francisco, in a community better known for the more than a million people in its cemeteries than for its 1,100 living residents.

Old Navy stores are also open in two other ***working-class*** cities in the San Francisco Bay area, San Leandro and Pittsburg, as well as in Commerce, near Los Angeles. Additional ones are expected to open by year-end in more than 40 locations across the country, including two in the New York City area, in Levittown and Islandia, both on Long Island. The company refuses to discuss its expectations for Old Navy or how much has been spent to roll out the chain, but analysts think it will probably grow at least to the size of the Gap, which had 767 stores at the end of last year and plans to open as many as 55 this year.

Some analysts think that Old Navy, with its potent mix of style and low prices, could generate as much as $3 billion in revenues by the end of the decade for Gap Inc., a 25-year-old company whose total sales were $3.3 billion last year. They said Old Navy could grow at well over 20 percent a year.

It's about time, said Donald G. Fisher, founder, chairman and chief executive of Gap Inc. and probably the only employee who wears a suit and tie. "We got kicked in the pants," he said of Gap Inc.'s recent past. "We just didn't see what was coming."

Profits dropped 8 percent in 1992, the first decline since 1984, although they rose last year. Gap Inc. shares slid more than 50 percent between early 1992 and last September but have regained some of that loss since then, as the market recognized the Gap's improvements in merchandising and inventory management.

Old Navy is Gap's response to the copycats. The store matches them on price and sends a message of higher quality with its chic fixtures and specialty-store-style displays.

THE shopper Old Navy targets belongs to what Joseph H. Ellis, a retail analyst at Goldman, Sachs, calls the mass middle market -- the millions of households with an annual income of $20,000 to $50,000. He said these shoppers buy almost 50 percent of the roughly $150 billion in apparel sold each year.

It is a market now served by retailers from national chains to mom-and-pop stores. Seasoned players include not only J. C. Penney and Target but also Sears, Mervyn's and Marshall's.

Few have earned a reputation as the place to buy good, attractively priced clothing in the way that, say, Home Depot has become the national store of choice in building supplies.

Indeed, this part of the apparel market was largely ignored in the 1980's as national chains rushed to serve a more affluent shopper. "The mass middle market has fallen between the department-store and discount-store cracks," Mr. Ellis wrote.

Gap Inc. tested the Old Navy concept last fall, converting 48 under-performing Gap stores around the country to Gap Warehouse stores and stocking them with some of the new merchandise. The success of that test -- the warehouse stores are still open -- convinced the company that it was onto something big and taught it valuable lessons about the middle-market shopper. For example, she (most clothing shoppers are women) buys commodity items like socks and boxer shorts in bulk. That led to bundling those items in packages of three or more, and providing shopping carts and bigger stores to accommodate more merchandise.

Gap Inc.'s research and that of others showed that middle-market shoppers rarely buy in regional malls, where Gap has most of its stores, and when they did, they purchased only on sale. While many people think of the Gap as a store for Everyman, it has in fact attracted a higher-income customer. Mr. Fisher figures that if the entire market is ranked from 1 to 10, with 1 the lowest-income group and 10 the highest, the Gap probably attracts shoppers in the 4 to 8 group, the GapKids chain reaches the 5 to 10 group and Banana Republic draws the 6 to 10 crowd.

Preparing for Battle

As part of its research on how to reach below its current clientele, the company gave eight employees who fit the Old Navy customer profile $200 apiece and told them to spend it. When they returned, they were interviewed at length.

In one example of what came out of those discussions, the company decided that Old Navy would break with the longstanding practice among mass-market retailers of promoting through tabloid-sized advertising circulars stuffed into the local paper. "They told us those circulars just didn't matter that much," said Millard S. (Mickey) Drexler, president and chief operating officer, who is overseeing the Old Navy startup.

Still, Old Navy will be more promotional than Gap Inc.'s other chains. It is trying sales gimmicks the company had eschewed, like offering customers a gift with a purchase. Cindy Crawford, the model, made an appearance at the opening of the store here, and Old Navy distributed baseball caps and dogtags emblazoned with the Old Navy logo at nearby Candlestick Park.

The company also sent its buyers and merchants out to buy from potential competitors. What they brought back was examined with an eye toward determining whether Gap Inc. could produce similar merchandise with better quality and more style, but the same retail price.

The company enlisted the myriad contractors it employs in 44 countries to find ways to take costs out of production without sacrificing much quality. The company shifted some of the production it does abroad into countries where labor costs are lower. It decided the Old Navy customer would prefer a better price to details like the top-stitching around the neck of a one-pocket T-shirt if it could give them for $7 the same brilliant colors it offered for $10.50 in a T-shirt at the Gap. Sweats are made of a blend that is 51 percent cotton and 49 percent polyester -- more cotton than in other mass-market brands but less than the 85 percent in sweats at the Gap.

Gap found other ways to lower its costs so it could become more affordable. Leasing space in shopping strips and "power" centers, the latter built around a discount store like Wal-Mart or a "category killer" like Sports Authority, costs about 5 percent less than space in a regional mall, and landlords often pay for improvements, Mr. Fisher said.

Not surprisingly, then, the neighbors of the Old Navy store in Colma are not the usual specialty-retailing and department-store crowd that hang out with the Gap in regional malls, but rather a Home Depot, a Marshall's, a Kids "R" Us and a Nordstrom outlet store.

Old Navy can also be more competitive on price than the Gap and Banana Republic because its merchandise is sold at a lower markup. Many retailers that seek to dominate their niches, like Toys "R" Us and Comp USA, have lower profit margins but make it up on volume; that's what Old Navy aspires to do.

The hope at Gap Inc. is that emphasizing high volume will help build Old Navy into a brand even faster than the Gap became one. But as an unfamiliar formula, Old Navy could initially be a small drain on Gap Inc.'s high operating profits.

Gap is staffing Old Navy with slightly fewer employees than it would assign to a Gap store, although in comparison to Old Navy's competitors, service levels are high. The company may reduce the staff.

What Customers Say

Many merchandisers competing with Old Navy have yet to see one of the stores, the first of which opened only last month. But interviews with 14 customers outside the Colma store last week found conflicting opinions.

Some liked what they found. "I like the Gap's clothes but it's expensive," said Maryann Schulmeister, an 18-year-old student. "This is cheaper and it's the same stuff."

"The size choices here are incredible, and there are nice durable things," said Shelia Newton, 40, a pediatric nurse practitioner.

Shawn Tuers, 30, a switchboard operator shopping with Robert Carter, a tow-truck driver, said: "Last time we looked for jeans for him they were $48. These were $20."

Others were less complimentary. "The quality seemed cheaper" than that at the Gap, said Dawn Kaneko, 31, who sells beauty products. "Seventeen dollars for something that felt like paper."

Carol Hamaker, 38, an office manager, found "lower prices but not as much a selection or quality. The shirts seemed cheaper or thinner."

Mrs. Hamaker and a number of other shoppers drew comparisons between Old Navy and the Gap.

Therein lies the biggest risk of Old Navy. The retail industry is littered with chains that lost many a sale to a younger sibling.

THE Express chain, for example, has picked off the Limited stores' customers, leaving their parent company, the Limited Inc., to struggle for a different identity for its namesake chain. In the same way, Target, Dayton Hudson's high-class take on a discount store, has fed off Mervyn's, a quasi-department store.

"This was a large opportunity, and if we didn't jump on it, someone else would," Mr. Drexler said. "We had to take whatever risks there were in terms of cannibalization."

He said that anecdotally there is little evidence, in the four Old Navy stores now open, of shoppers migrating from the Gap.

Still, to make the distinctions between the two chains clearer, Gap Inc. is taking the Gap more upscale, as well as Banana Republic's more than 170 stores.

Some also worry that Old Navy might seem too highbrow for shoppers accustomed to piperack fixtures, poor lighting and mundane merchandise. But Walter K. Levy, a retail consultant in New York, said middle-market America is ready for Old Navy. "The level of sophistication of the whole society has moved upward pretty dramatically, and you can see it in everything from coffee makers to furniture," he said.

Gap executives agree that Old Navy represents uncharted waters for the company. "We're going to school on this business," Mr. Drexler is fond of saying.

But the enthusiasm in his voice whenever he talks of Old Navy belies the caution in his words. And as he warmed to his subject, Mr. Drexler confessed with a smile: "We have a major passion about this business."

REPOSITIONING THE GAP

AWARE of how many comparisons will be made between Old Navy and Gap stores, Gap Inc. has set about differentiating the two chains by beefing up the fashion content of its namesake chain's merchandise. At its store in downtown San Francisco recently, the Gap was selling hand-crocheted sweaters, a long floral-print slip dress, chiffon skirts and suede loafers, items once hard to find in a Gap store.

The new emphasis on fashion has allowed the company to rethink its inventory management strategy, reducing markdowns, which were a severe drain on profits between mid-1992 and mid-1993. Adding fashion reduces the need for the deep stocks of inventory that must be maintained in basics -- the T-shirts, jeans, denim shirts and other commodity-type apparel that became fashion for a period and gave Gap its stock in trade. On the other hand, increasing the fashion content can result in higher markdowns if a retailer misgauges trends and styles.

"Yes, fashion adds more risk, but you don't have to have as much of it to keep the business rolling," explained Robert J. Fisher, executive vice president and chief financial officer of Gap Inc. and the man in charge of realigning inventory management.

The company also changed the way it displays merchandise in Gap stores, so they could keep less inventory on store shelves without giving customers the impression that items were out of stock. To make sure they weren't caught without merchandise, it began replenishing items each day.

In addition to offering more trendy clothes, many Gap locations now sell shoes and workout gear like leotards and bicycle pants. At the company's Banana Republic stores, customers may find jewelry and small leather accessories.

WHY CHOOSE 'OLD NAVY'?

IF a corporate identity consultant hired by Gap Inc. to come up with a name had had his way, Old Navy would have made its debut as Monorail or, as a second choice, Forklift.

But the company wanted something else. And not Gap Warehouse, the name the company used for Gap stores where it was testing Old Navymerchandise. Executives were wary of eroding the powerful Gap name by associating it too prominently with a budget concept like a warehouse.

On a trip to Europe a few years ago, Millard S. (Mickey) Drexler, president and chief operating officer, and some of his executives saw the name Old Navy on a building. "We all just looked at each other and said, 'What a great name!' "

Quite sure that Monorail didn't capture the spirit of Americana they wanted to convey, executives came up with permutations on Old Navy, like Old Indigo and Old Khaki. But Old Navy won, explained Maggie Gross, Gap's marketing chief, because it better conveys the spirit of family, good times, basic values and friendship that the company has tried to capture in the chain's advertising: Dreamy black-and-white photos of a cowboy gazing across the Grand Canyon, vintage cars parked outside a vintage diner, and four guys leaning over a fence sipping sodas and wearing -- what else? -- Old Navy jackets.

**Graphic**

Photos: The Old Navy store in Colma, Calif., a combination of no-frills, low-price, big-selection supermarket and stylish, higher-quality retailer. (Photographs by Jim Wilson/The New York Times)(pg. 1); It's a supermarket! It's a Wal-Mart! No, it's Old Navy's store in Colma, near San Francisco. (Jim Wilson/The New York Times)(pg. 6)

Graph: "Selling to the Middle: Two Views" shows results of two market research surveys that slice the income spectrum. (pg. 6)

**Load-Date:** April 25, 1994

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[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Advertisements;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7750-000P-22RP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Volleys of Data Replace Blatant Attacks of 1988***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7750-000P-22RP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 29, 1992, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 24; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1284 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE,

By RICHARD L. BERKE,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Oct. 28

**Body**

In a striking and unnoticed departure from the more blatant attack commercials that ruled in 1988, the Presidential campaigns this year are loading their advertisements with statistics and attribution in more subtle efforts to stretch the truth.

The advertising this year is just as tough, but it seeks to appear more credible by giving the impression that it depends on documentation and third-party sources. Instead of having the candidate or the announcer launch a direct assault, many ads are no nonsense and even dull, quoting newspapers and ordinary-looking citizens.

Several ads were deliberately made to look amateurish, with hand-held cameras and images out of focus, to fight any impression of slickness. Candidates have also sought to suggest they have substantive programs when they do not by closing their ads with '800' numbers people can call to get copies of their issue blueprints.

Longer and More Detailed

In another effort to give the impression the candidates are long on substance, the campaigns have produced longer-running ads. Ross Perot has drawn large audiences with his 30- and 60-minute "infomercials," which may have led President Bush's campaign this week to begin broadcasting two-minute commercials.

"The obsession in ads this year is crystal-clear messages on both sides," said Henry Sheinkopf, a veteran Democratic consultant. "People want real information because they don't trust us. They don't trust the system. The ads are information laden."

Frank Greer, who produces Gov. Bill Clinton's advertising, said, "We've got a whole team of people we call the fact checkers. There's a new standard for honesty."

But as Kathleen Hall Jamieson, dean of the Annenberg School of Communication at the University of Pennsylvania, noted, raw facts do not always make for honest advertising. "This is the year," she said, "in which form is being confused with substance, and the candidates are getting away with it."

While there have been few blatant inaccuracies, many ads this year go out of their way to convey believability even as they sometimes play with the facts.

Citing News Media

The Clinton and Bush campaigns have both turned to Time Magazine for credibility in their commercials. As the names of economists who back the Governor's fiscal remedies scroll on the screen, a Clinton ad unveiled today also states that an independent panel convened by Time concluded that he has the best economic solutions. The Bush campaign turned to Time for one of the harshest ads of the season: With foreboding background music, the ad featured a cover of the magazine that had an ominous-looking photo negative of Mr. Clinton with the headline, "Why Voters Don't Trust Clinton."

These are some other examples:

\*A Bush commercial features ***working-class*** people saying how much more in taxes they would have to pay if Mr. Clinton becomes President. The ad invited viewers to identify with the people making the charges because they were portrayed as ordinary citizens. And although it makes several disputed assumptions about the Democrat's economic plan, it cannot be branded clearly false because it is hard to refute a projection about the future.

\*A Clinton commercial shows clips of Mr. Bush making rosy pronouncements about the economy, while an announcer tells viewers how each of Mr. Bush's predictions did not come true. The facts are correct, but they do not always support the conclusion because they are taken out of context. The ad is made to appear credible by mimicking a news broadcast; the announcer has a neutral voice and the facts are attributed on the screen.

\*A Perot commercial features sentences that crawl across the screen to suggest substance, and that the Texas billionaire has the know-how to reduce the national debt. But nowhere does the ad say how Mr. Perot would grapple with the deficit, nor does it mention his controversial prescription of higher taxes and cuts in entitlement programs.

Ads Getting More Scrutiny

The campaigns are working so hard to sell credibility because they perceive that the public regards political ads as dishonest and nasty. The campaigns also are mindful that the press has been analyzing commercials with intensified vigilance this year. (The Bush campaign today showered reporters with 35 pages of documentation to back up its latest ad bashing Mr. Clinton; the Clinton campaign retaliated with a seven-page rebuttal.)

As John Carroll, a Boston ad consultant and public radio commentator put it, "Statistics can lie, but from a perception standpoint, it goes down better with the public if you have attribution."

Nevertheless, the latest New York Times/CBS Poll shows that the public is still deeply skeptical of political commercials. In the survey, based on nationwide interviews with 1,467 registered voters from Oct. 20 to Oct. 23, about 7 out of 10 voters said they had seen political commercials in the previous week.

But only 18 percent said the Clinton ads were "almost all truthful," and 19 percent said the Bush ads were. Though most voters doubted Mr. Perot's ads as well, they were viewed as more credible. Thirty-seven percent said the Perot ads were "almost all truthful." The poll has a sampling error of plus or minus three percentage points.

Mr. Perot's ads may seem more credible because they are the most straightforward, and they refrain from attacks. But some analysts say it is because Mr. Perot has been brushed off as having little chance to win and thus has not been subjected to prolonged, critical press coverage or to sustained attacks from Mr. Bush and Mr. Clinton.

"The one person whose advertising has had the greatest likelihood of impact is Perot," Ms. Jamieson said. Until his accusations this week of "dirty tricks" by Republicans, she said, Mr. Perot's "claims were left unchallenged, so there was no conflicting information in the news environment that questioned the guy with a pointer and all the statistics in his ads."

While it is difficult at this stage to determine what ads have been most effective, this much seems clear: with candidates' faces plastered all over the talks shows and with a public that distrusts commercials, paid political advertising has played a secondary role in shaping the campaign dialogue.

"Because there is so much accessibility in the news area of media," said Sig Rogich, who directs the Bush campaign's advertising effort, "if you see any surge for the President, I think it comes directly from the President, and the ads take a second seat."

That has not stopped the campaigns from pouring every cent they can -- probably as much as $100 million in all before the general election is over -- into selling their candidates.

The Times/CBS News poll shows that the commercials this season have reinforced peoples' attitudes about candidates but have done little to sway their votes. Forty-one percent of the voters said the ads had made them more confident that they had chosen the right candidate.

But fifty-five percent said the Bush ads would have no effect on their vote; 52 percent said the Clinton ads would have no effect, and 49 percent said that of the Perot ads.

Dean Alger, a political science professor at Moorhead State University in Minnesota, said the public distrust was evident again and again recently when undecided voters were asked to view the latest ads in the Presidential race.

In a typical response to ads of all three candidates, one viewer concluded after watching an ad portraying Mr. Clinton as a successful Governor: "The ad was impressive if the facts were accurate." Then, after watching a Clinton commercial that attacked Mr. Bush, he wrote, "The second ad was too negative, tearing down other candidate rather than telling about himself."

**Load-Date:** October 29, 1992

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[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: The Democrats;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-75V0-000P-2139-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***CLINTON AND BUSH IN A SPRINT AS RACE FOR WHITE HOUSE ENDS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-75V0-000P-2139-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 3, 1992, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** National Desk

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**Length:** 1109 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL KELLY,

By MICHAEL KELLY,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PADUCAH, Ky., Nov. 2

**Body**

On the last lap of a Presidential race notable for its hard, harsh language, Gov. Bill Clinton took the high-minded tone of a man ahead in the polls, avoiding the mention of George Bush's name to focus on promises of better times.

Winging around the country in 30 hours of ceaseless campaigning, Mr. Clinton made a final, grueling effort to generate a high turnout at the polls with a 4,106-mile trip, from the East Coast to western Texas. For this last push, he chose to touch down for brief airport appearances in nine states, ending at home in Arkansas on Tuesday morning.

His voice a rough-edged ruin after a week of 18-hour days and relentless schedule of speeches, the Democratic Presidential nominee limited himself to the bare essential of his pitch, the lure of change.

Of Hope and Fear

"Never forget, never forget on this last day what this fight has been about," he said in Philadelphia, "a fight between hope and fear, a fight between division and unity, a fight between blame and taking responsibility for ourselves and our future, a fight between comfort in the status quo and the courage to embrace new ideas, a fight between those of us who are determined not to see our children grow up to be the first generation of Americans to do worse than their parents and those who say, 'Well, things could be worse.' "

The Clinton campaign also suffused two election-eve commercials and a half-hour televised program with its message of optimism. "Something's happening out there," one advertisement said. "A feeling -- call it hope -- that our country can move in a new direction."

The half-hour program, shown on the three major networks, featured pictures from the Clinton-Gore bus tour and, trying to win over independents and wavering Republicans, again declared the running mates to be New Democrats, not the tax-and-spend liberals of old.

It was left to Mr. Clinton's running mate, Senator Al Gore of Tennessee, to assail Mr. Bush. On his own seven-state marathon, Mr. Gore attacked Mr. Bush with lines like: "All George Bush has is a thousand points of blame. He just wants to blame everyone else."

Although Mr. Clinton was clearly tired today -- he slept on at least one of the 10 flights scheduled between 8:55 this morning and 11:00 A.M. Tuesday, an unfinished crossword puzzle lying in his lap -- he appeared relaxed and happy, and his tour had something of the air of a premature victory lap.

Smiling Democratic officeholders and candidates accompanied Mr. Clinton on every platform, and the Democratic National Chairman, Ronald H. Brown, flew along. The mood of the crowds was notably expectant and imbued with a happy optimism that Democrats have rarely known in recent Presidential elections.

Those who introduced the candidate talked of him as the next President.

"After Nov. 3, Missourians will have a President who knows what Missourians need, because that President will be Bill Clinton," said Hillary Clinton, who accompanied her husband on the trip, as she introduced him in St. Louis.

Even Mr. Clinton, who generally treats such talk as a jinx, allowed himself a note of mild presumption.

"I have almost lost my voice trying to give you your country back, but tomorrow, you will be my voice, and then I'll be yours for four more years," he said to a crowd of about 1,000 in a hangar at the Lambert-St. Louis International Airport, under a large digital clock set to read "01, 1992."

Clinton's Lead in Poll

New poll results bore out Mr. Clinton's confidence. A New York Times/ CBS News Poll taken Thursday through Sunday with 2,248 registered voters showed Mr. Clinton supported by 44 percent of the probable electorate, while 35 percent favored Mr. Bush, 15 percent were for Mr. Perot, and 6 percent were undecided. That 9-point advantage for Mr. Clinton across the four days of the poll was composed of an 8-point lead in the interviewing conducted Thursday and Friday and an 11-point lead in the interviewing done on Saturday and Sunday. The combined results had a margin of sampling error of plus or minus two percentage points.

Of the states Mr. Clinton chose to visit with his three-jetliner entourage, polls suggested he was well ahead of Mr. Bush in Pennsylvania, Missouri, Colorado and Arkansas. In Michigan, Kentucky, and New Mexico, he was leading. In Texas and Ohio, the polls indicated the race could go either way.

Historically, Republicans turn out a higher percentage of their voters on Election Day, and it was in hopes of diminishing this differential that Mr. Clinton visited these contested states.

At every stop, Mr. Clinton urged his audience to vote on Tuesday. "Tomorrow, you will be as powerful as the President, as powerful as any billionaire, as powerful as any candidate," Mr. Clinton told more than 1,000 people who gathered here in Paducah, a small city in the tobacco-farming country of western Kentucky. "Your vote counts."

It was a day spent among the faithful, preaching to the choir. The relatively small crowds that greeted Mr. Clinton in Philadelphia, Cleveland, suburban Detroit and St. Louis were largely composed of local Democratic volunteers and union workers.

Away from the rallies, he told reporters: "We've got to keep going to the end. I want a big turnout. It's supposed to rain on the East Coast tomorrow. I want them to vote in the rain. One last stab at trickle-down economics if it rains on them tomorrow."

Mr. Clinton began the day at Mayfair Diner in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Northeast Philadelphia where John F. Kennedy spoke on his final campaign swing of 1960.

"You know, tomorrow the great mystery of democracy will be played out again and all of you, and all of America can go into the quiet of the voting booth where your voice counts just as much as mine or Mr. Bush's or anyone else's in America," the candidate told several hundred people in the diner's parking lot.

Mr. Clinton waged a tireless and remarkably intimate campaign by the standards of Presidential general elections, as if he believed the margin of victory would lie in the number of voters he spoke to individually, or shook hands with.

The last day on the trail followed the same pattern. It was, in an odd way, an intimate day. The crowds were small, and in small areas, close to the candidate. The gray and rainy skies that accompanied the Democrats all day lent a cloistered air to the rallies. There were the moments of poignant connection. Mr. Clinton, who has something close to perfect political pitch, seemed to pick up and echo the tone of the day early, in the grace note with which he ended his first brief address of the day, in Philadelphia. "Goodbye," he said, his voice trailing off. "I love you."

**Graphic**

Photo: President Bush and Gov. Bill Clinton covered several thousand miles each in their final day of campaigning. Mr. Bush spoke early yesterday morning in Madison, N.J.; Mr. Clinton greeted a crowd in Philadelphia. (Jose R. Lopez/The New York Times; Reuters) (pg. A1); Supporters of Gov. Bill Clinton attending a rally yesterday in Burke Lakefront Airport in Cleveland during Mr. Clinton's 4,106-mile trip. (Lee Romero/The New York Times) (pg. A12)

Charts/Maps: "What's at Stake Today" shows elections natiowide both Congressional and gubernatorial; "The Vote for President, 1988" shows results of 1988 Presidential election with Vice Presidential George Bush receiving 53.4% of the popular vote and 426 electoral votes and Gov. Dukakis receiving 45.6% of the popular vote and 111 electoral votes; "Current Senate/Current House" shows current political makeup of Senate noting there are 57 Democrats and 43 Republicans in Senate and 268 Democrats and 166 Republicans; "Current Governors" shows current political makeup of governorships of 50 states with 28 Democrats, 20 Republicans and 2 Independents (Sources: Associated Press; Congressional Quarterly Almanac; Almanac of American Politics) (pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** November 3, 1992

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[***CHURCHES AND U.S. CLASH ON ALIEN SANCTUARY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J7N0-0008-N14R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 28, 1984, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 4; National Desk

**Length:** 1282 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT REINHOLD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BROWNSVILLE, Tex., June 27

**Body**

Stacey Lynn Merkt, who has become something of a symbol in the conflict between the Federal Government and the growing movement among American churches to aid undocumented aliens, was sentenced today to two years of probation for transporting three Salvadorans who had entered the country illegally.

The sentence was the first given to a member of the movement among church people opposed to United States policy in Central America to provide sanctuary to illegal aliens from the region.

Miss Merkt, 29 years old, called the sentence unexpectedly lenient. Nonetheless, it was considered an ominous sign for the sanctuary movement.

The Administration says many of the participants in the movement are motivated politically to undermine United States policy in Central America.

Members of many established churches say, however, that their efforts are humanitarian acts to protect people from persecution, torture and death in their homelands.

Church sources say more than 100 churches in the Southwest, the Middle West and the New York area, and possibly as many as 140, are harboring and helping Salvadorans.

The movement has been building for some time, but it was only recently that the Immigration and Naturalization Service began to arrest some of its leaders. In addition to Miss Merkt, who plans to appeal her conviction, at least two others have been indicted in recent months.

So far the immigration agency has not raided any churches or church-run refugee centers to arrest Salvadorans. Instead, agents have apprehended Salvadorans after they leave the sites operated as sanctuaries.

Today at the Casa Oscar Romero, where Miss Merkt works, about 20 Salvadoran refugees were living openly. The refugee center is in a white house in San Benito operated by the Roman Catholic Diocese of nearby Brownsville. The sanctuary trend has been a source of growing concern to the Government. The Administration has said that while it has granted political asylum to some Salvadorans in this country, most are ''economic'' migrants seeking better job opportunities, the motive the Government has attributed to most migrants entering illegally from Mexico and other countries.

What makes these cases so difficult for the Government is that the sanctuary concept has the backing of many church officials, including Bishop John J. Fitzpatrick of the Diocese of Brownsville.

''We do not feel we are breaking any laws,'' said Hernan Gonzalez, the diocese's director of Christian services. ''Service to refugees is something the church has done since its inception. We have no choice but to assist them for humanitarian reasons. No one denies the existence of death squads in El Salvador. This is the closest point on American soil to El Salvador.''

A bill in Congress, which is opposed by the Administration, would grant what is called ''extended voluntary departure status'' to Salvadoran refugees in this country so they could legally live in the United States on the same temporary basis that permits stays by refugees from Poland, Afghanistan and Lebanon.

Judge Sentences Violator

Today the growing dispute between the Government and the sanctuary movement focused on a courtroom here. Federal District Judge Filemon B. Vela, in pronouncing sentence on Miss Merkt, said: ''I know you are a person of high principle, but violating the law is not the way to go.''

He spoke after Miss Merkt, convicted by a jury May 13, said she felt she broke no law and acted only under ''Biblical mandates'' to extend her hand to the suffering.

''We've already seen more than 40,000 deaths there,'' she told the judge, referring to El Salvador, ''mostly all civilians killed by Government forces. The Reagan Adminstration continues to support that Government, the Government that creates the refugees.''

The church-run refuge where Miss Merkt works is in a quiet ***working-class*** section of San Benito. Outside, a sign calls for a halt to American ''agression'' in Central America. Inside, the refugees sleep in male and female dormitories. Today, beneath a graceful mesquite tree behind the house, a group of nuns and lay people held a prayer vigil after the sentencing.

Miss Merkt, a lay worker from Colorado, was arrested in February near McAllen, Tex., while driving three Salvadorans to San Antonio. The Salvadorans are still in the country awaiting deportation hearings.

Later, the director of Casa Romero, Jack Elder, 41, was arrested on charges of taking three aliens to a bus station in Harlingen, Tex. He faces trial later this year.

More Charges Filed

In Tucson, a Federal grand jury added four aiding-and-abetting charges Tuesday to an earlier indictment of Philip M. Conger, arrested in March for transporting four Salvadorans. Mr. Conger, 26, who heads the Tucson Ecumenical Council Task Force on Central America, now faces a total of eight charges. He was arrested near Nogales, Ariz., after Border Patrol agents found the Salvadorans in his vehicle.

It was in Tuscon in March 1982 that the Southside United Presbyterian Church began the nationwide sanctuary movement.

'Safe House' in New York

The network of aid to Central American refugees is growing rapidly, as coalitions of human rights, solidarity and legal aid groups join the sancutuary movement. Recently, the congregation of the Riverside Church in Manhattan declared it an official safe house, one of several in the metropolitan area.

''The idea comes from the original Judeo-Christian concept of sanctuary, where persons fleeing the law could go to places of worship and be protected,'' said Marianne Lundy, a member of the sanctuary committee at Riverside.

Estimates of the number of Central American refugees in the New York area rages from 40,000 to 70,000.

According to Verne Jervis, a spokesman for the immigration service in Washington, 16,637 illegal aliens from El Salvador were apprehended last year, up from 11,762 in 1980. He said that beween last October and April, political asylum was granted to 249 Salvadorans, or about 3 percent of the 7,867 who requested it. Mr. Jervis said 20 percent of entrants from all countries who seek such status get it.

Discrimination Denied

Mr. Jervis denied the charge made by many in the sanctuary movement that these figures represented political discrimination against refugees fleeing a country allied with the United States. He said that all cases were judged individually. ''They are not looked at on a nationality basis,'' he said.

He also denied that the agency had begun to take special measures against leaders of the sanctuary movement, saying that Miss Merkt and the others arrested recently had simply been caught as a result of routine enforcement measures.

At the State Department, which advises the immigration service on asylum cases, Elliott Abrams, Assistant Secretary for Human Rights, also disputed suggestions that the Government was politically motivated or that most Salvadorans who had been apprehended would be persecuted if sent home. ''The fact is a very large proportion of them are not refugees,'' he said. ''They are economic migrants.''

He said the State Department had investigated several hundred cases of deported refugees and found no instances of torture or murder.

Members of the sanctuary movement have disputed State Department statements that deported refugees are not persecuted.

Bills pending in Congress sponsored by Representative Joe Moakley, Democrat of Massachusetts, and Senator Dennis DeConcini, Democrat of Arizona, would give special status to fleeing Salvadorans. The Administration opposes those bills. A similar provision is contained in the version of the comprehensive immigration bill passed by the House. The Senate version of the bill does not include the provision.

**Graphic**

photo of supportors (page A16); photo of townspeople (page A16); photo of Stacy Lynn Merkt (page A16); photo of Salvadoran refugees

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[***BEST SELLERS: October 25, 1992***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-77T0-000P-23NB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 25, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 34; Column 2; Book Review Desk; Column 2;; List

**Length:** 1262 words

**Body**

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|  |  | **Weeks** |  |
| **This** | **Last** | **On** |  |
| **Week** | **Week** | **List** | **Fiction** |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1 |  | 1 | THE TALE OF THE BODY THIEF, by Anne Rice. (Knopf, $24.) To prove he is still a hero among the living dead, Lestat embarks on a dangerous enterprise; "The Vampire Chronicles," continued. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 2 | 1 | 2 | THE STARS SHINE DOWN, by Sidney Sheldon. (Morrow, $23.) The fortunes of a successful businesswoman are suddenly imperiled by secrets from her past and present relationships. (LP) |
|  |  |  |  |
| 3 | 3 | 6 | THE SECRET HISTORY, by Donna Tartt. (Knopf, $23.) Close friends at a small college must deal with the consequences of a crime they committed. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 4 | 5 | 33 | THE PELICAN BRIEF, by John Grisham. (Doubleday, $22.50.) A woman law student probes the murder of two Supreme Court justices. |
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| 5 | 2 | 22 | WAITING TO EXHALE, by Terry McMillan. (Viking, $22.) The friendships and romances of four black women in Phoenix. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 6 | 4 | 9 | WHERE IS JOE MERCHANT? by Jimmy Buffett. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $19.95.) A couple on a wild chase through the Caribbean on the trail of a deceased rock star who has been sighted there. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 7 | 11 | 2 | THE SHADOW RISING, by Robert Jordan. (Tor/ Doherty, $24.95.) Book Four of "The Wheel of Time," a fantasy saga. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 8 \* | 6 | 15 | GERALD'S GAME, by Stephen King. (Viking, $23.50.) Twenty-eight hours of horror suffered by a woman handcuffed to a bedpost. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 9 | 9 | 2 | SABINE'S NOTEBOOK, by Nick Bantock. (Chronicle Books, $17.95.) Continuing the epistolary romance between two talented people begun in "Griffin & Sabine." |
|  |  |  |  |
| 10 | 7 | 11 | THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY, by Robert James Waller. (Warner, $14.95.) A photographer and a lonely farmer's wife in Iowa. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 11 | 8 | 9 | ALL THAT REMAINS, by Patricia D. Cornwell. (Scribners, $20.) Searching for the truth behind the strange deaths of five young couples in Virginia. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 12 |  | 8 | GRIFFIN & SABINE, by Nick Bantock. (Chronicle Books, $16.95.) The romance of an artist and a secret admirer, told through cards and letters. |
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| 13 | 10 | 2 | LEAVING COLD SASSY, by Olive Ann Burns. (Ticknor & Fields, $21.) The story of a marriage that survives many strains; a sequel to the 1984 novel "Cold Sassy Tree." |
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| 14 | 12 | 3 | THE SILKEN WEB, by Sandra Brown. (Warner, $16.95.) Kathleen Haley faces a difficult choice: marriage to a well-to-do man or to an old flame. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 15 |  | 6 | TANGLED VINES, by Janet Dailey. (Little, Brown, $21.95.) A television star encounters romance and shades of her unhappy childhood. |
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|  |  | Weeks |  |
| This | Last | On |  |
| Week | Week | List | Nonfiction |
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| 1 | 1 | 6 | THE WAY THINGS OUGHT TO BE, by Rush H. Limbaugh 3d. (Pocket, $22.) Anecdotes and opinions offered by the talk show host. |
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| 2 | 2 | 3 | IT DOESN'T TAKE A HERO, by H. Norman Schwarzkopf with Peter Petre. (Linda Grey/ Bantam, $25.) The autobiography of the general who commanded the allied forces in the gulf war. |
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| 3 | 4 | 8 | EVERY LIVING THING, by James Herriot. (St. Martin's, $22.95.) Continuing the memoirs of the Yorkshire veterinarian. |
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| 4 | 3 | 22 | THE SILENT PASSAGE, by Gail Sheehy. (Random House, $16.) The psychological and social significance of menopause for today's women. |
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| 5 | 5 | 5 | THE TE OF PIGLET, by Benjamin Hoff. (Dutton, $16.) Aspects of Taoist philosophy explained through the actions of an A. A. Milne character. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 6 | 7 | 19 | TRUMAN, by David McCullough. (Simon & Schuster, $30.) A biography of the 33d President. |
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| 7 | 8 | 11 | WOMEN WHO RUN WITH THE WOLVES, by Clarissa Pinkola Estes. (Ballantine, $20.) A Jungian analyst reinterprets myths and folk tales to enable women to understand their psyches. |
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| 8 | 14 | 20 | EARTH IN THE BALANCE, by Al Gore. (Houghton Mifflin, $22.95.) The Vice-Presidential candidate discusses factors affecting the environment and what must be done to save it. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 9 | 10 | 12 | THE LAST TSAR, by Edvard Radzinsky. (Doubleday, $25.) The life of Nicholas II and his family, and their assassination in 1918. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 10 \* | 6 | 2 | THE SENATOR, by Richard E. Burke with William and Marilyn Hoffer. (St. Martin's, $23.95.) The recollections of a man who served as an aide to Edward M. Kennedy for 10 years. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 11 | 9 | 8 | YOUNG MEN & FIRE, by Norman Maclean. (University of Chicago, $19.95.) An account of a disastrous fire in a Montana forest in 1949. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 12 \* | 11 | 17 | DIANA: HER TRUE STORY, by Andrew Morton. (Simon & Schuster, $22.) A biography of the Princess of Wales. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 13 | 13 | 3 | THE CREATORS, by Daniel J. Boorstin. (Random House, $30.) Three thousand years in the history of religion, philosophy, literature and the arts, told through the lives of those who made it. |
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| 14 |  | 1 | I CAN'T BELIEVE I SAID THAT! by Kathie Lee Gifford with Jim Jerome. (Pocket, $22.) The autobiography of the co-host of the television show "Live With Regis and Kathie Lee." |
|  |  |  |  |
| 15 |  | 5 | CARE OF THE SOUL, by Thomas Moore. (HarperCollins, $20.) A psychotherapist's discussion of spirituality and everyday life. |
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|  |  | Weeks |  |
| This | Last | On |  |
| Week | Week | List | Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1 | 1 | 4 | ARE YOU THE ONE FOR ME? by Barbara De Angelis. (Delacorte, $21.) How to choose and keep the right partner in love and marriage. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 2 | 2 | 15 | HARVEY PENICK'S LITTLE RED BOOK, by Harvey Penick with Bud Shrake. (Simon & Schuster, $19.) Anecdotes and tips about playing golf, by a legendary teacher. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 3 |  | 45 | MORE WEALTH WITHOUT RISK, by Charles J. Givens. (Simon & Schuster, $23.) An updated and expanded volume of financial advice. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 4 | 3 | 4 | THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. (Houghton Mifflin, $39.95.) The third edition. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 5 | 5 | 34 | A RETURN TO LOVE, by Marianne Williamson. (HarperCollins, $25.) Inspirational advice about ways to replace feelings of fear with feelings of love in daily life. |

These listings are based on computer-processed sales figures from 3,050 bookstores and from representative wholesalers with more than 28,000 other retail outlets, including variety stores and supermarkets. The figures are statistically adjusted to represent sales in all such outlets across the United States.

\*An asterisk before a book's title indicates that its sales, weighted to reflect the book-selling industry nationally, are barely distinguishable from those of the book above.

LP indicates that a book is available in large print.

And Bear in Mind

*(Editors' choices of other recent books of particular interest)*

NATURAL HISTORY, by Maureen Howard. (Norton, $22.95.) Bridgeport, Conn., is the central character of this abundant, immediate novel, a meditative chronicle of the members of a family as they win, lose or draw in the pursuit of happiness.

RED SQUARE, by Martin Cruz Smith. (Random House, $23.) Arkady Renko, the Moscow police detective of Mr. Smith's "Gorky Park," sleuths once more, this time in the gray new world of post-Communist Russia and its reborn criminal entrepreneurs.

SLIM'S TABLE: Race, Respectability, and Masculinity, by Mitchell Duneier. (University of Chicago, $19.95.) A sociologist's fascinating report on the codes of decent behavior that govern the lives of ***working-class*** black men he got to know in a cafeteria.

ARCADIA, by Jim Crace. (Atheneum, $20.) A witty, self-aware, polished stylist's cautionary novel of urban development in the new dystopia, where the nastiest capitalist generally wins.

AFRICAN LAUGHTER: Four Visits to Zimbabwe, by Doris Lessing. (HarperCollins, $25.) A piercing account of the distinguished novelist's visits to her deteriorating homeland, a country that can never really be her home again.

NATIVISM AND SLAVERY: The Northern Know Nothings and the Politics of the 1850s, by Tyler Anbinder. (Oxford University, $39.95.) The history of a weird and awful period in American politics, when a powerful anti-Catholic movement became, for a while, the most effective antislavery movement as well.

GENIUS: The Life and Science of Richard Feynman, by James Gleick. (Pantheon, $27.50.) Mr. Gleick, who knows how to portray scientists and dramatize emerging ideas, takes on one of the greatest of physicists, the pioneer of quantum electrodynamics.

**Load-Date:** October 25, 1992

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[***TV Guide***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3K20-000P-N13J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Mark Edmundson;

Mark Edmundson, a professor of English at the University of Virginia, is the author of "Nightmare on Main Street," a study of the Gothic in contemporary culture.

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**Body**

Marshall McLuhan

Escape Into Understanding: A Biography.

By W. Terrence Gordon.

Illustrated. 465 pp. New York:

Basic Books. $35.

The last encounter many people had with the media prophet Marshall McLuhan was in Woody Allen's "Annie Hall." Woody and Diane Keaton are standing in line waiting to get into a movie; behind them a Columbia professor loudly explains the cultural universe to his fawning date. Woody can't bear the pretension. (The adulation the other fellow is getting isn't doing him much good either.) Invisible steam pours out of Woody's ears, but the prof is oblivious; soon he is onto Marshall McLuhan, making a hash of his theories, referring to television, McLuhan's ultimate cool medium, as a hot one, no less.

Woody takes action. He steps out of line and pulls McLuhan himself from behind a poster. Tall and elegantly professorial, McLuhan informs the poor pedant that he hasn't the least clue what he's talking about: "I heard what you were saying. You know nothing of my work." The prof wilts. Woody stares out at the audience with flat satisfaction: "Boy, if life were only like this."

That was 1977, when McLuhan's reputation was already waning; since then it's faded to near extinction. To be sure, the masthead of hyper-hip Wired magazine cites McLuhan as a patron saint, and anyone writing at length about media has to genuflect once or twice in his direction. But McLuhan's work has prompted little high-quality follow-up.

His writing is, of course, notoriously difficult. Woody's Columbia professor isn't the only one who has had trouble getting a grip on it. Some think that maybe it doesn't really hold together at all. Maybe McLuhan's intellectual probes, as he liked to call his various thought experiments, were just unguided space shots.

To answer such doubts, we have W. Terrence Gordon's authorized biography, which is not only a detailed life but an attempt to do justice to McLuhan's ideas. Gordon, who teaches a variety of subjects (linguistics, translating and the role of radio in World War II, as well as McLuhan) at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is a disciple who is clearly out to jump-start the Sage's now-cold reputation.

Herbert Marshall McLuhan was born in Edmonton, Alberta, on July 21, 1911, to an actress mother, whose flair he acquired, and a rather charming, mild-mannered father. McLuhan seems to have decided early on that he was going to be a great man of some sort, though what sort wasn't entirely clear to him. He read Macaulay and Chesterton, went off to the local college, then to Cambridge University. After a brief stint at the University of Wisconsin, McLuhan hopped from one small college to another in Canada and the United States. Many of these were Roman Catholic schools (Chesterton had helped lead McLuhan to a conversion), sometimes places where no one on the faculty was quite up to the demands that McLuhan's quirky, surging intelligence could make.

Professors frequently assert that the unexamined life is not worth living. But how often is the professorial life worth examining, at least in a full-length biography? Up until his moment of celebrity -- when he was so well known as a media pundit that a comic could call out, from the depths of "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In," "Whatcha doin', Marshall McLuhan?" -- McLuhan led a quiet pipe-and-tweed existence. His life consisted largely of hustling for academic jobs, reading hungrily, writing so-so essays on the canonical modernists, gabbing with colleagues and bloodying numberless undergraduate essays on the point of a red marking pen. Not the stuff of heroic narrative: yet Gordon chronicles it all ably, perpetually alert for traces of the prophetic mode that McLuhan would eventually assume.

McLuhan had always seen academia as a path to bigger things. He became a professor with the hope of ceasing in time to be one. His early academic writings on Joyce and Pound don't immediately seem related to his future high-flying media speculations, but Gordon cannily notes a connection. It was from I. A. Richards and other formalist literary critics that McLuhan adapted his approach to media. To Richards, what was of central concern about the literary work was its form. He believed that the tragedy, epic, ballad and sonnet had lasted because they tapped into strong, pre-existing human feelings. When approaching a poem, Richards focused on its design, the way it used rhyme and meter to create meaning, its employment of irony and of metaphor to put competing thoughts into play. To Richards, and the New Critics, the poem's form, its medium, was largely responsible for its effect.

From this view, McLuhan worked his way to an overall theory of media. He put the content aside and pondered form. Thus his most famous slogan: the medium is the message. For television and film and the telephone, form overrides content. What is presented means less than how. McLuhan's next step was to divide media into two relative groups, the hot and the cold. Radio was hot. It assaulted the ear, took you over, made you into a passive recipient. McLuhan's most notorious formulations dealt with television, which he proclaimed the coolest of cool media. To be appealing on the tube, it helped to be low-key, ironic, flexible. Put a radio-type personality on television, and he can quickly look like a manic case gone off his medication. If Hitler had been forced to present himself on television rather than on radio, where his voice could do its work, things might have gone much differently.

We might think of McLuhan as a sharp student of media rhetoric. At his best he helps us see how various media exert persuasive power over us. He shows how television confers an advantage on certain kinds of people, certain kinds of ideas. We can then allow for that advantage and see things with a little more detachment. Failing to understand media rhetoric, McLuhan asserted, could lead to something called perceptual numbing: we gaze like Narcissus at the screen, mesmerized, incapable of critical counterthrust.

Gordon lays out McLuhan's thoughts on media rhetoric, on advertising, on the culture of print and on numerous other matters accurately and clearly. And that is not so easy a task. Even McLuhan's most cogent books are wayward and unkempt -- loose, shaggy buffaloes. They lurch from one subject to another, luminous moments alternating with piercingly dull digressions. The main points get endless iteration: McLuhan had a pop singer's predilection for repeating himself.

Perhaps it's the sheer sloppiness of his books that has prevented McLuhan's thinking from getting the elaboration that it deserves. For every McLuhan theory still needs work, needs qualification, development and most of all practical application. McLuhan's view of television as cool helps explain the success of Johnny Carson and Jerry Seinfeld, sure. But what about molten Roseanne, who, for a while anyway, was television's all in all? Was that because Roseanne was something of an original? She was a ***working-class*** woman with a mouth on her, after all. We hadn't seen that on the box much. Is it possible that hot characters can work on television when they bring something truly fresh to the game? Questions like this need to be asked if McLuhan's work is going to have a useful impact now and in the future.

Of course, since McLuhan wrote, the world has become yet more media-saturated. What would McLuhan, who died in 1980, have to say about the personal computer, the fax, the cellular phone, about E-mail? What forms of thinking and of human character do they subtly endorse? What valuable ideas might these media forms undermine? It's probably time for us to follow Woody Allen and pull McLuhan out from hiding once more. Though we won't be able simply to bask in his pronouncements (life, as Woody says, isn't like that); we'll need to add a good deal to them (and subtract a few things too). In this return to McLuhan, if it occurs, W. Terrence Gordon's biography will have an esteemed place.

**Load-Date:** November 2, 1997

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[***THE 1997 ELECTIONS: THE DEMOCRAT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3PW0-000P-N3M3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***McGreevey Says Education Plan Would Be His Legacy as Governor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3PW0-000P-N3M3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 27, 1997, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By BRETT PULLEY

By BRETT PULLEY

**Dateline:** EDISON, N.J., Oct. 23

**Body**

Detailing how he would spend much of his time as governor, James E. McGreevey, the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, said today that his focus in a first term would be on public education, economic development and carrying out a master plan for growth in the state.

In an hourlong interview with reporters and editors at The New York Times's printing plant here, Mr. McGreevey offered his most specific breakdown to date of what his priorities would be if he were to win the election on Nov. 4, and said that education would consume a great deal of his time.

"I think we need an education blueprint in the state of New Jersey," Mr. McGreevey said. "A specific model of where we want to be. A specific model of what education will look like in the state of New Jersey, between birth and between whether it's secondary school, community college or university training."

If he were successful in his bid to unseat the state's Republican Governor, Christine Todd Whitman, Mr. McGreevey said he would spend his first nine months in office holding town meetings and trying to build a consensus on education among parents, teachers and administrators. The focus of those meetings, he said, would be how resources should be used and what curriculum standards should be required. Education alone, he estimated, would dominate 20 percent of his time in office during a first term.

Mr. McGreevey said he would cut administrative spending in schools and try to get more of those dollars into classrooms. And he referred to curriculum standards used in other parts of the country -- like a Harvard University model used in Massachusetts schools and a University of Chicago model used in Chicago schools -- as examples that New Jersey should follow.

"I can say now that I'd scrap this Governor's standards," Mr. McGreevey said.

During the first year of his term, Mr. McGreevey said, he would not change the way education is financed. He said he felt that the State Supreme Court's recent mandate to give more money to poorer districts had achieved parity on an interim basis and that he would not propose any changes in spending until the final three years of a first term.

"What I need to grapple with is to insure that the money that's being spent now is spent wisely and appropriately," he said. "This isn't about telling everybody what they want to hear," he said in response to the fact that not all school districts are happy with the current spending plan. "For now, it stays the same."

Mr. McGreevey, a State Senator who is also the Mayor of Woodbridge, has been able to draw almost even with the Governor in public opinion polls largely through his unrelenting focus on the state's high auto insurance costs and property taxes. Yet while he continued to reiterate his plans to force a reduction in auto insurance rates and relieve property taxes with more state assistance to municipalities, he made it clear during the interview that he would like the betterment of education to be his ultimate legacy.

Relaxed and seeming to enjoy the fierce final days of the campaign, Mr. McGreevey was at times playful, yet constantly concerned about the image he was projecting during the interview. He anxiously joked about his syntax. "Is this verbatim, this transcript?" he asked, pointing to the tape recorder in front of him. And at one point, after inadvertently slouching back in his chair, he admonished a photographer: "Don't take my picture while I'm lying all the way back here," he said. "I look too relaxed."

Mr. McGreevey referred often to the policies and programs of other states' governors -- most of them Republicans -- to illustrate how he would also govern. He cited New York's Governor, George E. Pataki, as an example of someone who had successfully used union labor for state projects.

He said he would follow the examples of North Carolina's Governor, James B. Hunt Jr., and Indiana's former Governor, Evan Bayh, who focused on specific industries for growth in their states. And he pointed to the former Governor of Massachusetts, William F. Weld, who had successfully spurned development on the environmentally hazardous industrial tracts known as brownfields.

Often referring to his tenure as Mayor of Woodbridge, Mr. McGreevey said he would draw from that experience to take on the far more formidable challenges of running the state. For example, he said, his experience in bringing together knowledgeable people to redraw Woodbridge's garbage collection routes would lend itself to the task of revamping the state's public school system.

"It's about bringing people into the process," he said. "In terms of education, I want to bring in the best minds for educational excellence."

He said that his priorities in education were primary and secondary schools, but that he was also committed to spending $57 million on an urban-based, early childhood education program and that he also wanted to keep tuition costs down at state colleges and universities.

Mr. McGreevey linked his proposed educational initiatives to his economic development plan. He said he would choose the biotechnology, telecommunications and plastics industries for growth in the state, and he would then plan school curriculums to address the specific skills required of jobs in those industries.

And even though Mrs. Whitman's first term is concluding with the economy's moving at a healthy pace and with the state's unemployment rate at its lowest in years, Mr. McGreevey continued his assault on the Governor's economic development record, contending that most of the 190,000 jobs that had been created under her watch were low-paying, service-oriented positions and that she did not have an "overarching plan" for growth and development. "This Governor doesn't have a game plan," he asserted.

Mr. McGreevey said that he would adopt a master plan created under Thomas H. Kean, the former Republican Governor, as a guide in developing a long-term outlook on how the state should evolve. "One of the first things that I'd like to do is that we need to have a plan, and I think the master plan provides that, as to where New Jersey is going," he said. "Whether it's residential development, whether it's investment in infrastructure, whether it's targeting economic development to our cities, whether it's housing. There needs to be a plan."

Mr. McGreevey said he would seek to offer commercial tax abatements to provide for business development around the state's ports in Newark, Elizabeth and Camden. The state, he said, should be "aggressively" using the ports as a point of distribution and assembly for products going in and out of the country. "We're talking about a $20 billion economic engine where we're taking products in from around the world and sending them out," he said. "We ought to be putting them together or taking them apart."

Mr. McGreevey continued his well-seasoned attacks on the Governor for using a bond sale to balance the budget and to address pension liabilities, even though he similarly took on debt to balance the Woodbridge municipal budget when he became Mayor. The difference, he insisted, was that he inherited a fiscal problem, but the Governor created one by borrowing from the pension plan in previous years. "The Governor caused the harm, then cured the harm, then wants to get praise for the cure," Mr. McGreevey said.

Mr. McGreevey, a 40-year-old native of central New Jersey's ***working-class*** suburbs, contrasted his upbringing with Mrs. Whitman's affluent background. "The fundamental difference between the Governor and I is where we come from," he said.

Holding a State Senate seat and mayoral post simultaneously throughout most of the 1990's has kept Mr. McGreevey in a perpetual state of campaigning, and he waxed romantic during the interview about his affection for the political stump.

"No where else in life would I have had the chance to meet so many people with so many different experiences," he said. "If you love people, if you love life, it's a great opportunity." A professed workaholic who is separated from his wife, Mr. McGreevey said that the only significant other in his life these days is "the undecided voter."

**Graphic**

Photo: James E. McGreevey, running for governor, talked with Maureen Duffy, age 6, yesterday before her carriage departed in a parade in Linden, N.J. (Dith Pran/The New York Times)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** October 27, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Home Video***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-78R0-000P-24Y5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 22, 1992, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 26; Column 3; Cultural Desk; Column 3;; Review

**Length:** 1226 words

**Byline:** By Peter M. Nichols

By Peter M. Nichols

**Body**

With the price of movies like "Wayne's World" slashed under $10 in discount stores and supermarkets, low-priced mega-hits have become featured attractions in all kinds of outlets. If one report bears out, that might soon include a fast-food chain.

Executives in the video industry say that Orion will soon release "Dances With Wolves," a 1991 rental hit with a $99.98 retail price, for sale exclusively at McDonald's between Thanksgiving and Christmas. Ordinarily, the movie might be priced for sale at $19.95 in video stores. The price at McDonald's is expected to be under $8.

The object, some industry analysts say, is to raise cash quickly for Orion, which is in bankruptcy. Distributors say that as many as six million copies of "Dances With Wolves" might sell at the McDonald's price.

Under the arrangement, the tapes would not be offered in video stores or other outlets. Analysts say Orion would offer McDonald's exclusivity in return for the chain's picking up the costs of marketing and promotion.

Orion neither confirms nor denies the deal. "When we emerge from Chapter 11, we may have a number of announcements," said Paul Wagner, an Orion vice president. He said he hoped that would be in early November.

Meanwhile, the prospect alarms video dealers, who, reports say, will not be offered "Dances With Wolves" to sell until some time next year. Distributors say the price then is likely to be $14.95, well above the McDonald's price.

"Video dealers bought 600,000 copies of 'Dances' to rent, so we've got a lot of dollars tied up in inventory," said Brad Burnside, a dealer in Evanston, Ill., and president of the national Video Software Dealers Association. Mr. Burnside said that if the Orion-McDonald's promotion took place, video dealers would have a difficult time selling "Dances With Wolves" later at any price, even as used tapes.

"It may be a good one-time shot in the arm for Orion, but it has bad long-term effects for the industry," he said.

A major problem is the public's perception of getting videos at fast-food chains and not in video stores. "If we don't have releases like 'Dances With Wolves,' we have trouble drawing people," said Mr. Burnside. "Consumers aren't going to learn anything about home video, see all the choices we have."

Another problem, he said, could come from tape quality. To lower the price further, Orion might make the film available in the extended play mode, a recording method that is less expensive but downgrades the picture and sound. "Consumers don't understand the differences," Mr. Burnside said. "All they know is that the quality isn't good."

But many in the industry say that studios won't repeat this type of promotion very often. "They don't want people thinking of video as a $6.99 item," said Craig Bibb, a video analyst at Paine Webber.

NEW VIDEO RELEASES

Shadows and Fog

1991. Orion. $92.98. 1 hour 26 minutes. Closed captioned. PG- 13.

It's a dark, moist night in a Kafkaesque Middle European city, perfect for death and, this being a Woody Allen movie, life, love and literature, humor and the movies. A clerk named Kleinman (Mr. Allen) is routed from bed by a delegation of wild-eyed vigilantes and ordered to venture into the streets as part of a plan to trap a killer. With no choice but to make the best of the assignment, Kleinman creeps forth for a series of encounters in the night with, among others, circus performers (Mia Farrow, Madonna) and prostitutes (Jody Foster, Lily Tomlin, Kathy Bates). Tagging along and poking into everything is the camera, a character by itself in a film that is a "brazen, irrepressible original," wrote Vincent Canby in The New York Times.

Taxi Blues

1990. New Yorker. $89.95 1:50. Russian with English subtitles. No rating.

A Moscow cabby (Pyotr Zaichenko) and his passenger, a drunken Jewish jazz musician (Pavel Mamonov), play out their frustrations in a city at the end of its rope. The musician, a patronizing fellow who claims empathy with the ***working class***, can't pay his fare so the driver takes his saxophone. When the instrument doesn't sell in a teeming black market more covetous of meat and auto tires, the cabby takes the musician himself as payment and forces him to labor at demeaning tasks. Despite its mournfulness, Pavel Lungin's film oddly remains robust and buoyant, "displaying vast sympathy and affection for two small figures so thoroughly hamstrung by their own rage" (Janet Maslin).

Overseas

1990. Fox Lorber. $89.95. 1:36. French with English subtitles. No rating.

Reminiscent of Jane Austen, Brigitte Rouan's film tells of three French sisters (Nicole Garcia, Miss Rouan and Marianne Basler) and their problems with men in Algeria in the last days of the French colonial period. Miss Rouan's is a feminist and Marxist view, with each of the sisters either victimized by the masculine system or rejecting it in a complacent world with no inkling that it is about to end. With its nimble stories, the film is "especially adept at depicting how day-to-day habits of living and personal drama can cloud political reality" (Stephen Holden).

Gladiator

1992. Columbia Tri-Star. $94.95. Laser disk, $34.95. 1:30. CC. R.

To make a movie about boxing and high school that unfolds as predictably as Rowdy Herrington's does, one needs four basic elements: a good kid (James Marshall), a wise old trainer (Ossie Davis), an unscrupulous promoter (Brian Dennehy) and an opponent of another race (Cuba Gooding Jr.). With a message of racial harmony, intentions are good, but "only the film's resolution has any spirt or novelty" (Maslin).

FROM YEARS PAST

On the Best-Seller List

Are Some Films of the 30's

A variety of films, some from the 30's, are selling well on tape. Here are some examples from recent Billboard best-seller lists.

THE SPANISH VERSION OF DRACULA. George Melford's replica (with Carlos Villarias and Lupita Tovar) of Tod Browning's classic (with Bela Lugosi) was filmed at the same time on the same sets. 1931. MCA/Universal. $14.98. 1:43. No rating.

CASABLANCA. Warner Brothers at first wanted Dennis Morgan, Ann Sheridan and Ronald Reagan to play Rick and the crew. 1942 (50th-aniversary edition). MGM/UA. $24.98. 1:42. CC. No rating.

KING KONG. "Holy mackerel, what a show!" yells the documentary maker (Robert Armstrong) in the Merian C. Cooper classic. (During the day, Fay Wray worked as a brunette on Ernest B. Schoedsack's "Most Dangerous Game"; at night, she donned a blond wig to film "King Kong.") 1933 (60th-anniversary edition). Turner. $16.98. 1:40. No rating.

WEREWOLF OF LONDON. Stuart Walker's film is the first to mess with the critters. 1935. MCA/Universal. $14.98. 1:15. No rating.

THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS. Framed for murdering his brother, a prison inmate (Vincent Price) downs a little something that makes him invisible and goes after the real killer (Cedric Hardwicke). 1940. MCA/ Universal. 1:21. No rating.

BLADE RUNNER. Harrison Ford has it in for a gang of replicants in Ridley Scott's noir thriller set in the 21st century. 1982 (10th anniversary edition). New Line. $14.95. LD, $34.98. 2:01. R.

THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS. Jonathan Demme's film about serial killers starring Anthony Hopkins and Jody Foster is one of several rental hits from 1990 and 1991 that are now best sellers at low prices. ("Misery," "City Slickers," "The Rocketeer" and "Thelma and Louise" are others.) 1991. Orion. $19.98. 1:58. CC. R

**Graphic**

Photo: Woody Allen in his 1991 film "Shadows and Fog." (Brian Hammill/Orion Pictures)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 1992

**End of Document**



[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Campaign Profile;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6PP0-000P-24RF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Scholarly Advocate for the Middle of the Road***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6PP0-000P-24RF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 27, 1992, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 20; Column 3; National Desk; Column 3;; Biography

**Length:** 1078 words

**Byline:** Stan Greenberg

By GWEN IFILL,

By GWEN IFILL,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 23

**Body**

When Stan Greenberg, the Ivy League academic and esoteric author from Connecticut, met James Carville, the political attack dog from Louisiana, all they had in common was Bill Clinton.

"Oil and water," said Mr. Carville, the chief strategist for Mr. Clinton's Presidential campaign. "He was a Yale professor. That was a horrible strike against him as far as I was concerned."

Mr. Greenberg, who is 47 years old, has come a long way from the academic world to his role as Mr. Clinton's poll taker and close adviser. An unabashed liberal who nevertheless dismisses the most liberal members of his own party as elitist, Mr. Greenberg has helped devise the middle-of-the-road strategy that has been such a success for the Democrats.

In his academic study as well as in his political activity, Mr. Greenberg has made himself an expert on taking the pulse of the electorate.

Reputation on the Line

And as polls sponsored by several news organizations have begun to show Mr. Clinton's once-formidable lead shrinking, the reputation of his savvy instinct has never been on the line more than it is now.

Mr. Greenberg -- short, bespectacled and curly-haired -- has the air of an easy-going observer of the passing scene. But when he is making a point, he sways slightly with a nervous energy that suggests his entire body is engaged in thought.

Mr. Greenberg picks through the minefields of political analysis carefully, using a genial demeanor to his advantage. Mr. Carville, Mr. Greenberg's stylistic opposite, is now one of the former Yale professor's greatest fans.

Mr. Greenberg spends the bulk of his days glued to portable phones as he travels, rewriting questionnaires for new polls and consulting with other advisers about advertising strategy. He often acts as a sort of people's truth squad and helps the campaign's speech writers and other message makers decide how to parry or feint in the closing weeks of the race.

"If they weren't desperate to throw George Bush out of the White House, we wouldn't be in the position we are now," Mr. Greenberg said of the voters he has interviewed and polled this year. "But I also think it's the case that we've come out looking like a broad-based coalition that is not just speaking to special interest groups.

"That is why we're doing well in suburbia. That is why we're winning Reagan Democrats."

Evolving Into Moderates

Mr. Greenberg's research on the disaffected Democrats in areas like Michigan's Macomb County became the spine of this year's thinking about how the Democrats could regain the White House. The strategy calls for Democrats to distance themselves from traditional constituencies. This pragmatic approach immediately appealed to Mr. Clinton, a former McGovern worker who had evolved into a moderate Democrat.

"Even though I come from the left, I have always been uncomfortable with elitist liberalism, which I think is disdainful of the values of ***working-class*** Americans," Mr. Greenberg said. "Clinton has a similar analysis of why the Democrats have failed."

It was in part on Mr. Greenberg's advice that Mr. Clinton chose to stand up to the Rev. Jesse Jackson over the appearance of a rap performer at a Rainbow Coalition meeting. Campaign advisers insisted that Mr. Clinton was merely condemning prejudice where he saw it, because the performer, Sister Souljah, appeared to advocate violence in her music.

Two-Sided Message

But Mr. Greenberg and others saw that the attack would be a plus for Mr. Clinton in the eyes of Republicans and of moderate Democrats who were unhappy with Mr. Jackson's influence and agenda in the party.

Many Jackson allies were infuriated. One called the tactic "brutal but effective." But most of these critics will not voice their complaints for the record because they too are ultimately interested in seeing Bill Clinton elected and in remaining on good terms with the Democrats.

"Stan's going to be a very powerful interpreter of this election," one unhappy liberal Democrat said about Mr. Clinton's relations with the liberal wing of the party. "And I think the lesson that's going to be taught is deplorable."

Mr. Greenberg rejects this as the talk of people who are more enamored of symbolism than of results.

Losing Not Helpful

"By making affirmative action and other issues the litmus tests, it sounded like you were being sensitive to the black community," Mr. Greenberg said of his party. "But, in fact, it also assured that you were out of power. And it also assured that the black community suffered under Republican administrations. And that in the end it was just posturing."

Mr. Greenberg found a receptive audience among Democrats who wanted a candidate who could win. When Mr. Clinton was winning primary elections but still looking hopelessly scarred, it was Mr. Greenberg who drew up a plan for the nomination and the general election that included retelling Mr. Clinton's personal tale.

"There is no single person in the campaign who was so consistently on the mark," said George Stephanopoulos, the campaign's communications director.

Mr. Greenberg started his public-opinion research firm in his New Haven basement in 1980, with some work for Senator Christopher J. Dodd and has since worked for many candidates.

He met Mr. Clinton in 1988 while working on a children's project and helped the Governor win re-election in Arkansas in 1990 and later joined the informal group that began discussing whether to try a Presidential bid.

Mr. Greenberg said nothing in the past had prepared him for working in a Presidential campaign with a realistic chance to win. "I never had any appreciation for the total absorption," he said. "I spend every minute of my life thinking how to make this happen."

A Political Family

For weeks, he has been conducting a sort of tricornered commute to and from the campaign's headquarters in Little Rock, his consulting offices in Washington and his home in New Haven. His wife, Representative Rosa DeLauro, is running for re-election to Congress.

Representative DeLauro said her husband's research on what appeals to the middle class benefits from the fact that "he is a working, middle-class guy; it's his own background."

Mr. Greenberg said he had no interest in following Mr. Clinton to the White House should the Democrat win. But he said he expected to play a role as a Presidential adviser.

Asked what Mr. Greenberg's post-election plans might be, Mr. Stephanopoulos responded: "I don't know. All he talks about is wanting to go to the beach."

**Graphic**

Photo: Stan Greenberg has come a long way from the academic world of Yale to his role as Mr. Clinton's poll taker and close adviser. Mr. Greenberg spoke with Mandy Grunwald, Mr. Clinton's media adviser. (Monica Almeida/The New York Times)

Chart: "Stanley B. Greenberg"

Born: May 10, 1945.

Hometown: Philadelphia

Current residences: New Haven, and Washington.

Educaiton: Miami University of Ohio, B.A., 1967; Harvard University, M.A., 1968; Ph.D. in government, 1971.

Career highlights: Taught political science at Yale University 1970-79. Research associate/affiliate at Yale 1980-89, including period as visiting professor at Wesleyan University. Coordinator of politics and human-rights research at Rockefeller Foundation 1987-88. Founded Greenberg-Lake research firm with the pool taker Celinda Lake in 1980.

Family: Married to Representative Rosa DeLauro, Democrat of Connecticut. Twin daughters Kathryn and Anna, 24, and son, Jonathan, 20.

Interests: Travel, reading, writing.

**Load-Date:** October 27, 1992

**End of Document**



[***British Racial Attacks Grow, Alarming Minorities***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7RW0-000P-225G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 20, 1992, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 3; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1266 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT,

By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Aug. 19

**Body**

Ruhullah Aramesh fled his native Afghanistan eight months ago, bound for what he hoped would be a better life in England. This month, the 24-year-old immigrant was dead, killed by a group of white teen-agers on a South London street.

Mr. Aramesh, the police said, was the victim of pure racial hatred. Set upon by young toughs after he tried to stop them from harassing a group of female relatives, he was knocked to the ground and repeatedly struck on the head with iron bars, clubs and a sawed-off pool cue.

Five teen-agers have been arrested in the beating, during which, witnesses say, the assailants repeatedly shouted, "Die, you Paki!" Paki is a racial epithet broadly used to refer to immigrants from Pakistan, Bangladesh and other South Asian nations.

In poorer parts of inner London, where one of every five residents is a nonwhite member of an ethnic minority, the killing of Mr. Aramesh has had a numbing effect. It has reinforced the worst fears of those who say immigrants and ethnic minorities, who make up less than 5 percent of Britain's population, are increasingly the target of racial abuse or violence.

Scapegoats for Economic Woe

"Such things seems to happen even more when the economy is bad," said Manibhai Patel, who runs the Asian Community Action Group in Brixton, a South London district where many black and Asian families live. "We are the scapegoats. We are the prey."

Statistics made public by Scotland Yard showed 3,373 incidents of racial assault or harassment in London in 1991, a jump of 16 percent over the previous year. About half involved physical assault.

A national survey by a civil rights group last April similarly concluded that incidents of racial assault reported to police agencies in England and Wales grew by nearly a third between 1988 and 1990, to 6,459.

Civil rights organizations and counselors who work among minority groups here argue that the incidents are the most extreme expression of deep-seated racial tensions tugging at the seams of British society, aggravated by a growing population of nonwhites, many of them new immigrants, and a persistent economic recession that has exacted its heaviest toll among the poor and least educated.

Like America, those tensions are usually most acute in racially mixed, low-income neighborhoods where the competition for scarce jobs and housing is already marked, and where new immigrants from Asia or the West Indies are most likely to concentrate.

Problems Everywhere<HE

"We all know about Rodney King and what happened in Los Angeles," said Afsana Yahiya, who counsels victims of racial abuse in East London. "But the problems are here, they are everywhere, and the more we acknowledge that, the better for all of us."

In some cases, conflicts have been inflamed by racist gangs, including skinheads or others allied with the British National Party, a small but vocal militant group that appeals to the most xenophobic elements within Britain's class-conscious society. Active in ***working-class*** neighborhoods, the group campaigns on the slogan, "Rights for Whites."

Police officers caution that the statistical increase in hate crime may more accurately measure the greater scrupulousness of police and community agencies in keeping track of racist attacks. But civil rights groups say no statistics accurately measure the degree to which ethnic minorities are subjected to racial abuse and intimidation, including physical violence.

"I think any numbers we see seriously understate the degree to which these incidents occur," said Peter Laing of the Congress of Racial Equality. He said one survey in Newham, a London neighborhood, suggested that only one in 20 incidents of racial abuse or assault was reported to the police.

Those incidents involve a wide range of abuse, from physical assault to vandalism, like breaking windows, spraying racist graffiti on walls or pushing excrement through mail slots.

Zakir Khan, a counselor who says he deals with three to four cases of interracial conflict a week from a storefront office in Tower Hamlets, a borough in East London, said many Asian people did not report incidents to the police.

"I have dealt with older Bengalis or Somalis who think if a white person attacks them, it is their right because it is their country," he said. In addition, he said, they are often intimidated by police officers, whom they do not regard as sympathetic.

At the same time, he said, younger Asians, most of them second- or third-generation Britons, are more determined to fight back, and this increases the likelihood of violence.

On the Isle of Dogs, an area in East London where growing numbers of Bangladeshis and Somalis are being resettled in a mostly white public housing project, community workers say racial assaults occur daily.

In recent months, said Ms. Yahiya, who was assigned as the community's first racial harassment case worker in April, troublemakers have poured a bucket of water over the head of a 65-year-old Pakistani man as he was moving into an apartment in an all-white building, beaten up two Bengali men returning from a neighborhood civil rights forum, thrown a pig's head through the window of a local Muslim butcher, and so intimidated members of a Somali family that social agencies say they must relocate them.

Laila Hussein, who immigrated to London two years ago, said her younger brothers and sisters could not play outside their apartment building because some other residents in the mostly white complex had threatened to turn their dogs on them whenever they went outside. "We are all scared and want to leave," Ms. Hussein said.

In the last 25 years, according to Government population data, Britain's combined population of Asians and blacks has more than doubled, from 1.1 million to more than 2.7 million.

Most Nonwhites Are Asian

Nearly 80 percent of those are Asians, including people from the Indian subcontinent, Korea, Southeast Asia and the Philippines. Blacks, who began moving to Britain in large numbers during the 1950's, are mostly immigrants from the West Indies and their descendants.

All together, nonwhites currently make up about 4.9 percent of the overall population of 55.8 million, compared with 2.1 percent in 1966.

While racial attacks involve whites against blacks and, less commonly, assaults by blacks on whites, the greatest increase in recent years has involved assaults by whites, and sometimes blacks, on Asians, the police and civil rights groups say.

Killings are relatively rare. The most highly publicized incident before the attack on Mr. Aramesh was the death two years ago of a 15-year-old black schoolboy, who was killed during a confrontation between white and black youths in Thamesmead, east of London. His 19-year-old assailant was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Woman Set Afire

But this year, there have been several especially violent episodes, including an incident in which an Asian woman waiting for a bus in Ilford, in East London, was set afire by a group that included at least one black and one white teen-ager. She suffered burns over 20 percent of her body.

Superintendent John Jones, a London homicide detective, said that while racism was a clear factor in many of these violent crimes, the heart of the problem "is not color but culture."

"Basically, the people who cause these incidents are half-witted thugs, the same sorts of yobos who beat up people in pubs for no reason at all, or run amok at football stadiums," he said. "For them, a different skin color is just one more reason to pick a fight and beat someone up, and sometimes it gets badly out of hand."

**Graphic**

Photo: Many in Britain fear immigrants and ethnic minorities are increasingly the targets of racial violence. Afsana Yahiya, seated on sofa, who counsels victims of racial abuse in East London, visited the family of Laila Hussein, standing at center, which has been the victim of racial violence. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 20, 1992

**End of Document**



[***SOLIDARITY GROUP IN GDANSK UPSETS MAY DAY PARADE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JT80-0008-N2M2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 2, 1984, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1984 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1218 words

**Byline:** By JOHN KIFNER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WARSAW, May 1

**Body**

Lech Walesa and thousands of supporters slipped into an official May Day parade in Gdansk today and shouted Solidarity slogans as they marched past a reviewing stand. The Communist Party officials on the stand appeared stunned.

An overwhelming number of policemen were deployed to keep supporters of Solidarity, the outlawed independent labor union, from protesting on the traditional workers' holiday, but Western correspondents reported that demonstrations nevertheless developed into street clashes in Warsaw, Czestochowa, Szczecin, Wroclaw and Nowa Huta as well as in Gdansk.

Many Countries Mark Day

The celebrations in Poland were among many around the world to mark May Day, which many countries and labor groups mark as a workers' holiday.

Lech Walesa and thousands of supporters slip into official May Day parade, Gdansk, Poland, and shout Solidarity slogans as they march past reviewing stand; Communist Party officials on stand appear stunned; demonstrations develop into street clashes in Warsaw, Czestochowa, Szczecin, Wroclaw, Nowa Huta and Gdansk despite large police presence; illustration (M)

(In Moscow, Konstantin U. Chernenko presided over the May Day parade in Red Square, a year after his absence from the parade prompted some students of Soviet events to begin writing him off as a force in Kremlin politics.

(Traditionally, the parade in Moscow is as an affirmation of the solidarity of the internatinal ***working class***. But as ranks of marchers poured past the Lenin mausoleum in brilliant sunshine, another theme competed for top billing - the ascendancy of the 72-year-old Mr. Chernenko as party leader and head of state. Page A12.)

Shouts of 'Solidarity!'

In Poland, the most dramatic moment of the day came as Mr. Walesa, the founder of Solidarity, suddenly appeared in front of the reviewing stand in Gdansk, flashing the familiar two- fingered V sign of resistance.

Cheers and shouts of ''Solidarity!'' rose from the crowd. A witness reported that as the provincial Governor, party chief and other ranking officials recognized Mr. Walesa, they seemed stupefied and ''went stiff.''

Moments later riot policemen waded into the marchers in front of the reviewing stand, flailing truncheons.

Where Fighting Started

''I am very, very happy,'' Mr. Walesa, who was spirited out of the crowd, told Western journalists by telephone later.

''This was the most successful May Day in my lifetime,'' he said as policemen with water cannon chased supporters from around his apartment. ''Our march was a great success. We shouted all the slogans, and our banners were shown.''

Street fighting in Gdansk broke out near the former Solidarity headquarters in late afternoon, and the police fired heavy doses of tear gas and made house-to-house searches.

Since the imposition of martial law on Dec. 13, 1981, to crush the independent union movement, Solidarity supporters have tried to mount counterdemonstrations on May Day and have skirmished with the police.

The Government spokesman, Jerzy Urban, described the official events of the day as ''a beautiful demonstration for stabilization and socialist development in Poland.'' He characterized the opposition's efforts as ''pitiful.''

Mr. Urban told foreign journalists at a news conference that ''more participants than expected,'' about eight million, had joined Government-sponsored marches.

Jaruzelski Leads Parade

The marchers in Warsaw were headed by Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, the Prime Minister and Communist Party chief. In many places security forces outnumbered spectators. Mr. Urban said the march lasted five hours, but people who watched said that it was considerably shorter and that state television kept repeating parts of what was billed as its live coverage.

At 10 A.M., just as the official parade was beginning, several hundred people emerged from mass at St. John's Cathedral in the old town and began chanting Solidarity slogans. After about 10 minutes the police, who had been filming the group, sprayed them with a water cannon to disperse them.

Later, a larger gathering near St. Stanislaw Kostka Church, a Solidarity stronghold, was chased with water cannon.

Underground leaflets had called for a demonstration at the Huta Warszawa Steel Mill on the northern edge of the city at 2 P.M. The police saturated the area well ahead of time. At one point, there were 28 police vehicles on one side of the main road and 9, including a water cannon, on the other.

Several thousand people were spread around the lawns and balconies of a large housing project facing the steel mill, and, a little after 2:30, the police charged into the area with water cannon spouting, followed by careening vans and phalanxes of club-swinging men on foot.

Solidarity Flags Unfurled

In Gdansk, however, a procession that witnesses estimated grew to as many as 8,000 people was able to slip quietly into the official parade after a mass at St. Bridget's Church.

Once along the route, they unfurled a banner calling for ''Freedom for Political Prisoners'' and red flags with the Solidarity emblem.

''Lech Walesa!'' they chanted. ''No freedom without Solidarity!''

A club-wielding policeman tried to chase them, but many got back into the parade. A second group, including Mr. Walesa got into the line about an hour later.

Asked about Mr. Walesa's activities, Mr. Urban, the Government spokesman, said, ''I heard that he left his home with the intention of disrupting the parade, but he abandoned the idea when he found no support and went back home.''

Since Mr. Walesa, once a leading figure here, was released in November 1982 from nearly a year in detention, he has had a frustrating time as a leader of Solidarity supporters. Last December, on the anniversary of the dedication of a Solidarity-inspired monument to workers killed in food riots in 1970, he tried to organize a demonstration, but it fizzled in the face of an overwhelming number of policemen.

Clashes in Other Cities

As evening fell in the southern steel mill center of Nowa Huta, about 2,000 demonstrators, most of them young, were reported surrounded in Mary, Queen of Poland Church.

In Szczecin, a crowd estimated at more than 6,000 gathered in St. James Basilica and grew to about 10,000 as it marched through the city before being charged by the police with riot batons and water cannon.

In Czestochowa, a crowd of about 2,000 trying to march from St. Mary's Cathedral to the Shrine of the Black Madonna, Poland's national icon, in the Jasna Gora Monastery was broken up with tear gas and water cannon.

A smaller demonstration in the market square of Wroclaw was also broken up with tear gas, reporters said. Asked how many policemen were deployed, Mr. Urban said, ''The force was not big because persuasion sufficed.''

During the day, many Western journalists, including this correspondent, were stopped or detained by the police, and their notes, films and tapes were confiscated. Among those who were detained or lost material were reporters for The Los Angeles Times, Newsweek and United Presss International and crews from CBS News and other television networks.

There was no official march today in the industrial suburb of Ursus, home of the tractor factory that was a Solidarity stronghold, because, a local resident said, ''no one would come.'' Instead, the main holiday event was a fishing contest.

**Graphic**

photo of Lech Walesa and supporters (page A12)

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[***'This Is Fun, Right?'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5JV1-JDM1-JBG3-61VD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ROBERT DRAPER

Robert Draper is a contributing writer for the magazine. He last wrote about Ted Cruz's strategy to win the White House with evangelical Christian voters.

**Body**

'Have you seen the latest polls? I'm beating Hillary.''

Donald Trump was on the phone with a man he had never met, a Republican delegate in Pennsylvania. It was May 2, one day before the Indiana primary election, and the private plane bearing his last name in gigantic letters was taxiing along a runway at Indianapolis International Airport. Trump proceeded to quote the numbers to the man in Pennsylvania: ahead of Clinton by 2 points in that day's Rasmussen poll, 3 points behind her in the previous week's George Washington University poll. These were the only two national polls at the moment that did not show him lagging behind the Democrat by a wide margin in the general election, but Trump was a businessman who preferred to negotiate using numbers that were in his favor.

''I'd love your support, Phil,'' the candidate said as he squinted at his own handwriting, a scrawl in black marker on a piece of paper. ''You know, you're the only delegate I've talked to. But I saw you on television, and you appreciate what I do -- I won your county by a massive amount, and you're respectful of that, and I just appreciate what you've said: 'Having a moral obligation to support the winner' -- I hadn't heard a delegate say that before.''

Trump thanked the delegate and hung up just as the Boeing 757 took off, en route to a final campaign stop in South Bend. He settled into his plush leather seat, beside a large cardboard box containing various documents relating to the Trump Organization's sundry enterprises. ''It's hard negotiating elevator rates while you're running for president,'' he said. On the table before him were some notes for a speech on law and order prepared by his senior policy adviser, Stephen Miller, who sat behind the candidate around a table with a few other aides, including Trump's campaign manager, Corey Lewandowski. On the more conventional presidential campaigns I have covered -- George W. Bush, John McCain, Mitt Romney -- the candidate's mobile inner sanctum was a hive of activity, the advisers hovering constantly over their boss, rattling off the latest polling data or words of unsolicited advice from a big donor. On Trump's plane, the aides spoke when spoken to and otherwise kept to their labors on their laptops.

Trump's attention was on the large flat-screen TV on which various Fox News pundits were forecasting his probable victory in Indiana's Republican primary the following day and the bleak implications for his opponent Ted Cruz. The Republican contest, they all seemed to agree, was pretty much over. The 69-year-old billionaire now appeared destined to be Clinton's opponent in the general election. The Fox commentators, even the ones who favored Trump, seemed to struggle for the words to convey this eventuality.

The candidate took in the good news with an oddly inert expression. ''Maybe I'll get beat tomorrow,'' he said, for at least the third time that day. Not a single poll had given him cause for worry. But for all his swagger, Trump had an awareness of unseen, deal-breaking contingencies that held his triumphalism in check. He was compulsively superstitious; twice on other plane trips I had seen him toss a few granules of salt over his left shoulder after eating. And here he was, on the day before he would effectively clinch his nomination, calling a single obscure delegate in a state he had already won in a landslide -- an implicit nod to the forces aligned against him before resuming the affect of indomitability.

On the TV, Fox had moved on from the election to footage of the smoky aftermath of a bombing in Baghdad. Trump rose from his seat and walked over to the screen for a closer look. ''Boy, this ISIS,'' he murmured.

I asked Trump if he had ever been to Iraq. ''Never!'' he said, sounding horrified by the thought.

''What's the most dangerous place in the world you've been to?''

He contemplated this for a second. ''Brooklyn,'' he said, laughing. ''No,'' he went on, ''there are places in America that are among the most dangerous in the world. You go to places like Oakland. Or Ferguson. The crime numbers are worse. Seriously.''

It was a stark reminder of what set Trump apart from every other politician in recent memory who had occupied his current position: how little of the world he had seen beyond the archipelago of boardrooms, golf courses and high-rise hotels he inhabited, how utterances that by now would have torpedoed a more normal campaign continued to roll off his tongue with impunity.

That Trump would emerge as the last candidate standing from a field that once included 17 seemed at times unimaginable over the five spasmodic weeks I had spent intermittently in the company of the Trump campaign. More than during any other stretch over the past year, everyone -- at times even Trump and his loyal advisers -- seemed hellbent on denying him victory. Now it was clear that there would be no technicalities, as some had long suspected, to keep the victory from him; no self-administered fatal error, as so many had assumed. No, this was it: the final stage of a process by which Americans accepted that this man, wholly unlike any politician they had ever seen, was going to definitely, not maybe, become the standard-bearer of one of the two political parties of the most powerful nation on earth.

On the TV, the Fox News pundits were speaking consolingly of the soon-to-be-vanquished Cruz's political future. Standing in front of the oversize screen, Trump scoffed: ''I don't think he has much of a future.'' He returned to his seat and proceeded to scratch out a few notes for what would be his final speech as a Republican competing for the nomination.

''This is probably the most successful club anywhere in the world,'' Trump informed me. ''I have the best building and the best location.'' It was early on the evening of March 23 at the wood-paneled bar of Mar-a-Lago, Trump's private resort in Palm Beach, Fla.: an estate that was envisioned after the death of its original owner, the cereal magnate Marjorie Merriweather Post, as a winter presidential retreat and that could conceivably be, by next January, a Trump-trademarked Camp David. Trump strolled in wearing a navy blazer and white dress shirt -- no tie -- and appearing slightly tanner than usual. We were supposed to have met late that morning, to begin my several weeks of following the campaign. But his communications director, Hope Hicks, emailed shortly before the scheduled get-together: ''Something has come up, and the boss is going to be occupied for a few hours.'' I deduced -- correctly, as it turned out -- that Trump had ditched me for a golf game. It was the first sunny day all week, and the previous evening the candidate had crushed Cruz in Arizona, which occasioned some celebration. Now Trump apologized for having kept me waiting. ''Are you going to have dinner with us tonight?'' he asked.

Trump sat down across the table from me and next to Hicks and Lewandowski, who were poring over their smartphones. Opposite them loomed a painting of a much younger Trump in tennis whites. A waiter materialized and poured him a Coke. (Trump says that he has never touched alcohol.)

The month of March had been Trump's best thus far as a presidential candidate. Although he had, early on, privately rated his chances of winning the Republican nomination as one in 10, he now seemed poised to do just that. On March 1, he clobbered Cruz across the South, winning five of the seven primaries in the region that day -- victories that wiped out hope, among the many Republicans who viewed Trump as an apocalyptic threat to their party, that Cruz's support among evangelicals would form a bulwark against the interloper. Two weeks later, Trump decisively won Illinois and North Carolina, and seemed to have squeaked by in Missouri, though the narrow margin there meant that the result wasn't yet official.

More astounding, he won Florida, beating its native son, Senator Marco Rubio, by nearly 19 points and forcing him out of the race. Less than two months earlier, the first-term senator was the Republican Party's favorite son: precocious and upbeat but exquisitely calibrated, never in danger of wandering off-message -- in short, the antithesis of Donald Trump. By early March, Trump had baited him into the tar pit, where he was reduced to questioning the penis size of the man who called him ''Liddle Marco.''

''He was branded beautifully,'' Trump said, slouching contentedly in his chair. He turned to Lewandowski. ''Did they ever announce the results of Missouri?''

''Sir, they're still certifying the counts of the delegates,'' Lewandowski said.

''Am I leading? Have they taken anything away from me?''

''So far you've lost a net of three votes.''

''So when will we know?''

''They're trying to certify this by Friday. They've allocated 25 delegates to you, 15 to Cruz -- there's still 12 out there.''

Trump's brow wrinkled. ''So are they saying I won Missouri by doing that?'' he asked.

''Not yet,'' Lewandowski patiently explained. ''You've won a series of congressional districts. You won five of them, which is 25 delegates. Cruz won three -- so 15 for him.''

Distaste clouded Trump's face. Like most Americans, he had until recently been almost completely ignorant of the obscure mechanics by which a candidate became the party nominee. To win the nomination, he needed the support of 1,237 delegates. Achieving this was not as straightforward as simply winning the most votes in primaries. In each state, lifelong party officials largely controlled the delegate-selection process. This was the Republican establishment's last front in its war against Trump -- and Trump feared, not without cause, that his rivals would resort to whatever connivances were necessary to deny him a 1,237 majority and throw the Republican convention into a melee of multiple balloting and back-room deal-making.

''What I don't like,'' Trump said, ''is Cruz has a guy working for him'' -- his campaign manager, Jeff Roe -- ''that's one of the most powerful guys in Missouri. So when I hear there's a revote'' -- there wasn't, actually -- ''I know too much about politics, so I get it. And I don't like it.''

Cruz was, perhaps, the only candidate as little-liked among Republican Party hands as Trump was, but Trump plainly saw the Cruz campaign's machinations as a reflection of the party establishment's ferocious determination to stop him. It was no secret that many Republicans viewed Trump as an explosive device poised to obliterate in a single blast the party's economic orthodoxy and its ability to project an image of tolerance. Trump himself had vowed to blow up the party's ''rigged system.'' And yet he remained somewhat puzzled as to why the party was so opposed to him. In his view, he had arrived on the scene as something of a gift to the G.O.P. He had attracted to the polls hordes of Americans who had previously given up on the party, or on politics as a whole. Viewers were tuning in to the once-boring Republican debates in ratings-smashing numbers -- and this, he argued, was ''100 percent Donald Trump.'' The party had become too obsessed with ideology. ''One thing I've seen over the years,'' he observed, ''is that the Democrats stick together, and the Republicans eat their young. That's why they lose so many elections. You know, a normal, very nice, very likable Republican would be hard pressed to win.''

Trump did not accept the concern that his more incendiary statements had alienated women and minorities and thereby made him unelectable. ''I'm going to be better to women on women's issues than Hillary Clinton and everybody else combined,'' he would later tell me. Now, sipping his Coke, he cited his moderate-for-a-Republican view that Planned Parenthood was a valuable women's health care organization, albeit one that should not receive federal funding as long as it performed abortions. ''Frankly, for the general election I think that's a very good issue for me,'' he said. ''Structurally, it's very hard, almost impossible, for a heavily conservative Republican to win, because of the Electoral College. Whereas I bring in Michigan. Look at what I did in Michigan -- I won it in a landslide, it wasn't even close. So I bring in Michigan. I maybe bring in New York. Republicans don't even go for the general election to campaign in New York, because there's no chance.''

''Illinois!'' Hicks chimed in.

''I win Illinois,'' Trump said of a state in which, by the latest polling from early March, he was trailing Clinton by 25 points and which a Republican had not won since 1988.

''The reason they did an autopsy of the party,'' Hicks said, referring to the Republican National Committee's internal analysis following the defeat of 2012, ''was because the party was dead! People are accusing Mr. Trump of killing the party -- well, that's already been done. He's bringing the party back to life!''

Trump said: ''By the way, I'm going to do great with the African-American vote. One poll came out saying Donald Trump's going to get 25 percent of the African-American vote.'' Trump was referring to last September's SurveyUSA poll, which has a margin of error of plus or minus 10 percentage points. (In 1960 against Kennedy, Nixon received 32 percent of the black vote. Since then, the highest share of the black vote any Republican nominee has received was Reagan's 14 percent in 1980.) ''And I said, Huh -- why not more? I'm going to do great with the African-Americans. I'm going to bring back jobs. And I've had good relations with them.'' And, he said, ''I'm going to do far better with Hispanics than anyone thought. I have thousands working for me. When this is over, one of my first pictures is going to be me at the Doral'' -- his golf resort near Miami -- ''with a thousand of my people working there, most of whom are Hispanic and all who love Trump.''

As we moved to the patio for dinner, Trump signaled for Lewandowski and Hicks to join us, which seemed to surprise them. We were seated at a table that afforded a view of the beach while also placing the resort's owner in the center of everyone else's attention. Trump accepted the greetings, congratulations and selfie requests with rote magnanimity -- posing for the camera phones, his forced wince of a smile looked as if someone were grinding a shoe into his toe -- before dispatching each well-wisher with an ''Enjoy your evening.'' He regarded the parade of men in salmon- or lime-colored blazers with a flicker of amusement. ''Right out of central casting,'' he said.

Melania Trump joined us on the patio; Trump doted on her throughout the meal, often touching her shoulder or leg and calling her ''baby.'' His eldest son, Donald Jr., sat with his wife at a nearby table, as did Trump's grandchildren and his youngest son, 10-year-old Barron. Melania's soft-spokenness and Lewandowski and Hicks's deferentiality -- both referred to Trump as ''sir'' and ''Mr. Trump'' -- lent the whole tableau an Old World texture, like a Habsburg patriarch in repose. ''This is fun, right?'' Trump exclaimed. ''Really! We're having a good time!''

Sometime after 10, he and his wife rose from the table and said good night. Back in his bedroom just before midnight, he checked his Twitter feed, as he often did when, he told me, he felt the passing urge to ''knock the crap out of'' somebody. Tonight, one of his eight million Twitter followers had tweeted a pair of photographs: a flattering image of Melania alongside one of Cruz's wife, Heidi, with a sort of prune-faced expression, with the caption ''A picture is worth a thousand words'' and the hashtag #NEVERCRUZ. Trump retweeted it from his own account -- his last public statement of the day.

The next morning, a Thursday, Lewandowski drove Hicks and me from Mar-a-Lago to Trump's nearby golf resort in one of the candidate's many cars. ''I'm Corey,'' Lewandowski, in shorts and loafers, explained to the security guard at the entrance. Then, more emphatically: ''With Mr. Trump's campaign.'' The guard eyed him skeptically as we drove past.

Though he was Trump's top aide, Lewandowski was viewed by some political observers in Washington as a glorified body man -- he seldom left the candidate's side, and he lacked the blue-chip credentials usually characteristic of front-running campaign strategists. Lewandowski handled the details, not the vision. He was not a guru. Had he been, Trump, who is his own guru, would not have hired him. In his briefcase, Lewandowski carried a bulky black binder. It contained virtually everything of significance in Trump's political universe: the daily, weekly and monthly master schedules; the full staff list with everyone's contact information; a similar list of the campaign's various contractors; daily talking points for staff and surrogates; a running tally of the delegate count; a list of Trump endorsers; a metrics chart of field activities in each state, including the daily number of calls made and doors knocked; position papers on each major issue; various documents requiring the candidate's signature; and drafts of coming speeches. When he was not taking orders from the candidate, he was on the phone executing them, pacing around with his hand cupped over the receiver like an offensive coordinator furtively calling in plays.

What Lewandowski did have in common with David Axelrod, Karl Rove and other marquee strategists was a romanticized view of his candidate -- one that even Trump, for all his self-regard, didn't seem to share. Lewandowski saw him as a Braveheart-like hell-raiser tilting against a party elite that had not seen fit to embrace either of them. Though Lewandowski had kicked around in the political circles of New Hampshire for much of the past two decades, he had never seen thousands of people turn out to greet a candidate there the way they did his new boss. Nor had he expected the campaigns of more experienced candidates run by better-known consultants to collapse so quickly and spectacularly in the face of Trump's challenge. Today, 15 months into the job, Lewandowski plainly admitted that he was not this campaign's ''architect.'' Instead, he described himself to me as ''a jockey on American Pharoah. You hold on and give him a little bit of guidance. But you've got to let him run.''

Over coffee in the club's sunny dining room overlooking the links, Lewandowski and Hicks joked about the ''toxic infighting'' that some media outlets had claimed was bedeviling the campaign. Its four principals -- Lewandowski, Hicks, the deputy campaign manager, Michael Glassner and the social-media director, Dan Scavino -- were, Hicks insisted, extremely close. They had also been made aware of two things by Trump: There was only one star of the campaign, and there was also only one communications director. Unlike most who held her job title, Hicks did not tend to the campaign's messaging strategy. Nor did Hicks, who is 27, see it as her job to spend evenings sharing off-the-record insights over drinks with the traveling press corps. The rest of the Trump team felt similarly. This, combined with the campaign's unusually long blacklist of media outlets it deemed unfair or unfriendly, had left reporters with few of the usual means of interpreting the campaign's inner doings, requiring them to rely instead on more far-flung sources.

Among those was Trump's longtime adviser Roger Stone, an inveterate mischief-maker in the dark seams of American politics who lived by the credo that, as he put it, ''the only thing worse than being talked about is not being talked about.'' Depending on whom you believed, Stone had either been dismissed by Trump last August or had quit. Trump had also parted company with Stone's former protégé, Sam Nunberg, who worked for Trump from 2011 until last August, when it was disclosed that he had previously posted racist messages about Obama and the Rev. Al Sharpton on his Facebook page. Nunberg no longer spoke to the candidate; Stone remained on good terms with Trump but communicated with him infrequently, usually when Trump called to compliment him on a TV appearance. Both harbored an intense dislike for Lewandowski, who they believed had tried to wall off their access to the candidate -- Stone, whose formative years were spent working for the re-election campaign of President Richard Nixon, described Lewandowski to me as having ''all of Bob Haldeman's negative traits and none of his good ones'' -- and merrily disseminated tales of his imminent professional demise.

Outside Trump World, these whispers dovetailed with a sense in the media and the political class that a campaign that began as an odd novelty was evolving into something darker. Trump's rhetoric had been inflammatory since his announcement speech in June, in which he castigated Mexico for sending ''rapists'' to the United States; in December, after a husband-and-wife team of Islamic State sympathizers shot 35 people in San Bernardino, Calif., he issued a statement calling for ''a total and complete shutdown of Muslims entering the United States until our country's representatives can figure out what is going on.'' Now reports and videos were surfacing of Trump supporters flinging racial slurs and, sometimes, attacking protesters at his rallies. ''If you see somebody getting ready to throw a tomato, knock the crap out of them, would you?'' Trump told a crowd in Iowa on Feb. 1. ''Seriously. O.K.? Just knock the hell -- I promise you, I will pay for the legal fees.''

Then on March 8, Lewandowski grabbed the arm of Michelle Fields, then a reporter for Breitbart News, when she approached Trump at a campaign event at the golf club where we were now sitting, leaving bruises. Fields filed a complaint, and the stories now circulating portrayed a Trump campaign in a state of ''serious existential threat,'' as one Politico article put it. Stone had been quoted in that article, and Nunberg, who would later announce his support for Cruz, had reached out to Fields through an acquaintance and suggested lawyers to her.

Inside Trump World, these matters were regarded as drastically overblown. Trump had no intention of punishing Lewandowski for the Fields incident the way Cruz had thrown his national spokesman Rick Tyler overboard the month before for ill-advised Facebook and Twitter posts. Nevertheless, Trump quietly issued the order that his rally venues for the time being be smaller, and thus more easily controlled, even as he stood by his campaign manager and defended his revolution as a nonviolent one.

At the golf resort, I brought up the more strategic criticism that had been leveled at the campaign, that Trump needed to turn his guerrilla squad into something resembling a more conventional operation, and asked Lewandowski and Hicks how that might happen. ''Ever since we won Nevada, all these guys have been calling us and saying we had to build out the team,'' Hicks said. The campaign's core staffers had received this advice with eye-rolls, recognizing it as a worldview at odds with their own -- and from time to time would draw up imitation organizational charts imagining what an expanded Trump World would look like:

But a small cloud was gathering in the otherwise unblemished sky over Palm Beach. That evening, a Wall Street Journal article by Reid J. Epstein was published online under the headline ''Ted Cruz Gains in Louisiana After Loss There to Donald Trump.'' Epstein wrote that although Trump had won that state's primary, Cruz's team was exploiting the state party's arcane rules to help draw many of the delegates their way.

The man Trump called ''Lyin' Ted'' was running a campaign operation that, in the view of Trump World, wasn't half as brilliant as the media had given it credit for. After all, who had won the evangelical vote in South Carolina? Who had swept nearly all of the South? Who had snatched victory in Missouri from the jaws of Cruz's supposed wizard Roe? Still, Cruz's campaign had found a different way to win.

Trump read the story at Mar-a-Lago the next day. Unnerved, he called Roger Stone. ''Can they really steal this thing from me?'' Stone later recalled Trump asking him.

Stone told him that yes, such a feat was entirely possible.

The last time anyone in the Republican Party had felt the need to prepare for a brokered convention was 1976, when former Gov. Ronald Reagan of California mounted an insurrectionary challenge to President Gerald Ford. Among the operatives managing Ford's short but intense convention-floor fight was Paul Manafort, a 27-year-old protégé of Ford's campaign manager, the future secretary of state James Baker.

Manafort went on to advise several subsequent Republican presidential campaigns, but since the mid-'80s, much of his counsel had been devoted to helping foreign leaders including Ferdinand Marcos and Vladimir Putin's ally in Ukraine, Viktor Yanukovych. Still, with his pinstripe suits and white-shoe deftness, he represented a steady and low-profile contrast to Trump's whippetlike campaign manager. He was also more than 25 years Lewandowski's senior -- a true peer to Trump, who often referred to his traveling entourage as ''the kids.'' As it happened, he lived on the 43rd floor of Trump Tower, and was Stone's former business partner.

At Trump's request, Manafort had dinner the evening of March 24 with the candidate at Mar-a-Lago. Manafort offered his services pro bono -- he was already plenty wealthy, and presumably preferred an optimized blend of influence and independence. Four days later, on the morning of Monday, March 28, members of the campaign staff assembled at the Washington office of Donald McGahn, Trump's campaign lawyer, for a secret meeting. The team conferred for three and a half hours. The manager of Trump's shoestring delegate operation, Ed Brookover, and his deputies Brian Jack and Alan Cobb, began with a review of the campaign's current delegate-hunting status state by state. But midway through the presentation, the discussion spilled over into a deeper examination of the state of the campaign -- of how the candidate's message should be shaped and how his operation should be broadened.

As the newcomer in the room, Manafort was deferential but also pointed in his observations. He told Lewandowski he was taking on a new role now, according to two people present at the meeting. He was bigger than just a campaign manager, he said. Senators would want to meet with him directly, and he should leverage that when he was in Washington. Such leveraging was, of course, exactly the skill of an establishment hand like Manafort, not an outsider like Lewandowski. (A spokesman for Manafort said he did not recall this being said.)

The next morning, March 29, Lewandowski turned himself in to police in Jupiter, Fla., and was charged with simple battery for the incident with Michelle Fields. Ultimately the state attorney for Palm Beach County would decline to prosecute him. What lingered in significance, however, was the complete senselessness of his denial that he had ever touched Fields. (The episode was captured on video.) Instead, Lewandowski had followed the example of his pugnacious boss, which he and Hicks characterized to me during our meeting at Trump's golf resort in Palm Beach: Don't back down. Double down.

Trump, meanwhile, had other problems. He was now campaigning in Wisconsin, where anti-Trump forces were mounting a fierce and skillfully coordinated effort to deny him the nomination at the convention. ''I've never said this before, but if I don't win it on the first ballot, the dishonest establishment will never allow me to win,'' Trump told me aboard his 757 on the morning of April 5. We were departing Milwaukee, where voters were going to the polls, and the Fox News pundits on his TV were dissecting what had been the worst two-week stretch of his young political career -- one that had begun with his campaign manager's arrest.

When one commentator made reference to Trump's recent ''unforced errors,'' Trump said, ''O.K., you can turn the sound down now.'' Scavino obliged.

Referring to the results of the Wisconsin primary that would arrive that evening, Trump asked me, ''What do you think is going to happen?''

''You're probably going to lose,'' I said.

He shrugged. ''I have the whole machine against me.''

Surveying his recent setbacks, however, he allowed that he had perhaps made some mistakes. He had come to regret his decision to retweet the Heidi Cruz photo that night at Mar-a-Lago, which had dogged him for weeks now. ''I could've done without it,'' he gruffly acknowledged. ''Some people were offended.'' I asked him if it was strategically wise to have spent the past week in Wisconsin repeatedly attacking the state's governor, the former presidential candidate Scott Walker -- who, granted, was a Cruz supporter but who also enjoyed an 80 percent favorability rating among the state's Republicans. ''Maybe not,'' Trump mumbled. ''We'll see.''

Then there was his interview the previous week with the MSNBC host Chris Matthews, who asked him whether his pro-life views meant that he also supported criminal penalties for a woman who had an abortion. Trump had replied that yes, there should be ''some form of punishment.'' Now he argued to me, rather unconvincingly, that he had been misinterpreted: ''I didn't mean punishment for women like prison. I'm saying women punish themselves. I didn't want people to think in terms of 'prison' punishment. And because of that I walked it back.'' A more believable explanation, furnished by a senior adviser for the Trump campaign, is this: Trump, a serial non-apologizer, initially saw nothing wrong with his remark and refused to walk it back. Only when every network chief executive and over 100 media outlets besieged the Trump campaign with requests for additional comment on how women should be punished for abortions did the Trump campaign turn to an ally: Chris Christie, whose tenure as the Republican governor of the blue state of New Jersey had given him experience placating both social conservatives and the moderate voters Trump hoped to attract in the general election. A member of Christie's political team helped draft a statement that essentially repudiated Trump's earlier one.

In any other presidential campaign, this string of failures would have cost someone his or her job. But no heads had rolled in Trump World -- a tacit acknowledgment by the candidate, perhaps, that responsibility for the campaign resided in the man with the office on the 26th floor of Trump Tower. The campaign's inner circle remained intact; Hicks now sat directly behind Trump on the plane, pecking away at her laptop alongside Lewandowski, whose eyes were haunted with fatigue and who had lost so much weight recently (15 pounds, he would later tell me) that his blue blazer drooped like a cloak around his shoulders. I asked Trump if his campaign manager's job description had been affected by recent developments. ''Zero,'' he insisted.

That evening Trump lost Wisconsin by 13 points to Cruz. Further setbacks followed in Colorado and Wyoming, where Cruz's team outmaneuvered Trump's in the delegate-apportioning process, as even some of Trump's staff members would concede to me. Lewandowski thought highly of the 1993 Bill Clinton campaign documentary ''The War Room,'' and admiringly regarded Clinton's team as a roomful of ''killers.'' The able but mild-mannered Trump delegate crew, which included Jack, Brookover and Barry Bennett -- all alumni of Dr. Ben Carson's recently shuttered campaign -- did not seem to have the appetite for the jugular that Cruz's team did.

At 8 in the morning on Saturday, April 16, Trump's top staff members convened on the fifth floor of Trump Tower. Ten months into the race, the candidate's headquarters looked more like the dingy redoubt of a soon-to-be-disbanded mayoral campaign than the hypercaffeinated situation room of a presidential front-runner. On ordinary days, no more than eight or 10 staffers inhabited the warehouselike floor, which in the manner of many campaigns was decorated like a politics-obsessed dorm suite: a model White House topped with pink flamingos, life-size posters of John Wayne and Ronald Reagan, an oversize plush lion the team had named Lion Ted. A recent description in New York Magazine of its spartan condition offended the building owner, who protested to me, ''It's this beautiful raw space!'' He conceded that Hillary Clinton's campaign offices in Brooklyn might be better appointed -- ''though she never had my location.''

Manafort and Lewandowski had gathered the team to discuss the campaign's new structure -- which would now have Manafort overseeing the entire delegate operation and Lewandowski the campaign apparatus -- and to introduce its new members, including Rick Wiley, the national political director, previously Scott Walker's campaign manager. The candidate strolled into the conference room. ''Wow, this looks like a professional group of people,'' he said, smiling, according to two sources who were present. ''All right, guys. I need you to go win. And we're going to make sure you have what you need to win.''

After speaking for less than two minutes, Trump walked out. For the rest of the meeting, much was said by everyone in the room, but nothing was decided, because Manafort and Lewandowski had thoroughly opposing visions of how the campaign should be run. The Washington-based strategist believed it was time for Trump to close out the primaries by taking a more scripted, mollifying approach. The campaign manager held to the view that people attended a Trump rally fully expecting the same type of raucous, unpredictable drama they saw at a sporting event. Trump apparently was listening to both men now. But it was not obvious that morning whose view would prevail -- or even which of the two had the authority to give orders. One attendee told me that he came out with no more clarity than he had before the meeting.

When Politico broke the news of the secret meeting two days later, on the evening of April 18, Trump was en route to a campaign rally in Buffalo aboard his smaller Citation X airplane, with Hicks, Lewandowski and Ivanka Trump's husband, Jared Kushner, who was informally advising the campaign. It was the day before the New York primary, and Trump sat in the front of the eight-seater plane. ''I have to think about my speech now,'' he told me, and began composing one on the spot. He leafed through various talking points and issue memos, from which he culled a few ideas that he then scribbled on another piece of paper. Once he was done with the other documents, he tore them in half lengthwise and let the scraps flutter to the floor.

The plane touched down at the airport, and the waiting fleet of black sedans whisked the candidate and his entourage to the city's hockey arena, where the rally would take place. Trump was posing for photographs with campaign volunteers when Hicks's phone buzzed. It was Paul Manafort, calling to try to head off another public-relations controversy.

A woman whom Trump had briefly considered hiring in 2015 to help with communications strategy, Cheri Jacobus, was suing the candidate, his campaign and Lewandowski for libel after Trump tweeted that she had ''begged my people for a job,'' in addition to a few other disparaging remarks. Trump wanted to punch back -- it was what he did; and in Lewandowski's view, the candidate's brawling, politically incorrect impulses were what had made him the front-runner to begin with.

At the candidate's direction, Hicks had prepared a statement chiding Jacobus's threat. Manafort was now on the phone urging Trump not to release the statement. Attacking Jacobus yet again struck him as unnecessary, not to mention a distraction from the task at hand: winning big in tomorrow's primary. It also flew in the face of Manafort's publicly stated vow that his new client would now be evincing a more ''presidential'' affect.

Trump grew more red-faced as he heard Manafort out. Then he said, ''Don't tell me how to [expletive] do P.R.'' He stepped into a private room to fix his hair, then posed for a few more photos with the man who was about to introduce him to the crowd, Rex Ryan, head coach of the Buffalo Bills. That evening, addressing a hockey arena filled with perhaps 17,000 delirious Trumpophiles, he bellowed: ''I don't want to really act more 'presidential' until we win!''

The following evening at Trump Tower, the man who stepped out before the press -- heralded by Sinatra's ''New York, New York'' -- to celebrate his 35-point victory in his home state's primary appeared uncharacteristically subdued. He referred to his vanquished opponent not as ''Lyin' Ted'' but as ''Senator Cruz.'' He held his usual grievances in check. After eight minutes, he departed the lectern without taking any questions.

Manafort had managed to impose a veneer of Beltway respectability on the campaign. More field organizers were now materializing in states like Pennsylvania, where local volunteers had hitherto been left largely to fend for themselves. Supporters who previously received no direction from the campaign before going on TV to expound on the candidate's policies -- ''I just make [expletive] up,'' Representative Duncan Hunter of California confessed to a Trump senior adviser -- were now receiving daily talking points.

But the moment-to-moment decision-making -- where to go, whom to see, what to say and how to say it -- still rested almost exclusively upon the whims of Trump and, secondarily, with the person in his immediate proximity, who was almost always Lewandowski. That became apparent to me on the morning of April 25, the day before the string of Northeastern primaries that would restore Trump's indomitability. The candidate was seated in the front of his Citation as it departed the airstrip of Warwick, R.I. -- a stop that, Manafort and Lewandowski agreed, had been a complete waste of the candidate's time, given that he was ahead of Cruz there by 40 points. But when Trump told Lewandowski, ''I can't just not go there,'' there was little point arguing. Lewandowski began making calls to his advance team on Sunday morning. Some 24 hours later, Trump walked into a sweaty and delirious tented gathering adjacent to a Warwick hotel -- exulting, with customary hyperbole: ''We set this up 12 hours ago! There's thousands outside -- we need a bigger tent!''

Later that day, en route to West Chester, Pa., Trump's thoughts kept wandering afield from politics. He sat with a large stack of newspaper clippings -- some of them with handwritten notes from his daughter Ivanka -- at his feet. To his right sat his 32-year-old son Eric, whom I heard Trump refer to as ''honey.'' He perused some documents relating to a land deal he was considering, pausing to fret over the fate of his friend Tom Brady, the New England Patriots quarterback whose four-game suspension for his role in the Deflategate scandal was upheld that morning by a federal appeals court: ''He should've sued the N.F.L. in Boston at the very beginning.'' He asked Lewandowski whether his campaign schedule would allow him to attend the June 25 grand opening of his Turnberry golf resort on the coast of Scotland.

''If we get to 1,237, you're there,'' Lewandowski said. ''If we're at 1,100, you're going nowhere.'' Trump scowled a bit but did not protest. I was reminded that Trump was still fundamentally a real estate developer with exactly zero previous campaign experience, who had gotten this far by spending only a fraction of what his opponents had and against the wishes of his party -- who was as new to the idea of a Trump candidacy as the rest of us were.

Although his political maturation over the past year had not been altogether linear, it seemed clear that an understanding of what his candidacy meant to his supporters was taking root. Trump seemed aware, despite his insistence that voters of all stripes were drawn to him, that his constituency came chiefly from white ***working-class*** Americans who felt left out of the Obama recovery and cheated by what they saw as a rigged economic system. Playing to this sentiment, he had begun to include in his speeches a litany of dire economic statistics pertaining to whichever state he happened to be visiting at the time. The data, compiled by Sam Clovis and Stephen Miller, senior policy advisers, invariably cited the collapse of that local manufacturing sector over the past two decades. It had become axiomatic in Trump World that wherever jobs had been lost was also where Trump's voters could be found. ''They're great people,'' he murmured back on the plane after the event in Buffalo. ''And they want help.'' His face crinkled in disgust. ''They don't want hope. They want help.''

It was a sobering reminder of the expectations that a President Trump might find on his shoulders come January. But the moment passed, and his mood seemed to regain altitude, the desperate souls on the rope line reaggregating into an adoring mass of victory-assuring, superlative-defying yugeness. ''So you've covered other people -- nobody comes close to this,'' he said. ''Two guys from Fox said they've never seen anything like it.''

We rose upward through the skies in the vehicle Trump referred to as ''just about the fastest plane made,'' eventually passing over the Ferry Point golf course that Trump said he had built faster than anyone else could, and finally toward the great Manhattan skyline that Trump had made even greater -- a taste of what he could do for America, if its great people would only let him.

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[*http://www.nytimes.com/2016/05/22/magazine/donald-trump-primary-win.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/05/22/magazine/donald-trump-primary-win.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: The candidate in his campaign headquarters in Trump Tower. (MM28-MM29)

Clockwise from top left, members of Team Trump: Donald Trump Jr.

Hope Hicks, communications director

Corey Lewandowski, campaign manager

Ivanka and Eric Trump. (MM30-MM31)

Paul Manafort, who oversees the campaign's delegate operation. (MM32-MM33)

Campaign headquarters on May 4, as John Kasich withdrew from the presidential race and made Trump the de facto nominee. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAMON WINTER/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM34-MM35) CHART (MM35)

**Load-Date:** May 22, 2016

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[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Strategy;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7MV0-000P-2324-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Discipline, Message and Good Luck: How Clinton's Campaign Came Back***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7MV0-000P-2324-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By GWEN IFILL,

By GWEN IFILL,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 4

**Body**

In the last three months, Gov. Bill Clinton has transformed the Presidential campaign from a referendum on his character into one on George Bush's Presidency by sticking to a disciplined plan, and the tactic has salvaged the Democrats' hopes of regaining the White House.

The process of burnishing Mr. Clinton's tarnished image began shortly after the June 2 California primary. Top advisers, including James Carville, Mandy Grunwald, Stan Greenberg and George Stephanopoulos, formed a working group to plan their candidate's rehabilitation.

They developed a carefully honed message and organized a campaign of taut, centralized discipline. But beyond that, the process has relied on some major strokes of good luck as well.

"If anybody tells you they knew what was going to happen, they're lying," Mr. Greenberg said.

The Economy and Perot

Indeed, nobody could say for sure in the early spring that the nation's economy would remain sour into the fall. And the Clinton strategists could scarcely have known that President Bush would fail to address it in a convincing way at the Republican National Convention.

Moreover, the independent candidacy of Ross Perot proved valuable. It was a distraction for the press and voters at the time Mr. Clinton was regrouping, and when the Perot campaign collapsed it was a source of support, with its backers turning to Mr. Clinton as the only remaining alternative to the incumbent.

Still, it has not all been luck. Mr. Clinton and his top advisers have missed few chances to take advantage of circumstances and events.

Crucial to the resurrection of the Clinton candidacy was Mr. Greenberg's discovery, through voter surveys, that there were many people who knew little of substance about Mr. Clinton but were receptive to learning more.

Showing His Favorable Side

He also discovered that voters' minds could be changed about the Arkansas Governor once they were presented with favorable information about his family background, his wife and their daughter.

Setting aside the personal issues that had come to define the campaign and might yet derail it -- Mr. Clinton's draft record, his belated admission that he had smoked, but not inhaled, marijuana and accusations of marital infidelity -- the strategists determined to use late-night television shows, televised "town meetings" and pop culture magazines to reach voters directly. This way, they could pierce the veil of conventional, and more critical, news reporting.

The results are best shown in the poll-takers' measurements. In June, when Mr. Perot was still in the race and after Mr. Clinton had clinched the Democratic nomination, more than twice as many voters responding to a New York Times/CBS News survey viewed him unfavorably, 40 percent, as did favorably, 16 percent.

By last week, the Times/CBS poll showed that 36 percent viewed Mr. Clinton favorably, while 28 percent had unfavorable impressions.

In the six weeks between the California primary and the Democratic National Convention, Mr. Clinton appeared on Arsenio Hall, MTV, morning talk shows and the cover of People Magazine.

Image of a Family Man

His strategists were so determined to play up the image of Mr. Clinton as a family man that it rejected People's plan to feature only Mrs. Clinton on the cover. Instead, shoppers at checkout stands across the country saw the whole Clinton family pictured.

Talk show hosts and their viewers learned about the house Mr. Clinton lived in -- briefly, it turns out -- that lacked indoor plumbing, and the jobs he held to put himself through school. They learned he was born to a single mother and battled an abusive and alcoholic stepfather.

"Some of it was smart," Mr. Greenberg said of the series of events that led to the Clinton comeback. "Some of it was accident."

One accident was that Mr. Clinton introduced his economic plan in a period when voters were being alienated by the static of the feud between Mr. Bush and Mr. Perot.

"They learned in vague ways that he had an economic plan," Mr. Greenberg said, "but the most important thing they learned was that he worked for what he got in life. The same set of facts look very different if it's a ***working-class*** kid instead of a rich kid."

'A Strategic Dictator'

The plan to begin a grass-roots media assault was, by most accounts, the brainchild of Ms. Grunwald. Mr. Greenberg used his surveys to expose the soft spots in the psyche of the electorate. And Mr. Carville took over the strategic end of the campaign, emphasizing discipline above all else.

"It's not like we're flying blind anymore," one Clinton strategist said. "Campaigns demand benevolent dictatorships, and this one has it. James has become a strategic dictator."

The campaign moved to a new headquarters here in Little Rock, where top officials work 18-hour days, eat hearty lunches at a restaurant named "Your Mama's" that specializes in mashed potatoes and meatloaf, and plot a hungry strategy.

Unlike typical Presidential campaigns, the Clinton effort is run entirely from the headquarters, not from a peripatetic campaign plane. What the candidate does on the plane and on the bus, from scheduling to message, is driven by decisions made at the 7 A.M. meetings here led by Mr. Carville.

Changing Personalities

As the strategic plan hardened, personalities rose and fell. Mickey Kantor, the campaign chairman, returned to the strategic periphery, planning for debates and acting as liaison to party leaders. David Wilhelm's role evolved into that of a political director who runs the state operations. And Susan Thomases, the New York lawyer who is close to the Clintons, took over scheduling, a pivotal position that touches many areas of the campaign. Overseeing the communications, polling and media strategy was Mr. Stephanopoulos.

Once this structure was in place the campaign was poised to take advantage of circumstance. The best day of the campaign was July 16, when Mr. Perot dropped out of the race on the last day of the Democratic convention.

Another potent lift materialized when Mr. Clinton selected Senator Al Gore of Tennessee as his running mate. Strategists naturally planned for Mr. Gore to help the ticket, but not to the degree that polls now show he did.

"Gore was reinforcing," Mr. Greenberg said of the addition of the Senator and his family. "If you assume that the primary process did not allow Bill Clinton to be known, the Vice-Presidential process, rather than to balance him, needed to reinforce him."

Joint Appearances

Campaign officials suggest this was a happy accident, one they were quick to exploit with bus tours and joint appearances at every opportunity.

"If we do only a competent job of keeping the campaign focused on the economy, we're prepared to let the chips fall where they may," said another top adviser, Eli Segal. "As long as we keep the debate on the issues, George Bush has nothing to say."

The Democratic nominee has now rebuilt his campaign from the bottom up, from the nuts and bolts of installing an efficient phone system at the headquarters here to the creation of a strategic hierarchy that has spent the week making a series of aggressive attacks on Mr. Bush.

From Michael S. Dukakis's campaign in 1988 the leaders have learned the value of speedy response. And from last winter's bouts with "character" questions they have learned the value of pre-emptive strikes.

Running a Close Race

Mr. Clinton's strategists have concluded from the experience of 1988 that this year's race will be won narrowly if it is to be won at all.

"Two months ago, whenever I made a speech to fund-raising group, I would say, 'We can win, so stick with us,' " said Mr. Segal, the Boston businessman and veteran Democratic party worker who is the campaign's chief of staff. "Now I say, 'We can lose, so stick with us.' "

For Clinton partisans, the difference is that they now believe they can fight for the Presidency on their own terms. They are not yet cocky, but nearly so.

"For the last couple of months we were running against ourselves," Mr. Greenberg said recently. "We're running against George Bush now. It's a different campaign now."

**Load-Date:** September 5, 1992

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[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: The Voters;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7890-000P-249N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Apathy Leads the Ballot In Struggling Gary, Ind.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7890-000P-249N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By DON TERRY,

By DON TERRY,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** GARY, Ind., Oct. 23

**Body**

In this city of abandoned stores and hard-to-remember good times, the Presidential campaign seems as far away as prosperity.

One of the only political posters up in downtown these final days is four years old and says, "Ministers for Jesse Jackson for President."

The sign hangs above an empty storefront.

Gary is part of the America many here say the candidates have apparently written off: a struggling, largely minority urban center, surrounded by richer and whiter suburbs. There is a quiet concern here that "black folks aren't on the priority list," said France Scurlark, a 75-year-old retired steel worker.

In Gary, there are very few Reagan Democrats, the white ***working-class*** voters the candidates have been chasing after like love-sick teen-agers. Those voters left town a long time ago, and the candidates have not been anywhere near Gary in years.

"Gary essentially is a black city," said Solomon Cameron, who has lived here for all of his 59 years. "Politicians have always taken black people and our votes for granted. This year is no different. Yes, I'd say, 'This is part of forgotten America.' "

But like people up and down Broadway, Gary's battered main street, Mr. Cameron said he would vote for Gov. Bill Clinton on Nov. 3. He is supporting Mr. Clinton not because the candidate has touched him with his vision for the future but because Mr. Clinton is not Ross Perot or President Bush.

Mr. Clinton may win by default.

"Perot is a comedian, and I think even less of the President," Mr. Cameron said. "That leaves me with one choice."

Despite the surface indifference to the election here, Richard G. Hatcher, Gary's former Mayor and now a law professor at nearby Valparaiso University, predicted a 70 percent turnout in the city.

"Gary needs a friend in the White House," said Mr. Hatcher, a Democrat. "Just the possibility that Clinton might be that friend will encourage a lot of people to come out and vote."

But Linda Harris, a 35-year-old clerk at So-Fine Fashions, said that although she would cast a ballot for Mr. Clinton, he would lose votes because he is taking blacks for granted.

"He's assuming because we're all tired of Bush, that we're going to vote for him," she said. "A lot of folks around here say they're not going to vote."

The support for Mr. Clinton, whether soft or solid, does not appear universal in this overwhelmingly black and Democratic city. Richard Taylor, 62, said he would vote for Mr. Bush. "I liked how he handled the gulf war," he said.

'Bush Is the Man'

"These are tough times, and we need a man who can make tough decisions," said Mr. Taylor, a retired steel worker and former Marine who saw combat in Korea. "Bush is the man."

Outside of Gary and Northwest Indiana, Mr. Taylor will have more company. Indiana is the home state of Vice President Dan Quayle and has traditionally been a Republican stronghold in Presidential elections.

This, of course, is no traditional year. While Mr. Bush was nine percentage points ahead of Mr. Clinton in an Indianapolis Star poll in August, a similar poll taken Oct. 4-7 found support for Mr. Clinton at 42 percent, Mr. Bush at 41 percent and Mr. Perot at 8 percent. The poll of 803 likely voters had a margin of error of plus or minus three and a half percentage points, which meant that the major candidates were in a virtual tie.

Here in Gary, Mr. Perot is discounted by many, but not all. Jacqueline Jones, a shop owner, said she would support him because "the economy is the most important issue and he's a businessman, not a politician."

'Nothing Ever Changes'

"But I really don't believe our votes matter," she said. "Nothing ever changes. The candidates couldn't give a hoot about Gary or any other urban area. We're being pushed to the side. I see a lot of apathy. People are disenchanted."

Those last sentiments were frequently repeated here in more than two dozen interviews, whether the voices belonged to middle-class blacks like Mr. Cameron and Mrs. Jones or to poor, struggling blacks like Nathan Davis, 47, and his friend Robert Hopkins, 28, who sell peanuts on the corner to survive.

In many respects, the concerns here sound like the concerns heard across the country, in leafy suburbs and in inner-city housing projects. The economy and jobs top the list, followed by health care, affordable housing and education.

But the worry about the future seems deeper in America's Garys because the residents often live so much closer to the edge. Here on Broadway, people also listed homelessness, police brutality and racial discrimination as important issues, issues that many said were being ignored.

"I think whoever has the money gets the consideration," said Yolanda Thornton, 29, as she waited for a bus. "We don't have it. As a black person, you get used to it. That's life for us."

There is plenty of pride and potential in Gary: beautiful beaches, fine lakefront homes and a short commute to Chicago. But there is not much else. There is no hotel, no major department store, no movie theater for Gary's 116,646 residents, 80 percent of whom are black.

While the state unemployment level was 5.9 percent in August, the most recent statistics available, Gary's unemployment rate was 12.2 percent. The steel mills that gave birth to Gary at the turn of the century and helped build much of the country have shrunk. One mill employed more than 25,000 people in the 1970's; now it employs 7,500.

Mary Fry can remember -- though the memory is fading -- when downtown Gary was bustling and confidence in tomorrow billowed into the sky with the smoke from the mills. She still works for a steel company and has raised two children here.

"There used to be around election time a whole lot of activity, but this time it's dead," she said, adding, "A lot of people just give up."

She, however, will not give up, she said, because "my children are grown, but I still have to worry about their future."

A few blocks away, Daniel Golden Jr., 22, was busing tables at his father's fast-food restaurant. He said he did not think black voters were being ignored by his choice for President, Mr. Clinton.

"Everybody here is for Clinton," Mr. Golden said. "So he doesn't have to worry about us. We're going to vote for him regardless. There's no other choice."

That is how Dionne Eallard, 27, said she felt: left without a choice.

"Blacks are in limbo," she said, turning from her desk in the finance department at City Hall. "It's been going on for so long. Ever since I've been able to vote, there hasn't been a Presidential candidate I would vote for or wear their button. Jackson inspired me, but I knew it was a no-win situation."

She said she would reluctantly vote for Mr. Clinton.

**Graphic**

Photos: "Politicians have always taken black people and our votes for granted." said Solomon Cameron, left. "A lot of folks around here say they're not going to vote," said Linda Harris, right, a clerk at a local apparel store. Ms. Harris spoke about the election with Theda Bostic, a customer. Four-year-old signs left over from the Presidential campaign of the Rev. Jesse Jackson are the only political posters in evidence this election year in the nearly deserted streets of downtown Gary, Ind. (Photographs by Steve Kagan for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 1992

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[***The Funniest Italian You've Probably Never Heard Of***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TV6-CWV0-007F-G1JD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2948 words

**Byline:** Roberto Benigni

By Alessandra Stanley;

Alessandra Stanley is the Rome bureau chief for The New York Times.

By Alessandra Stanley;  Alessandra Stanley is the Rome bureau chief for The New York Times.

**Body**

The funniest man in Italy appeared to be talking, quite solemnly, about American dentistry. "Mandelbaum," Roberto Benigni said, breathing the name reverently. "Some of the best dentists in the world are American." Few would argue the point, but it seemed an odd topic for an Italian comic whose knowledge of the United States is limited. His teeth, moreover, are even and unblemished.

"American dentists are extremely important," Benigni continued in rapid-fire Italian, sitting in a hotel garden in Rome. "They have influenced contemporary poetry a lot. They have a perspective that is very fresh and modern compared to the older texts."

Not "dentista." Dantista. The Italian word for Dante scholar. Mandelbaum is Allen Mandelbaum, a poet whose translation of "The Divine Comedy" is widely used in American universities, and Benigni is a passionate Dantista who, as a youth in Tuscany, could recite the entire "Divine Comedy" by heart. He recently gave an outdoor recital in Florence of the Fifth Canto of the "Inferno" before a rapt audience of 16,000.

Benigni looked a bit reproachful when told of the initial confusion, then laughed delightedly. Dumb misunderstandings, after all, have been at the core of some of his most popular movies, hugely successful slapstick farces like "Il Mostro" ("The Monster") and "Johnny Stecchino" -- movies confected around Benigni's naive, hapless and hopelessly bumbling screen persona.

Until now, that is. His latest movie, "La Vita Bella" ("Life Is Beautiful"), is about as abrupt a departure from his previous movies as can be imagined. It is a comedy set during the Holocaust. Benigni, who also directed and co-wrote the film, plays Guido, an assimilated Italian Jew in Arezzo who is deported, along with his 5-year-old son, to a German concentration camp. To hide and protect the boy, Guido playfully works to convince him that the horrors of their concentration camp are all part of an elaborate game.

It is as risky a premise as a popular comic can undertake. So far, however, the gamble has paid off. Despite initial grumbling from some critics, the movie instantly became a hit in Italy. "Titanic" sold more tickets, but an Italian polling firm found that 30 percent of Italian women would like to take a trip with Roberto Benigni; only 20 percent preferred Leonardo DiCaprio.

Elsewhere, "La Vita Bella" was something of a sleeper. It was accepted only at the last minute by the Cannes Film Festival, then astonished everyone by winning the Prix du Jury. At the presentation ceremony, Benigni shed all piety and reverted to his usual manic, bubbling self, sprawling on the floor in front of a startled Martin Scorsese, who led the jury, kissing his feet, then leaping up to kiss every member of the jury.

Benigni has since shown his film in Israel, where it was so acclaimed that Ehud Olmert, the Mayor of Jerusalem, awarded him a medal of recognition that was roughly akin to the keys to the city. In the United States, where the film opens next week, it is likely to be an Oscar contender for best foreign language film.

At 45, Benigni has bounced from one success in Italy to another since he first began drawing crowds to his risque one-man shows in small experimental theaters in Rome in the early 1970's. The Italian film business has been in an artistic and commercial slump these past several years, overshadowed by the popular American imports -- except for Benigni, who is the country's biggest star and top moneymaker. His 1991 movie, "Johnny Stecchino," grossed more than $30 million, outselling "Robin Hood" and "Terminator II." In 1994, "Il Mostro" outdrew "The Lion King" and "Forrest Gump."

But with the American release of "La Vita Bella," it is not at all clear whether Benigni can make the leap to success in a country that only a handful of European actors have conquered. And this film is not Benigni's first attempt to seduce American audiences. He appeared in Jim Jarmusch's 1986 cult film "Down by Law" and, in 1993, "Son of the Pink Panther," a limp eighth sequel to the Peter Sellers classic. "Johnny Stecchino," a farce about a doltish school-bus driver who is the uncanny double of a murderous Mafia don, was heavily promoted in the United States but fell flat.

As Benigni works to recast himself as a more serious comic, he seems both tempted and bemused by Hollywood. "After the Jarmusch movie, I got a lot of offers from Hollywood," he says. "Americans are generous. Disney asked me to stay and write for them. They took me around the studio, showed me early drawings of Pinocchio, but what could I do there?" He starts laughing. "Even Warner Brothers came after me. A studio executive wearing a lapel pin with Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck pointed to it and said that if I wrote for them, my face would be on the pin right next to Daffy Duck."

Still, Benigni says, "I would love to do great things in America." He admits, though, that his shaky English sometimes gets in his way. Tim Burton sent him the script for "Beetlejuice," which he rejected after he heard the title translated. "They said it meant spremuta di scarafaggi, and I said, 'Yuck, no thanks."' He beams with mock grandeur and adds: "Look what that film did for Michael Keaton. I could have been Batman." He pauses. "Well, maybe Robin."

Sometimes compared to Woody Allen (mostly because he stars in and directs his own movies, is slight, reads highbrow books and wears glasses off-camera), Benigni is actually the un-Allen -- there is no detectable angst or self-loathing in either his comic persona or personal psyche. He is not insecure, neurotic or even overly neat. Happily married to Nicoletta Braschi, 38, the actress who stars opposite him in all his films, Benigni is the rare example of a comedian who seems genuinely content behind the performance mask.

"On the outside he could appear insecure, but inside he was always enormously confident," says Giuseppe Bertolucci, one of Benigni's early mentors and collaborators, who is a filmmaker and younger brother of Bernardo Bertolucci. "The great gift of all actors is the capacity to like themselves, a certain narcissism that the rest of us don't have. He had an extraordinary sense of what he should and shouldn't do."

At first, even Benigni wasn't sure he should take on the Holocaust. "You never know how ideas come, but I had this strong desire to put myself, my comic persona, in an extreme situation," Benigni says. He and his co-writer, Vincenzo Cerami, were brainstorming one winter day in 1995 at the small, melancholy ***working-class*** trattoria in Rome that is their preferred hangout. "I said, 'Well, the ultimate extreme situation is the extermination camp, almost the symbol of our century, the negative one, the worst thing imaginable."' As soon as he said it, Benigni recalls, both men recoiled in horror.

Benigni then stood up and improvised a scene of a father trying to reassure his son by extravagantly ridiculing the idea that Germans would make buttons or soap from the remains of prisoners. From that first sketch, which ended up in the film, the rest of the story flowed.

It took them another year to summon the confidence to proceed. They read Holocaust books and studied documentaries, as well as "Schindler's List" and "The Great Dictator." (Benigni, who is increasingly described as Chaplin-esque, is openly in Chaplin's debt: the number he wears on his concentration camp uniform in the film is the same one Chaplin wore when playing the Jewish barber in "The Great Dictator.") Benigni also sought the counsel of Jewish historians and Holocaust experts, seeking to lend his film historical authenticity and himself moral support for a project that could easily strike audiences as sacrilege in the worst possible taste.

The risk of career-crushing failure was, after all, quite real. "The Great Dictator," Chaplin's 1940 satire of Hitler, may well have been a masterpiece, but that was Chaplin. Then there was Jerry Lewis. In 1971, when Lewis's career was at a nadir, he filmed "The Day the Clown Cried," about a German clown enlisted by the Nazis to distract wailing children destined for the gas chamber. Lewis's performance was reportedly ghastly and the movie was never released. According to Shawn Levy, a Lewis biographer, the sole complete copy is in a vault in Lewis's home.

"I know about this," Benigni says quietly. "But still I would so much like to see it, because Jerry Lewis is, he is, well, bello."

The concept for Benigni's movie did not fall entirely from thin air. Over the past several years, the Jewish experience has become a hot topic in Italy. Memoirs by Italian Holocaust survivors are in every bookstore, as are books about Yiddish humor and culture; there are numerous conferences and exhibitions about the Holocaust and Jewish life. Benigni, who is not Jewish, had already steeped himself in the works of Primo Levi and Isaac Bashevis Singer. (Years ago, he wooed his wife by telling her Singer stories.) As he cast about for a new film subject, he could hardly help absorbing the Zeitgeist.

Part of the inspiration was more personal. Benigni's father was a poor Tuscan farm worker who served in the Italian cavalry in Albania during World War II and ended up in a German labor camp when Italy changed sides in 1943. For two years, Luigi Benigni was nearly worked and starved to death, and weighed 80 pounds when he was released.

What shaped Benigni's thinking about "La Vita Bella" was not just his father's experience but the way he described it. "Night and day, fellow prisoners were dying all around him," he says. "He told us about it, but as if to protect me and my sisters, he told it in an almost funny way -- saying tragic, painful things, but finally his way of telling them was really very particular. Sometimes we laughed at the stories he told."

Now 79, Luigi Benigni still tells those stories, still mixes the chilling details with whimsical ones. "We were forbidden to talk to women," he recalls. "There were Czechs, Poles, Russians in there with us, but the sign over the door that said 'Those who attempt to speak to women will be severely punished' was written only in Italian." He smiles slyly. "The Germans knew how much Italians like to expletive ."

Benigni's parents live in the small town of Vergaio, one block from the modest stucco house his father built in 1960; they now have a larger house, which Benigni bought them in 1992 so his mother, Isolina, could have a garden. His childhood friends never left home, and Benigni returns often to see his parents and play cards with his old cronies. "If there were anger in Roberto, it would be the atavistic rage of the hungry peasant, but actually, there is no anger in him," says Franco Casaglieri, 46, who has known Benigni since elementary school. "He is not unhappy. He is a channel of joy. I don't know where it comes from, but he transmits it."

He was the only boy in the family, baby brother to three doting older sisters, growing up in a rural community united by postwar poverty. In their first house, near Arezzo, the medieval town where "La Vita Bella" is set, the family didn't have running water, a toilet or electricity. Even when they moved to Vergaio, when Benigni was a child, there was no television or pocket money. In the summers, he and his closest sister, Anna, could not afford movie tickets, so they would sneak onto the field behind the town's outdoor movie screen and watch westerns and gladiator films backward.

Gifted in school, Benigni was a precocious performer who at age 5 would climb on top of the bandstand during a break in summer outdoor dances and tell jokes. The Benignis, like everyone else in town, voted for the left; social life revolved around the Communist Party clubhouse. Urged on by his father, the teen-age Benigni quickly mastered a local pastime, competitions in ottava rima, in which two people debate while improvising the eight-line rhyming verse that has been a Tuscan tradition since the 13th century. The whole village would gather to watch their favorites compete. "The audience would throw them a theme," Benigni recalls. "America versus Russia. The guy who played the American would always let the Russian win to get more applause."

Benigni went to a rural elementary school until a local priest took note of the boy's intelligence and enrolled him in a Jesuit school in Florence. The 1966 floods closed the school and he dropped out to work as a magician's apprentice in a traveling circus. He ended his education in an all-female secretarial school and, in 1972, made his way to Rome, falling in with actors trying to make their mark on experimental theater. Giuseppe Bertolucci saw he had a raw talent and helped tame it, transforming Benigni's funny stories about Vergaio into a monologue. In 1977, they made a satiric coming-of-age movie that took Benigni's boyhood to comic extremes -- it is heavy on political message and puerile masturbation jokes.

An autodidact, Benigni absorbed the classics out of love -- and, as Bertolucci points out, to lend legitimacy to his extremely lewd monologues. It didn't always work: he was repeatedly threatened with obscenity charges, and was fined and given a one-year suspended sentence in 1980 after mocking Pope John Paul II.

As dangerous as his stand-up comedy may have seemed at one time, Benigni is, in person, almost alarmingly good-natured and eager to please. When explaining why he agreed to star in Blake Edwards's "Son of the Pink Panther," Benigni praised Edwards as the equal of Billy Wilder, then swiftly backtracked after the interviewer smiled skeptically at the analogy. "O.K., yes, there is a difference," he said. "I say Billy Wilder because he is the greatest of all, but in the American school, Edwards is a great comedic director."

His favorite adjective is bellissimo, which he applies with equal relish to describe Fellini, Cary Grant in "North by Northwest," Robert Frost's poetry, gin rummy and the extravagant catering trucks on the set of "Asterix et Obelix," a new French film in which he plays a small part opposite Gerard Depardieu.

Most often, he applies the adjective to his wife. "What I love best about her is that she is a woman who really knows how to laugh," he says. "It sounds banal -- 'she has a great smile' -- but no, but no, it's her laugh, it's different, she really knows how to laugh."

It is the perfect encomium for a comedian's spouse, of course. Their romance began when he cast her in 1983 as the Virgin Mary in the first film he directed, "Tu Mi Turbi" ("You Move Me"). They married in 1991 and now live in a spacious apartment in the Aventino, a lush, exclusive residential neighborhood near the center of Rome.

In his spare time, the restless Benigni is a passionate, ruthlessly competitive card player. He is also addicted to other games of skill. Among his playmates he counts the Italian novelist and semiotics professor Umberto Eco, whom he befriended 15 years ago when they engaged in a fierce ottava rima competition that lasted for weeks. They still trade complicated riddles and recondite guessing games by mail.

Benigni, whose merciless ridicule of the former conservative Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi is credited with contributing to his political demise, has long been a darling of the left. But now that Italy has a center-left Government led by a down-to-earth economist, leftist intellectuals are suffering from post-ideological angst; they accuse the Government of buonismo -- "goody-goodyism." And because Benigni has not attacked the current Government, he, too, has been tarred with the same brush.

Some of his critics complain that "La Vita Bella" is the triumph of buonismo. "Benigni is very simpatico, but he is self-indulgent and so politically correct," complains Giuliano Ferrara, the editor of Il Foglio, a maverick conservative Roman newspaper that has led a relentless campaign against Benigni. "There is this tendency to make the Holocaust banal with easy tears and narcissism. There is no intellectual rigor, just sentimentality." Benigni, Ferrara says, has overstepped his talent. "It's like Bill Cosby trying to do Off Broadway. Benigni is a good entertainer, and that is what he should stick to."

Benigni is certainly one of Italy's most ambidextrous entertainers, one who boasts the rubbery physical agility of a silent movie actor and the verbal pyrotechnics of a young and wired Robin Williams.

In his most popular movies, the gags are mostly physical: one of the memorable moments in "Il Mostro," in which he plays a ***working-class*** loner mistaken by homicide detectives for a serial killer, is quite literally a seltzer-down-the-pants joke: he drops a lighted cigarette down his pants, and manically tries to put out the fire with Perrier. Through the lens of grainy black-and-white police surveillance cameras, Benigni battling with his crotch looks suspiciously like a sex maniac unbound.

Until now, his Italian comedies have all been quite similar, and it seemed as if Benigni had reached a plateau. That creative restlessness led to "La Vita Bella."

Flush with the attendant acclaim, Benigni has begun to express an almost messianic belief in his movie. "I didn't want to make a movie about the Holocaust -- I wanted to make a beautiful film," he says. "But if this film has even in a tiny way helped get people to talk about this subject, to feel the absurdity and the incomprehensible folly.. . ." Benigni pauses, searching for his words. "And if we can talk about it and also even smile about it, not sneeringly, but to naturally make fun of it, to smile at the Holocaust, we will be able to get over it, even though I can't say if it is wrong or right to get over it, but it has to be done somehow."

**Graphic**

Photos: (Photograph by Gene Pierce); Life is beautiful: Scorsese presents Cannes's Prix du Jury to Benigni. (Photograph by Stephane Cardinale/Sygma)

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[***Cradle for Serious Grooving***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RR7-79G0-TW8F-G06H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section E; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 1; WEEKEND EXPLORER

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**Byline:** By JOHN STRAUSBAUGH

**Body**

IT'S 7:30 on a weekday evening, and the Josie Robertson Plaza at the heart of Lincoln Center is crowded. Slender teenagers from Juilliard's ballet program, hair still up in tight ''bunhead'' knots, dart like gazelles toward the New York State Theater, where City Ballet is about to perform. They cut through the older operagoers flowing toward the Metropolitan Opera House. Film fans stroll diagonally across the plaza, heading to the Walter Reade Theater.

The mood is cooler at Jazz at Lincoln Center nearby in the Time Warner Center. In Dizzy's Club Coca-Cola, musicians play against the backdrop of the club's wall of windows, offering patrons at the bar and small tables a spectacular view of Columbus Circle at night.

This kind of activity has characterized the neighborhood since the 1960s. But long before President Dwight D. Eisenhower broke ground for the Lincoln Center performing arts complex in 1959, the area from Columbus Circle through the neighborhoods called Lincoln Square and San Juan Hill was already something of an arts center. Jazz and opera and rock 'n' roll, Shakespeare and Ibsen and musical theater, the visual arts and the invention of the Charleston all happened there.

Lincoln Square, the area from Columbus Circle and West 59th Street up to West 72nd Street, between Central Park and the Hudson River, is now thick, and becoming thicker, with giant middle-class residential complexes and soaring commercial towers. Lincoln Center is undergoing a rebuilding, including extensive renovations to Alice Tully Hall and the Juilliard. The goal is completion in 2009.

In the early 20th century, however, Lincoln Square's streetscapes hugged the ground with rows of tenements and brownstones, punctuated by warehouses and industrial lofts. Its residents were mostly ***working class*** and poor, with a notable contingent of artists and bohemians. On its eastern fringe stood a variety of theaters and music halls.

Squeezed into the middle, roughly from 59th to 65th Streets between Amsterdam Avenue and the 11th Avenue railroad tracks, was San Juan Hill, one of the largest black neighborhoods in Manhattan before the rise of Harlem.

On an icy, blustery December morning, I toured San Juan Hill with the historian Marcy Sacks, author of ''Before Harlem: The Black Experience in New York City Before World War I'' (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2006). We stood outside two of the neighborhood's last old houses, 242-244 West 61st Street, with new construction looming beside them.

In the early 1900s the reformer Mary White Ovington observed that San Juan Hill's ''tall, monotonous tenements'' were ''the worst type which the city affords.'' Up to 5,000 people lived jammed into a single block; beds were often used in shifts, shared by boarders.

Ms. Sacks explained that the neighborhood might have been named to honor the United States Army's black 10th Cavalry, which fought at the battle of San Juan Hill during the Spanish-American War in 1898.

But, she said, ''the more accepted story is that it really reflected the violence and the tension that were going on constantly in this neighborhood between black residents of San Juan Hill and the Italians to the north and the Irish to the south in Hell's Kitchen.''

A century ago that fighting was constant, from small territorial skirmishes along the black-white dividing lines to full-scale street warfare. ''Race Rioters At It Again,'' read a headline in The New York Times in 1905; ''Bullets and Bricks Fly in Race Riot,'' read another, in 1907.

At the same time, ''there was a great and thriving night scene going on in San Juan Hill,'' Ms. Sacks said. ''In the basements of a lot of tenements were clubs that ranged from really cheap dives to higher-level, higher-scale clubs.'' They included poolrooms, saloons, dance halls and bordellos. ''On any given Friday or Saturday night there could be some major partying happening,'' she said.

In 1913 the pianist James P. Johnson was playing at a West 62nd Street club called the Jungles Casino. Black sailors and dock workers from the nearby waterfront, many of them from the Carolinas and other Southern coastal states, frequented the club and did what Johnson later recalled as ''wild and comical'' dances. One particular style inspired him to write an accompanying song.

In 1923 Johnson's musical revue ''Runnin' Wild'' had its premiere at the Colonial Theater on Broadway between West 62nd and 63rd Streets, site of the Harmony Atrium since 1979. It featured the song and dance from the Jungles Casino that became synonymous with the Roaring Twenties: the ''Charleston.''

The New Colonial also brought Fred and Adele Astaire to its stage and, in 1910, Charlie Chaplin, performing in a British farce, ''The Wow-Wows.''

Phil Schaap, the jazz historian and curator of Jazz at Lincoln Center, said jazz took a big leap in popularity in January 1917, when the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (also spelled ''Jass'' at the time) came from Chicago to play at Reisenweber's Cafe, one of the large, popular lobster palaces of the era, which stood at the southwest corner of West 58th Street and Eighth Avenue.

''Within two weeks the lines went all the way down to 50th Street,'' Mr. Schaap said. The band recorded songs for the Victor Talking Machine Company (precursor to RCA Victor) on Feb. 26. A week later the record was released, he said. ''And before the month of March 1917 was over, it sold a million copies.''

Later, beginning in the mid-1940s, the neighborhood was a crucible of bebop. On the north side of West 66th Street between Central Park West and Columbus Avenue, a block now dominated by the offices of the ABC network, stood the Lincoln Square Center, where Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Max Roach and others played. On the same block was the St. Nicholas Arena. It was mostly for boxing matches but, Mr. Schaap noted, ''Charlie Parker played dances there, and he made the legendary record 'Bird at St. Nick's' there on Saturday, Feb. 18, 1950.''

A few years later the disc jockey Alan Freed, who had brought his radio show from Cleveland to WINS, played host to his first New York City ''Rock 'n' Roll Jubilee Ball'' at the St. Nick on Jan. 14 and 15, 1955. Fats Domino, the Moonglows, the Harptones and others performed for 6,000 teenagers each night.

San Juan Hill was home to a few jazz giants. The Phipps Houses, still standing at 233-247 West 63rd and 234-248 West 64th Street between Amsterdam and West End Avenues, were completed in 1912. The buildings, model tenements, were financed by the philanthropist Henry Phipps, friend and partner to Andrew Carnegie, to help alleviate the neighborhood's slum conditions.

Thelonious Monk, born in North Carolina in 1917, was a child when his family moved into the Phipps Houses. He stayed there most of his life and was often seen roaming local streets, a quiet and distant man lost in thought.

I strolled those streets recently with Ademola Olugebefola and his brother, Harold Thomas, now in their 60s, who grew up in the nearby Amsterdam Houses in the 1950s and 60s, and whose mother still lives there. ''As young children we would laugh,'' Mr. Olugebefola said. ''Thelonious was eccentric to some degree. I can recall looking out my window in the winter and wondering why this guy would be walking around in a daze, or I guess singing to himself. Little did we know he was creating these masterpieces.''

''Grooving,'' Mr. Thomas said. ''Serious grooving.''

Another jazzman who lived in the neighborhood, Roger Ramirez, wrote''Lover Man'' with Jimmy Davis and James Sherman. It became a Billie Holiday signature. When she died in 1959, her funeral was held at Church of St. Paul the Apostle at West 60th Street and Columbus Avenue. Mr. Schaap, then 8, stood across the street with his mother to pay their respects, he said.

Thomas Mellins, an architectural historian and co-author of ''New York 1960'' (The Monacelli Press, 1995), took me for a walk around a few sites important in the area's rich history of theater and the visual arts before Lincoln Center. We stood on the corner of West 62nd Street and Central Park West and gazed up at the Art Deco towers of the Century condominium building, completed in 1931 and named for the Century Theater that stood there previously. Called the New Theater when it opened in 1909, it was the brainchild of very wealthy New Yorkers, including J. P. Morgan, John Jacob Astor and Cornelius Vanderbilt, who, Mr. Mellins said, ''had a notion of using theater not only to entertain but to educate people.'' Their hope was to draw wealthy arts patrons from the East Side along with less-well-off neighbors to light operas and plays by Shakespeare and Ibsen.

The experiment failed. Reopened as the Century Theater, it became better known for popular musicals like Irving Berlin's ''Yip, Yip, Yaphank'' and ''Sinbad'' with Al Jolson (featuring the hit songs ''Swanee'' and ''Rock-a-Bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody'').

Around the corner at 22 West 63rd Street stood the 63rd Street Music Hall, later Daly's 63rd Street Theater. ''Shuffle Along,'' the revue by Eubie Blake, Noble Sissle, Flournoy Miller and Aubrey Lyles, played there in 1921 (introducing the song ''I'm Just Wild About Harry''); Eugene O'Neill's ''Desire Under the Elms'' in 1925; Mae West's ''Sex'' in 1926; and ''Keep Shufflin,' '' which included music by James P. Johnson and Fats Waller, in 1928.

O'Neill, who was born in a Broadway hotel room in what later became known as Times Square, lived a brief part of his peripatetic life at the Lincoln Square Arcade, a barnlike theater-studio-loft space at Broadway and West 65th Street. ''It was in many ways an incubator of talent,'' Mr. Mellins said; many artists lived, worked, taught and caroused there.

The artist George Bellows, who in 1907 made the evocative drawing ''Tin Can Battle, San Juan Hill, New York,'' was one of O'Neill's roommates. The muralist Thomas Hart Benton later remembered being stabbed by an enraged girlfriend in the Arcade. It was torn down in 1958 to make way for the Juilliard School, another incubator of talent. Students have included Kevin Kline, Leontyne Price, Robin Williams and Wynton Marsalis, the artistic director of Jazz at Lincoln Center.

A big change came to San Juan Hill after World War II when several square blocks of tenements, from West 61st to West 64th Street between Amsterdam and West End Avenues, just behind where Lincoln Center now stands, were demolished to make way for the Amsterdam Houses. It's an unusually handsome public housing complex on a parklike campus with broad, tree-lined paths.

''Central Park was our playground, two blocks over,'' Harold Thomas said of growing up at the Amsterdam Houses. ''Seven, eight blocks up was Riverside Park. That was our backyard. We would go down to the Hudson River and fish with our little poles. We also would catch crabs. They must have been three inches. Mother said, 'You ain't cooking this up in my house.' ''

Even bigger change began in the mid-1950s, when the Mayor's Committee on Slum Clearance, headed by Robert Moses, declared Lincoln Square and San Juan Hill a blighted slum ripe for urban renewal. Although Moses is often accused of having favored suburbs and highways at the city's expense, Mr. Mellins argued that he ''had a vision of maintaining the core of the city.'' He added, ''One of the strategies for that was to make sure that cultural institutions, educational institutions and even political institutions such as the United Nations stayed in Manhattan.''

Neighborhood residents, artists and small businesses resisted relocation, eventually taking their case, unsuccessfully, to the Supreme Court. In 1958 almost 17,000 residents were forced to leave, and acres of tenements and brownstones began to come down to clear space for Lincoln Center and surrounding high rises.

Mr. Thomas and his brother Mr. Olugebefola watched it happen. Asked if he thought the neighborhood had been a blighted slum, Mr. Olugebefola replied: ''It depends on your interpretation of what a blighted slum is. The buildings were kind of run down.''

''Lincoln Center was a treat,'' Mr. Thomas said. ''We had cultural activities where we were involved. There was never a lack of something. But we lost a whole set of our classmates when they decided to build Lincoln Center.''

Back in Josie Robertson Plaza, I watched orchestra musicians rolling their instrument cases toward the subway. Over at Jazz at Lincoln Center, Mr. Schaap was teaching a class in his Swing University, evening courses in jazz history and appreciation. If Lincoln Center uprooted part of the neighborhood, it has also kept good watch over its traditions.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: The pianist James P. Johnson wrote ''Charleston'' to accompany a dance. (PHOTOGRAPH BY INSTITUTE OF JAZZ STUDIES, RUTGERS UNIVERSITY) (pg. E4)

The Metropolitan Opera House under construction in 1964. Surrounded: One of the last older buildings in what was San Juan Hill. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SUZANNE DECHILLO/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg. E4)

Roy Haynes (on drums) and his Fountain of Youth Quartet at Dizzy's Club Coca-Cola overlooking Columbus Circle. (PHOTOGRAPH BY RAHAV SEGEV FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg. E4)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY ABOVE, SUZANNE DECHILLO/THE NEW YORK TIMES

BELOW, INSTITUTE OF JAZZ STUDIES, RUTGERS UNIVERSITY) (pg. E1) MAP Map showing Lincoln Square in New York City.

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[***RAPE TRIAL KEEPS MASSACHUSETTS AREA ON AN EMOTIONAL EDGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KCX0-0008-N11T-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JESUS RANGEL

**Dateline:** FALL RIVER, Mass., March 1

**Body**

The cold weather has cast a chill through the old gray-stone courthouse, but that has not discouraged the crowds that have filled the halls and stairways to wait for a chance to be admitted to a rape trial that has mesmerized this community.

Details of the courtroom proceedings are whispered from person to person in conversations punctuated with a shake of the head.

''It's like a soap opera,'' said Cheryl Machado, a New Bedford housewife.

The nearby city of New Bedford, the old whaling port, was stunned and embittered last March when six men were charged with raping the mother of two children on a pool table in Big Dan's bar. The trial of the six, which will enter its fifth week Monday, has rekindled old emotions. The trial has been covered live on cable television and radio since it began.

New Bedford, Mass, area is on emotional edge as trial of 6 men for allegedly raping woman in bar continues; trial is being covered live on cable television and radio; photo (M)Residents Feel Stigmatized

Big Dan's is now closed, but in a bar across the street, Mike Giollette, a factory worker who has lived in the quiet ***working-class*** Portuguese neighborhood for almost 30 years, said residents felt stigmatized.

''We've been badly harmed by this whole thing,'' Mr. Giollette said. ''When it hit the papers, automatically everybody called it a gang rape. It tore our community apart.''

The owner of the bar, who refused to give his name, said he had lost ''thousands of dollars'' in business because the incident had frightened customers away. As he talked, a giant screen in the background carried the trial proceedings in color.

In another part of New Bedford, Olivia Gonsalves said she hoped that, for the good of the community, the trial would soon be over. ''We need peace around here,'' she said.

The trial is expected to last another five weeks.

Carlos Machado, who was the bartender at Big Dan's, testified in Portuguese that two of the men tried to force the woman to engage in oral sex while she was on the floor and two others raped her on the pool table. He said the other two men urged them on, with one of them blocking him when he tried to call the police. Mr. Machado, who is not related to Cheryl Machado, said the men threatened him.

Woman Testified 15 Hours

The woman, who is 22 years old, testified over a period of almost 15 hours that she had gone to the bar to buy cigarettes after putting her children to bed.

After the incident, there was an outpouring of anti-Portuguese sentiment, especially in New Bedford, a city of 98,000 people, 60 percent of whom are of Portuguese descent. There were calls for castration and the death penalty.

In response, the Committee for Justice, a group that helped raise bail for the defendants, as well as women's groups concerned about how the victim would be treated in court, sent representatives to monitor the trial.

Some anti-Portuguese sentiment can still be heard, but it has been largely replaced by a debate over guilt or innocence.

''We're a tight-knit community,'' said Kevin Costa, a junior high school teacher who has been following the trial on television and in person. ''We're concerned about the woman but we also feel for the men.''

Two Trials Being Held

Maria Perrieta of Fall River said: ''At first I thought they should be hanged and deported. I'm still angry but now I think they should be stuffed in jail and straightened out.''

The case has been divided into two separate trials by Judge William G. Young, a former Boston lawyer who is a Harvard Law School graduate, because several of the men made statements implicating the others.

Four defendants are on trial in the morning: Victor Raposo, John Cordeiro and Virgilio Medeiros, all 23 years old, and Jose Medeiros, 22, who is not related to Virgilio Medeiros. The two others, Joseph Vieira and Daniel Silvia, both 26, are on trial in the afternoon.

In the courtroom they sit solemnly with headphones through which they hear translations of the proceedings into Portuguese. They often turn away from the witness stand and stare at the cathedral windows or at the wooden benches and tables.

Defense Attacks Woman

Using a mixture of loud voices, dramatic gestures and penetrating stares, the defense team has repeatedly tried to chip away at the victim's credibility, trying to portray her as a liar, a welfare cheat, a person with mental problems and as a promiscuous woman who is out to make money on a lawsuit she has filed against the bar owners and the bartender, Mr. Machado.

One defense attorney, David H. Waxler, focused on memory lapses he said she had about events before and after the incident.

Rarely, however, did the woman depart from a cool and dispassionate air in her testimony and she often challenged conclusions and other statements by defense attorneys. Each defendant is represented by a lawyer.

The attempts to damage her crediblity confirmed fears expressed by her lawyer and women's groups.

'Her Past Is Laid Open'

''This is a perfect case study of what women have to go through in rape trials,' said her attorney, Scott E. Charnas of Boston. ''Her entire past is laid open.''

Priscilla Trudeau, co-director of the Rape Crisis Project in New Bedford, called the woman's treatment ''typical'' of how society feels toward rape. ''She ended up on trial instead of the defendants,'' Mrs. Trudeau said.

Responding to the criticism. Mr. Waxler said, ''She is not on trial. But it's important to realize that this trial is to determine if certain individuals committed rape and we have to point out inconsistencies.''

Ronald A. Pina, the prosecutor, said the defense tactics would not affect the verdict.

''The pendulum has swung back and forth several times,'' he said. ''First there was a strong rumor factory that resulted in strong sympathy for the girl. Now its swinging toward defense of the men. As we hear more testimony, it will swing back again.''

Interpreter Being Used

The use of an interpreter has produced some problems. While words are translated literally, cultural nuances are often omitted.

One defense attorney attempted to discredit Mr. Machado, the bartender, by questioning on his mental condition and drinking habits.

''Have you ever seen the devil?'' asked the attorney.

''I've seen some in front of me,'' replied Mr. Machado in Portuguese.

''Have you ever spoken to the devil?''

''I've spoken to some,'' Mr. Machado said. ''When people are devils, I call them the devil.''

As Mr. Machado made his last comment, the attorney cut him off.

In Latin cultures, people considered bad are often called devils, but it is not known if Mr. Machado's message came through to the jury.

**Graphic**

photo of spectators at trial

**End of Document**



[***CITY LORE; The Kingdom of the Map***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42J8-5K50-0109-T267-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 11, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 14; Column 1; The City Weekly Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1347 words

**Byline:**  By ANDREW FRIEDMAN

**Body**

YOU would think that Alice Hudson, chief of the map division at the New York Public Library, would have an inflexible view of New York City geography. Maps are color-coded rulebooks, after all. Monitoring them must be like being on solitary border patrol.

With a single map, that may be true. But when one is charged with looking after more than 400,000 maps, they mock the need for order. History in Ms. Hudson's incredible map room becomes layered, shifting.

Sitting in her office in the back of Room 117, a modest wood place with stone ornament and a view of bustling Fifth Avenue, Ms. Hudson may at any time say something like: "This is the old reservoir. We're sitting inside the old reservoir."

What she means is that, according to her maps, the 42nd Street library was built in 1911 on the site of the old city reservoir. One starts to have a kind of vertigo then, realizing that Canal Street used to be a real canal, that part of Central Park supplanted an established black and Irish community, and that scores of other sites had pasts far different from their presents.

"I can remember driving in Westchester once and saying, 'All of Manhattan used to be like this,' " Ms. Hudson said. "Rooks and rills and brooks and dirt roads and gardens and farms. On the old maps you can see, the city is just a pink triangle. The Bowery was lined with old, beautiful farms."

Ms. Hudson keeps some of her maps in rows of gray cabinets with thin flat shelves, each with its own two silver handles. Other cases are military green and locked. She calls them recycled World War II tanks. They protect rarities like the vellum-bound Dutch maps of the world from the 1660's. There are also maps made of sticks and shells, maps on cloth and maps on silk scarves given to soldiers in the field. There are maps of airports and sewers, of firehouses and bulkheads. Some of the maps are beautiful, some ugly.

For Ms. Hudson, who has become a poet of place, the history of all these maps is the history of New York.

"Sometimes it's the sameness of the city that strikes me," she said. "There were ethnic neighborhoods early on clustered together in the same places they are now."

Ms. Hudson, who supervises a staff of eight, has lively eyes, an irreverent wit, blond hair and two perfect shocks of gray at her temples. She talks of maps with great gusto. She has a bumper sticker that says, "Without geography, you're nowhere."

Since taking over as chief of the division in 1981, she has worked tirelessly to promote the collection, which was founded in 1898 but only became its own library division during World War II, when it played a significant military role.

Now, 7,000 people use the room each year. The collection, the largest in any public library in the country with the exception of the Library of Congress, has doubled during her tenure. It now includes 24,000 atlases and books, with maps from across the world, although the focus is strongly New York City.

In recognition of her accomplishments, the Fund for the City of New York will present Ms. Hudson with its annual Sloan Public Service award this week. Seven other city workers will also receive the honor.

Raised in Oak Ridge, Tenn., Ms. Hudson, 53, visited New York the same summer, 1964, the Beatles stormed into the city. A teenager, she worked as a page during that time in the bowels of the Donnell Library Center, on 53rd Street.

Her love of maps started during her school years. She loved them not only for their information but also for their beauty. "They're so visual," she said. "I'm a television baby."

She leans down and slides open a drawer. "This is a rule," she said, balancing big, weather-beaten sheets in one hand as she digs carefully in the drawer with the other. "Whatever you want is always in the bottom folder."

Finally she finds it, Egbert Viele's water map from 1874, one of her most popular. "People from construction sites will come in and wonder why they're standing in a lake," she said, spreading the map on a wide reading table. The answer is that Manhattan has lots of landfill.

"As of 1874 a huge piece of landfill was already there," she said, tracing a sizable area on the map marked "made land" with her finger. "It started with the Dutch. They brought their experience from Holland."

In 1970, at 23, Ms. Hudson started to work for the map division, a place where curiosity can sweep one away. She is not immune. A recent project is to compile maps of the shoreline. "So much of our experience of the harbor in New York is negative, going through it, over it, going somewhere else," she said. "I started thinking about carefully pursuing a map of the shoreline of all the boroughs." Similarly, she says, "There are a lot of underground waterways in Manhattan and no one knows they're there."

Ms. Hudson has also started a list of prominent African-American historical sites, as revealed by early city maps. There is Weeksville, for instance, a vibrant 19th-century community of freed slaves in Bedford-Stuyvesant, as well as a thriving black area on West 99th Street in Manhattan that disappeared when a two-block stretch of West 99th was swept away in the 1950's to build Park West Village.

Maps of the American West are another enthusiasm. Ms. Hudson's division will display some of these maps in an exhibition called "Heading West: Mapping the Territory," that is to run through May 19 at the 42nd Street library.

Ms. Hudson's maps help unlock the mysteries of the city. An obscure parallelogram created by Christopher, Bank, Greene and Hudson Streets in the West Village turns out to follow the lines of Madame Warren's farm, as outlined on an 1874 map. Oddly shaped buildings near Columbia University and in Lower Manhattan are products of property lines of old farms drawn to give access to roads to Boston and the Hudson River.

Old place names also float back to the surface on these maps -- Great Barn Island for Wards Island, Brookland for Brooklyn and Montgomerie's Ward, which cut across Lower Manhattan in 1730.

SOME sloping streets used to be gentle hills that had their own windmills. An 1811 map shows a never-built military parade ground and arsenal that was to have occupied the swath from 23rd to 34th Streets, between Third and Seventh Avenues. The Harlem Marsh ran along 106th Street from Fifth Avenue to the East River.

Ms. Hudson's maps can even revive questions of historic justice: an 1856 map shows the homes, roads, churches and gardens of Seneca Village, a black and Irish ***working-class*** community between 81st and 86th Streets that was destroyed to build Central Park.

Ms. Hudson's visitors include novelists, television people, urban archaeologists, conspiracy theorists decoding the World Trade Center bombing, amateur detectives searching for buried tunnels, construction men, railroad enthusiasts looking for old lines, earthquake hobbyists looking for fault lines and families hunting for the name of the church their grandparents attended.

Builders, architects and developers are among the regulars. In fact, Ms. Hudson said, she and her staff have a front-row seat to most development battles in the city, from the West Side Highway to waste-transfer stations. Often both sides use the same maps to reach drastically different conclusions. She must remain neutral.

"That's New York," Ms. Hudson said. "It wants to be new. We just give them the maps and they have to fight it out."

As she walks around the room, Ms. Hudson likes to run her fingertips fondly over old fabric maps. "It's like these maps are alive," she said. "Modern maps are not the same." She stops at a cloth one. "This will be in better condition than we are in 200 years," she said.

By the time one leaves the map room, it is clear that, bewildering as it seems at first, all these maps do faithfully represent New York. After all, this is a city that shifts for a living. In the end, that is what the vertigo is, knowing that all those cities are still out there, piled on top of one another.

"You could write a novel with these maps, short stories," Ms. Hudson said. "They tell me wonderful stories."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Alice Hudson has been chief ofthe map division at the New York Public Library since 1981. The collection includes 24,000 atlases and books, containing maps from across the world. (Photographs by Ruby Washington/The New York Times) Chart: "Honor Roll: Local Heros"The Fund for the City of New York will present Sloan Public Service awards to seven other city workers besides Alice Hudson this week. H. Hardy AdaskoA city planner with the Economic Development Corporation, he takes on about 15 new projects a year. One of his achievements is the redevelopment of downtown Brooklyn. Esther CoupetShe navigates a group of agencies on deadline to ensure quality home care for 1,500 Bellevue patients a year. Michael GreenmanA geological whiz with the Department of Design and Constuction, he keeps buildings on their feet and stores soil and rock data for 70,000 spots in the city. Parnel LegrosA former Olympian, he is a guilding light at Gateway I.S. 364 in Starrett City, Brooklyn, where he teaches physical education and runs a popular after-school judo club. Alan Leidner, Wendy Dorf and Richard SteinbergThese three workers, respectively from the Departments of Information Technology and Telecommunications, Environmental Protection and City Planning, were the primary architects of NYCMap, a vast, minutely detailed map of the city.

**Load-Date:** March 11, 2001

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[***Voters Showing a Darker Mood Than in '00 Race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RNH-F7P0-TW8F-G0RX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 24, 2008 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1894 words

**Byline:** By KEVIN SACK; Reporting was contributed by Randal C. Archibold in Los Angeles, Abby Goodnough in Boston, Kirk Johnson in Denver and Sam Roberts and Megan Thee in New York.

**Dateline:** KANSAS CITY, Mo.

**Body**

Whatever their ideological differences this election year, Americans seem able to agree on one thing: the political landscape being crisscrossed by the 2008 candidates is barely recognizable as the one traveled by George W. Bush and Al Gore a mere eight years ago.

Obviously, Sept. 11 and its aftermath have changed the country in countless and irretrievable ways. But even beyond the emergence of war and national security as pre-eminent concerns, there has been a profound reordering of domestic priorities, a darkening of the country's mood and, in the eyes of many, a fraying of America's very sense of itself.

While not universal, that tone pervaded dozens of interviews conducted over the last week with Americans of all political stripes in 8 of the 24 states that hold primaries or caucuses on Feb. 5, as well as with historians, elected officials, political strategists and poll takers. As the candidates fan out to New York and California and here to the heartland, they are confronting an electorate that is deeply unsettled about the United States' place in the world and its ability to control its own destiny.

Since World War II, the assumption of American hegemony has never been much in doubt. That it now is, at least for some people, has given this campaign a sense of urgency that was not always felt in 2000, despite the dramatic outcome of that race.

Several writers and historians remarked on the psychological impact of such a jarring end to the Pax Americana, just as it seemed that victory in the cold war might usher in prolonged prosperity and relative peace (save the occasional mop-up operation). Its confluence with an era of unparalleled technological innovation had only heightened the nation's sense of post-millennial possibility.

Now, Americans feel a loss of autonomy, in their own lives and in the nation. Their politics are driven by the powerlessness they feel to control their financial well-being, their safety, their environment, their health and the country's borders. They question whether each generation will continue to ascend the economic ladder. That the political system seems so impotent only deepens their frustration and their insistence on results.

As she considers this campaign, Susan C. Powell, a 47-year-old training consultant who lives in a Kansas City suburb, said that what she feels is not so much hopelessness as doom.

''I know plenty of people who are doing worse than they were,'' Ms. Powell said, ''and nobody's helping them out. People's incomes are not keeping pace with inflation. People can't afford their homes. People in their 30s and 40s, middle-income, and they don't have jobs they can count on or access to health care. How can we say that we're the greatest country on earth and essentially have the walking wounded?''

Carter Eskew, a top strategist for Mr. Gore in 2000, recalled the factors that drove public opinion then -- like a modest increase in fuel prices and the bursting of the technology stock bubble -- as ''naively quaint by today's standards.'' His Republican counterpart, Mark McKinnon, who advised Mr. Bush in 2000 and now works for Senator John McCain, said the electorate saw this campaign as far more consequential. ''It feels like we're collectively more mature, or collectively more evolved,'' Mr. McKinnon said.

The change in tone came through in interviews in coffee bars, barbecue joints and shopping malls as people vented about unaffordable health premiums, porous international borders, freakish weather, government eavesdropping, Chinese imports and customer service calls that are answered in India.

Like many of those interviewed, Robert W. Jennings, a 45-year-old Kansas City landlord who considers himself politically independent, said he thought the stakes were higher than in 2000, when the country last chose new leadership after an eight-year incumbency. Two years ago, after the adjustable-rate mortgage on his apartment building kicked in, Mr. Jennings had to take an hourly job for the first time in a decade, at the Home Depot. It also provided him with his only health insurance since college.

''I used to be master of my universe,'' he said from a bar stool at McCoy's Public House. ''Now I work for this soul-less corporation. I used to make the rules. Now I have to follow them.''

Mr. Jennings also does not like the war in Iraq, or its impact on the country's international standing. ''Most of the times I go overseas I say I'm Canadian,'' he said. ''I just get a better response.''

Public opinion polling is also detecting an erosion of the country's self- image. A CBS News/ New York Times poll taken this month found that 75 percent of respondents thought the country had ''pretty seriously gotten off on the wrong track,'' up from 44 percent in May 2000.

Not surprisingly, that judgment varies by political affiliation. But even 42 percent of Republicans agreed, not far shy of the 52 percent who said so in 1999, in the twilight of an eight-year Democratic presidency.

That year, President Bill Clinton hailed the economic momentum of the 1990s by declaring that ''the state of our union is the strongest it has ever been.''

''Never before,'' he said in that speech, ''has our nation enjoyed, at once, so much prosperity and social progress with so little internal crisis and so few external threats.''

This year's dissatisfaction seems to have less to do with any fundamental shift in the nation's ideological and partisan leanings than with its broadening displeasure with the Bush administration's handling of the war and the economy. In CBS News/New York Times polls taken in February 2000 and January this year, the percentages of respondents who aligned themselves with a given party or ideology were almost precisely the same.

It is not yet clear how the discontent may be affecting the primary races. The Republican race remains a muddle, and the one Democratic candidate who has made the most populist appeal to change the nation's direction -- former Senator John Edwards -- remains a distant third. So far, at least, his message has not caught on in a race that has been marked more by the historic nature of the campaigns run by Senators Barack Obama and Hillary Rodham Clinton.

Nonetheless, any of the Democrats would represent a sharp break with the policies of the last eight years, and polls suggest that the Democrats began this year with a political advantage they could not have imagined eight years ago. Asked a year before the 2000 election which party's candidate they were likely to support, respondents were evenly divided. Asked the same question this month, they favored the Democrats by 18 percentage points. Much of the shift is thought to have been among independents.

That swing, fueled by antiwar sentiment, helped the Democrats win control of Congress in 2006. In some states, there is evidence of its impact well down the ballot. In Denver's once reliably Republican suburbs, for instance, Democratic voter registration has grown since 2000 at 10 times the rate of Republican registration.

John Brackney, president of the South Metro Denver Chamber of Commerce, and a former commissioner in suburban Arapahoe County, recalled being mocked when he wore one of his old campaign shirts to the neighborhood pool last summer. ''Oh, you're wearing a Republican shirt,'' someone said.

''That wouldn't have happened eight years ago,'' Mr. Brackney observed.

The issues have also shifted. Of the top eight political concerns found in a CBS News/New York Times poll this month, only three were on the list eight years ago. Terrorism, immigration, the environment and fuel prices did not register a blip back then. (The other top concern identified in recent polling was the Iraq war.)

In the 2000 campaign, it was possible for Mr. Bush to deride Mr. Gore's environmentalism to considerable effect. Eight years later, Mr. Gore is a Nobel laureate, and coiled light bulbs and hybrid cars are status symbols.

''Before, I didn't feel personally guilty if I left a light on,'' said Meg Campbell, director of a charter high school in Dorchester, a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Boston. ''It just wasn't in the drinking water back then. Now it's almost a religion.''

Since the campaign of 2000, the United States has lost 4,400 men and women in wars overseas, and nearly 3,000 people in the attacks of Sept. 11, 2001.

Hispanics have become the country's largest minority, accounting for nearly half of annual population growth. Gasoline prices have doubled, and the home foreclosure rate has increased by 55 percent.

The proportion of Americans without health insurance, which was declining at decade's end, has grown by 2 percentage points. Both the unemployment and poverty rates are a percentage point higher. War spending has helped convert a $236 billion federal budget surplus into a $163 billion deficit (reduced from $413 billion in 2004).

Some of those interviewed, like Raymond E. Dixon, a Kansas City computer programmer, said they were confident their children would not enjoy the same standard of living they had, calling it a reversal of the American dream. Several said the force of such rapid change, reinforced by the foreboding symbolism of airport security lines and orange alerts, had left the country gimlet-eyed, and wary.

''There was something out there we got blindsided by,'' said Emily Kemp, a 30-year-old investment worker in Boston who was an Army officer until 2004. ''At least now we know, and we are actively attempting to thwart that threat.''

Certainly, some Americans remain bullish. Charles K. Spencer, a 71-year-old investment adviser who lives in the Kansas City suburbs, said he was ''unabashedly optimistic'' about the future facing his four grandchildren. Technology and the free market will provide them with unlimited opportunity, Mr. Spencer said, so long as they are willing to relocate and retrain.

But the more common theme, that of innocence lost, was voiced by Erwin L. Epple, 54, and his wife, Fumiyo, 64, who were in Washington on Sept. 11, 2001, and saw the smoke rising from the Pentagon. ''We said that day that our grandchildren will grow up in a different world, assuming the worst about people instead of the best,'' said Mr. Epple, who owns a pizza franchise in Knoxville, Tenn.

Many of those interviewed remembered the emphasis placed in the 2000 campaign on restoring personal integrity to the Oval Office. Several volunteered that the focus of the current campaign should be on the rectitude of the country's role in the world.

''In 2000,'' said Philip R. Dupont, a Kansas City lawyer, ''one of Bush's big platforms was that he'd restore honesty and integrity to the White House. Then he went out and attacked a sovereign nation that had done nothing to us.''

As issues like health care, climate change and immigration have become more urgent, Americans seem less willing to dismiss failures of government and political polarization as business as usual. It feels more personal to them now, and they are demanding results.

Mr. Epple boiled with frustration as he vowed to vote for the candidate who convinces him that he or she is most able to solve problems. ''I'm sick and tired of the party line and the platitudes,'' he said. ''I'm hearing hope. I'm hearing trust. But I'm not hearing solutions.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: NO LOVE LOST: Within the circle of contenders for the Republican presidential nomination, Mitt Romney has become the most disliked. Still, he says he views his rivals as friends. Page A20. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD PERRY/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

''I used to be master of my universe. Now I work for this soul-less corporation. '' ROBERT W. JENNINGS A Kansas City landlord who had to take an hourly job to pay the mortgage on his building (PHOTOGRAPH BY DON IPOCK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

''How can we say that we're the greatest country on earth and essentially have the walking wounded?'' SUSAN C. POWELL A training consultant in suburban Kansas City who says she sees many people worse off than they used to be (PHOTOGRAPH BY DON IPOCK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

''That wouldn't have happened eight years ago.'' JOHN BRACKNEY A chamber of commerce president in suburban Denver, recalling being mocked over a Republican campaign shirt (PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN MALONEY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A20)

**Load-Date:** January 24, 2008

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[***Presidents Are Set to Step Down At Columbia and N.Y.U. in '02***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42GS-8S90-0109-T4MY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 4, 2001 Sunday

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**Section:** Section 1; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1528 words

**Byline:**  By KAREN W. ARENSON

**Body**

The presidents of Columbia University and New York University, two of the most popular colleges in the country in recent years, have told their trustees that they plan to step down next year.

The decisions by George Rupp, Columbia's president since 1993, and L. Jay Oliva, N.Y.U.'s president since 1991, were unrelated but are occurring in a similar context. Both men have helped build their universities' reputations, endowments, physical facilities and academic reach in a period of exceptional prosperity for higher education and New York City.

Neither tenure has been without its rough spots, including disputes over issues like worker pay, new buildings, ethnic studies and animal rights. But over all, both presidents benefited from the city's renewed popularity and the long-running bull market, and their successors will face a less certain economic climate.

Moreover, the resignations thrust both universities into the market for presidents at a busy time. Three Ivy League universities have been on the prowl in recent months: Harvard is said to be close to announcing a new president; Princeton is searching for one; and Brown recently named Ruth J. Simmons, the president of Smith College, who will take office on July 1.

In New York, the City University of New York must fill open presidencies at both City College and at Queens College, and Marymount Manhattan College is searching for a president.

While uptown Columbia, a member of the Ivy League and one of the nation's oldest universities, remains the tonier of the two institutions, N.Y.U. in Greenwich Village, a onetime commuter college for the ***working class***, has risen markedly in the last two decades. Today, in some fields, the two are rivals.

At Columbia, where Dr. Rupp's resignation took most people by surprise, perhaps a half-dozen internal candidates might be considered to succeed him, including the provost, the executive vice provost and several deans. At N.Y.U., John Sexton, the dean of its law school, is widely viewed as a strong candidate to follow Dr. Oliva, a specialist in Russian history. Mr. Sexton has helped propel N.Y.U. Law School into one of the country's best and has worked closely with Martin Lipton, N.Y.U.'s chairman and the former chairman of the law school's board. Both universities say they will conduct national searches.

Dr. Rupp, 58, told the university's trustees at a board meeting yesterday that he would leave the presidency on July 1, 2002. He said that he had been a university administrator -- a dean or a president -- for 25 years without a break, and that he wanted to move on at a time when the university and he were riding high, when the university was ready to fashion its next strategic plan and while he was still young and vigorous enough for one more new career.

Dr. Oliva, 67, said in a telephone interview from London on Friday that he would step down on June 1, 2002 -- "after two more commencements." The university began notifying trustees on Friday. Dr. Oliva has been at N.Y.U. since 1960 and has been an administrator there -- a dean, vice president, provost and chancellor -- since 1972. (He was named dean of N.Y.U.'s Bronx campus after the university had announced its sale, an experience he likens to being made captain of the Titanic after it hit the iceberg.)

He said that he had wanted to stay in office until the university's student center was complete -- a project he said he had dreamed about since moving to the Washington Square campus in 1973.

When Dr. Rupp was picked to succeed Michael I. Sovern at Columbia, the university had climbed a long way back from the student revolts and battles with the local Morningside Heights community of the late 1960's. But the campus was bursting at the seams and tensions remained, and the trustees said they wanted a president with a proven track record to raise more money, expand the campus and build the faculty and student body.

Dr. Rupp, an ordained Presbyterian minister and a religions scholar, became dean of Harvard Divinity School at 37, president of Rice University at 42 and president of Columbia at 50. He was seen as an efficient, proven administrator adept at building coalitions.

Under him, Columbia became one of the most selective Ivy League universities. Over the last decade, applications to Columbia College, the undergraduate liberal arts college, have more than doubled, to 14,070 this year, and the college now admits only 13 percent of applicants. (The whole university has about 20,000 full-time and 2,100 part-time students.)

Driven by a booming stock market and a $2 billion-plus fund-raising campaign, donations surged. Last year, Columbia received more than $440 million in cash or pledges; its endowment is now more than $4 billion, approximately double what it was when Dr. Rupp arrived, although still far below some of its Ivy League competitors. (Harvard's endowment is nearly $20 billion.)

The university has added an architecturally distinguished student center, expanded student housing and taken over the management of Biosphere 2, the controlled habitat in the Arizona desert near Tucson. Columbia has generally mended relations with the Morningside Heights community, though, as Dr. Rupp noted, "that is a tender achievement that can always flare up." (When Columbia recently announced its plan to build a new home for its social work school on 113th Street west of Broadway, the community protested, and the university pulled back.)

But, as Dr. Rupp acknowledged, there is plenty more to do, including enhancing Columbia's efforts in digital media, increasing faculty housing, finding more space for university research efforts and continuing its fund-raising.

"We have tremendous forward momentum," he said, "but it is not an institution that will ever be complete."

N.Y.U., which has about 25,000 full-time graduate and undergraduate students and another 25,000 in its continuing education programs, has experienced similar expansion in recent years, as it climbed into the top tier of American research universities.

"Twenty-five years ago, we had just gotten enough money to extricate ourselves from the brink of bankruptcy," said Mr. Lipton, the N.Y.U. chairman. He said that John Brademas, N.Y.U.'s president from 1981 to 1991 and a former congressman from Indiana, laid the base for the university's transformation by sharply increasing fund-raising and building dormitories to accommodate students from around the world.

"Under Jay Oliva, we have really achieved much of what we dreamt of 25 years ago," Mr. Lipton said. "We have finished the transformation from a regional commuter school to a global university."

In the last 10 years, applications for freshman admission have tripled, to nearly 31,000 in 2001, and the acceptance rate fell to 29 percent last year from 65 percent in 1991. At the same time, the average freshman SAT score climbed nearly 150 points, to 1334 last year. Annual donations totaled $334 million, up from $106 million in 1991.

Student housing has more than doubled, to 10,600 beds, since 1991, and will grow to more than 11,000 next fall.

Mr. Lipton said additional student and faculty housing was a high priority, as are improved research laboratories.

In searching for new presidents, both universities will seek managers who are sensitive to the academic culture but capable of leading complex institutions with billion-dollar budgets that are among the largest employers and landholders in New York City.

Henry King, a lawyer at Davis Polk & Wardwell who is a former Columbia board chairman and who led the search committee that chose Dr. Rupp, has agreed to lead Columbia's latest search, which he said would probably take about seven months. He said he hoped to form a committee with trustees, faculty and a student shortly, and to have a successor by February at the latest.

"If you concentrate on those people with real scholarship and standing who have some experience running a university," he said, "the pool is small."

At N.Y.U., Mr. Lipton, the board chairman, will lead the search. He said that he expected that a committee would be named soon after the board meeting on Tuesday.

"There are a relatively small number of people who would receive serious consideration, including people inside N.Y.U. and presidents and provosts at other universities," he said. "There are perhaps a half-dozen who would be considered. I think we know who the people are."

Dr. Oliva said he had no specific plans after he formally steps down but expected to stay around the university to make sure that initiatives he started are completed. "I've made a lot of commitments to folks who've been donors and friends and supporters," he said. "And I plan to see them through."

Dr. Rupp, who had told Columbia's trustees from his arrival that he expected to stay no more than 8 or 10 years, said he was not sure what he would do next. One possibility, he said, was writing and teaching at Columbia, perhaps Contemporary Civilization, a core curriculum course, and some religion courses. He does not plan to take on a third university presidency. "It would be anticlimactic," he said, looking relaxed. "Been there. Done that."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: George Rupp has been Columbia University's president since 1993. (Librado Romero/The New York Times); L. Jay Oliva became president of N.Y.U. in 1991. (Bard Martin)(pg. 30)

**Load-Date:** March 4, 2001

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[***Queens to Detroit: A Bangladeshi Passage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42HM-B580-0109-T0YR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 8, 2001 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1520 words

**Byline:**  By SARAH KERSHAW

**Body**

At a grocery store on 30th Avenue in Astoria, Queens, the shelves are stocked with hot pickles and jackfruit, the refrigerator with blessed baby goat, the freezer with frozen fish caught in the rivers of Bangladesh.

But business at the Bangladeshi market, Zindabazar Dhaka, has taken a plunge in the last two years, and the owner, Ahmed Kamal, had two words to explain why: "Michigan, Michigan."

In one of those quiet and quirky immigrant migrations that are forever altering the country's face, thousands of Bangladeshis have moved from Queens to Detroit in recent years. A function of economics, word of mouth and the slightly hard-to-figure momentum that often drives such relocations, the migration has escalated in the last year, with dozens of families packing up every month and heading from Astoria to Michigan.

The mini-exodus -- a local Bengali-language newspaper survey estimated that 8,000 had made the move in the last 18 months -- has created a Bangladeshi community on Detroit's east side and in nearby Hamtramck, a city surrounded by Detroit. And it has mildly unnerved the tight-knit collection of Bangladeshi immigrants in Queens that has, over the years, carved out a secure and reliable niche in a daunting city.

Mashud Ahmed Chowdhury, 44, has lived in the same one-bedroom apartment in Astoria for 11 years. With his wife and two young sons, it is crowded, so Mr. Chowdhury, a cook, spent the last two years searching for an affordable two-bedroom in the area. Then, last month, he decided to move to Detroit. His friends and relatives there told him he could rent a three-bedroom house for $500, half what he is paying now, and easily find a job in one of the new Bangladeshi-owned restaurants there, he said.

So Mr. Chowdhury's uncle in Detroit began searching for a house for his nephew, and the family is packing up, planning to leave in May.

"New York is -- what do you call it? -- survival of the fittest," Mr. Chowdhury said recently. "Many of our people, they cannot survive in New York."

The Bangladeshi departure from Queens is being driven in part by the city's real estate market: as rents rise in Astoria, an increasingly popular neighborhood for New Yorkers priced out of Manhattan, the Bangladeshis are being driven out.

By all accounts, the greatest number of Bangladeshis now living in Detroit are from Astoria and other Queens neighborhoods, while many who settled in Brooklyn or the Bronx are staying put.

Meanwhile, the Bangladeshi population in Detroit and Hamtramck is skyrocketing; from the mosques to the grocery stores, which import many Bangladeshi products from New York, to the restaurants, it seems that there is a Bangladeshi from Queens on almost every corner.

New York City cannot pinpoint the number of Bangladeshis who have left, because it tracks only the flow of immigration into the city and the numbers do not account for illegal immigration. Detailed 2000 census figures that would reflect the Bangladeshi move from New York to Detroit are not yet available. But according to several estimates, the Bangladeshi population in Detroit has grown from a few thousand in the mid-1990's to 15,000 to 20,000.

According to the Department of City Planning, about 4,000 Bangladeshi immigrants are arriving legally in New York City each year, making them one of the fastest-growing immigrant groups. The department estimates that 30,000 Bangladeshis live in the city; unofficial estimates that account for illegal immigration put the number as high as 100,000.

Michigan has significant appeal for the Bangladeshis who leave New York, where they were employed mostly in the city's restaurant and taxi industries. They say there are ample job opportunities in Detroit, in factories that produce small automobile parts and electronics. Besides less expensive housing, the key for many, most of whom are from Sylhet in northeastern Bangladesh, is the enclave itself. Many of the Bangladeshis who immigrated to Queens made the journey from Sylhet.

A small number of Bangladeshis, drawn by the promise of factory work and by their relatives' and friends' word of mouth, settled in Hamtramck and the east side of Detroit, a ***working-class*** area of modest ranch houses and apartments, about 20 years ago.

Among them was Omar Osman, a taxi driver, and Shah Abdul Khalish, a schoolteacher, who remember having to cross the border into Canada to buy spices imported from Bangladesh. Today, there are at least six Bangladeshi groceries in the area.

"Now every week, every week, they are moving from New York," said Mr. Khalish, who moved to Detroit from Bangladesh in 1982, after his father-in-law immigrated there, and is the president of the Bangladesh Association of Michigan.

It was not until the last decade that Detroit, still typically a second or third destination for newcomers to this country and still 80 percent black, began drawing immigrants.

The Detroit area has a large Arab population as well as Indians, Pakistanis, Hmong from Cambodia and a growing number of Mexicans moving in from California, but most of them live on the outskirts of the city. Hamtramck, a largely Polish city for much of the 20th century, has a long history of Eastern European immigration, with increasing numbers of Bosnians; Christian Iraqis, known as Chaldeans; and Bangladeshis now moving in.

Since the 1950's, Detroit has lost about one million people, an exodus spurred by the flight of whites to the suburbs, and it has struggled to attract residents. But experts and workers in Detroit say that even as the economic downturn makes the job market tighter, there is plenty of work in the smaller factories that supply parts to the major automobile companies, particularly for low-wage earners willing to do assembly line work.

"They are still crying for workers," said Kurt R. Metzger, director of the Michigan Metropolitan Information Center at Wayne State University, who said he had noted the rapid growth of the Bangladeshi population in the last few years, partly by examining enrollment in the public school system. "There is plenty of work here."

The Bangladeshis from New York also say that many of the smaller factories will hire members of the same family, which helps with transportation, a problem in Detroit for anyone without a car. Most of the workers rely on vans to take them to their jobs in the factories outside the city, typically paying the driver $20 a week and gathering at Bangladeshi grocery stores to wait for their rides.

Another draw for the Bangladeshis is that the Detroit area is home to one of the country's largest Muslim populations. The Bangladeshis, who have opened several mosques in the last few years, worship alongside Bosnians, African-Americans, Pakistanis and others.

Abdul Latif Azom, a Muslim imam, moved from Elmhurst, Queens, to Detroit in 1996. He now leads prayers and teaches Islamic studies at al-Falah, a rapidly growing mosque in Hamtramck that is renovating to accommodate all the new worshipers.

"It's crowded in Queens, you know, crowded like Dhaka, Bangladesh," Mr. Azom said, referring to the country's capital. "Here you have no headaches and you can park your car."

The newest restaurant in Hamtramck is Aladdin Sweets and Cafe, a franchise of the Bangladeshi restaurant chain, which has two franchises in Queens. Both of the Aladdin owners in Detroit are from Queens.

One owner, Litu Chowdhury, lived in Astoria and worked as a busboy at the Aladdin franchise in Long Island City before moving to Detroit five years ago. After working as a busboy in various Detroit restaurants, Mr. Chowdhury and his partner opened the restaurant six months ago, on Conant Avenue, across the street from a Polish delicatessen.

Even the president of the Astoria Islamic Foundation, a Muslim cultural center that includes the largest Bangladeshi mosque in Queens, is living in Detroit, traveling from his home on the city's outskirts to Astoria every few months to take care of foundation business.

"They wanted me to stay on as president one more year," said the foundation's president, Gazanfar Chowdhury, who moved to Michigan from Queens two years ago, closing the paper he had published in New York, The Weekly Sangbad.

In Queens, all of this migration to Detroit has some Bangladeshis feeling slightly abandoned.

Lately, it seems that every time Abdul Chowdhury, who is known at Shahin and owns an Indian restaurant in Astoria, calls a friend or relative he has to dial 313, the area code for Detroit and Hamtramck.

"I was very proud of our community," said Mr. Chowdhury, who immigrated to Queens from Bangladesh in 1985. "It was getting bigger and bigger, but all of the sudden it's going down. Definitely, I feel bad."

Soon Mr. Chowdhury will say goodbye to another friend, Mashud Chowdhury, the man who is preparing to leave Astoria with his family within a month.

The other week, Mashud Chowdhury said his uncle in Detroit had found a house for the family. Still, he said, he has mixed feelings about leaving New York.

"I love New York; it's a wonderful place," he said. "There's a life over here. The city never sleeps. I think Michigan sleeps after 7 o'clock."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Detroit is drawing Bangladeshis from Queens. Shah Jalal Masjid, the mosque of the Astoria Islamic Foundation in Queens, used to be regularly crowded. A handful of worshipers were there yesterday. (Ruth Fremson/The New York Times)(pg. A1); Mashud Ahmed Chowdhury, seated at center, is moving to Detroit in May. His cousin Shaeza Delwar made tea for him and her husband, Mohammed Delwar Hossain, yesterday in Mr. Chowdhury's Queens apartment. (Ruth Fremson/The New York Times); At the al-Falah mosque in Hamtramck, Mich., with many worshipers from Queens, Yankee and Detroit Red Wing sentiments coexist. (Allan Barnes for The New York Times)(pg. B6)

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[***THE CHINESE REVIVAL IN FREE ENTERPRISE: TAKING CAPITALISM TO THE STREETS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-K3P0-0008-N0VJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1231 words

**Byline:** By CHRISTOPHER S. WREN

**Body**

HARBIN, CHINA PRIVATE enterprise is booming along Toulong Street, which everyone in Harbin calls Sofa Street by now. New vinyl sofas are laid out end to end, as shiny as sedans on an American used car lot. There are armchairs for sale, too, and coat racks, cupboards and beds, often better in quality - and higher in price - than the furniture on display in state stores.

The sellers stand patiently throughout the Manchurian winter, brushing the snowflakes from their handmade furniture with feather dusters. ''I wear a lot of clothes,'' said Zheng Lianzhou, shrugging off the cold as he caressed one of his armchairs with a mittened hand - a chair he had made at home and was trying to sell for the yuan equivalent of $45. ''I'm happy inside,'' he said, ''so whether it is cold or hot doesn't make any difference.''

Article on revival of free enterprise in China, focusing on numerous street markets that are spreading throughout country with Government's encouragement; declared purpose is to supplement production and marketing of consumer goods and also to provide work for the unemployed, who make up 9 percent of labor force; photo (L)

Harbin's Sofa Street - whose capitalist tempo generated the sale of 50,000 pieces of furniture last year for $2 million - is one of the numerous markets that have appeared in China as private enterprise spreads through the nation, encouraged by the Peking leadership. Indeed, not since the early years of the Communist revolution, when Mao Zedong was still trying to socialize the economy, have so many Chinese been engaged in private business. In most cases, their shops, restaurants and stalls deal in consumer goods and food.

Such profit-making activities were attacked during the 10-year Cultural Revolution and had almost vanished by the time it ended in 1976. But the liberalization of China's economy has awakened an appetite for consumer products far greater than the state's factories and stores can satisfy. So the leadership changed the rules two years ago to allow many individuals to set up their own businesses.

The declared purpose is to supplement the production and marketing of consumer goods and also to provide work for the unemployed, who make up about 9 percent of the labor force, according to Government statistics. Many of the unemployed are young people awaiting a job opening in state-owned enterprises. While they wait, they are a common site on the Sofa Streets in Chinese cities, along with retirees like Mr. Zheng, a former transport worker.

Mr. Zheng, who is 65, had been a carpenter in his youth and he draws on that skill now to make armchairs in his home. He hauls the chairs in a small cart to the market, a trip of an hour and a half, where he has been allotted a spot to sell.

Mr. Zheng nets the equivalent of about $100 a month from his furniture, after paying $30 for materials and taxes. That supplements a pension of only $20 a month. ''Before, we were not allowed to sell anything and I lived in a mud house,'' Mr. Zheng said. ''Now I've built two brick houses and we have a television set and two bicycles. Our living standard is higher than before.'' Such relative prosperity is not unusual for those who are self-employed in a country where annual income for urban workers averaged about $250 in 1983. In fact, Harbin's most prosperous private businessman, Wang Zibin, earned $5,000 last year from the automotive repair shop that he runs with his six children.

Partly because of the prosperity that it brings, the revival of private enterprise is one of the most debated economic reforms introduced by China's leader, Deng Xiaoping. Small-business men still are harassed and closed down by local officials who regard profit as ideologically obscene. And the central Government has not incorporated private enterprise into national economic planning, although small business is allowed - even encouraged - as a means of meeting the demand for consumer goods as the Chinese snap up furniture, clothing, television sets and other items they would not have thought of purchasing a decade ago.

In the Government's campaign to break down prejudices against private businesses, The party's general secretary, Hu Yaobang, argued in a speech that the system of exploitation has been abolished in China, so all work that benefits the state and the people is honorable and respectable. And the Guangming daily newspaper insisted that while China's private enterprise was not socialist, neither was it capitalist because it did not exploit the ***working class***.

CHINA'S economy operates on three tiers. State-owned enterprises employ nearly three- quarters of the urban labor force, which exceeds 110 million people. Collective enterprises, owned and run by groups of workers, constitute 24 percent of the work force. The self-employed account for less than 2 percent of all urban workers, but the number is growing.

In fact, more than 7.5 million people are engaged in private enterprise, reports Hao Haifeng, acting director of the Individual Enterprises Bureau of the state Administration for Industry and Commerce. The number hasn't been so high since 1953, four years after the Communist takeover, when 8.38 million were in private businesses. Thereafter the figure fell precipitously, to 160,000 by 1956, as Chairman Mao moved to socialize the economy. By 1965, on the eve of the cultural revolution, the private entrepreneurs had crept back up to 1.02 million, but during that chaotic period, almost all private enterprise was shut down, often violently. Only 140,000 people still worked for themselves, mostly as modest vendors or repairmen, in 1978, the year in which Mr. Deng began forcing through his liberal economic policies.

In a briefing last month, Mr. Hao cited statistics confirming the rapid revival of private enterprise. Nearly 79 percent of retail stores, 78 percent of service shops and over 80 percent of restaurants set up in China from 1978 through 1982 are privately owned. The restoration and growth of private business plays a very necessary role in invigorating the domestic market and in bringing daily necessities to people's lives, Mr. Hao said.

Under a Government directive issued in October 1981, private businessmen may hire up to two helpers and five apprentices. They can also buy their goods from state-run wholesale outlets, but must then charge prices set by the state. They may demand more, and often do, if they buy from other channels such as the 48,000 food markets where peasants sell their surplus produce. Such rural markets, another manifestation of private enterprise, grossed nearly $19 billion last year.

Urban private businesses have caught on most quickly in Canton, Shanghai and this Northeastern city. Hao Jiaxin, director of Harbin's Industrial and Commercial Administration, said that private enterprises, from restaurants to bicycle repair shops, had burgeoned from just 610 in 1978 to 16,227 five years later. Their earnings of $24 million in 1983 accounted for only 2.7 percent of the city's total commerce, but the effect on the consumer was greater. For example, 30 percent of the fruit sold in Harbin comes from private vendors.

The furniture sellers on Sofa Street conduct their business from sunrise until it's too dark to see, said Du Xiangcai, the market's manager. They often negotiate their prices, but customers often are more concerned about quality than cost.

**Graphic**

photo of workers making bamboo items in Sechuan Province

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[***The Eve of Construction;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-46H0-000P-N18Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Refugees From City Fear They've Started a Boom***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-46H0-000P-N18Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 6, 1997, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By MONTE WILLIAMS

By MONTE WILLIAMS

**Dateline:** COLD SPRING, N.Y.

**Body**

By moving from a Hoboken, N.J., brownstone to Putnam County, Aegis Frumento, a New York lawyer, and his family found what seems impossible in the region these days: a house on a 5 1/2-acre plot of wooded land for $270,000, good schools, relatively low taxes and a community where crime is almost unheard of.

Mr. Frumento and his wife, Jane Vagnoni, bypassed Westchester County altogether in settling here with their three children. "You can't find anything like this in lower Westchester for less than a million dollars," he said.

The couple is representative of many families who, whether unable to afford Westchester or wanting to get more for their money or seeking a more bucolic setting, have discovered Putnam and made it the fastest growing county in the state. Putnam's population grew by about 7,000, or 8.4 percent, between 1990 and July 1996, according to the United States Census Bureau.

New residents are lured by the county's good schools, rural character, affordability and low rates of crime and unemployment. "We've been called one of the best-kept secrets in the metropolitan area," said Edward Heelan, a real estate broker and developer.

But Putnam's growth is rapidly transforming an area that a generation ago was a rural retreat for New Yorkers. Many people who moved to Putnam in search of a simpler way of life feel threatened by the accelerating growth.

Complicating matters is that much of Putnam is in the New York City watershed. Fearful that unbridled development is also threatening the purity of water carried from reservoirs here to the city's residences and businesses, the city's Department of Environmental Protection is enforcing the first new pollution rules for the watershed in 44 years, some of which could dictate where development can take place. One indication of the bitterness of that fight is that 100 developers and landowners, 98 of them from Putnam, have sued the city for the value of their lost property and development rights.

As Putnam expands, many fear that it will go the way of southern Westchester County, once a haven for those fleeing the ills of the city, but now faced with urban problems like traffic, crime, pollution and poverty.

"New Rochelle and Mount Vernon once called themselves the city of homes," said Elizabeth Fuller, librarian for the Westchester County Historical Society. "They were residential places, where you built nice parks and had fresh air, but then they got large."

Up until the 1940's, much of Westchester consisted of farmland, summer resorts and large estates, Ms. Fuller said. In the 1950's, the county became a bedroom community and major corporations started moving their headquarters into Westchester.

In Putnam County, with subdivisions and office buildings cropping up on what was once farmland and a community of lakeside second homes, there are fears that the county may lose its rustic beauty, the very thing that attracted many people here in the first place.

Drawn by the combination of a bucolic atmosphere and easy access to urban centers, William Clare, 36, and his wife, Shawn, 42, moved almost five years ago from Port Chester, a largely ***working-class*** village in Westchester, to the Putnam town of Southeast, where they bought a town house. Mr. Clare, a court officer, and Mrs. Clare, a secretary, both work 45 minutes away, in White Plains.

"We have all the major arteries right here," he said. "Danbury is 10 miles away for shopping. And we had hoped to start a family and we thought the schools would be better. The taxes are much lower than in Westchester."

In Putnam, the median sales price for a single-family home was $172,500 in the second quarter of this year, compared with $306,000 in Westchester, according to the Westchester-Putnam Multiple Listing Service. In 1995, Putnam, home to Gov. George E. Pataki, ranked 61st out of the state's 62 counties for both violent crime and property crime, according to the State Division of Criminal Justice Services. The median household income in 1993 was $54,939 -- the highest in the state. In 1996, only 4,167 of its 90,983 residents, or 4.6 percent, were below the poverty level, the lowest percentage of poor people of any county in the state. The unemployment rate was 2.9 percent in June -- tied with Albany County as the lowest in the state.

Most of Putnam's residents commute to jobs in New York, Connecticut, Westchester or Dutchess Counties. Mr. Frumento has a 70-minute ride into Manhattan, much longer than the trip from Hoboken. "But it's a quality commute," he said. He always gets a seat on the Metro-North train and with his laptop computer, cellular phone and briefcase, he finds that his ride is often the most productive time of day.

The Putnam County Executive, Bob Bondi, thinks the environment is a major reason many people are drawn to the county. "There are no cities in Putnam, so there's no urban blight," he said. "And there are plenty of trees."

But one factor that mitigates against development is that much of the county is in the New York City watershed, and all of the 11 reservoirs in the county are owned by the city. With tougher watershed regulations in place, there are those who say there is little chance that the county will become overdeveloped. Still, more than 7,100 acres of land that drain into reservoirs are slated for development or have new construction under way, according to Nell Keeler, an environmental analyst. Depending on whom you talk to, the regulations are either too strict or too lax.

Judith Jones, a philosophy professor at Fordham University who moved from Yonkers to Mahopac earlier this year, thinks the restrictions are not tight enough and that development is out of control. "Every parcel I pass is for sale," she said. "Before you tear down the ecosystem, you should ask yourself if it's good for humans or for the rest of the ecosystem."

One of the biggest projects planned for the county is a 450,000-square-foot retail outlet center in Kent. Mr. Heelan is the broker and consultant for the project. Putnam has very little retail. "If you want to buy a dress, you have to go to Danbury, Poughkeepsie, White Plains or Mount Kisco," said Ross M. Weale, president of the Putnam County Economic Development Corporation.

Joseph L. Belvedere, the town supervisor of Kent, is one of the retail center's biggest supporters. "Our tax base has been shrunk by the watershed requirements," he said. "The town needs an economic taxpayer besides homeowners. A lot of the costs, which the watershed regulations put on the town, are not reimbursed and the amount that is set aside for reimbursement is hardly enough."

In the town of Southeast, a huge multiplex cinema has been planned by Hoyts Cinema Corporation. It has drawn opposition, even though the county has no movie theaters. The site for the proposed cinema is across the street and downhill from the East Branch reservoir and it borders the watershed.

"The parking lot is blacktop and impervious," said Michael Caputo, a member of a civic group opposed to the multiplex. "In addition, the project will increase traffic tremendously. It's a quiet road, and by Hoyts's own estimate, there would be 745 cars during the peak hour."

Mr. Bondi thinks there is room for the county to grow and still maintain its attractiveness. But some residents think that if Putnam is not careful, it could become like nearby Danbury, Conn., where malls and heavy traffic abound. "I like a place where there's not a traffic jam every 100 yards or so," Ms. Jones said. "I like a nighttime that's actually quiet. Thousands of people feel like I do, and that's the reason we have the growth. Everybody tries to get the same thing, and no one ends up getting it."

**Graphic**

Photo: Matthew Frumento, 5, chasing his sister, Rebecca, 3. Their parents paid $270,000 for a house on 5 1/2 acres in Putnam. (Claire Yaffa for The New York Times)

Map showing the location of Cold Spring, N.Y.: Putnam is . . . the fastest growing county in the state, the county with the highest median household income in the state, the county with the second lowest crime rate in the state.

**Load-Date:** October 6, 1997

**End of Document**



[***MAKING IT WORK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-4D70-000P-N4B1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Guns on the Run***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-4D70-000P-N4B1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By CHARLIE LeDUFF

By CHARLIE LeDUFF

**Body**

"SOME guys like to bowl on Tuesday nights," says Donald Passantino, lining up the sights of his .22-caliber pistol as if it were a 9-iron. "We shoot guns. It's a real family thing to do and the kids enjoy it."

Mr. Passantino, 47, is a retired marine mechanic from Flushing and the president of the Stuyvesant Rod and Gun Club in Middle Village, Queens, one of the few remaining gun clubs and target ranges in the city and a bastion of Constitutional scholarship. The 170-member club is located behind a small, white door on Dry Harbor Road down a flight stairs and in a basement that smells of stale gunpowder, mildew and old coffee grounds.

In the anteroom is a panel desk, a lectern where speeches are given about proper hunting procedures and the latest laws concerning the gunner's Second Amendment rights. The walls are lined with plaques of appreciation from various firearms groups, and a framed copy of Article II of the Bill of Rights is displayed prominently:

"A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Al Buro, a 42-year-old disabled and out-of-work security guard from Woodhaven, can recite it like the Apostles' Creed.

"The founding fathers drafted the Second Amendment so an abusive and tyrannical government could not impose their will on people," said Mr. Buro, a man who wears a National Rifle Association cap, a beard and smokes strong cigarettes. "But, somehow, anti-gunners have made us out to be the criminals. It's like being a smoker."

These clubs are dying animals, just 10 left in the city, with 4 in Queens. Legal gun ownership in the city just isn't as popular as it once was, the ladies and gentlemen of the Stuyvesant Club say. A sport for the ***working class***, the gun ranges have gone the way of most bowling alleys, following the white exodus out to Long Island. Some range owners have died and others have sold their property in the face of sagging popularity in the sport and soaring real estate values.

Legal and responsible gun owners are also not as popular as they once were. They are finding it harder to explain their position to a public fed up with crime, whose fears, they say, are stoked by politicians armed with 6 o'clock sound bites. Slowly but surely, gun owners say, their rights -- your rights -- are being eroded by confusing laws and bureaucratic mismanagement.

"Can you believe what we put up with?" said Donald Jansen, 64. "Laws, laws and more laws. You have to register your guns in New York City and it can take a year. Imagine if they tried that in Montana. There'd be war."

Donald Passantino is educated in the ways of firearms and draws on his sense of irony and subtle distinction to accentuate his position. Take the Federal law that was passed last year banning any person convicted of domestic violence from possessing a firearm: "I'm not saying a wife beater should own a gun," Mr. Passantino said, "but what if a guy woke up on the wrong side of the bed?"

In Westchester County, he pointed out, a pistol permit must now be renewed after five years. Before, a permit was good in perpetuity.

And what's worse, Mr. Passantino said, the New York City Police Department's licensing division, which is responsible for issuing pistol permits and gun licenses, has been reeling from a scandal since its commanding officer was accused of doing favors for friends last January.

Deputy Inspector Henry M. Krantz accepted a demotion to captain in February after an internal police investigation charged that he had moved friends to the front of the line so that they could get quicker approval for permits. He was fined $10,000 but was allowed to retire with full pension benefits, said Lieut. Dennis Cirillo, a police spokesman.

The fallout from that investigation has affected the five boroughs, gun owners and dealers said, resulting in longer waiting times for permits. "I've got customers who have been waiting a year, when the law says six months," said Donald Spallone, owner of the Woodhaven Rifle and Pistol Range, which sells shooting supplies. "A lot of people are giving up because the police are making it as inconvenient as possible, plus they have a bad attitude."

Requests for permits are indeed down 35 percent over the last year, said Assistant Deputy Commissioner Karen A. Pakstis, the new head of the licensing division, although she could not say why.

"There is no confusion in the bureau," she said. "We've been in since January, and we have been very friendly and cooperative. And there have been no unnecessary delays."

The commissioner's answer evoked a sneer from Mr. Spallone, whose mother-in-law came over from Italy in 1920 with a .32 strapped to her breast. She is still alive and the gun is registered, he reports, adding: "A person who wants a handgun for sport or protection these days shouldn't be raked over the coals."

To get a permit (there are several types) one must supply fingerprints ($74), file an application ($170), submit to a criminal background check and a psychiatric check. The authorities call neighbors. A person with a target permit may not protect his home with a gun, and a person with a home license may practice only twice a month and must notify his local precinct when he does.

At the Stuyvesant Club, Representative Charles E. Schumer of Brooklyn and Queens is considered Public Enemy No. 1, and just a whisper of his name evokes catcalls. The Congressman supports the legal ownership of guns but at the same time supports measures to limit their spread, like the registration of ammunition. A man who thinks like that deserves to be stuffed and mounted, some of the gun owners say.

"What? These people think that a convicted wife beater should have the right to own a gun?" asked Josh Isay, a spokesman for Mr. Schumer. That's absolutely incredible, he said.

"Schumer's like the Easter Bunny," countered Mr. Passantino. "He talks about semiautomatic machine guns. There is no such thing as a semiautomatic machine gun. No one knows where he's coming from or where he gets his eggs."

In the back room of the Stuyvesant Club, there is a practice range. The walls are reinforced with concrete and steel, and the bunker is so secure that children who visit the candy shop next door are unaware of the shooting just 10 feet below.

Target shooting takes deep breathing, a smooth eye and relaxed muscles, Mr. Passantino said. Imagine putting an eye dropper to your nose and trying to squeeze one drop into the cup of a candle stick. That is the art. "It's for sport, or protecting your home," Mr. Passantino said inside one of the reinforced stalls, the red caution light reflecting off the black steel barrel of his pistol. The range is a cautious, disciplined place to shoot, a far cry from the street shootouts of "N.Y.P.D. Blue."

"You know something," he said. "Movies got a lot to do with negative impressions."

After practice last Wednesday evening, five large men sat around the panel desk chain-smoking and discussing the state of firearms. Ammunition popped off behind the steel door but not an eye flinched.

"I'm no wacko -- I love my wife more than my gun," Mr. Passantino said.

"I support gun regulation, but only the criminals are going to have them pretty soon," said Mr. Buro, before launching into a monologue of expletives. "Look at the nut on the Empire State Building. He had an illegal gun. He might have thought twice if he knew other people were carrying."

**Graphic**

Photo: Dan Passantino, president of the Stuyvesant Rod and Gun Club, with a .22-caliber pistol at the club's gun range in Middle Village, Queens. Just 10 gun clubs are left in the city. (Steve Berman for The New York Times)

Chart: "Big Bang Theory"

"The Second Amendment is really the first because without it we can't protect the rest." -- Al Buro, 42, an out-of-work security guard from Woodhaven.

"Owning a firearm is a right. Driving a car is a privilege. The difference is, you fight for your rights." -- Donald Passantino, 47, a retired marine mechanic from Flushing and president of the Stuyvesant Rod and Gun Club from Flushing.

"You know, it's a crap shoot. Say a guy buys a gun and goes ballistic. Who you going to blame? Then again, they make it harder for me. Sometimes I feel they should let everybody have one." -- Ray Rodriguez, 31 from Woodhaven.

**Load-Date:** September 28, 1997

**End of Document**



[***A Dark-Humor Master Gets a Camera***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RK6-PC50-TW8F-G0G1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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January 13, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By SYLVIANE GOLD

**Body**

MARTIN McDONAGH'S cellphone is not long for the world after the Sundance Film Festival ends on Jan. 26. He hates the thing, he says.

He acquired it last winter at the insistence of producers who were, after all, letting him direct his first feature film, ''In Bruges.'' He carried it around that Belgian city as the film, starring Colin Farrell, Brendan Gleeson and Ralph Fiennes, was being shot. He had it with him last month when he broke off a holiday jaunt in Los Angeles to fly to New York to talk about the movie. And it will be in his pocket on Thursday when ''In Bruges'' opens the Sundance festivities in Park City, Utah. Then, he said, ''I'll hit it with a hammer or something.''

His diffident, gap-toothed smile and generally mild demeanor strongly suggest that he's joking. He jokes a lot, slyly and very quietly. But those who know his plays could be forgiven for wondering. They've seen disinterred bones smashed to splinters in ''A Skull in Connemara.'' They've watched treasured figurines cruelly melted into glop in ''The Lonesome West.'' They've cringed as a hot stove becomes an instrument of torture in ''The Beauty Queen of Leenane.'' And they've laughed as, yes, a cellphone is beaten and then shot at in ''The Lieutenant of Inishmore,'' after the owner, a fanatical Irish terrorist, receives dismaying news about his adored pet cat, Wee Thomas.

Fusing the hideous with the funny is a McDonagh specialty, and ''In Bruges'' affords him ample opportunity (although not much property is destroyed). The film centers on the relationship between a neophyte hit man, played by Mr. Farrell, and his more experienced partner, Mr. Gleeson. They have been ordered to the medieval splendor of Bruges to await further instructions after a badly botched job, and they deal with their forced vacation in predictably different ways. Mr. Gleeson's steady, reliable Ken tramps up the stairs to see the view from the famous bell tower; Mr. Farrell's mercurial Ray stays behind to taunt a family of American tourists.

The hit-man-on-the-lam scenario may be shopworn, and so are the odd-couple and fish-out-of-water devices. But fans of Mr. McDonagh's theater work, set mostly in the Irish countryside from which his parents had emigrated, know that he creates stock situations only to subvert them. ''It's the anarchist in me,'' he said. Don't expect anything familiar.

The movie began to take shape four years ago when Mr. McDonagh left his home in London for a weekend in Bruges. He was first struck by ''how beautiful the place was.'' And he wondered why no one had ever used its picture-postcard streets and canals in a movie. By his second day, however, ''having gone around to every single place twice, because it's so small,'' he couldn't shake his sense of boredom.

The conversation in his head -- ''This is boring, this is beautiful; this is wonderful, there are no girls'' -- evolved into Ken and Ray, the older man dazzled and moved by Bruges, the callow one unable to understand why, in Mr. McDonagh's words, ''anybody would want to spend two minutes in the place.''

He turned them into hit men so he could get them to Bruges together. ''And it just almost wrote itself from there,'' he said, in that disarming way he has of both shrugging off his talent and displaying it. When yet another hit goes awry, Mr. Fiennes, as the icy, foul-mouthed boss, arrives to set things straight, and the comedy gives way to a darker inquiry into justice, honor and selflessness.

The gangster motif allowed Mr. McDonagh to explore a theme he had long wanted to tackle. ''I'd always been irritated by macho films with guns and bullets flying everywhere,'' he said. ''I'd wondered where the stray bullets go. What happens when a bullet hits the wrong target?'' He prefers not to analyze his own work, but under pressure he took a stab: ''It's kind of a black comedy about despair,'' he offered. Then, with the crack timing so evident in his writing, he added, ''I don't think they're going to put that on the poster.''

Since ''a black comedy about despair'' could pretty much describe everything he's done, and he makes regular, offhand remarks about being ''screwed up,'' it's worth noting that he comes off as normal, not weird. This inventor of dozens of sadistic acts performed in the vilest of families insists he did not have a traumatic childhood.

''I'm a firm believer in making stuff up,'' he said. ''I'm not particularly pessimistic or dark. Am I? Not on a daily basis.'' He allowed that in his late teens and early 20s ''shyness and being alone a lot'' made him sad. Little wonder. He had left school and holed up in the family home in a ***working-class*** London neighborhood to become a writer. ''Now I'm happy to be alone,'' he said. He hints at unhappy relationships in the past and won't say if there's someone in his life right now. When his mother tells him she wishes he'd write ''a nice romantic comedy or something,'' he reminds her of ''The Lieutenant of Inishmore.'' ''It was romantic. It's funny. Everyone dies, but it's kind of like life.''

That Mr. McDonagh, whose plays have garnered Olivier awards and Tony nominations, would eventually turn to the movies was evident from the start. In 1996, after years of welfare checks and rejection slips, and barely 26, he skyrocketed to fame with ''The Beauty Queen of Leenane.'' As more brutal and lyrical plays about the rough-talking, rough-living goobs and lubes of rural Ireland emerged from his drawer, critics quickly noticed that they owed as much to Tarantino and Scorsese as they did to Synge and O'Casey. And from his earliest interviews -- and there were many, given the sensational nature of his plays and, sometimes, his unruly behavior -- he made no secret that he saw theater as a pathway to film.

Viewers of the 2006 Oscars may remember his first big moment in the movie business: He was the silver-haired young Briton who picked up the prize for the best live-action short, ''Six Shooter.'' ''That was just luck,'' he says now, his hair even whiter. Mr. Gleeson, who starred as a man riding home after his wife's death in a train full of passengers who have just suffered some calamity, confirms this assessment. ''He was clueless,'' Mr. Gleeson said. ''He's such a genius he won an Oscar without having a clue.''

It's perhaps appropriate for someone whose subject is so often human stupidity, his own included. ''Six Shooter'' was meant to test the waters. ''I always wanted to direct a feature film,'' Mr. McDonagh said. ''But I knew I didn't have the guts or the ability to just jump in. I thought it would be a good way to see if I liked it.'' But then he set most of the action on a train, ''the stupidest, stupidest place,'' he said. ''A real live train on real live tracks.''

They could use it only between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. And ''it had to be cleaned up for the evening commute.'' The film's climactic gun battle was shot on the last day. ''We rode on the train afterwards coming back,'' he said, ''and you could still see little tiny specks of blood ----'' He lets the sentence dangle a moment, long enough for that comic anarchist to arrive: '' ---- which will always be there, hopefully.''

Bloodied trains notwithstanding, Mr. McDonagh was not happy with the short. ''I didn't stepup to the plate, just kind of let other people do their job,'' he said. But his self-evaluation is not entirely downbeat: ''There's lots about it I like, and I think the Oscar makes me like it even more.''

He found making ''In Bruges'' altogether more enjoyable, and Mr. Gleeson says he noticed a change too: ''He had the confidence to discern what he needed to demand, when he could delegate, when he could be guided by others,'' he said. Clemence Poesy, the French actress who plays Ray's reluctant conquest, says Mr. McDonagh's lack of experience would have been invisible but for one thing: ''His excitement and his happiness all showed.''

''In Bruges,'' which opens Feb. 8, was not supposed to be Mr. McDonagh's first feature. He had been writing screenplays along with his plays, though he found them much more difficult. ''You can write eight scenes, and that's a play,'' he said. ''Eight scenes can be the first half-page in a film.'' He found ''the jigsawlike'' elements of screenwriting -- ''the idea that you can jump back in time, space, and come back'' -- unnerving. Still, he said, he kept at it, and ''each one was getting a little better.''

The plan had been to learn filmmaking by hanging out on the set as another director shot another script. But that project fell through, and ''In Bruges'' came together. ''I just had to jump in,'' he said.

He was terrified. But as it turned out, he says, his habit of sitting in on rehearsals of his plays had given him all the preparation he needed to work with actors. His task as the director was not that different from his charge as the playwright: ''to talk about character, know about character and why I wrote every single line.'' All the same he takes credit for ''maybe 5 to 10 percent'' of the acting. ''It completely came from them.'' The three weeks of rehearsal were crucial, he added. ''I can't imagine ever doing anything in movies without that kind of intense work on the script.''

He attended to the visual side too. For inspiration he watched one of his favorite movies, Terrence Malick's 1973 classic, ''Badlands.'' He studied ''Don't Look Now,''Nicolas Roeg's thriller, for the way it used Venice's canals and palaces. He made storyboards -- ''the saddest, stupidest little drawings you can ever imagine,'' he said -- and brought them to the cinematographer, Eigil Bryld.

''We didn't necessarily follow all of them, but it was really good for me to have some kind of cinematic vision in my head for every single scene,'' Mr. McDonagh said. ''One of the fears I had, being a playwright, was to make a playwright's film, to have it just be about two guys talking for two hours.''

When the time came to edit those images, he learned ''how a few extra frames, a blink or a look away, can change the effect of a scene or the tone of a performance.'' The editing process also made him a better writer, he says. The editor ''taught me a lot about simply throwing things away.''

The editing lessons are not necessarily going to be applied on a new film. Although Mr. McDonagh has publicly forsworn the theater, and his experience on ''In Bruges'' convinced him that he wants to direct another film, he thinks his next project will be a play.

After he said he would never do another?

''I was just doing that to lose the Tony,'' he responded, good anarchist that he is.

Then he added: ''I've been on a treadmill of plays in London and here. It's a great treadmill to be on, but I finally had to step back and maybe live a little bit more and grow up and travel and see what kind of writer or person I've become.''

That person may be moving to New York at some point. And it's not just because New York is the one place he is stopped on the street, usually by theatergoers who loved his Pinteresque fantasy ''The Pillowman.'' The new plays bubbling in his brain are set in the United States, and so is the next film he wants to make.

Before any of that can happen, he has to get through Sundance. Although he responded with the requisite enthusiasm when his film snagged the opening-night spot, he has had second thoughts. ''I'm dreading it,'' he said, ''the whole round of interviews and TV stuff and being onstage. I can't stand up in front of people. It just fills me with horror.'' He forgets yet another horror: that cellphone of his. It will be ringing.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Anna Manahan, left, Brian F. O'Byrne and Marie Mullen in a 1998 production of Martin McDonagh's ''Beauty Queen of Leenane'' by the Atlantic Theater Company. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SARA KRULWICH/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg. AR19)

Brendan Gleeson, near right, on the set of ''In Bruges'' with the film's writer and director, Martin McDonagh. The movie plays at Sundance before opening Feb. 8. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JAAP BUITENDIJK/FOCUS FEATURES) (pg. AR11)

**Load-Date:** January 13, 2008

**End of Document**



[***FILM; A Western Set Far From The West***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49CB-2X90-01KN-20K8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By JUAN MORALES; Juan Morales writes about entertainment from Los Angeles.

**Body**

"IT was a struggle, and I didn't end up with what I set out to make."

That's not what you expect to learn from a young director promoting a new film. But Shane Meadows, the self-taught British upstart who made a splash with his 1997 boxing movie, "Twentyfourseven," plunges right ahead. "For the first time, I realized I was mortal."

It shouldn't surprise anyone that it took a while. Since the success of "Twentyfourseven," Mr. Meadows's maverick attitude and unconventional methods have sparked a small filmmaking scene in the English Midlands region, which is both his home and his subject. "Shane came along and showed that with borrowed equipment, a group of friends and a bit of hard work and dedication, you could actually produce films," said Graham Ford of the East Midlands Media Initiative. "That inspired a lot of people to say, 'If this guy can do it, maybe I can too.' "

But Mr. Meadows sounds less like the gung-ho pioneer and more like the weary veteran when he talks about his third feature, "Once Upon a Time in the Midlands." Speaking by phone from his in-laws' central-England farm, he describes his disappointments with the unflinching honesty that is one of the most frequently praised characteristics of his films.

The movie industry in Britain, with its hat-in-hand financing and narrow distribution, is a difficult place to work under the best of circumstances, and its marketplace is dominated by glossy Hollywood product. Not surprisingly, British filmmakers tend to be a resilient bunch who are used to doing their jobs under duress. So when Mr. Meadows was informed, just a week before "Midlands" was to begin shooting, that he would have to cut some 25 pages of his script, he was disappointed but not daunted.

"Basically, I had to take about a quarter of the story away," he said. "Otherwise, the plug was going to be pulled on the film."

Mr. Meadows, 30, was confident that he could rise to the challenge. He had earned critical hosannas, though modest box-office returns, for "Twentyfourseven" and its follow-up, "A Room for Romeo Brass" (1999), and had enjoyed an enviable degree of creative freedom. "In my previous films," he said, "I've always been really lucky. But on this one, which I suppose was the most ambitious thing I've tried, I ended up with the least amount of footage I've ever had in my life. There's a film there, but it's only by the grace of God that there's a story."

Mr. Meadows, who was named for the classic 1953 western "Shane," has been fascinated with cowboy movies since childhood, when he and his father would spend weekends watching them on tape. His concept for "Once Upon a Time in the Midlands," which opens in New York and Los Angeles on Friday, was to take a stock western narrative -- a long-absent scoundrel returns to town to reclaim his woman, who has settled down with another man -- and set it in the nondescript suburbs of his adopted hometown of Nottingham.

Despite Mr. Meadows's demurrals, most British reviews of "Midlands" were respectful, if not as effusive as those for his first two films. And bolstered by the presence of well-known British actors -- Rhys Ifans, Robert Carlyle, Shirley Henderson and Kathy Burke -- and a shambling comic spirit, its box-office take far exceeded that of its predecessors. Mr. Carlyle plays the charming petty crook who vows to win back his ex (Ms. Henderson) after he sees a mild-mannered garage owner (Mr. Ifans) propose marriage to her on a Sally Jessy-type talk show.

Miles from the flashy, aggressively hip style of better-known British directors like Danny Boyle ("Trainspotting," "28 Days Later") and Guy Ritchie ("Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels," "Snatch"), Mr. Meadows's slices of ***working-class*** life echo the realistic, socially conscious films of Ken Loach and Mike Leigh, but without Mr. Loach's heavy-handed leftist politics or Mr. Leigh's occasional cruelty.

Mr. Ifans, interviewed in London by telephone, noted yet another difference between Mr. Meadows and some of his colleagues. "A lot of British films are set in a sort of suburban backdrop, and often they're just very bleak and dark and highlight the impoverishment of places like that," he said. "Quite often, that's kind of a bourgeois voyeurism. But Shane is actually from a housing estate. And in the midst of all the human conflict and huge themes of love and betrayal in his films, there's a lot of joy and fun and people getting on with their lives. With that, I think he's got a real insight into suburbia in Britain."

It is an insight born of experience. The son of a truck driver and a barmaid, Mr. Meadows grew up in the central England town of Uttoxeter. His best friend was a boy named Paul Fraser, who is now his writing partner. When they were 11, Mr. Fraser underwent surgery to correct a back injury and had to spend nearly two years in bed. Mr. Meadows, meanwhile, fell in with a group of older boys who introduced him to drinking, drugs and delinquency.

"I did magic mushrooms, dope, sniffed glue," he said. "They couldn't believe how crazy I was. But it left me a bit of a mess in my late teens, because I felt like I was about 75 when I was 19. In the end, I had to move away and sort of build a life for myself."

At 21, while taking time off from a university photography course, he volunteered at a community arts center, which allowed him free access to video equipment. Emboldened by countless viewings of Martin Scorsese's "Mean Streets," which gave him the confidence to tell stories about the funny and occasionally frightening characters he'd grown up with, he soon began churning out short films at a rate of more than one a month.

"I started setting myself mad targets," he said. "Like, could I make a film in a day? In the end, the quickest one I made was in an hour. I went out and shot for half an hour, then came back and edited it during my lunch break."

When "Small Time," an hourlong film about thieves, played well on the festival circuit, the producer Stephen Woolley ("The Crying Game") offered Mr. Meadows the opportunity to make a feature. The outcome was "Twentyfourseven," a moody black-and-white drama starring Bob Hoskins as a homeless man who resuscitates a moribund boxing club for aimless teens.

Mr. Hoskins, a veteran of British landmarks like "Mona Lisa" as well as Hollywood blockbusters like "Who Framed Roger Rabbit?," signed on with the untested 23-year-old Mr. Meadows after watching several of his video shorts. "It was obvious that this boy was a filmmaker," he said. "And nobody had ever told him not to do anything. So I knew that making a film with him would be far more interesting than making a film in the usual way."

"Twentyfourseven" won the International Critics Prize at the 1997 Venice International Film Festival, and the hallowed British film magazine Sight and Sound touted Mr. Meadows as "The Great Brit Hope." Two years later "A Room for Romeo Brass," a delicate but disturbing coming-of-age story inspired by his own ne'er-do-well adolescence, was greeted by similarly glowing reviews, and Mr. Meadows seemed poised for a breakthrough.

But "Once Upon a Time in the Midlands" wasn't it. Indeed, the name cast of "Midlands" caused a bit of a backlash against Mr. Meadows, who had previously relied on unknowns (apart from Mr. Hoskins). "People were basically saying that it was a very lazy film because I cast your staple British stars," he said. "I think people felt let down by the fact that it looked like I was taking an easy route." So Mr. Meadows assessed his prospects, and decided that next time around, instead of leveraging his relative success, he would scale back.

Going back to the kinds of films he started with, he said, will ultimately allow him to make more of them. His next project, an untitled thriller starring Paddy Considine (who made his screen debut in "Romeo Brass") is budgeted at $:650,000, or approximately $1 million.

"There seems to be this bracket in Britain where, if you do things below a million pounds, and it sells in a couple of countries for TV and a few cinemas, it's made its money back," he said. "So we've found this niche where you can make films below a certain amount and actually get them made very quickly. Since 1997, when 'Twentyfourseven' came on the scene, I've only managed to make three feature films, where I would have loved to have made between 6 and 10. So this is really a proving ground."

Of course, limiting his budgets will also limit the types of stories he can tell, but for now, he said, that is a trade-off he is willing to make.

"I don't think 'Midlands' is terrible," he said. "But in terms of when I bump into people, 'Twentyfourseven,' and especially 'Romeo Brass,' have left a real mark on them. And I'd rather leave a mark on 200 people than make a million pounds off a million people for the sake of doing something commercial. The great thing is, that means I'll never make a film for money. I didn't make 'Midlands' for money, but for me, that was my Hollywood experience. And I didn't even leave Nottingham."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bob Hoskins, left, and Danny Nussbaum in "Twentyfourseven." (Photo by Joss Barratt/October Films)(pg. 12); Shane Meadows on the set of his film "Once Upon a Time in the Midlands," the story of a crook (Robert Carlyle) trying to win back his ex (Shirley Henderson) before she can marry someone else. (Photographs by Dean Rogers/Sony Pictures Classics)(pg. 9)

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**End of Document**



[***In Race to Fill Molinari's Seat, A National Test***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-4FT0-000P-N4K1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JONATHAN P. HICKS

By JONATHAN P. HICKS

**Body**

For almost two decades, the Congressional seat that encompasses Staten Island and southwest Brooklyn has been held by a member of the Molinari family, which lorded over the sole bastion of Republicanism in heavily Democratic New York City.

But the recent resignation of Susan Molinari has endowed the seat with special significance: it is the only seat in Congress up for grabs this November, and Democrats are launching an all-out fight to capture it for the first time in 17 years.

Their strategy offers a glimpse of how they may seek to regain control of Congress in the 1998 elections. Organized labor, fresh from the United Parcel Service battle, has plunged headfirst into the race, injecting itself into the local Democratic organization and providing hundreds of campaign volunteers to help the party's candidate, Assemblyman Eric N. Vitaliano.

While labor unions often provide contributions and manpower for Democrats, their involvement in Mr. Vitaliano's campaign -- in which nearly 500 union members won seats recently on the Democratic county committee on Staten Island -- is extraordinary. In this sense, union leaders hope the race could show whether a more aggressive labor movement can regain its ability to influence not only local races, but ultimately national politics.

Brian M. McLaughlin, an Assemblyman who is chairman of the New York City Central Labor Council, said that if Mr. Vitaliano was successful, it would most likely result in organized labor seeking to play a similar role in helping Democrats in next year's midterm elections.

But the Republicans are also waging a spirited effort to hold on to the one Republican Congressional seat representing New York City. Their candidate, Vito J. Fossella Jr., a City Councilman from Staten Island, has raised more than a half-million dollars -- he expects to spend at least $1 million by November -- and has enlisted the biggest Republican names to campaign for him in the highly conservative district.

In the coming weeks, Mr. Fossella will have not only Bob Dole campaigning for him, but also Jack Kemp, Gov. George E. Pataki and Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, who won the district in 1993 with about 70 percent of the vote.

Indeed, the race to succeed Ms. Molinari, who resigned from Congress two months ago to take a job as a television anchorwoman, has become a highly charged campaign that is reverberating far beyond the streets of the ***working-class*** district.

"All eyes around the country, particularly in Washington, will be on three races on Election Day," said Stuart Rothenberg, the publisher of a Washington-based, nonpartisan newsletter about Congressional elections.

"There are the governors' races in Virginia and New Jersey and the Congressional election in New York. And no matter what the outcome, people will interpret it as a bellwether," Mr. Rothenberg said.

The Democrats are 11 seats shy of a majority in the House of Representatives, and the addition of Mr. Vitaliano to their ranks in Congress would bring the party one step closer to achieving its goal next year.

The Republicans, fresh from a surprise victory in a special election in New Mexico in May, do not want that gain reversed.

The strategy on both sides seems to be to paint the opponent as being on the extreme philosophical fringe of his respective party.

The unions' role in the race could pose a peril for the Democrats, as it could make it easier for Republicans to portray Mr. Vitaliano as a captive of special interests or meddling from outside. And both labor and the Democratic Party have recently been tarnished by a fund-raising scandal in which top aides to the teamsters' union president pleaded guilty to fraud and conspiracy.

For their part, the Democrats have tried to link Mr. Fossella as closely as possible to House Speaker Newt Gingrich. They sense that the proposed changes to Medicare and Medicaid under the Speaker do not play well on Staten Island, which has a large number of retirees and hospital workers.

Furthermore, Mr. Vitaliano often tries to depict his opponent as a political novice who is overly reliant on the Republican National Committee for advice and counsel. "Fossella has a campaign that has been orchestrated and directed by the Gingrich forces in Washington," Mr. Vitaliano said. "We've seen very little separation from Gingrich on things that count."

For his part, Mr. Fossella repeatedly names his opponent in virtually the same breath as Ruth W. Messinger, the Democratic mayoral candidate who is criticized by Staten Island politicians as being too liberal for a district that voted overwhelmingly for Ronald Reagan and George Bush. Mr. Vitaliano, he asserts, is merely a tax-and-spend liberal.

"When it comes to raising taxes, he's done it to the tune of billions of dollars," Mr. Fossella said in an interview last week. "Whether it was Sheldon Silver's or Mario Cuomo's huge tax increases, he was there to support them."

While public attention in New York City in recent weeks has been fixed on mayoral politics and the topsy-turvy Democratic primary, the race in the 13th Congressional District has stirred Staten Island -- and the Brooklyn neighborhoods of Bay Ridge, Bensonhurst and Dyker Heights -- as few races have over the last few years.

Virtually every day, The Staten Island Advance has carried an article about the incessant accusations and countercharges between the two candidates.

To be sure, the candidates have sharply different backgrounds and offer strikingly different portraits for the post-Molinari era.

The 49-year-old Mr. Vitaliano, a 15-year member of the Assembly, stresses his ties with organized labor and describes himself as a "common-sense, conservative Democrat." A tall, beefy man with gray hair, he seems, when campaigning, rather like a congenial uncle, often placing a hand on the shoulder and offering a broad smile.

While his opponent takes great pains to portray Mr. Vitaliano as a liberal, many of his Democratic colleagues in the Legislature say that characterization is laughable. It was Mr. Vitaliano, they point out, who was a sponsor of the state's death-penalty bill and a measure, which was defeated, to outlaw a form of late-term abortion.

And though Mr. Fossella is running with the Conservative Party's endorsement, Mr. Vitaliano boasts of having run on that party's ticket in seven previous elections.

"He has a track record in the Legislature that I would never call left or anything resembling liberal," said Assemblyman Roberto Ramirez of the Bronx. "His work has always been reflective of his constituency, a much more moderate view."

Mr. Fossella, who is 32, is seen as a rising star in the New York Republican Party. A protege of Guy V. Molinari, the former Congresswoman's father and the Staten Island Borough President, Mr. Fossella has attracted much attention as an advocate for closing the huge Fresh Kills landfill.

In his campaign speeches, Mr. Fossella emphasizes several themes: reducing taxes, protecting Medicare and Social Security -- and his "close working relationship" with Mr. Giuliani.

On campaign stops, Mr. Fossella, who joined the Council after a special election three years ago, is often greeted more like a movie celebrity than a politician. "I just love him, he's so handsome," said one woman at a center for the elderly after hugging him.

Many politicians consider the race too close to call in the district, where ticket-splitting is not unusual.

But Mr. Fossella's position on the ballot below Mr. Giuliani's is considered a significant aid in the district where the Mayor is expected to win resoundingly.

That view is echoed in Washington, where the latest issue of The Cook Report, a newsletter that examines Congressional races, predicted that the Staten Island seat was likely to remain in Republican hands.

"Democrats have a chance of an upset," said Charles E. Cook Jr., editor of the newsletter. "But with Giuliani at the top of the ticket, it's not a real good chance."

Mr. Vitaliano, though, can count on his own boost from the ballot, because he will appear with his fellow Democrats Mark Green, the Public Advocate, and Alan G. Hevesi, the City Comptroller, both of whom are expected to do well in the district. Registered Democrats also outnumber registered Republicans in the district by a 3-to-2 ratio.

Mr. Vitaliano will also be helped by a political network developed over 15 years in the Assembly and the fact that Mr. Fossella is not as well known as the Molinaris.

**Graphic**

Photos: Councilman Vito J. Fossella Jr. of New York City, left, a Republican, and State Assemblyman Eric N. Vitaliano, a Democrat, are vying for the Congressional seat vacated two months ago by Susan Molinari. (Photographs by Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times)(pg. 36)

**Load-Date:** September 28, 1997

**End of Document**



[***RESIDENTS UNDER SIEGE OF CANDIDATES' BARRAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KFG0-0008-N3CR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DUDLEY CLENDINEN

**Dateline:** MANCHESTER, N.H., Feb. 26

**Body**

In the final days before the primary Tuesday, the expensive campaign strategies crafted in Washington and New York have come to earth. The barrage descends, and on the bleak, gray stretch of Waterman Street in a ***working-class*** district, the people in their clapboard houses are under siege.

Welcome or not, the campaign messages of the eight candidates for the Democratic Presidential nomination come relentlessly at them, by television, radio, telephone and mail and on the very doorsteps of their homes. The candidates interrupt the workplaces of the parents, the schools of their children, the main street of their city.

Article on scene in New Hampshire, where residents are being barraged by campaign messages and volunteers from eight Democratic Presidential candidates who are in upcoming primary; photo (L)

Here and there, as with Carol Harris, they have changed a voter's mind. She no longer supports Walter F. Mondale.

Five Calls in a Week

''You know why?'' she said. ''They called me five times in one week to ask if I was going to vote for him. I said, 'You think I've changed my mind in two days? C'mon, if you can't keep track of your own phone calls, how is he going to run the country?' '' Now she thinks she will vote for George McGovern.

On Saturday alone, the commercials of Senator Ernest F. Hollings appeared 15 to 20 times on television Channel 9. ''I'm sick of listening to those,'' Patricia Beaulieu said. The count for Senators John Glenn and Gary Hart was about eight each, and for Mr. Mondale, four to five.

On this two-block stretch of Waterman between Baker and Randall Streets, three canvassers knocked on the doors. The mail brought more literature. And as Florence Morin, 72 years old, watched a Bing Crosby movie on television in the dining room, and her son William, 39, watched break-dancing on his set in the living room, the phones around the neighborhood rang.

''Yeah, yeah, I'll vote for him,'' Mrs. Morin would say quickly, when she answered a call. ''Who was that?'' her son would ask. ''I don't know,'' she'd say as she hung up.

'Saturated Pretty Good'

Mr. Morin, who plans to vote for Mr. Hollings in the primary and President Reagan in November, views this process with a sense of regional amusement. ''You get saturated pretty good,'' he says, ''but it's nice to see them, because we don't get that much attention up here, anyway.''

Thus, in their individual ways, did the voters of Waterman Street cope with the invasion from the primary that New Hampshire holds so dear. Mrs. Beaulieu has seen Mr. Hart, Mr. Hollings, Mr. McGovern and former Gov. Reubin Askew of Florida all campaign at Sears, where she works. Unfortunately, as a Canadian citizen, she cannot vote, a ballot lost to Mr. Hart.

Like most Democratic voters in this area of New Hampshire, the residents of Waterman Street are Roman Catholic, and of Irish, Italian, Polish or French descent - the progeny of the 19th-century workers in Manchester's textile mills. The campaign, a quadrennial event they have come to accept, makes a cycle of their lives.

Joy Wheeler, for instance, is an equipment technician for the telephone company. She oversees the quality of the equipment installed in the candidates' phone banks and offices, and then those telephones are used to call her back at night when she gets home.

'Tons' of Calls

''I get phone calls - tons of them,'' she said. Some come from unions, some from the candidates' own organizations. ''I've asked questions of some of them,'' Miss Wheeler said, ''but mostly, they want to ask the questions.'' Frustrated by the lack of specific information, she reads all the pamphlets that come in the mail, trying to choose among Mr. Hart, Mr. Askew or Mr. Mondale, wanting to make an informed decision.

Further down the street, on a segment of Waterman where small new duplex buildings have attracted new residents whose roots trail elsewhere, Sheila Brace is content to base her decision on the familiar instead of on information. She likes what she has known ''through the years'' about John Glenn: ''That he was Governor. That he went up to the moon. You know - he's well known.''

Mrs. Brace is divorced and has a 3 1/2-year-old son to raise. She does not subscribe to a newspaper, and she has not heard the news from the Iowa caucuses Monday night, where Mr. Glenn came in fifth among the candidates, instead of the second- place showing that he sought.

If the Glenn finish in Iowa was not a blow to Mrs. Brace, it certainly was to the Glenn campaign. Its effect on voters elsewhere was disastrous, and the reaction of the Glenn campaign apparatus was a lesson in technology. ''We did a poll on Tuesday night after Iowa,'' said David Sawyer, the New York media consultant to Mr. Glenn, ''and just to show you the impact of TV, we were 10 points lower after the 7:30 news than we were before.''

New Appeals Taped

Mr. Sawyer rushed a crew to Nashua, N.H., and on Wednesday taped Mr. Glenn appealing to the New Hampshire voters' sense of independence. ''Now we hear that as Iowa goes, so goes New Hampshire,'' says Mr. Glenn. ''Well, I don't believe it!''

Mr. Sawyer rushed the videotape to television station WBZ in Boston four minutes before air time. It was on the air that night, beaming Mr. Glenn's message northward to New Hampshire. ''We've come back up - the slide has stopped,'' Mr. Sawyer said Friday.

On Waterman Street, one house took notice. ''Like Glenn says, people here can make up their own minds,'' Claire Brivard said. Unfortunately for Mr. Glenn, Mrs. Brivard and her three grown sons and daughter are all registered as independents. Her husband is Republican, and she said they would all vote for Ronald Reagan.

Expensive Odds

In the Presidential primary war, where the power of the television commercial has become an article of faith, such reactions are at expensive odds with media strategy. A 30-second spot at 6:55 p.m. on WBZ can cost $10,000.

Senator Hollings, who has put virtually all his effort into New Hampshire, is spending more than $180,000 to buy television and radio time here, mainly on the cheaper New Hampshire stations. The same two commercials are repeated again and again.

Mr. McGovern, who has finally qualified for Federal matching funds, just began to buy time on Friday, and the only other candidates whose budgets have kept them on the air recently have been Mr. Hart, Mr. Glenn and Mr. Mondale. The Rev. Jesse Jackson has no television commercials, and Senator Alan Cranston's, like Mr. Askew's, have dropped off.

Mr. Hart and Mr. Glenn, battling for second place behind Mr. Mondale, have approximately doubled their commercial time. But even Raymond Strother, the Washington media consultant for Mr. Hart, wonders what becomes of all this televised energy. There is no way to measure its impact, he says.

''There is nothing scientific that I know of, unless the University of Michigan came up with something just this week.''

**Graphic**

photo of Pam Sites and Cynthia Myers

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[***REP. ADDABBO: THE CITY'S DEAN IN THE HOUSE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HD10-0008-Y047-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 31, 1983, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1207 words

**Byline:** By JANE PERLEZ

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Dec. 30

**Body**

On the sprawling lawn at the home of Robert J. Carlson, the president of the United Technologies Corporation, the guest of honor at a recent shrimp and champagne reception was Representative Joseph P. Addabbo.

The affair, to raise funds for the 58- year-old Queens Democrat, was a testament to not only his re-election concerns but also his power in the House.

Mr. Addabbo is the chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee on defense, a position he has held since 1979 and from where he tries to contain what he calls the out-of-control spending and arms decisions of the Pentagon.

It is also a post that he has used, with some success, to direct military contracts to New York State, particularly to the weapon manufacturers on Long Island near his district.

Article on Rep Joseph P Addabbo, 58-year-old Queens, NYC, Democrat, and power he wields in House; notes Addabbo is chairman of House Appropriations subcommittee on defense; he comments on his stands on Reagan Administration's defense spending; illustration (M)

The 1984 fiscal year military appropriations bill, which Mr. Addabbo helped shape, is expected to provide for the spending of $9.1 billion in New York State, an increase of $2 billion over the 1981 fiscal year, according to the Pentagon.

He has been assiduous in protecting the interests of the Grumman Corporation, the largest employer on Long Island, and was instrumental this year in persuading the Navy to base the battleship Iowa and six other combat ships in New York Harbor.

'An Insatiable Appetite'

''I think the Reagan Administration overplays the threat,'' said Mr. Addabbo, who has tried unsuccessfully over the last several years to kill the MX missile, the B-1 bomber and the Pershing 2 missile.

Therefore, he said, Pentagon officials ''overemphasize the nuclear and strategic weapons over the conventional.''

''The Defense Department has an insatiable appetite,'' he said. ''Each service has to have the same as the other, if not more.''

Mr. Addabbo, who came to Congress in 1960, is the dean of the New York City Congressional delegation. When he wants something, he uses an acute sense of timing and an inside knowledge of Congress to get it, whether it be on military matters or more parochial issues like the Westway.

In the middle of this year, for example, he learned that the Secretary of the Navy, John F. Lehman Jr., was planning to make his decision on where to base the battleship Iowa and its battle group escort.

Mr. Addabbo postponed his drafting session on the defense appropriations bill, where crucial votes were to be made on Mr. Lehman's budget, until after Mr. Lehman was due to make his decision.

Mr. Addabbo explained to his colleagues that he thought New York might have a better chance when the Navy Secretary understood that the subcommittee chairman might wreak havoc with the Navy budget if Mr. Lehman did not make the decision that suited Mr. Addabbo.

An Invaluable Asset

When Governor Cuomo or Mayor Koch needs quick action in Congress, Mr. Addabbo's senior position on the Appropriations Committee is viewed as an invaluable asset.

Last month, he waited until the end of a rowdy session of the Appropriations Committee and until a key opponent of the Westway had left the room so he could quietly attach an amendment to a spending bill that would allow the Westway project to move ahead.

Mr. Addabbo's Sixth Congressional District, stretching through Queens from the Brooklyn border to the Nassau County line, is an amalgam of white ***working class*** areas, such as Ozone Park and Howard Beach - which are populated by Italians and Jews, and the poorer black neighborhoods around Jamaica.

It includes the Far Rockaways, Kennedy International Airport and the Acqueduct Racetrack. A reapportionment last year gave the district, for the first time, a majority of blacks and Puerto Ricans.

Caught Off Guard

The Representative was caught off guard last year by the primary challenge of Simeon Golar, a well-financed black who got 43 percent of the vote. Mr. Addabbo is treating the election next year, in which Mr. Golar is planning to run again, much more seriously.

''I'm doing everything I did in 1960, I'm treating the election as a first,'' he said during an interview in his Ozone Park Congressional office, which is upstairs from his law office. He sometimes practices law for clients who still insist on seeing him.

He had just come from an 8 A.M. Monday meeting with the Queens Labor Council, an umbrella organization of unions in the borough. The labor leaders had praised Mr. Addabbo for his work in revitalizing Jamaica and promised to start a voter registration campaign on his behalf.

Mr. Golar has also been organizing a vigorous voter registration effort, particularly among blacks.

''We're registering blacks, too,'' countered Mr. Addabbo, who has run on the Republican and Liberal Party lines as well as on the Democratic ticket. ''I feel I've given to the entire community 23 years of nonracial, bipartisan service. The more people he registers, fine. I think, on the basis of service, they will be color blind.''

$127,638 in 6 Months

In preparation for the contest, Mr. Addabbo raised $127,638 in the first six months of this year, more than any other New York representative.

Of this amount, $70,403 came from political action committees, most of them connected with military contractors.

Mr. Addabbo's PAC contributions were far greater than those of the other 11 members of the subcommittee. He has set a target of $600,000 for his battle with Mr. Golar. To achieve it, he has flown to California, Texas and Florida, and has sought funds from major weapon manufacturers that he has supported and others that he has opposed.

He received his single largest contribution this year from the Avco Corporation, the manufacturer of M-1 tank engines, after he backed Avco as the supplier of the engines. Earlier Mr. Addabbo had thought the Army should consider another supplier.

'Perfectly Justified'

''It wasn't cost effective to go with the second firm,'' Mr. Addabbo said. ''I felt perfectly justified.'' As for the $5,000 contribution, he said, ''maybe they think I need more.''

Mr. Addabbo acknowledged that the holding of Mr. Carlson's party in September was ''unfortunate.'' At the time, United Technologies, which has its corporate headquarters in Connecticut, was in the midst of a fight with General Electric over who should build the engine for the F-16 fighter plane.

Mr. Addabbo's subcommittee seemed poised in September to make a decision on whether Pratt & Whitney, a division of United Technologies, should continue to build the engine for the plane or whether the contract should go to General Electric. The decision is yet to be made.

''He's offered any help I need,'' Mr. Addabbo said of Mr. Carlson. ''If they want to contribute to my campaign, I'm not changing my votes. But I'm not turning down their contributions.''

The Representative has been accused of working to trim the military budget while turning a blind eye to military spending when it can be done in New York.

But Representative Jack Edwards of Alabama, the ranking Republican on Mr. Addabbo's subcommittee. said: ''We all look after our districts. People shouldn't be critical of that. We're expected to do it.''

**Graphic**

photo of Representative Joseph P. Addabbo in Washington office

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[***Never Angry, Often Disappointed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-53N0-000P-N1KY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By James Traub;

James Traub, a staff writer for The New Yorker, is the author of "City on a Hill: Testing the American Dream at City College."

By James Traub;  James Traub, a staff writer for The New Yorker, is the author of "City on a Hill: Testing the American Dream at City College."

**Body**

Long Way To Go

Black and White in America.

By Jonathan Coleman.

451 pp. New York:

Atlantic Monthly Press. $26.50.

It has become possible, in the last few years, to glimpse the emerging outlines of a kind of guilt-free zone of racial conversation. Black scholars like Randall Kennedy and Glenn Loury, and black journalists like William Raspberry and Stanley Crouch -- none of them, save perhaps Loury, conservative -- have very consciously laid down the bludgeon of racial accusation. This act of unilateral disarmament offers an invitation to liberal white scholars and journalists, accustomed to treading ever so gingerly, to think and write about vexing issues like poverty and crime and academic standards without looking over their shoulders at the racial proprieties. This ought to be an exhilarating invitation. But the impulse to see practically everything as an expression of racism is very deeply ingrained, in whites as well as blacks. It's an impulse, or a need, that provides an unintended second meaning to the title of Jonathan Coleman's book, "Long Way to Go."

Coleman is a white journalist, formerly with CBS News, who spent time in the early 1990's in Milwaukee, one of the most segregated and impoverished cities in the country. The mission that he set himself was simply to talk to everyone -- leaders and led, white and black -- and thus come to understand how, despite the heroic gains of the civil rights struggle, the economic and psychic gulf between the races could remain so vast. It's a serious and important task, and Coleman is a very conscientious guide, a Christian Pilgrim of the inner city. He has no ideology to vindicate; he does, however, come equipped with a set of conventional liberal attitudes.

At the very outset of his journey, Coleman arranges to meet with Michael McGee, an alderman and self-described revolutionary, and Jerrel Jones, an entrepreneur who is McGee's pal. Coleman gives McGee a respectful hearing as he talks of taking up arms, and he's disturbed when Jones declares that, no matter what his achievements, whites will always view him simply as "a nigger." But then he reflects that he was viewing the problem "through my lens, not Jones's. It was a mistake I would have to keep in mind as time went on, a mistake that in large part had to do with the unconsciousness of being white."

Our pilgrim turns out to be afflicted with a rather severe case of liberal guilt. Coleman insists on seeing McGee as an authentic, if deeply troubling, tribune of black opinion, and at one point he taxes Milwaukee's Mayor, John Norquist, with failing to conduct a dialogue with the alderman. Yet McGee strikes the reader as the kind of dangerous huckster who makes a career out of exploiting racial anger, and it comes as not much of a shock to learn at the end of the book that he has formed a friendship with the head of the White Aryan Resistance. Coleman seems to lack the language of condemnation; he writes that it was "disappointing to hear him talk of sabotage."

Coleman is so persuaded of the salience of race and the ubiquity of racism that sometimes he fails to notice his own evidence to the contrary. One of McGee's constituents, Maron Alexander, a proud but hard-pressed member of the black ***working class***, tells the author "that when he died, he wanted his headstone to reflect that he was an American, not a black American, that as far as he was concerned way too much was made of race." Coleman passes over this profession of faith in a non-racial identity without comment. But when, sadly, the Alexanders' daughter, Tennille, is arrested for bringing a gun to school to impress gang members, Coleman observes: "The same stuff went on in the suburbs, but . . . you simply didn't hear about it or read about it. . . . It was another form of inequity, another way in which white privilege quietly exerted itself." This is, of course, untrue, and the reader has to wonder if the Alexanders themselves would agree; perhaps they would say that Tennille had fallen in with a bad crowd. Coleman is so desperate not to blame Tennille that he practically denies her the power of individual agency -- a form of condescension that borders on what Jim Sleeper describes as "liberal racism" in his recent book of the same name.

At times, Coleman moves well beyond the platitudes. The most intriguing character in "Long Way to Go" is Howard Fuller, who became superintendent of Milwaukee's schools while Coleman was doing his research. A former black nationalist, Fuller opposes busing to achieve integration, and advocates an all-black school with an Afrocentric curriculum. He is a figure of stoical dignity and unshakable commitment -- a race man, as Coleman writes. And yet by accepting the superintendent's job, and by trying to enlist white businessmen in his campaign to reform a dismal school system, Fuller becomes a target for black leaders who hold the views that he himself once did. He's accused of selling out when he fires a black principal.

And there's an additional wrinkle: Fuller champions a referendum to increase funding for the schools, and he presents the issue as a test of moral resolve and transracial commitment. The referendum loses by a 3-to-1 margin, and Coleman finds both blacks and dedicated white educators who have voted against it, reasoning that the money will be wasted unless the system is reformed first. The loss of consensus on social spending, in other words, is not simply a matter of "racial fatigue," to use one of Coleman's favorite phrases.

Coleman seeks out both black and white dissenters from racial orthodoxy and gives them a fair hearing. And yet he is always pulled back to the view, or perhaps the preconception, that the solution to black poverty and isolation lies in the conversion of white hearts. This leads to several passages so painful that one almost yearns for the likes of Derrick Bell, who has proposed a "racism tax" as an alternative to futile hortatory efforts.

Coleman spends a good deal of time visiting a therapy group, Beyond Racism, in which whites sit in a circle and unpack "an invisible weightless knapsack" of the 44 "unearned assets" that come with their skin color. He identifies strongly with a social worker named John Fitzgerald, who becomes almost obsessed with the task of confronting his own unacknowledged racism. Finally the strain becomes too much, and Fitzgerald provides an unexpected lesson in one of the dangers of racial guilt. In his journal, he writes exhaustedly, "Do I want to be perceived as the person who challenges norms -- who reminds people always of their prejudices -- who challenges each and every system?" Our pilgrim, however, draws an entirely different moral. If even Fitzgerald finds that "his enjoyment of the status quo" outweighs the risk of changing hearts, Coleman writes, "then there was ample reason to despair that change would ever come."

Fitzgerald is almost a parody of the author himself: the awareness of purported racism ties him in such knots that he can neither trust his own reactions nor formulate new ones. But we understand the sense of taboo that governs both writer and character. Any reasonably sensitive white person who has written about, or even talked about, the situation of blacks is aware of this taboo; perhaps the same is true of any member of a dominant class writing about a group that that class has oppressed. One's hand is stayed by the knowledge of innumerable past hurts and misdeeds. The recognition of those wrongs, along with the acceptance of the sense of collective responsibility -- guilt -- that comes with recognition, is a precondition to entering the discussion.

But it is only a precondition; and over time racial guilt has produced intellectual paralysis, placing blacks, as Shelby Steele has argued, in the role of helpless victims and making liberal whites perform the intricate pirouettes of euphemism and tact to which Coleman is prone. We need to say that racism remains a powerful force in American life but that it may no longer be the principal cause of black immiseration.

Coleman admits to genuine bewilderment about the solution to persistent black poverty. Most of the admirable characters in his book feel the same way; only the charlatans have easy answers. What apparently has not occurred to Coleman, though, is that the obsessive focus on racism and injury, the vigilant patrolling of the borders of racial identity, is part of the problem rather than part of the solution. He is absolutely right in thinking that ordinary people need to break out of the shell of racial isolation and talk to one another. But perhaps they need to talk about something other than race.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** September 7, 1997

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[***ARSON DOMINATING LIFE AT U. OF MASSACHUSETTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HJP0-0008-Y1GK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 11, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Byline:** By DUDLEY CLENDINEN

**Dateline:** AMHERST, Mass., Dec. 9

**Body**

As physical events, the fires have been minuscule: a few pieces of crumpled paper, a scorched carpet, a seared desktop, a length of toilet tissue turned to ashes, some notices burned off bulletin boards.

But flaring as they have since late September in one dormitory after another, to the accompaniment of ringing alarm bells and evacuations night after night, they have gradually come to dominate the thoughts and interrupt the work of 12,000 students on the University of Massachusetts campus here.

''I suspect this is one of the three or four best places in the world for polymer research,'' Chancellor Joseph Duffey mused aloud in his office here on Thursday. The library contains one million volumes, ''the only major research library west of the Charles River,'' he said, giving a small smile. ''I'd certainly like to see some stories about that,'' he added.

Article on number of small fires that have been set on campus of University of Massachusetts; three students have so far been arrested and charged with destruction of public property and suspended from school; photo of Yvette I Henry, one of those charged (M)Fires Dominate the News

But for months the news from this campus has been about the fires. There have now been more than 40 of them in almost 20 buildings. A third student was arrested Thursday, charged with destruction of public property and suspended from the school. But another piece of charred paper was found at 6 A.M. this morning in yet another residence hall. The university's police and its lawyers are both working overtime, the former to arrest the fire setters, the latter to advise those arrested.

Vice chancellors and deans find themselves dealing with insurance issues, the press, problems of due process, disrupted study periods and angry students demanding delayed grades and returned dormitory fees as the campus heads into final examinations next week.

''So what's the nature of this problem?'' Chancellor Duffey said. ''It's a classical situation of the ability of two or three people to hold a community hostage.''

No Longer a Laughing Matter

After the first few arsons, the chancellor said, the campus ''had a little bit, to some students, of a high jinks feeling about it.''

But as time passed and the tiny flames kept sprouting, attitudes changed, most acutely in Crampton Residence Hall for women, where the string of fires started.

''At first they were frightened,'' said Tom Ahern, president of the student government. ''Then the security came in to patrol the halls. And that was a hassle. And they got used to the security. And then the press started coming in. And that really broke the camel's back.''

For the last three weeks at Crampton, ''there seemingly hasn't been a day without a camera, without a reporter, without a phone call,'' Mr. Ahern said, adding: ''This is test time. This is the most tense time of the year. They just want to study and get out of here.''

In early October, the safety director, Gerald O'Neil, said, the university turned to the State Fire Marshal's office for help in its investigation. Then, with more fires and no arrests, the university administration turned to the ranks of its own professors for advice about who might be setting them.

''Yes, we've consulted with our psychologists and psychiatrists,'' said Dennis L. Madson, the vice chancellor for student affairs, ''and very frankly, those discussions led to our consultation with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.''

Publicly, the university administration declines to discuss the F.B.I.'s advice. Privately, university officials speak of the initial fires as the acts of someone trying to get attention, someone who might need psychological help. But the campus police investigation that followed the F.B.I.'s involvement raised resentment in some circles of this ethnically mixed, largely ***working***- ***class*** campus.

''The people who were questioned were black and Puerto Rican,'' said a former resident assistant in Crampton Hall who asked not to be named.

Charles J. DiMare, director of the university's legal services office, agreed that most of those questioned in the Crampton Hall fires had been members of ethnic minorities. ''I think it's fair to say that the primary suspects have been black or Hispanic,'' he maintained.

Arrests and Suspensions

Since the end of last week, there have been three arrests. The first was of Yvette I. Henry, a 20-year-old black senior, a chemistry major and a resident adviser in Crampton Hall. She was questioned for two hours Friday night without a lawyer, Mr. DiMare said, and was then arrested and charged with two felony counts of destruction of personal and private property. Before midnight the administration had summarily suspended Miss Henry from school. She pleaded not guilty at her arraigment Monday.

The next arrest and suspension was that of Kent Bierly, a 20-year-old physical education major who has pleaded not guilty to the charge of destroying a fire alarm box in Cance Residence Hall.

Irritation and Anger

''He went at it with a baseball bat,'' one student said to another Thursday as the elevator rose toward the legal services office. ''It was 1:30 in the morning and he was asleep. I did the same thing in my dorm when the alarm went off. I went at it with a hammer.''

If Mr. Bierly's arrest reflects the irritation and anger that the fire alarms have brought, the latest arrest Thursday indicates the continuing nature of the university's problem. John Campbell, a freshman, was arrested in connection with a fire that did $25 damage to a carpet in Kennedy Residence Hall. That fire occurred only Monday, and copycat fires still flare in the night, as one did Wednesday night in a fourth- floor men's bathroom in Leech Hall.

The note left there said simply, ''Ms. Henry Lives.'' But Miss Henry now lives off campus. Allowed to return to classes after the student government and Mr. DiMare protested that her civil rights had been violated by her being expelled without a hearing, she is evidence of the human toll the little fires have wrought. Her movements are closely limited by the school, and she must always have an escort.

A Family of Collegians

Miss Henry, a Philadelphian, is able to attend the university because of aid from a program set up to help minority students with little money.

''Yvette is a good student and has a promising future ahead of her,'' said Gregory Roberts, her adviser in the minority students program. ''If she wants to go to medical school or graduate school, her options are open.''

Miss Henry's older sister received a chemistry degree last year from the university. Her younger sister planned to enter next year, and Miss Henry, who entered at the age of 16, was to graduate this June.

''Even if she's vindicated,'' Mr. Roberts said, ''it would be difficult at best for her to come back and finish here. It's a tragic situation, because she's damaged either way.''

**Graphic**

photo of Yvette I. Henry; photo of Miss Henry's friends covering up her car window; photo of security officer checking student id's

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[***Survival of the Loudest***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8280-000P-23BC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Nicholas Lemann;

Nicholas Lemann, author of "The Promised Land: The Great Black Migration and How It Changed America," is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.

By Nicholas Lemann;  Nicholas Lemann, author of "The Promised Land: The Great Black Migration and How It Changed America," is a national correspondent for The Atlantic.

**Body**

Politically, the lesson of the Presidential campaign so far is that anger trumps.

The candidates who have done better than expected have been best at striking an indignant-outsider pose: Pat Buchanan, Paul Tsongas, Jerry Brown and, finally and most dramatically, Ross Perot. Even the Bush-Quayle ticket is trying to appear as fed up with Washington as it plausibly can.

It's possible to tease out of these campaigns a political story line that can be used (with variations) all the way across the ideological spectrum. It goes like this:

1. The country is in crisis. Never mind the political science bromides that during peacetime and rocky-but-not-disastrous economic conditions people want continuity rather than change. So far, voters are responding to a picture of the nation as perched on the brink of real disaster.

2. The crisis is the fault of a small, cosseted, evil group. The group might be Congress or welfare mothers or lobbyists for Japanese companies or cultural liberals or political-action committees. Any news story that seems to confirm this suspicion (like the House bank scandal) engenders a tremendous public response and sends politicians and the media scurrying to demonstrate that they, too, are reacting with fascination and horror.

3. The people hurt worst are members of the great middle class -- "the forgotten middle class," as Bill Clinton calls it.

4. The way to resolve the crisis is through a dramatic change in leadership (in the Bush campaign's version, a change in Congressional leadership). New, good leaders will send the evil group packing and bring back good times for the middle class.

The story line owes a lot to our populist tradition, but there are differences. Classic populism flourishes during depressions, not recessions, and its constituency is people in desperate economic trouble and cut off from the mainstream of national life.

Traditional populist rhetoric appeals to "the little people" and "poor folks." But contemporary Presidential candidates who are true populists, like Tom Harkin and Jesse Jackson, haven't done well. What we have now is the triumph of *middle class* populism -- a creed that appeals to voters who would be offended if a politician told them they were the little people.

Middle class populism has been a wonderful strategy for winning elections. It brought the Republicans out of the ashes after 1964, it could revive the Democrats this year and it lies at the heart of the Perot campaign. But its apotheosis will almost surely not be the prelude to a golden age of governance. Middle class populism fosters a fantasy of oppression that has little to do with the state of the country.

The U.S. isn't really in a wholesale crisis. There isn't really an evil group responsible for our problems. The people who are hurting worst and who need the most help are the poor and the ***working class***, not the middle class. And a change in leadership won't make much difference because our leaders are already following the will of the people (especially the middle class) with fantastic devotion. You'd never know from the campaign that only two months ago the worst domestic disturbance in a generation, and the most obvious sign of trouble in the U.S. in 1992, took place in Los Angeles. As far as national politics is concerned, if it didn't involve the middle class, it didn't happen.

The natural impulse is to attribute 1992's populism to current conditions -- mainly the recession. But this explanation is too narrow. Anger has been at or near the center of Presidential politics for almost a quarter century. In large part it is the result of longer-term issues than the current state of the economy.

In 1968, Kevin Phillips, a young Nixon aide and author of "The Emerging Republican Majority," correctly predicted that playing on middle class voters' resentment of the cultural elite could help win a Presidential election. Vice President Dan Quayle's recent maneuverings have been right out of the Phillips playbook. Meanwhile, Mr. Phillips has been saying that the way to run for President now is to play on middle class voters' resentment of the *economic* elite. This year, several Democratic campaigns have taken this advice.

In 1972, Pat Caddell helped construct an outsider campaign for George McGovern, whose themes were similar to the outsider campaigns he later created for Gary Hart and Jerry Brown. Hamilton Jordan, architect of Jimmy Carter's run against the Washington establishment in 1976, is now one of Ross Perot's campaign managers. And Ronald Reagan, the dominant American politician of the last 25 years, was the most adept outsider candidate of all.

Why are people so upset? Part of it is that the social order established at the end of World War II has, during one of the more stable periods in American history, become creaky and arteriosclerotic. The political and economic system is less flexible, less able to respond to changing conditions than it was a generation ago.

An even more important source of anger is the great shift in the postwar economy. In the 1950's and 1960's, indices like median family income, productivity and average weekly wages grew rapidly. In the early 1970's, however, with the OPEC oil embargo, growth leveled off abruptly.

Because of the time lag between economic conditions and people's expectations, it was late in the postwar boom before a prosperity mentality set in -- look at almost any house built in the 1950's and 1960's and you'll see how un-plush those prosperous decades really were.

Expectations still haven't adjusted to the virtual nongrowth of the last 20 years. At the same time, the range and number of citizens demanding a share of the American dream has increased since the boom days, when women and members of racial and ethnic minorities were second-class citizens economically, and quiescent. The result is a sour and fragmented country, whose public discourse is dominated by a cacophony of complaints.

In his interviews with the journalist William Greider a decade ago, David Stockman, Ronald Reagan's first budget director, complained that the Government is beholden to "powerful clients with weak claims." Exactly the same point can be made about political rhetoric in our media culture.

Unlike the political machines it replaced, the press-polling-advertising nexus that dominates politics is very good at letting a multiplicity of voices be heard, but it is bad at adjudicating among them. Inevitably, the complaints of the middle class -- the largest, most powerful group in the society -- dominate.

The politician most responsible for figuring out how to appeal to the frustrations of the middle class was Howard Jarvis, father of Proposition 13 in California. Mr. Jarvis's inspiration was to move political debate from the spending side of government, where it had been for years, to the revenue side. Ronald Reagan quickly picked up on Mr. Jarvis's idea of putting tax cuts at the center of a political agenda.

But when he became President, Mr. Reagan found that the middle class, which wanted its taxes cut, was also passionate about protecting Government programs that benefited its own members. The interlocking political taboos against tax increases and cuts in entitlements helped create an enormous deficit -- and then, irony of ironies, the deficit became the emblem of a crisis produced by bad leaders who didn't listen to the middle class.

The truth is that the deficit was produced by leaders who listened to the middle class only too well. While they were attending to its wants and feeding its sense of grievance, society's worst problems -- the suffering and social chaos in the ghettos, deindustrialization -- went unattended, and they have gotten more and more severe. Villains aren't causing these problems. We are.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** July 12, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Likud Again? Yes, Says Benny Begin.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-83M0-000P-2005-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 5, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By CLYDE HABERMAN,

By CLYDE HABERMAN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** JERUSALEM, July 4

**Body**

On a chilled afternoon in early March, Benjamin Begin stood at a graveside on the Mount of Olives and recited the Kaddish for his father, former Prime Minister Menachem Begin.

In the aftermath of the recent Israeli election, some here would also like to say the Jewish prayer for the dead for Menachem Begin's Likud Party, now that it is about to enter the opposition after 15 years in power.

But his son and political heir cautions that prayers are premature.

Despite its resounding defeat at Labor's hands, he says, Likud not only can bounce back but it can -- no, it must -- also do so without compromising its basic message: Keep Israel strong, expand Jewish settlements in occupied territories and hold on to all the land that he calls "our sacred Jewish soil."

Finds Four Illusions

"There are those with the illusion that you can relinquish Judea and Samaria and still expect that a terrorist, independent Arab state would not be established," Mr. Begin said, using the biblical names for the West Bank. "Either we are there, or the P.L.O. and fundamentalist Hamas take over.

"Another illusion is that you could have a so-called two-state solution west of the Jordan River and let Israel enjoy one day of peace. The third illusion is that so-called territorial compromise is a viable solution, the illusion that the Arab leader has been born who would sign an agreement of territorial compromise, which means he would have to overtly give up part of the sacred Arab land of Palestine. The fourth illusion is that the P.L.O. is anything but a murder syndicate."

The man known universally here as Benny suddenly interrupted his checklist. "Aren't four enough?" he said with a laugh.

There is one more illusion, some political commentators here add, saying that it is Mr. Begin's if he believes Israeli voters did not demonstrate in the June 23 election that they had grown weary of unbending Likud ideology on territory and settlements.

Sees a Rebound Coming

Not so, Benny Begin replies. New immigrants from Russia, he says, voted hands down for Labor out of economic unhappiness, not ideology. Likud lost some votes because of its internal dissension. And Labor's leader, Yitzhak Rabin, campaigned as "Likud B, a surrogate," less hawkish than the present Government only by degrees on most issues.

"If this analysis is correct," he said in an interview this week, "it gives us great hope for a rebound in a rather short while, and not the 15 years that the Labor Party waited."

As Likud sorts out just what hit it on election day, the 49-year-old Mr. Begin, very much his father's son in ideas, looks and mannerisms, seems destined to become a pivotal figure in the psychodrama that political recovery is likely to be.

"This is a party that's been socked to the floor, hit right in the solar plexus," said Benjamin Netanyahu, 42, Israel's chief spokesman at the Middle East peace talks and perhaps Benny Begin's main rival for future Likud leadership.

Skipping a Generation

The generational change may have already begun.

It is only a question of weeks, maybe days, before Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, 76, ambles off into retirement. His presumed heir, Defense Minister Moshe Arens, 66, is so embittered in the aftermath of Likud's defeat that he says he is quitting politics, too.

There is the ambitious Housing Minister, Ariel Sharon, 64, who is more than ready to take the helm. But the former general, reportedly about to undergo gallbladder surgery, alienates at least as many people as he inspires. The same could be said of another man of towering ambition, Foreign Minister David Levy, 54.

So some in Likud are ready to skip an entire generation. They want to make leaders now out of the likes of Mr. Begin, who entered politics only four years ago but had an obvious head start in name recognition, and Mr. Netanyahu, who knows his way around a sound bite and is made for the television age.

To Run for Party Leader

Both men have already declared their intention to run for party leader in a primary scheduled for the end of the year -- a new procedure that Likud adopted this week in open imitation of Labor, which in February used it with obvious success to install Mr. Rabin.

If a Gallup Israel poll published today is accurate, Mr. Netanyahu is by far the strongest candidate to carry Likud back to power, especially since the next time around voters will directly elect the Prime Minister, a change approved by Parliament earlier this year. The survey showed Mr. Netanyahu with 57 percent support, well ahead of the 17 percent for Mr. Begin and the roughly 10 percent each for Mr. Levy and Mr. Sharon.

Still, Likud seems headed for rough months of internal turmoil although it is not yet clear how nasty it may get. Even Mr. Netanyahu acknowledges that blood will be spilled, possibly including some of his, no matter what the polls say about him for now.

And while Mr. Begin insists that fundamental Likud philosophy mustn't change, some in his party do not agree.

Religion vs. Needs

Mr. Arens shocked many here when he declared last weekend that the vision of a "Greater Israel," which formed the core of Menachem Begin's beliefs that he himself had championed, was not shared by many Israelis. He was prepared to give up the Gaza Strip, the Defense Minister said.

Another Likud member of Parliament, Meir Shitreet, committed what would have been branded as heresy in the elder Begin's day, saying that the party had overemphasized ideology at the expense of the economic needs of its ***working-class*** constituency. "The Land of Israel," he said, "isn't a religion."

Maybe not, Benny Begin says. But it certainly comes close, he says, and he sees no reason to change it. "We have a platform and we should adhere to it," he said. "It is very clear, very realistic approach to life at large and to the Middle East in particular."

He does not like the idea of direct elections, Mr. Begin says. He insists that it is not because some of his opponents may fare better than he on television (notably Mr. Netanyahu) but because it is an American-style innovation unsuited for Israel's political culture of consensus.

A Name Still Golden

Of course, he acknowledges that he has an advantage of his own, his name, which is still golden in the bustling markets of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, where during the campaign shopkeepers put up more pictures of Menachem Begin than of Yitzhak Shamir. He was a geologist when Likud officials persuaded him to run for Parliament in 1988, and he knows they did not approach him for his scientific skills.

"The political equipment I come with, I learned at home," he said. "I never had any pretense of originality in either my political thinking or my writing."

"Suppose," he added, "that I go to the Shaare Tsedek hospital across the valley and tell them that I just inherited $1 million and would like to contribute it to them. Do you think their treasurer would ask me if I earned it by myself or if I inherited it, and then say, 'Sir, we're only interested in contributions from people who make their own money.' "

**Graphic**

Photo: Benjamin Begin, son of former Prime Minister Menachem Begin, is vying for the leadership of Israel's Likud Party, which is still reeling from its resounding election defeat by the Labor Party. (Rina Castelnuovo for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 5, 1992

**End of Document**



[***On Tidy Block, a Pile of Garbage Grows, and So Does Frustration - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:498J-84M0-01KN-2103-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 11, 2003 Monday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1460 words

**Byline:**  By ANTHONY DePALMA

**Series:** HARD TIMES: The Politics of Clean

**Body**

The old factory, built like a bunker, has been vacant so long that few people in the neighborhood can even remember what used to be made there. One old-timer thought it was sewing machines. Another recalled hearing something about hair brushes.

Derrick Kallicharran, who can see the block-long, four-story fortress of the factory from his stoop on 103rd Street in Ozone Park, Queens, has no clue what used to go on inside. He knows only that since the city selected the property a few years ago for a high school that is still unbuilt, it has become a dumping ground. On the street behind it, garbage is knee high. Cardboard shanties sprang up during the winter, and an old trailer has served as somebody's shelter this summer.

That squalid streetscape has been especially galling to Mr. Kallicharran ever since he received a summons a year ago for having garbage on his own property. More precisely, a Department of Sanitation inspector found a candy wrapper and a few small pieces of paper on the sidewalk a few feet from Mr. Kallicharran's front door late one afternoon while he was at work.

"I wish the mayor would come around here and look at that mess at the factory and then come to my yard and see a candy wrapper that blew in from who knows where," said Mr. Kallicharran, who is from Guyana.

His fury is typical of many New Yorkers who have tightened their belts to pay higher taxes, fares and fees imposed this year as the city wrestled with what was called the greatest fiscal crisis in a generation.

The city has since declared that the crisis has ebbed. But here on this block, whose diversity offers a useful cross-section of the city, those pronouncements pale next to the filth behind the factory -- and to many residents' feeling that ***working-class*** people have been asked to bear far bigger burdens than the city itself.

Is the city called to task, they ask, for the delayed school project and the resulting mess? No, because layoffs have left the Sanitation Department shorthanded. But let a stray piece of paper blow onto Mr. Kallicharran's sidewalk, and he has to dig $50 out of his pocket.

"There's no fairness in that," he said.

Although city officials have denied that there is a ticket blitz to raise money, and though ticketing is down over all, Mr. Kallicharran is convinced that this citation and others he has received were attempts to fill the city's coffers. In the spring he received a summons as he waited in his car to make a right turn; a police officer claimed he was stopped in front of a fire hydrant. He received another a few weeks later for taking too long to replace his old license plates. Both tickets were overturned in court, but not the one for littering.

"I believe they gave tickets because they needed money," he said. "I honestly do."

After shelling out more of their own money to bail out New York, people here feel justified in expecting more from the city -- more services, more responsiveness and, at the very least, more compassion. But many see the city falling short on all counts. And there is hardly an issue that could have raised more hackles on this block than garbage.

Here, neatness is a badge, an obligation, a duty as sacred as any that comes from Our Lady Gate of Heaven Church around the corner. Tiny patches of lawn are tended with surgical care. Rows of pepper and tomato plants line up in gardens where weeds seem to be plucked hourly. Even garbage pails are scrubbed clean.

Of all the city's services, sanitation is perhaps the most elemental, the constant, visceral, stinking link between the citizen and the thing called community. I take care of mine, you take care of yours and the city takes care of the rest is the basic Ozone Park credo.

Mr. Kallicharran, 45, learned this ethic from his next-door neighbor, Gabriel Grande, 86, who once lived in the house that Mr. Kallicharran bought eight years ago.

"He's a good neighbor," Mr. Grande said. "You couldn't ask for anyone better."

Since large numbers of Asian people from Guyana began moving onto the block a decade ago, the neighborhood has lost some of its old harmony. Unfamiliar cooking odors, illegal basement apartments and cars that always seem to be parked too close to someone's driveway have introduced notes of discord into what had long been one of the most homogeneous corners of the city.

But new bonds have also been forged here, and new friendships that transcend language, color, creed or custom. When Mr. Grande was out each morning sweeping his sidewalk, he did not stop at his property line, but pursued errant litter on Mr. Kallicharran's sidewalk.

Mr. Kallicharran, whose earnestness and good will are well suited to his job as a door-to-door cable television salesman, took the cue from Mr. Grande. He, too, put broom to concrete, and felt he was doing his part as a good New Yorker.

He said he felt shamed by being ticketed, in front of his own house and in full view of the neighbors.

"I was dumbfounded," he said during an interview on his front porch. Just then, a friend walking across the street bellowed hello. He shouted back and then said, "They'll probably give him a ticket for being jolly."

He says that since he received the ticket he has been extra careful about picking up trash. "I'm becoming a garbage man," he said.

In the past few months, tuition, property taxes, water rates, heating oil prices, bridge tolls and the ubiquitous sales tax have all gone up, forcing the Kallicharran family to cut back wherever it can.

Mr. Kallicharran's wife, Anita, clips coupons and said she passes up products she likes for others she doesn't simply to save a few cents. Their son, Matthew, 6, keeps growing out of his clothes, so they scrimp on their own wardrobes. They are keeping cable TV -- usually one of the first things to go around here when times get rough -- only because the cable company Mr. Kallicharran works for provides it free.

"It's hard enough to get up to go to work and try to make a decent living," he said. "Then you've got taxes going up, everything else going up and the city giving tickets to take even more away from us."

The city's fiscal problems have claimed many casualties, and some say they include the bonds of trust between politicians and the public.

"Twenty years ago, if a city councilman said something, people believed him -- but now they don't," said Mary Ann Carey, district manager of Community Board 9, which includes most of Ozone Park. "I'vebeen in this job almost 20 years, and I've never before seen the level of disillusionment that people in the community now have in the system."

That disillusionment deepens every time a resident passes the old factory. On a recent afternoon, the banged-up trailer was still parked on 94th Avenue, although no one answered a knock at the door. Several old computers had been dumped on the street, along with big pieces of a rusty furnace, a soiled mattress, a few bald tires and several dented hubcaps.

Officials at the New York City School Construction Authority, which is responsible for putting up school buildings, said the delay in the school project had been only indirectly caused by budget constraints. The plan originally called for the city to ease overcrowding with a 931-seat High School for Architecture and Urban Planning to open by 2004.

The city acquired the factory in 2001 and planned to raze the complex, the original parts of which were built in 1920 by the Merit Hosiery Company. The confusion over what went on inside is understandable in light of the factory's history. Through the years it turned out a long list of products from socks to bouillon cubes and, most recently, paint brushes. When the city bought it, the building was a self-storage warehouse.

The vice president and general counsel of the School Construction Authority, Ross J. Holden, said the Ozone Park project had been delayed when it was caught up in a general review of construction ordered by the previous schools chancellor, Harold O. Levy, who faced budget shortfalls in 2002 and wanted to reduce costs and construction time.

The current capital plan, Mr. Holden said, contains $69 million for the new high school, now set to open in September 2006. Late last month the city notified homeowners that crews were starting to remove asbestos from the building, in preparation for demolition this year and the start of construction early next year.

"If they're finally going to go ahead with it, that's good," Mr. Kallicharran said. "Maybe then they'll be able to pick up their own trash."

Hard Times

Articles in this series are examining the impact of New York's fiscal crisis on the people who live, work and spend time on a single city block in Ozone Park, Queens. Earlier articles in the series are online at nytimes.com/nyregion.

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

**Correction**

An article and a picture caption on Monday in the Hard Times series, about city services on a block in Ozone Park, Queens, misstated the age of a resident, Gabriel Grande, who discussed littering violations. He is 82, not 86.

**Correction-Date:** August 14, 2003

**Graphic**

Photos: A trailer now sits on 94th Avenue in front of the vacant old factory scheduled to be razed for a high school. Garbage piles up behind the building, angering the residents, who pride themselves on a clean neighborhood.; Derrick Kallicharran, 45, holds a summons he received a year ago for a candy wrapper and a few pieces of paper found near his home. "I believe they gave tickets because they needed money," he said. "I honestly do." (Photographs by Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)(pg. B4); Every morning, Gabriel Grande, 86, sweeps the sidewalk in front of his home on 103rd Street in Ozone Park, Queens. He often tends to his neighbors' sidewalks, too. (Photo by Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)(pg. B1) Map of Queens highlighting Derrick Kallicharran's house. (pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** August 11, 2003

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[***Limerick, Burned, Also Finds A Salve in 'Angela's Ashes'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-5G80-000P-N4GN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By WARREN HOGE

By WARREN HOGE

**Dateline:** LIMERICK, Ireland, Aug. 24

**Body**

This sodden city in western Ireland has been such a hard-luck town that it cannot even lay claim to the form of verse everyone assumes was named after it.

"The truth is you can go into pubs here, and you'll hear yarns and doggerel and songs and parodies," said Brendan Halligan, editor of The Limerick Leader. "But I've never heard anyone recite a limerick."

H. D. Inglis, author of an early travel guide, came here in 1834 and found Limerick "the very vilest town" he had ever visited. Heinrich Boll, the German Nobel-Prize-winning novelist, saw it for the first time in 1950 and pronounced it a "gloomy little town" with "everything submerged in sour darkness."

More recently it has been been made fun of in a popular television show as "stab city," a label -- arising out of several muggings in the 1980's -- that the Mayor, Frank Leddin, finds so objectionable he will not utter it. "You can mention it," he said in his office by the Shannon River, "but you won't be quoting Frank Leddin."

Long considered Ireland's most entrenched Catholic city -- the author Conor Cruise O'Brien once called its bishop the "Mullah of Limerick" -- it has suffered from stereotyping as "violent, intolerant, obscurantist and reactionary" in Mr. Halligan's words.

So picking on Limerick had long been something of a national pastime when Frank McCourt, the Irish-American author, wrote "Angela's Ashes," the evocative account of the miseries of his starkly impoverished upbringing in Limerick in the 1930's and 40's. While its image of Limerick is not one the residents of this much-maligned place would wish the world to seize upon, they are hoping the book is something they can turn to their advantage.

"People come from all over the world to see James Joyce's Dublin; maybe this will do the same thing for Limerick," said Kevin Thompstone, an official of Shannon Development, the Government agency that has watched tourists arrive at nearby Shannon International Airport and then speed through Limerick on their way elsewhere.

But even though Limerick is a much changed place from young Frank McCourt's days, it will take an imaginative tour operator to make a pilgrimage here as popular as the route that follows Leopold Bloom around the Irish capital.

The Limerick of the author's youth was a forbidding place where his family lived in a squalid hovel, with frequent flooding on the ground floor and the accumulated slops from an entire street's chamber pots in a lavatory by the front door.

The mother begged from Catholic charities, the children often had nothing but fried bread and sugared water for food.

Their sleep was disturbed by a carousing father who would spend his dole money on drink and then lurch home singing revolutionary tunes and roust his children from bed demanding that they loudly declare their willingness to die for Ireland.

Wondering how he survived, Mr. McCourt writes, "People everywhere brag about the woes of their early years, but nothing can compare with the Irish version: the poverty, the shiftless loquacious alcoholic father; the pious defeated mother moaning by the fire; pompous priests; bullying schoolmasters; the English and the terrible things they did to us for 800 long years."

In the memoir, composed in an affecting present-tense, child's-eye narrative, the city emerges as "a gray place with a river that kills." Many of its young, including twin brothers of Mr. McCourt, die of tuberculosis, and those who make it to adolescence are subjected to the menaces and punishments of cane-wielding teachers and the judgment day warnings of the Catholic clergymen. "Doom," Mr. McCourt wrote. "That's the favorite word of every priest in Limerick."

Among the sites that remain as they were are the towering Redemptorist church, the Leamy's National School building, the St. Vincent de Paul Society town house where Mrs. McCourt lined up for assistance, and W. J South, the pub where his Uncle Pa Keating ceremoniously gave the 16-year-old Frank his first pint.

Other spots, like the dockside area where young Frank tries to scratch together enough coal discarded from barges to cook the family Christmas meal of a pig's head, have made way for arts centers, museums and restaurants with names like Quenelles.

Beyond the material benefits that prosperity and development have brought the city, its spirit has lightened with a shift in the city's attitude toward the Shannon. From its days as a walled city, Limerick traditionally built densely to the shore, shutting off access with breweries, foundries, mills, bacon factories and warehouses. In the last 20 years, it has opened up the riverside with parks and promenades. Swans now glide along the "river that kills."

The city has a modern university on its outskirts.

The booming Irish economy has enriched the country's middle and upper classes, but it has left behind the unskilled, who have no role in the keyboard-literate work force. "We've succeeded in getting rid of the ***working class***," said Mr. Halligan, "but we've replaced it with a nonworking class."

The current welfare count shows 8,682 of metropolitan Limerick's population of 150,000 receiving benefits.

Since the publication of "Angela's Ashes," conversations have centered on little else in the secluded areas of pubs called "snugs," behind the curtained windows of the bowed Georgian buildings in the city's gracious Crescent, along O'Connell Street, the city's commercial thoroughfare, and among the lanes and tenement areas where Frank McCourt rode out his desperate early years. People chew over the depictions of Limerick, its poverty and individual characters.

"The two sides in the great debate can and do spend all the hours God sends them," said Mr. Halligan.

But a feeling that the book is talking about an unlamented past, is well-written and does not reflect the Limerick of today seems to be winning out over the original fear of being held up to ridicule again.

"You have some people giving out about it, this is negative, and this never happened," said Mr. Thompstone, the development agency official. "But it's our history."

Frank Prendergast, a former Mayor and onetime member of the Irish Parliament, said that feuding continued in the city over the book but that he thought highly of it.

"I don't know which book I've read that's completely true," he said, grinning mischievously from above his pint, "other than the Bible and the Constitution of the Irish Labor Party."

Mr. McCourt, a New Yorker for the past 50 years, came to town for a book signing in July and saw for himself what he had wrought. O'Mahony's, a bookstore from which he was evicted as a child by the father of the present manager for thumbing through the pages of "Macbeth," was so thronged with autograph seekers the doors had to be closed three times. But among the enthusiasts were also people like Paddy Malone, 66, a former classmate at Leamy's, the school that is lustily lampooned in "Angela's Ashes."

He showed Mr. McCourt a faded picture, and when the author could not identify it, he berated him, saying: "You should know someone in that photograph because you are after writing about four or five of them. You called one of them a Peeping Tom." He then announced, "I have nothing but contempt for you and your book," and ripped his copy up. Sharing his view was Jo Monahan, 65, an insurance company clerk.

"I told McCourt it was a disgrace how he treated his mother in his book," she said.

Jerry Lillis, 72, a retired cab driver, grew up four doors away from the McCourts, and he said, "I can tell you it's all true because I lived in the same conditions."

He discussed the book over frothy pints of Guinness at a downtown pub with his friend Cornelius Clery, 64, a retired Irish Army soldier also raised in the slum lanes. "The house they lived in was appalling," said Mr. Clery. "You'd put a horse in a house like that, and you'd have the cruelty to animals people on you."

Mr. Lillis said he regularly got into arguments with people about his enthusiasm for "Angela's Ashes."

"I was having a drink last week," he said, "and a fellow comes up to me and says, 'Why are you saying good things about that book?' So I said, 'Have you read it?' And he said, 'No, I wouldn't read such filth.' "

**Graphic**

Photo: Two men raised in the slums of Limerick, Cornelius Clery, left, and Jerry Lillis, confirmed the miseries of growing up there as related in "Angela's Ashes" by Frank McCourt. "I can tell you it's all true," Mr. Lillis said. (Photographs by Jonathan Player for The New York Times)(pg. 12)

Map of Ireland showing the location of Limerick: Frank McCourt's childhood in Limerick was not a happy one. (pg. 12)

**Load-Date:** August 31, 1997

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[***RACE FOR CITY HALL: In Uphill Battles, 3 Democrats Offer Visions to Challenge the Mayor's;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-55P0-000P-N255-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Albanese Sees a City Divided***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-55P0-000P-N255-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 743 words

**Byline:** By NORIMITSU ONISHI

By NORIMITSU ONISHI

**Body**

At a center for the elderly in Harlem the other day, Sal F. Albanese described himself once again as the embodiment of "the New York experience" -- a garment worker's son who rose to city councilman and mayoral candidate thanks in part to the city's long tradition of generous social support.

But that tradition, he warned, has eroded under Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani.

"When I talk about the city, I talk about a city that elevates people, which is the strength of New York," said Mr. Albanese, a Brooklyn Democrat. "We always had the ability to do that. We had the services to do that: good schools, living-wage jobs. We're moving away from that toward a two-tiered system: a small group of very wealthy people and the rest of the city, poor and working poor."

The listeners at the A. Phillip Randolph Senior Center applauded politely when Mr. Albanese finished speaking and took his first -- and only -- question. After you lose the Democratic primary on Tuesday, an elderly man asked, will you endorse one of your two rivals?

Mr. Albanese appeared irritated -- as he did again later that day when a columnist for a Queens weekly posed a similar question -- and insisted that he was going to win.

Lacking the money of Ruth W. Messinger, the Manhattan Borough President, or the prominence of the Rev. Al Sharpton, Mr. Albanese has nonetheless doggedly pushed his theme of an increasingly divided city throughout his campaign.

His rivals have also accused Mr. Giuliani, a Republican, of creating a similar climate. But Mr. Albanese has made that message his campaign's central theme, using his personal and political life as backdrops.

Although the message seemed to resonate well in the ***working-class*** neighborhoods he had visited throughout the city, Mr. Albanese's campaign faces more practical problems.

Despite a late burst of television advertising, Mr. Albanese can still step outside his campaign headquarters on Lexington Avenue and 41st Street without being recognized.

At the Pelham Parkway subway station in the Bronx last week, as Mr. Albanese greeted early-morning commuters, Kenneth Agosto, a registered Democrat, told him he would support him. But later Mr. Agosto said he was not hopeful about the Councilman's chances in Tuesday's primary.

"I'm not crazy about Messinger, and I think he's the best candidate," Mr. Agosto said. But he predicted a victory for Ms. Messinger. "I think the machine is too powerful."

Mr. Albanese -- a former public school teacher who, despite a liberal voting record, has served for 15 years in conservative Bay Ridge and Bensonhurst -- long ago earned a reputation as a maverick.

He voted repeatedly, for instance, against budget agreements worked out between Mayor Giuliani and Peter F. Vallone, the City Council Speaker, criticizing their effects as too severe on middle- and lower-income New Yorkers.

In keeping with those views, Mr. Albanese sponsored a so-called living wage bill that required some city contractors to pay higher minimum wages. The bill was enacted last year over Mr. Giuliani's objections. Mr. Albanese has also proposed another bill that would sharply reduce campaign contributions and curtail the influence of big donors.

"I want to be a Mayor that offers all the people the same opportunities I had when I was growing up in this town," said Mr. Albanese, who often points out that he attended York College, which is part of the City University of New York, when tuition at the university was free.

"You can bring people together around the issue of economic fairness," he said and, referring to the contrasting reactions Mr. Giuliani's appearances often elicit in the city, added: "I don't want to be a Mayor that goes into one neighborhood and gets jeered, and goes into another neighborhood and gets cheered."

At a voter's drive at Manhattan Community College, Reggie Mason, a former student and current member of the Independence Party, which has placed Mr. Albanese's name on its line in November, said he supported Mr. Albanese. More than Ms. Messinger or Mr. Sharpton, the Councilman could unify the city, Mr. Mason said.

A few minutes later, Mr. Albanese's low-key remarks were lost amid Mr. Sharpton's thunderous appeal to "rock the vote! rock the vote!" Mr. Mason could not help pumping his fists in the air, but quickly added that he thought Mr. Albanese's almost reserved style of politicking could work in his favor.

"Sal is a very humble man," Mr. Mason said. "I think people will respect that."

**Graphic**

Photo: Sal F. Albanese marching in Labor Day parade with Andrew Letwin, 8. (Frances Roberts for The New York Times)

Chart: "ISSUES: The Candidates' Plans"

Where the Democratic mayoral candidates stand on issues.

CRIME

Sal F. Albanese -- Would not support any reduction in size of police force. Supports creation of an independent board to monitor instances of police brutality. Would hire 500 sergeants to increase supervision of younger officers. Would institute tighter screening in hiring.

Ruth W. Messinger -- Would put more officers on police patrol through increased use of civilians on desk jobs, but might also seek to reduce overall size of force to trim the budget. Supports creation of an independent oversight agency to monitor police brutality.

The Rev. Al Sharpton -- Opposes reduction in size of police force. Would push for more focus on community policing and having officers work closely with community groups. Supports independent review board of police department.

EDUCATION

Sal F. Albanese -- Would hire more teachers to reduce class sizes to under 25 in first three grades. Supports perfor 2/3mance-based standards for principals, using salary increases or, converse 2/3ly, specter of dismissal to im 2/3prove their performance. Undecided on retaining Schools Chancellor Rudy Crew.

Ruth W. Messinger -- Would hire more teachers to decrease class size. Would set tougher standards for student promotion, eliminating automatic grade promotion based on age. Would institute performance standards for teachers and principals. Would likely dismiss Chancellor Crew.

The Rev. Al Sharpton -- Would hire 3,000 more teachers and review each teacher's performance and negotiate for penalties for teachers who don't perform well. Undecided on Chancellor Crew.

ECONOMY

Sal F. Albanese -- Would hire an economic development czar from the business world to encourage small-business develop 2/3ment. Would advocate residency for prospective city employees to increase local employment. Would focus most economic development efforts on small businesses.

Ruth W. Messinger -- Supports targeted tax credits to foster development. Believes companies that do business with New York should be required to hire a certain number of city employees. Believes that companies that get tax abatements should be required to create jobs in New York.

The Rev. Al Sharpton -- Would set goal of 120,000 new jobs and pledges to cut unemployment in half. Would accomplish that with a public works program and a requirement that contractors and companies that get tax incentives or city business pledge that 80 percent of new employees be city residents.

WELFARE

Sal F. Albanese -- Believes welfare recipients should be required to work. Would bring in someone from a city that has been innovative in welfare reforms. Would increase day care programs for welfare recipients. Supports giving welfare recipients working in government jobs the right to organize.

Ruth W. Messinger -- Believes welfare recipients should be required to work. Believes participants in Work Experience Program should be allowed to organize and are entitled to workplace protection. Supports increased spending on day care and education training.

The Rev. Al Sharpton -- Says welfare recipients should be required to work in real jobs or be placed in training programs. Would give people in welfare work programs the right to organize. Would emphasize training and day care programs.

TAXES

Sal F. Albanese -- Supports increasing taxes if we needed to, and specifically mentions the commuter tax and the tax rate on higher income New Yorkers. Supports cutting taxes on unincorporated business, com 2/3mercial rent and clothing sales.

Ruth W. Messinger -- Does not believe taxes would have to be raised in her term. Supports cutting taxes on unincorporated business and commercial rent, and also supports cutting sales tax on clothing.

The Rev. Al Sharpton -- Would ask state Legislature to increase the commuter tax and, if the city went into a downturn, would reinstitute a stock transfer tax. Would not support any other for city residents. Supports cutting taxes on unincorporated business, commercial rent and clothing sales.

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[***In Yonkers, One Enclave, Many Problems***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-5KT0-000P-N17W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 24, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1347 words

**Byline:** By ELSA BRENNER

By ELSA BRENNER

**Dateline:** YONKERS

**Body**

ALONG St. Joseph's Avenue, once a respectable neighborhood of ***working-class*** families here, bare-chested men now occupy the street corners like sentries on a watch. Among the burned-out buildings, the weeds where gardens thrived, rubbish on the streets and abandoned mattresses along the sidewalks, they snarl at passers-by and while away the long, hot summer days.

Mulford Gardens, built in 1937 as a model federally subsidized apartment complex, is still the focal point of this tough riverfront neighborhood -- except that over time, what was once a community's proud centerpiece has become its shame. Graffiti is everywhere, along with a robust crack cocaine trade, the police say.

In the beginning, the apartments were a first stop for hard-working families who would eventually save enough money to buy houses of their own. Alexander G. Votta, a Yonkers resident who is now 80, remembered it as a stylish place to live in the early 1940's, and a good place to raise a family.

But by the 1950's, the economic landscape began to change as jobs dried up at the local carpet mill. When an elevator manufacturing plant also cut back production, some residents moved away in search of other opportunities. Many who stayed behind went on the public dole. Today, a few roses still grow outside the 125-year-old Sisters of Charity convent next door to Mulford Gardens, although armed robberies, pit bull fights and unrelenting poverty occlude most memories of a better past.

It is a neighborhood where boys learn to be tough according to the unforgiving rules of the street, where bodega owners barely eke out a living and customers pay with food stamps, where most mothers will not let young children play outside and the elderly are too fearful to leave home even to attend mass.

According to census data for 1990, 38 percent of the neighborhood's population lives below the poverty level.

"It breaks my heart to see the problems here," said Abraham Santiago, a deacon for 25 years at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church. For Mr. Santiago, it has become a neighborhood of lost souls.

To the police, it is Yonkers's Fourth Precinct -- and one of the toughest areas in the city. Capt. Patrick J. McMahon of the precinct called it "ground zero."

"We see everything here," he said.

From the perspective of determined municipal officials, the Ashburton Avenue Corridor, as it is also known, has become a part of the city needing to be reclaimed.

Yonkers has applied for a $27 million Federal Housing and Urban Development grant to rejuvenate the area. Similar Federal projects in poor neighborhoods are under way in Detroit, Hartford and Newark, among other places.

Bruce Harmon, a housing consultant for Yonkers, who also worked in Hartford and Newark, explained that the recent round of Federal grants is fueled by the idea of rebuilding down-and-out neighborhoods by teaching poor residents how to better themselves.

"Instead of just looking at changing the housing, as it did in the past, the Federal Government is now also looking at changing the lives of the people," he said.

Joe L. Farmer, Special Assistant for Housing and Community Redevelopment to Mayor John D. Spencer, explained that rather than raze blighted housing, the idea was to "try and build things up again."

Mr. Farmer is charged with carrying out the second phase of a Federal Court order, issued in the late 1980's, to desegregate the state's fourth-largest city by creating 600 units of affordable housing for prospective low- and moderate-income home buyers.

Part of the plan calls for creating 146 units of affordable housing for minority groups on the city's predominantly white east side, and that is under way. But the order also calls for improving the quality of life in southwest Yonkers, where mostly minorities live.

The area that includes Mulford Gardens is perhaps Westchester's poorest. Known as United States Census Track 5, the median household income is $9,306.

It was once a predominantly Irish-American neighborhood of one- and two-family houses with a "smattering of Polish, Italians and Germans," said Lawrence Christopher, a member of the Housing Authority from 1952-68.

Now the residents are predominantly black and Hispanic, with a third of the population speaking Spanish, the census data show.

Of the 3,358 people older than 16, fewer than half are employed.

Residents here -- Like Tony Sepulveda, who owns the Park Avenue Deli -- worry most about safety issues, studies made by the city show.

Mr. Sepulveda was robbed in June by two men with a sawed-off shotgun. It was 10:30 at night, near closing time for the 44-year-old immigrant from the Dominican Republic, who rose that day at 4 to buy produce and supplies in the Bronx for his Spanish-speaking customers.

He knows most of his clientele well, even their first name, and that night he thought he recognized the voices of his masked assailants.

"Before they left, one of them said, 'Thanks, Poppy,' which is my nickname," Mr. Sepulveda recalled. "They knew me."

In quick succession the next morning, there were three more armed robberies in the neighborhood by an assailant with a sawed-off shot gun, confounding the police who had cordoned off Mulford Gardens but failed to catch a suspect.

Lieut. Salvatore J. DiMaggio, commander of the Yonkers Police Housing Unit, said the apartment's 70 exits and entrances and maze-like layout render it a difficult area to patrol. The complex is equally attractive to drug dealers and buyers who come from other neighborhoods to do business here, he said.

When they make arrests, the police often encounter "a lot of resisting -- kicking and biting and slashing with a razor," said Lieutenant DiMaggio, who described it as a perilous beat for officers.

Although pets have been outlawed in the projects, the sound of dogfights continues. Last year, the police raided a pit bull and betting rink in the basement of Mulford Gardens that had been set up like a theater with video cameras. The police had to shoot the dogs, who turned on them as the raid began.

In a park across the street from the complex, some residents described the neighborhood as dangerous, while others said it was safer than most in other cities.

"By day, it's nice," said Fran Foltan, 52, who was relaxing on a park bench. "But by night, this place becomes a jungle."

Margarita Santiago, 18, a single mother who is expecting a baby in September, described the neighborhood as "better than the Bronx or Brooklyn, even though I would still never let my kids go out and play alone."

A 35-year-old single father of six, Frederick Cardwell, said he had chosen to raise his children in Mulford Gardens where he grew up. He said strict parenting and an emphasis on values would see his family through any difficulties.

A caddie at a Scarsdale country club said that even if he could afford to leave the neighborhood, he would not. "I like it here because it's never boring," Ernest Asiedu, 20, said. "Even if I had a better job, I'd stay in the neighborhood, only in a house of my own."

As it is for Mr. Asiedu, home ownership is a dream of many residents here, said Peter Smith, executive director of the 2,609-unit Yonkers Municipal Housing Authority. A focus of the grant would be on rebuilding Mulford Gardens and assisting some residents to buy units there.

"For most people in Westchester, finding housing can be difficult," he said, "but for poor people it is extremely difficult."

Mr. Farmer, the special assistant to the Mayor, said that under income guidelines established for the renewal project, a family of four earning up to $71,600 a year would be eligible for assistance in buying a home or apartment along the Ashburton Avenue corridor.

Under legislation pending in Congress, 65 percent of families admitted to public housing in a year could earn as much as 80 percent of the area's median income. The rest could earn no more than 30 percent of the median.

Mr. Smith of the Housing Authority said those guidelines, which are aimed at helping the working poor attain home ownership, could "squeeze out the very poor."

"Then where would they go?" he asked.

**Graphic**

Photos: Alma Corronado and her daughter, Nathay, emerging from a delicatessen in Yonkers. (Richard Harbus for The New York Times)(pg. 12); In park near Mulford Gardens in Yonkers, from left, are Chris and Jon Bulluck, Jamel Cannon and Ernest Asiedu. At left, Margarita Santiago and sister, Kimberly, holding their niece, Nalia. (Photographs by Richard Harbus for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

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[***POVERTY, SHAME AND SELF-RELIANCE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KT60-0008-N2YY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 22, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 9, Column 1; Book Review Desk; REVIEW

**Length:** 1233 words

**Body**

Morris Dickstein , who teaches English at Queens College, is the author of ''Gates of Eden: American Culture in the Sixties.'' THE GREAT DEPRESSION

America, 1929-1941. By Robert S. McElvaine. Illustrated. 402 pp. New York: Times Books. $19.95.

By Morris Dickstein

THANKS to Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange and other great photographers who worked for the Farm Security Administration, we have a collective dream of what the Great Depression looked like. We also know a great deal from reading writers like Edmund Wilson and James Agee, who, instead of setting off for Paris, struck out for the heart of the country to find out how ''the people'' were coping. Even the Hollywood studios, for all their bubbly escapism, made films on social themes that touched on this trauma of the national psyche. The poor have always been with us but never so noticeably as during the Depression, when poverty and the soul-destroying shame and hopelessness that accompanied it spread like a disease through the lower and middle classes.

Morris Dicistein reviews book The Great Depression: America, 1929-1941 by Robert S McElvaine; photos

Robert S. McElvaine is a reflective young historian who edited ''Down and Out in the Great Depression,'' a selection of poignantly revealing letters sent to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and other public figures during the 1930's. Few other books give voice so clearly to the hopes, fears and humiliations of ordinary Americans in hard times. At the heart of ''The Great Depression'' is a fine interpretive chapter composed from the same material. But the book as a whole is quite different, combining this kind of history from below - the new social history which itself evolved from the period - with a more traditional political treatment of the New Deal and an economic analysis of the Depression. While Mr. McElvaine covers familiar ground, this eclectic book is still the handiest one-volume survey of the Depression since William E. Leuchtenburg's incisive ''Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal'' (1963).

On Roosevelt and his policies, Mr. McElvaine writes from the perspective of the postwar generation - charmed, skeptical, far from worshipful but ultimately not differing much from the viewpoint of older historians. He lacks the narrative flair of Mr. Leuchtenburg or Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., and when he pauses to weigh every conceivable cause of the Depression or to dilate on changes in American ''values,'' his prose turns wooden. Mr. McElvaine also has a penchant for intrusive contemporary references - there's too much about Ronald Reagan for a book on the Depression.

But these flaws are marginal compared to the book's strengths. Trustworthy in its research and scholarship, ''The Great Depression'' sheds light on even the most timeworn topics - Herbert Hoover's Presidency, the banking crisis that greeted Roosevelt when he entered office, the First Hundred Days, the so-called Second New Deal of 1935-36, the deep, Government-inflicted ''recession'' of 1937-38 and the subsequent shift from social spending to military preparedness that, as war broke out, finally succeeded where the New Deal had failed and brought the Depression to an end. Mr. McElvaine reminds us that in 1939, 10 years after the Crash, there were still 9.4 million Americans unemployed, 17.2 percent of the work force. ''The Great Depression outlived the New Deal,'' he says.

General readers will be more surprised than scholars at some of Mr. McElvaine's interpretations. His portrayal of Hoover as a bewildered progressive and a stiff-necked ''man of principle'' is far from the cliches of liberal demonology. The well-meaning Hoover's compulsive attention to administrative detail, combined with his faulty political skills, evokes a striking comparison to another engineer turned President - Jimmy Carter. By contrast, Mr. McElvaine describes Roosevelt as a flexible, pragmatic politician, free of ideological baggage, who never understood the Keynesian economics he was constrained to practice. (Some of his efforts to slash spending and balance the budget proved disastrous.) Far from being a ''traitor to his class,'' Roosevelt was a patrician, a ''country gentleman'' who had always been skeptical of the values of bankers and businessmen. He could see himself paternalistically, ''as a true friend of the forgotten man,'' Mr. McElvaine says. ''But it was a particular type of friendship, one based not on equality but on noblesse oblige.''

Though Mr. McElvaine writes persuasively about these political figures, he is far more original on the forgotten men and women. His key chapter, ''an excursion into the minds of ***working-class*** Americans,'' sensitively evokes what it felt like to slide from respectability into destitution, to apply for ''relief'' and be processed by benign but insensitive bureaucrats. He describes psychological problems, the sickening apathy and listlessness, the strain on marriages and the sometimes more fortunate impact on children, who precociously developed the self-reliance their elders had lost. (Depression movies like ''Wild Boys of the Road'' make this particularly clear.) He shows how women often bore up better than men, taking menial jobs and having less pride to swallow when seeking assistance.

Some of Mr. McElvaine's omissions are startling in a book that aims to be comprehensive. He scarcely mentions the Dust Bowl, the Popular Front, the Communist Party or the radicalization of many writers and intellectuals - all topics exhaustively discussed elsewhere. Except for a few pages on movies, he ignores the cultural artifacts - novels, plays, murals, documentaries and later memoirs that continue to make the Depression real to us. But he rightly dwells on the formation of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, and on the popular movements that that developed around demagogues like Huey P. Long, the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin and Dr. Francis E. Townsend, arguing that they initially represented more of a push for ''social justice'' than a nascent fascism.

To Mr. McElvaine, these discontented masses, like the newly unionized workers, were part of an increasingly class-conscious electorate that pushed Roosevelt and Congress to the left in 1935-36 and stood ready for more radical solutions than Roosevelt was ever ready to undertake. Here some wishful hindsight colors Mr. McElvaine's thinking - a post-1960's affinity for socialism, community and ethical norms in politics and economics. Thus he pays tribute to the sitdown strikes of the late 30's (outlawed by the Supreme Court in 1939) for their militancy, sense of solidarity and revolutionary symbolism, which suggested a takeover of the means of production by the actual producers.

Generally, Mr. McElvaine's historical narrative is too conscientious to be governed by his own political preferences. He seems to have began his research with a bias against New Deal liberalism for having saved capitalism, but the book is full of grudging admiration for Roosevelt and his reforms. We may regret that instead of doing a full social history of the 1930's, Mr. McElvaine gravitated toward the well-plowed terrain of an administrative history of the New Deal. Within that limitation, however, it would be hard to find a fairer or more balanced account of how the American people and their leaders learned to grapple with their greatest economic crisis.B

**Graphic**

photo of abandoned house in the Dust Bowl in 1930's; photo of migrant family from Missouri on U.S. highway

**End of Document**



[***THE ISRAELI VOTE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6R80-000P-255G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***RABIN PLANS TO ACT ON MIDEAST TALKS AND SETTLEMENTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6R80-000P-255G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** Yitzhak Rabin

By CLYDE HABERMAN,

By CLYDE HABERMAN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** JERUSALEM, June 24

**Body**

Yitzhak Rabin said today that his priorities as Israel's next Prime Minister would be peace negotiations to bring about Palestinian self-rule in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip, and an end to construction of "political settlements" there.

Mr. Rabin, the victorious Labor Party leader in the national election Tuesday, added that he hoped in the process to improve relations with the United States, which have been seriously strained over the settlements issue.

"Every penny that goes to them is a blow to the things that are most important to Israel," he told a television interviewer tonight, referring to settlements not explicitly needed for Israeli security. "As far as the national budget is concerned, the building will stop."

Peace and Security

Mr. Rabin spoke only in general terms and for the most part reiterated basic themes from his campaign as he savored the first day after a stunning Labor victory over the long-governing Likud Party. [Palestinians in the occupied West Bank cautiously welcomed the Labor victory. Page A14.]

Nevertheless, he sought to emphasize that many of his principal concerns would be different from Likud's, with the exception that he is no less committed to Israel's security.

"I believe that peace that doesn't contribute to security has no meaning and isn't worth the name 'peace,' " he said at a separate news conference.

'National Consensus'

Mr. Rabin's triumph does not mean he has a Government yet, for he still needs to find coalition partners to give him a working majority in the 120-member Parliament. In fact, he suggested concern that the incomplete alliance he now leads may lean too far to the left, and he raised the possibility of religious and right-wing parties helping him to form a "broad national consensus."

In an apparent gesture toward the right, the Labor leader urged his left-wing allies in a coalition called Meretz not to press demands for a Palestinian state or for a complete freeze on Jewish settlements, whether defined as "political" or otherwise.

Though Mr. Rabin has not been specific about which settlements are political, they are generally considered to be those not in or around Jerusalem.

And he said that even if Palestinians gained self-rule -- a status that he has said he hopes to realize within nine months of taking office -- it did not mean that all 140 settlements built in the West Bank and Gaza over the last 25 years would disappear.

"We're not going to uproot settlements as we did in Sinai," he said, evoking what for many Israelis was a traumatic leveling of Jewish communities in the Sinai Desert a decade ago as part of a peace treaty with Egypt.

As praise of the Labor victory and expressions of hope for peace flowed in from the United States, Europe and Arab countries, Mr. Rabin and his strategists began to deal with the complex political arithmetic involved in putting together a stable coalition. They talked about having a Government in place in three to five weeks, and some of them set as a target July 13, when the new Parliament is scheduled to convene.

While there are several uncertainties, one point is obvious. Labor's rout of Likud could scarcely have been more thorough -- 45 parliamentary seats to 32, in the unofficial final tally. Likud, which held power for 15 years, now finds itself a dispirited and disoriented opposition party, one that its officials assume will endure debilitating internal arguments and possible schisms before its fortunes improve.

Its leader of the last decade, Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, was widely expected to step aside before too long. Mr. Shamir hinted at that possibility in a television interview early this morning.

"We have to revamp the party," said Benjamin Netanyahu, one of several young party officials who would like to succeed Mr. Shamir. "It's very clear that the biggest message voters sent to us was: You've been there too long, and you forgot that you're accountable. And they're right."

Religious Party Role

Still, as convincing as the Labor victory was, it left Mr. Rabin short of a working parliamentary majority.

One natural partner is Meretz, which won 12 seats. Added to Mr. Rabin's total, it gives him a total of 57. In theory, he could also throw in 5 seats won by two Israeli Arab parties, but he has said repeatedly that he will not accept them in the Government.

So to reach the 61 seats that it needs, Labor has no choice but to turn to some of the religious parties and perhaps also to a far-right party called Tsomet, which had been allied with Likud until now.

It is not impossible that Mr. Rabin could even ask Likud to join him in a "national unity government," along the lines of a broad coalition that prevailed from 1984 to 1990. But several officials in both major parties said that seemed highly unlikely, given the widespread opposition to such an arrangement within Labor and the unacceptable junior status that Likud would get if it went along with the idea.

In his television interview tonight, Mr. Rabin said that several parties of rigorously Orthodox Jews were possible partners. He also hinted at possible negotiations with Tsomet, which increased its parliamentary strength from two seats to seven, in good part because its leader, Rafael Eitan, is perceived by many voters as honest and straightforward.

At no point was Mr. Rabin specific about which parties he would approach. He insisted that he had forbidden any substantive discussions until after the vote totals are declared final, probably on Friday.

Those negotiations could prove delicate because his potential allies could not be more varied on several key questions.

Yet somehow that seemed like a mere detail today in the first blush of Mr. Rabin's victory, which left him holding all the important cards and able to do what he wants.

Likud's Internal Problems

"The religious will come to us because they cannot survive in the opposition," Haim Ramon, a top Labor strategist said, exhibiting the party's new self-assurance.

With no complete statistical breakdown yet available, it was difficult to say precisely why Israelis voted as they did. But there was more than enough anecdotal evidence, along with a few numbers.

New immigrants from the former Soviet Union, displeased with their high levels of unemployment, punished Likud and flocked to Labor by margins of 47 percent to 18 percent, according to exit polls.

A graphic example of general dissatisfaction with Likud's stewardship was the vote total in Bat Yam, a ***working-class*** suburb of Tel Aviv. Bat Yam became a symbol of Israeli fears of terrorism after a 15-year-old girl was stabbed to death last month by a Palestinian from Gaza. Her killing set off several hours of anti-Arab rioting.

Normally, Bat Yam is Likud country. And normally, an attack of that sort could be expected to produce a backlash that works to Likud's advantage. This time, Bat Yam voters seemed to say that they did not trust the Government to protect them, and they gave Labor a plurality.

**Graphic**

Photo: Members of a faction in the right-wing Likud Party coalition watched the televised results in the West Bank town of Hebron as the Labor Party won in national elections. Yitzhak Rabin, the Labor leader, talked of forming a "broad national consensus" with help from the political right. (Rina Castelnuovo for The New York Times) (pg. A14)

Graph: "A Transition of Power" shows the number of the various parties that will hold the 120 seats in the Israeli Parliament. (pg. A14)

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[***Donkey's Years;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8250-000P-236V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Is There Room At the Top For Democrats?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8250-000P-236V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.

By R. W. APPLE Jr.

**Body**

THE bands are primed to play "Happy Days Are Here Again" as the Democratic Party assembles in convention in New York this weekend. But that upbeat anthem, as evocative of the hopes of the New Deal as F.D.R.'s upturned cigarette holder, rings hollow in the party's time of torment.

Democrats still win more than their share of local contests and maintain big majorities in the Senate and House of Representatives. But the party has lost five of the last six races for the office that counts most, the Presidency, and its only victor in more than a quarter-century, Jimmy Carter, is just now beginning to emerge from the profound unpopularity that he earned during his term.

In Lyndon B. Johnson's year of triumph, 1964, 52 per cent of the respondents to a University of Michigan poll identified themselves as Democrats. They were members of what they and everyone else considered the majority party. But in no year since have as many as 50 per cent of the electorate described themselves as Democrats; the figure dropped to 44 per cent by 1970, 41 by 1980 and 35 by 1990. Last month, in a New York Times/CBS News poll, it stood at 33 per cent, exactly the same figure as the Republicans, who after their humiliating 1964 loss were saying they might never win the White House again.

There are those who say the same about the Democrats these days, though not many. Even Walter F. Mondale, the party's unsuccessful 1984 nominee, said last year that for Presidential purposes, the United States was in danger of "becoming a one-party country." On the other hand, there are cheerleaders like the party chairman, Ronald H. Brown, who likes to say that his party has for some time stood "only a few centimeters away" from reassembling a winning Presidential coalition.

But the fact is that Presidential elections have rarely been easy for the Democrats. In the 130 years since the first Republican President was elected, the Democrats have held the White House for only 48 years, barely a third of the time. Moreover, most of the important underlying political trends of the last three decades have worked against the Democrats, and only in the last few years has a significant element of the party leadership realized it. These are some of the rivers of change that have eroded the party's base:

\* The suburbanization of America, which has made the voter in the bungalow or the ranch house the dominant figure in the nation's politics, in the same way the Jeffersonian farmer and the urban tenement-dweller used to be. This year, a majority of the electorate is likely to be suburban -- mostly blue-collar people who have made good their escape from urban turmoil.

\* The tremendous increase in the size of the middle class and the concomitant shrinking of in the ***working class***, the bedrock Democratic base. The have-nots are still there, and still vocal, but there are far more haves now, and many are less and less prepared to help the have-nots; they are hostile to the old Democratic goal of income redistribution.

\* The increasing identification of the Democratic Party, at the very time those developments were taking place, as the party of the cities, of minorities, of high taxes, of big government, of the counterculture -- all inimical if not actually threatening to suburbanites and the middle class.

\* The emergence of young people, the portion of the electorate with the most Presidential votes still to cast, as the most Republican group in the nation.

In the blue-collar outposts of Chicago and Detroit and Cleveland, in the booming counties that surround Atlanta, in the seas of suburbs that define California, a succession of issues has come between the Democratic party and its loyalists. Busing was an early one, then drugs and long hair and urban riots and welfare cheaters. Middle-class suburban voters turned against Presidential candidates who seemed to them soft on crime, unpatriotic, afraid to stand up to foreign bullies, too cozy with minorities.

Stan Greenberg, now the poll taker for the Clinton campaign, did a study in 1985 in Macomb County, north of Detroit, which for years has been the laboratory for those seeking to understand the Democrats' losses among white, mostly ethnic suburbanites. Voters, he reported, had suffered "a profound disillusionment, a loss of faith in the Democratic party," because "the Democratic party no longer responded with genuine feeling to the vulnerabilities and burdens of the average middle-class person."

Delivering the South to Republicans

Much the same thing happened, wrote Thomas B. Edsell and Mary D. Edsell in their book, "Chain Reaction," among the white populists in the South. The Democratic party's commitment to civil rights for various minority groups, especially blacks, and the use of tax dollars to benefit them, transformed the soldily Democratic South into the solidly Republican South in Presidential elections, just as those policies deprived the party of the northern whites votes (once urban, now suburban) that had once helped to sustain it. President Johnson apparently anticipated that something of the sort would happen. After signing the 1964 civil rights bill, he is said to have told a young aide , "I think we delivered the South to the Republicans for the rest of your lifetime."

But it was more than that. In his study of Democratic travail, a book called "Minority Party," Peter Brown cited two statistics to dramatize the extent of the damage. Relying on news media exit polls, he reports that no Democratic candidate since 1964 has captured a majority of the white vote and that only Jimmy Carter captured 40 per cent of it; Mr. Carter was also the party's only nominee in 25 years to win a majority of the middle class. In 1988, George Bush took 55 per cent of the voters with family incomes between $20,000 and $50,000 a year, and they constituted more than half the electorate.

The Democrats' Congressional success has been based partly on candidates, especially in the South, who were able to escape identification with national party policies. In addition, the assets of incumbency have helped them, as has their considerable skill in recruiting candidates and in drawing district lines in states where their dominance gave them control of that process. Many doubt, however, that the disparity can last long, especially given the shift of population (and House seats) to the South and West from the Democrats' northeastern bastions and the growing public disillusionment with Congress, which is expected to produce a near-record turnover this November.

So the stakes are unusually high for Mr. Clinton and his party, and he has chosen a path not taken by any other recent Democratic nominee. In brief, he has decided to court the South, the suburbs and the middle class -- not only in his choice of Al Gore of Tennessee as his running mate, but in his studied refusal to bargain with the Rev. Jesse Jackson, widely taken as a distancing gesture, and in his choice of issues. He is for capital punishment (translation: he won't wimp out on crime), he and Mr. Gore supported the Persian Gulf war (he's as tough as the Republicans with tyrants), and he has specialized in education.

Mr. Jackson, former Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr. of California and other liberals argue that Mr. Clinton is deserting a whole wing of the party, but he remains an advocate of civil rights, if not a very vocal proponent of affirmative action, and he is a backer of abortion rights. Mr. Jackson took his time in endorsing the Clinton-Gore ticket, but another prominent black Democrat, Representative John Conyers Jr. of Michigan, praised the selection of Mr. Gore and said it showed that "Bill Clinton has what it will take to win in November."

That remains to be seen. But the old route to victory seems closed off. "If we lead with class warfare, we lose," said Mr. Clinton well before he announced his candidacy. So a new road, however perilous and untried, seems worth a try this time, especially with a three-way race in prospect.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** July 12, 1992

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[***Shock Jock Sinks His Teeth Into a Small Village***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-5XJ0-000P-N0TC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1367 words

**Byline:** By FRANK BRUNI

By FRANK BRUNI

**Dateline:** WALDEN, N.Y.

**Body**

Because of a production error, the following article, which appeared yesterday on the front page of the Metro Section, included a duplicated passage in place of its third column in some copies, and is being reprinted here.

The citizens of this quiet, unremarkable burg in the upper reaches of Orange County have ample reason to be proud.

Its highest ground affords a splendid view of the Catskill Mountains. The Wallkill River runs through it. There is the occasional lovely Victorian abode and, along Main Street, planters sprout red geraniums and white petunias.

Why, then, when a resident like 26-year-old Anthony Fidanza goes to bars in neighboring towns, does he fib to anyone who asks, insisting that he lives outside Walden's limits?

And why did a stranger walk into Sonny's Diner, confirm that he was in Walden and then, implying that inbreeding had run amok here, tease Kathleen Casey, a waitress: "All of these customers must be your cousins, right?"

The answer, residents say, is that for five years they have been in the grip of a peculiar blight.

It is a disk jockey whose self-appointed nickname is "the Wolf." His morning radio show on WPDH, a station in nearby Poughkeepsie, is among the region's most popular. And one of his favorite sports, both on-air and off, is describing Walden as a backwoods holler where inbreeding is rampant and squirrel is the preferred source of protein.

A quasi-shock jock in the style of Howard Stern, the Wolf, otherwise known as Bob Wohlfeld, has any number of unflattering things to say about Walden and its denizens: They hold weddings in abandoned cars. They consider discarded refrigerators to be suitable lawn ornaments. They patronize local bars that have a "two-tooth minimum."

Mr. Wohlfeld also owns a comedy club, the Laughing Wolf, in New Paltz, and often scans the crowd for a man who might be covered in tattoos, say, and wearing something like a Lynyrd Skynyrd T-shirt. Then he pounces. "The Mayor of Walden!" Mr. Wohlfeld exclaims.

It is a shtick so ingrained that when Mr. Wohlfeld, a 40-year-old Bronx native who moved upstate in 1987, gave a reporter directions from Walden to the radio station, he began, "Go back out to where the roads are paved, past the trailers and the guy on the roof with the banjo . . . "

But what is meant as humorous fodder for the tens of thousands of listeners who have made his broadcast on 101.5 FM No. 1 during the morning rush hour in Dutchess County, and No. 4 in Orange, is no laughing matter to many of the roughly 6,000 residents here.

They claim that Mr. Wohlfeld's intermittent routines have done even more than bruise civic esteem. Some residents say Mr. Wohlfeld has actually battered the village's real estate values.

"My blood boils just talking about it," said Margaret Williams, the co-president of Ed and Margaret Williams Realty.

Mrs. Williams said that while home prices in adjacent villages have held relatively steady over recent years, they have dropped about 20 percent in Walden since 1990, a decline she attributed primarily to Mr. Wohlfeld. (A causal relationship could not be proved.)

About three years ago, she said, she stopped mentioning Walden in advertisements for local houses, because she did not want to scare off prospective buyers.

"It's had that much of an effect, and it disturbs me, because I live in Walden, and I have teeth, and I bathe," Mrs. Williams added.

Then, in a despondent tone, she said, to no one in particular: "Gag the Wolf."

Village officials say they have gone so far as to have their lawyers write angry letters to the station's managers. Four years ago, Charles Frank, then Walden's Mayor, called Mr. Wohlfeld to plead for mercy.

Mr. Wohlfeld's response, which he made during a broadcast, was to challenge Mr. Frank to a Jell-O wrestling match.

Sitting in an office at WPDH one morning last week, just after his 6 A.M. to 10 A.M. show, Mr. Wohlfeld said that he did not invent Walden's reputation as a redneck bastion. Rather, he picked up on gibes that had been around for decades, reflecting the fact that Walden was once a factory town considered a bit more ***working-class*** than its neighbors.

John Tobin, a co-host of Mr. Wohlfeld's show, chimed in to back up his colleague, saying: "If an insurance company were to issue negative image insurance for the Hudson Valley region, Walden would be considered a pre-existing condition."

Mr. Wohlfeld said he finds it hard to believe he has had the kind of effect on the village that some residents attribute to him. For the last three years, he said, after the initial round of complaints, his mentions of Walden have been fewer and further between.

"I gave Walden a pass because it stopped being interesting," he said. "You can only take something and beat it into the ground so much."

But earlier this summer, the comedian Jeff Foxworthy, a fellow champion of redneck humor, was scheduled to come to Orange County, and Mr. Wohlfeld joked on the air that he would be sure to give Mr. Foxworthy a full briefing on Walden.

That rekindled the angst of village officials and caught the attention of The Times Herald Record of Middletown, which splashed a story about Walden's plight across its front page. The effect was to goad Mr. Wohlfeld into a new round of Walden-bashing, and to plunge residents into new depths of despair.

Mr. Wohlfeld told the newspaper he would stop saying unkind things about Walden when its residents proved they were no longer inbreeding.

In response, a 14-year-old boy from Walden named James Stoudnour wrote to the editor: "Last year in school, we read about another man who had good ratings. He got them by picking on a group of people and making them look stupid and ugly. His name was Josef Goebbels."

Residents of Walden say they are most concerned about the effect that Mr. Wohlfeld's remarks have had on children like James. They go to middle and high schools that also serve neighboring Montgomery and Maybrook. The students from those villages frequently tease their Walden peers with remarks that seem inspired by Mr. Wohlfeld.

"They say that everybody from Walden is dirty or skanky, except to me, because I'll hit them," said Jessica Stanley, 15.

Many residents of Walden grant Mr. Wohlfeld's contention that the village was a regional whipping boy before he began lashing it. And many agree that it is impossible to know what fraction of the village's woes is the result of a stereotype that has simply got out of hand, and what fraction is the doing of a raunchy, irreverent broadcaster with a very powerful microphone.

Residents also acknowledge that there are trailers on the outskirts of the village and some houses with cluttered yards. But they appear to be the exception, and residents point out that such sights are hardly unique to Walden.

"I can name six other villages that have homes that aren't finished properly and a couch on the front porch," said Paul Roosa, a local jeweler and member of the Walden Community Council, which was founded about a year ago to improve the village and its image.

Darren Hernandez, the village manager of Walden, said that while there are certainly poor people in Walden, there are also many professionals, tailors and furniture merchants who have been in business for decades, and even some New York City firefighters who commute 90 minutes to work.

Village officials have long debated whether they should seek a meeting with Mr. Wohlfeld to communicate these facts or whether such a strategy would just backfire.

"So if we show him that we're not inbreeding, he'll stop?" Derrik Wynkoop, co-chairman of the Walden Community Council, said. "You have to understand how someone from my position would not think he could be rationalized with."

As it turns out, village officials will not even have to try. WPDH has announced that Mr. Wohlfeld will be leaving Aug. 17. Station managers said his departure had nothing to do with his comments about Walden.

Rather, Mr. Wohlfeld had accepted a job with a radio station in Albany. That's probably too far away for his new listeners to get the Walden jokes. So somewhere in those fresh pastures, is there an unsuspecting, self-respecting village poised to take Walden's place?

"God help them," Mr. Hernandez said.

**Load-Date:** August 10, 1997

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HDF0-0008-Y0P2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***GOOD WORDS FOR BAD SHOWS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HDF0-0008-Y0P2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1126 words

**Byline:** By BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE

**Body**

Michael Frayn's ''Noises Off'' is so funny about so many aspects of the theater - read those spoof bios in the programs at the Brooks Atkinson, for instance - that it seems grudging to complain about its omissions. But what, I kept wondering, must the friends and relations of its main characters have said to them backstage after watching them bomb in the gruesome touring farce, ''Nothing On''? In fact, how does one compliment a loved one who has just given an abysmal performance?

This is a problem many have suffered, and it is not made easier by what you may call actors' vanity or their vulnerability, depending on your charity. ''You've struck me dumb'' is useful, because it precludes you from having to say anything more. So are ''devastating,'' provided you don't go on to explain it's the play that has been devastated, and ''stunning,'' by which you surreptitiously mean you feel battered and numbed. The formula that No"el Coward recommended to those who wanted to be both polite and honest was a simple ''incredible.''

Benedict Nightingale column on late playwright C P Taylor; photo (M)

A friend, who knows many theater people, relies on ''marvelous to have seen you.'' The performer is probably in such a state of post-curtain exhilaration that he hears only the first word, and doesn't register the edge of that ''have.'' ''In any case, they are people I like, so it would be marvelous to see them anywhere,'' explains my friend, a conscientious type. Myself, I prefer W. S. Gilbert's sly tribute. He would shake his head with reverence, rapturously intoning ''good *wasn't* the word.''

Critics cannot of course afford such ego-saving ambiguities: which is why many of us prefer to stay clear of the theater community. Who wants to make a good friend and then have to leave him looking like St. Sebastian? Yet somehow I got to know the late C. P. Taylor, whose ''And a Nightingale Sang . . .'' is currently doing rather well at the Newhouse; and he wasn't the sort to let you unknow him, however rude you might be about his work. If there were a Tony for the most amiable of playwrights, he would have had my nomination.

Cecil Taylor and his family lived very modestly outside Newcastle-on- Tyne in northeast England. A typical day would be spent writing in a ramshackle shed in his garden, then driving off to work with children, drama students, disadvantaged adults, the mentally and physically handicapped. I once saw him rehearse a Christmas production of ''Cinderella'' with tough yet cooperative girls in a reform school. He had taken the trouble to listen to them, and had uncovered a rather touching secret: This was the fairy tale they told one another over and over and over.

This generosity with himself can't have been good for his health, and may help explain the heart attack that killed him at the age of 53. In a curious way, it also explains the limitations of ''Nightingale.'' This entertainingly involves a ***working-class*** family in wartime Newcastle: grandfather, shuttling from house to house with a cat in a gas mask; mother, a fervent Catholic in permanent terror that the local church will be bombed; daughter Helen, a woman who is lame and quietly in love with a married man. These people are treated by Taylor with humor and affection; and that is the trouble with the play as well as its attraction. He couldn't bring himself to say anything hard about them. He was too nice.

But let's not knock niceness. In any case, Taylor was too wry and perceptive ever to become bland; and in ''Good,'' his masterpiece, he succeeded in being wry, perceptive and horrific. That was an attempt to puzzle out how a German writer insidiously drawn into the S.S. hierarchy managed to justify himself to himself. Indeed, it showed a seemingly ''good'' man rationalizing his way to high office in Auschwitz.

It was a courageous play for him to write, because it meant entering and even identifying with a mind he, as a Jew, had every reason to loathe. His family had fled persecution in Eastern Europe to settle in Britain. He once said he grew up expecting Hitler to win the war and kill him. But he regarded it as self-indulgent to bring a Nazi onstage and simply dismiss him as a monster. If future Holocausts were to be avoided, it was important to understand as well as condemn. Hence ''Good,'' a brilliantly subtle warning against compromise, a play whose failure on Broadway 18 months ago continues to bewilder me.

Still, New Yorkers might enjoy Taylor's ''Bread and Butter,'' which is about being Jewish and confused in the 1930's. Or ''Allergy,'' a comedy about a young man who yearns to be liberated, yet breaks out in psychosomatic blotches when he tries. Or ''Black and White Minstrels,'' about a radical couple evicting a black tenant from their ostentatiously enlightened household. Nice C. P. Taylor may have been: He could also be wickedly funny about people's moral conceit, their attempts to reconcile what they profess to be with what they are. My own hope for ''Nightingale'' is that it encourages Americans to discover more of his work.

You're strolling down Broadway, and you suddenly feel that special hunger which nothing will satisfy except a meaty play. Over there, at the Lyceum, is Edward Albee's ''Man with Three Arms''; but you decide to give it a miss, because you see that Peter Nichols's ''Passion'' is still at the Longacre, and Arthur Miller's ''View From the Bridge'' at the Ambassador. You stop for a think. Yes, there's still time to book into the Miller. You hare off to the box office, and are very disappointed.

One can see why the Minskoff and Music Box are still festooned with remnants of ''Marilyn'' and ''Brothers,'' respectively. Those plays only closed a few weeks ago, and it takes time to dismantle bulky advertising. But some theaters are grandly promoting shows that disappeared long before that, and it must be confusing to the tourist. What might he make of the Mark Hellinger, whose top still advertises Doug Henning in ''Merlin'' and whose bottom was recently promising someone called William Gardner in ''Home Again''?

A movie that required a theater as background explains the abrupt appearance of this new film superstar, Gardner. The apparent determination of Mr. Henning and others to haunt their old playhouses is less easily understood. Perhaps the thinking is similar to that behind the phony fronts currently camouflaging derelict apartments in the Bronx. It is supposed to give the impression that ''dark'' theaters are thriving, Broadway abuzz with healthy activity. The trouble is that, once one has penetrated the disguise, one may be left thinking the opposite. After all, to see a lot of vast, multicolored tombstones is to be reminded that a lot of Broadway is a graveyard.

**Graphic**

photo of C.P. Taylor

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[***The Breaking Point***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5HN6-6SG1-DXY4-X1DX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By JIM YARDLEY

Jim Yardley is the Rome bureau chief for The Times. He last wrote for the magazine about the Chinese Basketball Association.

**Body**

A few weeks ago, I visited the fence that made Hungary a symbol of European anxiety. Chain-link and razor wire, it slices through pastures as it traces Hungary's southern border. More than 100 miles long, it was constructed quickly this summer as refugees streamed into the country, heading toward Austria and Germany. Police officers and soldiers were stationed every few hundred yards, and they examined my passport at almost every checkpoint. They seemed bored, perhaps because the flood of refugees and migrants had mostly abated. The fence had sealed Hungary off, and that made Laszlo Toroczkai -- the 37-year-old mayor of Asotthalom, a Hungarian farming town on the Serbian border, and a rising ultranationalist star of far-right European politics -- very happy.

Before Hungary's government started building the fence, Toroczkai argued for months that something had to be done to stop the refugees. Once the fence was up, he posted his version of a ''Dirty Harry'' video on YouTube. Stone-­faced and wearing a black jacket, Toroczkai warns illegal immigrants to steer clear of his town. The video cuts to images of unsmiling Hungarian guards, patrolling the border on horseback and motorcycles. It even includes a map that shows migrants en route to Germany how they can skirt Hungary and go through Croatia and Slovenia instead.

''Hungary is a bad choice,'' Toroczkai says, staring into the camera. ''Asotthalom is the worst.''

It might seem odd that a chain-link fence could threaten the order of the European Union, but one of modern Europe's singular accomplishments is its open internal borders. The treaty that made this possible, known as the Schengen Agreement, began going into effect in 1995 and expanded to include 26 countries in and around the European Union. It immediately provided a potent symbol of both the ideals and the real benefits of European integration. Elites believed unity would guarantee peace and prosperity and dispel the demons of nationalism. Over time, the European Union built a rich and diverse economy, exerting global influence through the clout of its scale and the soft power of its liberal, democratic values -- a Western superpower without the bellicosity or the laissez-faire hardheartedness of the United States. Workers' rights were protected. Generous social-welfare programs flourished. The open borders bound the member nations together in subtler ways, too: Italians could soon go skiing in Austria with ease and without a passport, or head to the Côte d'Azur for a swim as if Europe were all one country. Workers could commute between Brussels and Paris without hassle.

Hungary's southern fence was erected along its external borders with Serbia and Croatia, which are not Schengen countries. But it caused a chain reaction that shook European politics to the core, as the distinctions between internal and external borders blurred. First, it led to more fences. Neither Slovenia (which is a Schengen country) nor Croatia was fully prepared for the surge of frantic migrants and refugees suddenly diverted toward them. Slovenia quickly constructed its own fence on the Croatian border. Austria later began building a fence on its boundary with Slovenia and established other border controls, as did other countries. Prime Minister Viktor Orban of Hungary said he was defending the Schengen area, while other leaders said these new barriers were intended to provide an orderly route north for refugees, not to block them. Nonetheless, the rapid proliferation of fences across a region defined by free movement was an unmistakable sign that the external Schengen borders had broken down and the founding values of the system were under terrible strain.

By the time of my visit, the broader question in Hungary and throughout the member nations was whether the European Union itself was falling apart. Twice in 11 months, Paris had been hit by vicious terrorist attacks, raising fears about European security and stirring anti-Muslim xenophobia. Europe's far right was gaining strength, including the National Front in France. Europe's undisputed leader, Chancellor Angela Merkel of Germany, was in political trouble. Greece was still a financial mess. A demographic crisis loomed, given the rapid aging of many European countries. Out on the European periphery, Russia's president, Vladimir Putin, was making bloody mischief in Syria and Ukraine. And the United Kingdom was contemplating withdrawing from the union altogether.

The European Union was supposed to be an economic superpower, but after seven years it is still struggling to recover from the global economic crisis. Economic growth is sluggish at best (and uneven, given the divide between a more prosperous north and a debt-burdened south). Adjusting for inflation, the gross domestic product of the 19 countries now sharing Europe's common currency, the euro, was less in 2014 than it was in 2007. Widespread joblessness and diminishing opportunities confront an entire generation of young Europeans, especially in Spain, Italy, France and Greece. The economic malaise tinges everything: Young people resist marriage for lack of economic opportunity. Poorer European countries are experiencing brain drains as many of their best young professionals and college graduates move abroad. Numerous Greek doctors, for instance, now work in more prosperous Germany while Greece's health system is in crisis. Even as Toroczkai pushed back against migrants, he complained to me that too many young Hungarians had to leave for London or elsewhere to find work.

The migrants only accentuate the European paradox: A place of deepening pessimism for many of its own young people has become a beacon of hope and safety for migrants, many of them Syrian refugees who have been through the horrors of civil war. Many are young and educated, seemingly a timely fit for a region with an aging population. Except Muslim immigrants present a challenge to European ideals of tolerance, especially in a year of terror attacks, as far-right extremists and conservative political leaders like Orban warn that Europe's security and ''Christian values'' are threatened -- a reminder of just how fragile the European system has become.

Currently composed of 28 member states, from Germany, the industrial giant, to Malta, the tiny archipelago, the European Union is a bureaucratic machine jerry-built in pursuit of a utopian dream, the post-World War II vision that a unified Europe would be a peaceful and prosperous Europe. Nationalism and extremism had led to Hitler and the Holocaust and, before that, centuries of war. The New Europe was supposed to make future wars impossible and create harmony. The reality never matched the ambition, but considerable accomplishments ensued: the world's largest single market; the open borders of the Schengen countries; the euro; and a progressive social and legal framework that has made the European Union a leader in environmental protection, renewable energy and human rights.

Modern Europe was put together incrementally, beginning with an industrial agreement in the early 1950s among six countries, with France and Germany at the center. Next came the Treaty of Rome in 1957, which created the European Economic Community, the European Union's forerunner, at that point encompassing only Belgium, France, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands and West Germany. The Maastricht Treaty in 1992 introduced requirements and a timetable to establish the common currency. Other treaties gradually brought in more member states, drawn to European prosperity and security, including the Baltics and parts of Eastern Europe in 2004 and 2007, in a final triumph over the Cold War.

But then came the 2008 economic crisis, followed by the convulsive aftermath of the Arab Spring, followed by the aggression of a revanchist Russia. Europe's collaborative, consultative political style began to resemble indecisiveness. The inadequacy and weakness of the European Union's institutions were glaringly exposed. Washington was mostly focused elsewhere, and European leaders continued to practice the high art of muddling through, in hopes that the broader European economy would revive soon and bring brighter political prospects. Instead, 2015 became the year that pushed Europe to the brink.

It began on Jan. 7, with the year's first Paris terror attacks, when two French-Algerian brothers opened fire with automatic weapons inside the offices of the satirical magazine Charlie Hebdo. A third gunman, a criminal-turned-Islamist, later killed a police officer and stormed a kosher grocery. In total, 17 people were killed. But the focus quickly shifted southward to Greece. On Jan. 25, the Greeks staged a revolt, electing as prime minister a radical leftist, Alexis Tsipras, who famously refused to wear a tie. Just 40, Tsipras had promised to put an end to economic austerity, the German-led European Union policy of trying to promote growth by reducing national budget deficits through mandated tax increases, spending cuts and structural reforms. Yet debt levels had grown in Greece, unemployment remained above 20 percent and its economy over the past five years had contracted by 25 percent.

In February, Tsipras and his flamboyant finance minister, Yanis Varoufakis, toured European capitals to urge Greece's creditors to change the terms of the loans that had kept their country afloat. Germany, Finland and other creditors thought Greece was ungrateful and resisting the tough reforms needed to reverse decades of bad governance. In late June, everything blew up. Unable to secure more bailout money, Tsipras called a surprise national referendum, asking Greek voters to decide on the latest offer from creditors. They voted ''no'' -- to no avail. Greece effectively defaulted on an I.M.F. loan as the government began running out of money. Tsipras closed banks, put capital controls in place and finally capitulated in July. He signed a new bailout deal with creditors that included the same sort of austerity measures he had spent months fighting. In August, he resigned. And in September, he was re-elected, though now his job in part was to carry out the terms of the new deal. Austerity had prevailed, even if fewer and fewer people thought it worked.

The Greek crisis was about an inward-looking Europe grappling with its own internal contradictions. But by summer and early autumn, Europe's external contradictions had become even more acute. Two pillars of foreign policy -- engagement with Russia and the maintenance of stability on the European periphery -- were trembling. Ukraine was in crisis and at the center of a confrontation between the European Union and Putin. Dealing with him became even more complicated when Russia began bombings in Syria, aggravating a refugee crisis that already dominated the European agenda.

By midsummer, Syrian refugees discovered a shortcut to Europe through Lesbos, the Greek resort island. From January through October, according to Europe's border-security agency, 1.2 million migrants illegally entered the European Union, a fourfold increase from a year earlier, many arriving on inflatable rubber dinghies or rickety boats. Europeans could have seen this as an affirmation of their exceptionalism -- Syrians, Afghans, Eritreans, Gambians and others escaping war and poverty for the European dream. But Europe was overwhelmed and fearful, and largely unprepared.

In September, Angela Merkel nonetheless welcomed all Syrians to Germany, opening the door to as many as one million people this year -- even though doing so meant suspending European Union rules. Europe's power dynamics changed instantly. Germany is accustomed to dominating the agenda, but many countries refused to accept even modest refugee quotas from European officials in Brussels. The far right rose in polls in some countries, and national conservative leaders became increasingly bold. Orban, Hungary's prime minister, declared himself the protector of Europe. Even in Germany, which had been so welcoming to refugees, arsonists attacked some refugee centers, while far-right extremists in Dresden staged demonstrations. Across Europe, anti-Muslim, anti-immigrant sentiment was rising.

On a gray day in November, I went to discuss this growing sentiment with Khalil Merroun, rector of the Grand Mosque of Évry-Courcouronnes in a suburb of Paris, one of the largest mosques in France. Big-bellied and jovial, Merroun, 69, is establishment Islam. He is a founding board member of the French Council of the Muslim Faith, the quasi-governmental body that regulates Muslim activities. His friend Manuel Valls, now France's prime minister, personally awarded him the Legion of Honor, the country's highest prize, and wrote the foreword to Merroun's 2010 book, ''French and Muslim: Is It Possible?''

Merroun slipped out of his white burnoose and into his suit jacket, smiling as he settled into a chair. He had just finished Friday's lunchtime prayers. ''Five thousand people,'' he said, gazing out his office window as a throng of Muslim worshipers streamed out of the prayer hall. Outside his office, two black-jacketed bodyguards assigned by French officials sat in the hallway. The security detail had been with Merroun since the January attacks in Paris, which had a profound impact on France. Flaws were exposed in French security and intelligence gathering. Debates erupted over French secularism and freedom of expression. Distrust of French Muslims deepened. In response, Merroun and other religious leaders held interfaith gatherings to promote tolerance.

Merroun leaned forward in his chair. Terrorism is ''not jihad,'' he said. The jihad of one's self is about personal betterment and seeking greater understanding.

''Today, you did a great jihad by coming to see me,'' he said. ''You called yesterday, you took the Metro, it was raining and you came here for a noble cause, to inform people. And I also made an effort, a jihad: I listened to you, I welcomed you and tried to transmit a message to better inform people, to try and dispel misconceptions and spread our true message, thousands of kilometers away, in the United States.''

Merroun didn't discount the venom directed at Muslims or refugees -- this explained his security detail -- but he thought the sour public mood was rooted in broader frustrations, like the lack of jobs. ''So far, things have managed to remain relatively stable,'' he said.

Our interview finished up shortly after 2 o'clock. I took the train back into Paris with a colleague. That night, less than eight hours later, three teams of suicide bombers and other heavily armed radical Islamists attacked Paris, killing 130 people.

To see why the European Union is breaking down, you must look under the hood, and the place to do that is Brussels. Recently, along Rue Montoyer, one of the many streets lined with law firms and interest groups that lobby European institutions, I found Emily O'Reilly, 58, a native of Ireland who holds the title of ombudsman for the entire European Union.

That same morning, Prime Minister David Cameron of Britain had announced what he required to keep his country in the European bloc. During the British general elections in May, Cameron sought to appease anti-­Europe factions by promising to hold a referendum on whether Britain should remain in the European Union. A date for the vote has not been announced -- it will happen at some point before the end of 2017 -- and it is too soon to know in which direction voters will lean. But the possibility that Britain could leave is already stirring dread in Brussels, especially because public disgust with Euro­pean governance is also rising in France and even Germany.

''They want more Britain and less Europe,'' O'Reilly said, distilling the essence of the British revolt.

O'Reilly's job is to shine a light on the European system and redress a widely perceived lack of bureaucratic accountability. It is not a simple task, given the immensity and confusing powers of the European Union. She recently tried, and failed, to clearly explain to her husband the differences between the European Council, the Council of the European Union (sometimes called the Council of Ministers) and the Council of Europe. I mentioned that I was trying to figure the system out. ''If you do that, come back,'' she said. ''Tell us all and make your fortune here.''

O'Reilly is not naturally cynical about the European Union. She left school in 1975, two years after Ireland joined the European Economic Community. As a condition of membership, Irish lawmakers passed a new labor law that helped eliminate gender discrimination in the workplace. Those laws enabled O'Reilly to become a journalist before moving into her government career. European governance literally changed her life for the better. Now, though, young women and men in Europe are staring at joblessness, and the European Union is regarded as part of the problem.

''What has to happen is that the experience I had as a young woman, as a young girl back in the '70s, has to be replicated for the young girls in Greece and Italy and in Eastern Europe,'' she said. ''That hope and that potential that the E.U. held out for my generation has to be given to others.''

Critics often use ''Brussels'' as shorthand for the whole sprawling European project, hence the ''Brussels Bubble.'' There is a basic institutional structure, with a certain degree of checks and balances. The European Commission is roughly equivalent to an executive branch. Then there is an elected legislative branch, the European Parliament. A third branch, the European Council, consists of the elected leaders of the 28 member states (and shares a building with the Council of the European Union, a forum for national ministers to hash out various shared policies). Beneath those main branches is a labyrinthine bureaucracy that in flowchart form would resemble an M.C. Escher print. The overall processes of lawmaking and governing can be elusively fluid and deliberately opaque, which is one reason the credibility of European governance is so easily attacked. Many ordinary people have little idea how it works.

The European Union has no equivalent to the United States Constitution but is a product of the succession of treaties ratified by member states, a process closer to that of the Articles of Confederation, America's original governing document, which ultimately failed. If these treaties have steadily pushed Europe toward greater integration, the job is far from complete.

European Union institutions have vast regulatory powers over everything from data roaming to environmental standards to trade deals to antitrust rules. But power is not shared equally. The European Commission, for example, is supposed to enforce the bloc's treaties -- yet it must sometimes tiptoe around big member states like France and Germany. And as a whole, the institutions often lack the structural power, political decisiveness and bureaucratic efficiency to act collectively when faced with big, unforeseen problems like the Greek crisis, the surge of migrants or the standoff with Putin over Ukraine. National leaders are often forced to decide these issues in marathon emergency meetings in Brussels at the European Council, and even then, only incremental progress is made. It is a perfect recipe for public cynicism: a system of intrusive regulators whose tentacles can spread into your personal life, even as leaders appear indecisive in the face of genuine crises.

Because the system is incomplete, workarounds are often needed to get things done. O'Reilly explained one element of the ad hoc system of power sharing that has grown up in Brussels with a term of art: ''trilogue.'' Trilogues are semiofficial meetings, often conducted with minimal transparency, of lawmakers from the European Parliament, representatives from national governments and bureaucrats from the European Commission. Together they hammer out legislation that is later put to a vote in the European Parliament and other Euro­pean Union institutions. It is back-room politics, Brussels-style. O'Reilly, who is investigating the practice, said many people think trilogues help cut through bureaucracy to get things done, but they also raise questions about transparency and a broader lack of checks and balances.

To many experts across Europe, this messy, opaque style of governance undermines the credibility of a European experiment intended to be a model of democracy. They say the solution to this arguably antidemocratic form of democracy is obvious: a new treaty ratified by all member states that would further consolidate political and financial authority in Brussels while improving systemic shortcomings. Or exactly the sort of dilution of national sovereignty that is now fueling far-right populist anger in Europe. Almost no one believes a new treaty could be approved anytime soon. A decade ago, when the European Union was trying to ratify a treaty that would establish a European Constitution, President Jacques Chirac of France supported the choice, in a national referendum, that would have given more authority to Brussels over a range of issues, from foreign policy to housing to fisheries. Voters in France shocked political elites by rejecting the Constitution, partly out of fear that the measure would erode French sovereignty. Soon after, voters in the Netherlands did the same thing.

''Ever since then, we've been on a slippery slope,'' Fredrik Erixon, the director of the European Center for International Political Economy in Brussels, told me. ''Every elected national leader knows there is no political mileage to try to lead on European issues or push for more integration. The European idea is now a rapidly declining trend.''

Five days after the attacks in Paris, I met Laszlo Toroczkai in his office in Asotthalom. He told me he respected Islam but found it unsuitable for Europe. ''My third daughter is about to be born,'' he said. ''I'm not bringing up my daughter to marry into a Muslim man's harem.''

It was the sort of overtly bigoted remark that has become more common in Hungary and elsewhere in Europe (and not so unfamiliar in the United States too). Many Hungarians mocked his anti-­illegal-immigrant video, but Toroczkai's stature rose within Europe's far right. Earlier in November, he was invited to speak at a Polish Independence Day rally in Warsaw, where thousands of far-right supporters waved flags and displayed banners with messages like ''Stop Islamization.'' Toroczkai told me that the Paris attacks -- two of whose perpetrators apparently passed through Greece posing as refugees -- had proved him correct.

If the migrant crisis had exposed fault lines in the Schengen system, this second Paris attack threatened to demolish it. Some suspected terrorists had traveled to and from Syria. Others had seemingly moved freely back and forth between Brussels and Paris. Open borders now meant Europe was more open to terror.

''Migration is just going to lead to bloody conflict,'' Toroczkai said. ''European politicians will have to listen to public opinion, which is radicalizing all over Europe as a result of this migration crisis.''

Above all, the crisis, like the Hungarian fence, had underscored the fact that erasing borders never quite erased divisions among countries with different languages, customs and histories. The European Union expansion in 2004, which took in parts of Eastern Europe, stirred deep economic anxiety in France and contributed to the defeat the next year of the French effort to approve a European Union Constitution. Its opponents invoked the ''Polish plumber'' as a symbol of cheap outside labor that threatened the French ***working class***. Now the arrival of migrants is again challenging European ideals.

Europe is not usually considered a continent of immigrants. When countries like France and West Germany recruited workers from Algeria and Turkey in the 1960s to fill labor shortages, the common expectation was that many of them would eventually return home. Anyone riding the subway in Paris can see that the French capital is one of the most diverse places in the world, yet France has struggled to absorb even second- and third-­generation French Muslims, often because of difficulty balancing Islam with French secularism. In Germany, Islam is managed in part through diplomacy; many imams are provided, by agreement, by a religious ministry of the Turkish government. France has a similar setup with Morocco, Algeria and other majority-Muslim countries.

The chief defender of European openness has been Merkel, but she has paid a political price. Far-right parties quickly made gains in the polls while her support dropped, and fellow conservatives criticized her sharply. (Germany eventually announced border restrictions on migrants entering the country.)

On Nov. 2, I traveled to Darmstadt, in south-­central Germany, to watch her conduct a meeting with hundreds of rank-and-file members of her conservative Christian Democratic Union party. An outpouring of German volunteers had helped migrants, but many here were concerned. A software engineer worried that the migrants would be an extra burden at a time when, he feared, Germany was losing its competitive edge. Another man bemoaned that Germany was losing its Christian values. Others lamented that there were not enough jobs or warned that towns and villages were already overwhelmed.

Merkel listened to each remark, dutifully took notes and then offered roughly the same response: We can do it, she said again and again. Germany has to lead on this. We will be fine. Everyone applauded, but the mood seemed heavy. There still didn't seem to be a plan. Afterward, I cornered an engineer named Martin Spruch, who had told Merkel that the rest of Europe had abandoned Germany on the matter of refugees. ''We cannot do this all alone,'' he told me.

Since the Paris attacks, President François Hollande of France has stood by the country's commitment to receive a modest number of refugees. Yet he has instituted border controls and warned that Europe must secure external borders or risk member countries sealing themselves off. And this, he added, would amount to a ''dismantling of the European Union.'' In early December, Marine Le Pen, the leader of the National Front in France, scored major victories in regional elections, raising the once-unthinkable possibility that the far right has a chance at the presidency in 2017.

On the day I visited the Hungarian fence, I noticed a black van parked outside the town hall in Asotthalom. Inside was a small delegation of politicians from Belgium, led by Filip Dewinter, the leader of the far-right Vlaams Belang party. Belgium was reeling after investigators discovered that some of the suspected organizers of the Paris attacks lived only a few miles from the European Parliament. For days, the police locked down the city searching for suspects.

Dewinter, whose party once notoriously used a photo of his teenage daughter in a bikini and a niqab as part of a ''Women Against Islamization'' campaign, had come to Hungary on a ''fact-­finding mission'' about the fence and to film videos. His party had fared poorly in Belgium's last election, but he thought the combination of the migrant crisis and the Belgian connection to the Paris attacks boded well for him. He thought the fence was a great idea.

Eight days after the Paris attacks, I walked through the Maidan, the central square of Kiev and the symbolic heart of Ukraine. This is where Ukraine's Maidan revolution began two years earlier, when people took to the streets, furious over a promise broken by President Viktor Yanukovych. He had backed away from signing a political and economic ''association agreement'' with Europe and turned toward Russia. Images of the protests, which spread to other cities, were carried around the world and showed crowds of young Ukrainians, waving European Union flags, desperate to be part of the West.

Today was the anniversary. It rained on this day two years ago, and it was raining now, but otherwise everything felt different. Ukraine had endured two years of war, economic collapse and political upheaval, with thousands dead and more than a million displaced. Europe had stumbled into a new Cold War and learned the costs of misjudging Russia. Ukraine was never supposed to be a problem for Europe; in fact, it was thought to be the opposite of that, a chance to expand Europe's orbit and stabilize its periphery -- on its own terms and on the strength of its soft power.

For centuries, power politics in Europe meant guns and wars (and the influence of the Vatican, given the sometimes belligerent role of past popes). But the European Union has been a relatively pacifist body, most prominently when France and Germany strongly opposed the George W. Bush administration's invasion of Iraq. Britain and France are still military powers, and the Italian Navy remains active in the Mediterranean, but the European Union has sought to exercise global influence through its economic strength and democratic values. Leaders saw trade and closer ties as enough to maintain stability on the European borders.

Ukraine changed that. First, Putin shattered Europe's sense of security after the Maidan protests grew violent. The police attacked; protesters died. Under pressure, Yanukovych fled to Russia. Putin responded by seizing Crimea, the Ukrainian peninsula where Russia leased a port for its Black Sea fleet. Then pro-­Russia separatists, backed by Russian forces, escalated the war in Ukraine's industrial east, where sporadic shooting still continues despite a fragile cease-fire -- even as skeptics say neither side really wants to implement the accord. In the midst of all this, Ukraine elected a coalition government that signed the association agreement with the European Union and pledged to carry out reforms. Ukraine's government is also negotiating for visa-free access to European Union countries. That would be a tangible success, signaling closer ties, but those talks have been complicated by European concerns about border security after the Paris attacks. The government is also trying to satisfy European demands that would allow Ukraine to enter a free-trade pact with the European Union.

But Ukrainian reformers want more European involvement, money and commitment, even a path to eventual European Union membership, as they try to rebuild a country still hobbled by corruption, dominated by oligarchical interests, divided ethnically and locked in a confrontation with Russia. Their argument is that Ukraine can never become secure or democratic without Europe, and that Europe can never be secure, or truly fulfill its ideals, without a stable, democratic Ukraine.

''Ukraine needs this success,'' Ostap Semerak, a pro-­reform lawmaker, told me. ''And the European Union needs this success.''

Europe itself, though, is increasingly ambivalent. Russia, not Ukraine, has long been the greater concern. Led by the Germans, Europe long pursued a foreign policy rooted in the belief that economic interdependence with Russia would ensure political stability, just as it had between once-mortal enemies like France and Germany. Russia sold natural gas to Europe. Europe sold machinery and luxury goods to Russia. Europe's east, meanwhile, inevitably became a place of geopolitical competition, as new member states like Lithuania and Poland regarded the integration of Ukraine in some fashion as a security priority.

Europe's internal crises are now dominating its agenda, with some leaders eager to normalize relations with Russia and effectively return to business as usual. Merkel and Hollande are trying to secure a lasting peace agreement between Russia and Ukraine, but European attention has shifted to Syria, refugees and terrorism. Hollande is focused on trying to put together a coalition against the Islamic State -- one that would include Russia. Merkel traveled to Istanbul to woo President Recep Tayyip Erdogan of Turkey -- despite her prior criticism of his authoritarian impulses -- and in November, the European Union agreed to pay three billion euros to Turkey to help stanch the flow of migrants pouring across Turkish borders. It even reopened talks about Turkey's long-stalled bid to join the European Union. Europe had dumped soft-power diplomacy for a scrambling, even desperate, embrace of realpolitik.

I visited a handful of reformers and analysts in Kiev during the Maidan anniversary weekend, and Europe's sudden overtures to Russia had not gone unnoticed. Anxious scenarios circulated: A Europe desperate to strike at terrorists might cut a deal for Putin's help (because his military was also now involved in Syria), possibly ending the economic sanctions put on Russia in response to its aggression in Ukraine or making concessions in the peace talks.

During the anniversary on the Maidan, people walked slowly in the rain, stopping at different memorials. Two teenage girls huddled under an umbrella, crying as they stood beside rows of photographs of people who died. ''Mostly, Europe doesn't care what is happening in Ukraine,'' Anne Levchuk, who said she was 17, told me. ''They can't really feel what we feel.''

The fundamental uncertainty about Europe's future is when prosperity will return. Will things soon turn around? Or is Europe in the midst of a crippling decline similar to Japan's lost decade? The European Central Bank is trying to play the role of savior -- pumping money into the financial system -- but the question is whether it, alone, can pull it off.

European countries once managed to have strong economies and generous social safety nets, as social democracy became Europe's political mainstream. That formula collapsed in the 2008 economic crisis, though even today Europe is divided on where to place the blame -- a bloated welfare state or decades of corrupt governance, or both. Europe's left defended the old socialistic model even as the consensus in Berlin and Brussels had long since shifted to pro-market, ''neo-liberal'' policies. Greece became a battleground for different economic visions but also a test case of how Europe handles an effectively bankrupt state in its midst, with a legacy of political corruption.

Ten days after the Paris attacks, I went to Greece to visit Alexis Tsipras. He adjusted the two wing chairs in his office, catching the light through the window, and invited me to sit down. Tsipras wore a blazer and khakis, still tieless, still prime minister. He seemed weary, even a touch forlorn, staring down at his lap. Can an entire country seem exhausted?

''I think it's not so easy to change Europe when you are alone,'' Tsipras said, speaking in practiced English.

Tsipras is beaten, but he still thinks he is right. The euro crisis is not solved. Europe has a common currency but not a common financial system. Greek debt is still unsustainable. The ''recipe,'' as he calls austerity, has been proved wrong. Why, he asks, has economic growth and employment recovered so much faster in the United States than in Europe? He still attacks the consensus in Berlin and Brussels as straitjacketed economics enforced by creditors, in defiance of logic, unable to produce real growth. Many economists agree. But Tsipras's critics argue that he offered no real alternative other than old-style Greek clientelism. He misplayed his confrontation with Berlin and Brussels. (They did, too.) His job now is to administer what he regards as the wrong medicine, hope his country doesn't implode while he makes it attractive to private investors and then try to recover and ''regain our sovereignty.''

''We saw that there is no other way,'' he said. ''Our European partners and Germany were very, very tough.''

The Greek crisis was never only about the country's problems; it was also about Europe's power equations, as well as volatility in the financial markets. To renegotiate Greece's debt and make real concessions meant possibly opening the door to renegotiations with debtor countries like Italy, Portugal and Spain. Other creditors would be staring at new liabilities and infuriated voters. Even the Baltic countries and the Eastern Europeans had more contempt than sympathy for Greece, because of Greece's higher standard of living. A crisis rooted in economics was fought in the realm of politics, infused by moralism (Lazy Greeks versus Mean Germans) and national self-interests. A common currency intended to bring nations together had done the opposite.

It might never have been realistic to envision a United States of Europe. Yet the prospect of a weaker Continent is something that should alarm Washington; Europe and America are trade partners, are bound together militarily by NATO and share a commitment to democracy. Many European bureaucrats and officials cling to the belief that crisis has always made Europe stronger and more integrated. Yet the optimism that carried the project forward to stop wars and create prosperity is dwindling. Now the challenge of the Euro­pean Union is whether it can succeed in continuing to bring a better and more secure life to a larger and more diverse group of citizens. Has the European Union reached the practical limits of the ideal of an ever-closer union? Europe's binding glue now might well be fear -- fear of the unknown, of what will happen if Greece does tumble out of the eurozone, or if Britain chooses to leave the European Union.

Tsipras said he still considers himself pro-­Europe, as most Greeks are, and took heart from rising leftist parties in Portugal and Spain. ''Greece is not alone anymore,'' he noted. But he described Brussels as ''the kingdom of bureaucracy,'' a place where ''there is a lack of democracy -- the most important decisions are taken behind closed doors.'' It might have sounded like resentment from someone who tried and failed to knock down the palace gate. But it was what I heard everywhere I went. Indeed, Tsipras seemed to capture the European moment.

''I am very, very skeptical for the future,'' he said.

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[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/12/20/magazine/has-europe-reached-the-breaking-point.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/12/20/magazine/has-europe-reached-the-breaking-point.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Migrants lining up to receive food in Greece, near the border. (MM38-MM39)

Khalil Merroun, of the Évry-Courcouronnes mosque near Paris. (MM40)

Soldiers in the Grand Place central square in Brussels. (MM40-MM41)

People gathering to pay their respects to victims of the November terrorist attacks in Paris. (MM41)

A Hungarian police officer patrolling the border with Serbia, where a fence has been erected to prevent the flow of illegal migrants. (MM42-MM43)

The European Commission's headquarters in Brussels. (MM44)

Afghan immigrants at a former school near Bünde, Germany, which is now used as a refugee center. (MM44-MM45)

A memorial to people killed during protests in Kiev, Ukraine. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOMAS MUNITA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM45)

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[***BOSTON TRANSIT SYSTEM SEEMS TO SATISFY RIDERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J6V0-0008-Y05T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By EDWARD A. GARGAN

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Oct. 12

**Body**

It is smaller, but cleaner. It carries far fewer people, but it gets them where they are going more punctually. And it is cheaper.

It is the ''T,'' the Boston area's mass-transit system, and in many respects it seems to work a good deal better than New York's.

Article on Boston, Mass, transit system, comparing it favorably with New York system on points of cleanliness, on-time reliability and cost; table of comparative figures for Boston and New York systems (M)

''It's real easy to get around,'' said Jennifer Fitzpatrick, a freshman at Boston College, who was riding the Red Line to Harvard Square with a friend. ''It goes where you want to go.''

For four years, from 1975 to 1979, the T and the commuter rail lines, under the umbrella of the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority, were run by Robert R. Kiley, the chairman-designate of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority in New York. In large measure, it is the experience he acquired here that, he has said, would serve him well in his new position.

1/10th Size of New York System

Radiating from downtown, four lines snake over 126.4 miles of track into 78 communities. The yellow buses of the system cover 680 miles of routes. Each day, an average 532,900 one-way fares are paid by a quarter of a million people. In virtually every category, the T is but one-tenth the size of New York's bus and subway system.

Unlike New York, the management here is confident about the basic service the system provides and what the future holds.

''I think the system is in pretty good shape,'' said James F. O'Leary, general manager of the authority. ''There's been a substantial improvement in the last couple of years.''

A few years ago, after Mr. Kiley had been dismissed by a newly elected Governor, Edward J. King, service on the system deteriorated rapidly amid rising financial woes. Stations were closed, hours of service were curtailed and, in a desperate effort to balance the books, the fare was raised, from 60 cents to 75.

Service Improved Last Year

Month after month, ridership on the system declined while newspaper editorials railed against the quality of service. The Governor tried to take over the system. Only in the final year of the King administration, after his chairman had been removed upon accusations of taking bribes, did things begin to turn around.

After Michael S. Dukakis was returned to the Statehouse last year as Governor, the system continued to improve, and bus and subway fares were reduced, to 60 cents.

The oldest mass-transit system in the country - it traces its roots to a horse-drawn trolley that ran from Harvard Square in Cambridge into Boston - the T possesses a simplicity of structure that makes its use, if one is destined for Boston center, relatively easy.

In Boston, the transit rainbow has four colors, colors in which the stations and cars are bathed. Green for the trolleylike light-rail system that trundles down the middle of Commonwealth Avenue to the southwestern towns of Newton and Brookline, and red, orange and blue for the underground and elevated subway lines to the south and north.

Different Lines, Different Tones

Because each branch serves definable ethnic and economic areas and each uses cars incompatible with those on the other lines, each has acquired a character of its own.

The strongly urban, ***working-class*** tenor of the Orange Line contrasts with the easy, slightly whimsical air of the Green Line, which pushes into the sprawling residential communities to the southwest.

''The Orange Line doesn't have a very good reputation,'' said Thomas C. Young, a legislative assistant who was waiting for a Red Line train at the Park Street station. ''In terms of crime, cleanliness and Godliness, it doesn't come off too well.''

There are four points at which commuters can change lines. At Park Street, where the trolleylike service of the Green Line connects to the Red Line, the stairwells leading down to the subway line are covered in vermillion tile, in contrast to the green tiles of the floors and walls in the upper station.

Plentitude of Maps

Everywhere there seem to be maps, large, readable and graffiti- free. At every subway station there are huge metal maps charting routes in bold, colorful lines.

On the platforms there are four- panel maps. One depicts the stops remaining on the line in the direction a passenger is going. Another is a schematic depiction of the entire subway system. The third is a map of the Boston area, with the mass-transit grid superimposed on it, and the last shows streets and buildings in the immediate area of the subway stop.

In addition, on all cars except the trolley cars on the Green Line, maps of the individual line are pasted over the doors.

The graffiti problem is virtually nonexistent throughout the system. On many trains, the color-coordinated seats are padded vinyl, untouched by the vandal's knife.

Private Cleaners Hired

Although there are almost no graffiti on cars and station walls, Mr. O'Leary is still not satisfied. ''We have more graffiti than we'd like to see,'' he said.

In an effort to keep the system clean, the authority has contracted with private companies to keep the cars and buses clean. The authority said the contractors were both cheaper and kept the system cleaner than its own employees.

''If it appears, we try to get it cleaned right away,'' Mr. O'Leary said, referring to graffiti. ''In some ways, the cleanliness is a reflection of the pride the people have in the system.''

As part of the effort to resuscitate what appeared in 1980 to be a dying system, the management won from the state lawmakers what was known as the Management Rights Act, legislation that essentially gave the agency a freer hand in running the system, including the rights to hire part-time labor, abolish rules requiring second conductors, circumvent seniority provisions in contracts and to lay off employees.

Recovering and Expanding

In 1981, some 600 employees were laid off, saving the agency $21 million that year. The system now has 5,353 workers.

Today, the system is recovering and expanding, according to Richard M. Brown, the Budget Director. To the south, the elevated Orange Line is being replaced by a depressed line, and in the northwest, the Red Line is being extended, into Somerville.

This year, the agency has budgeted $300 million for capital programs and $399 million for operations. In contrast, the M.T.A. combined capital and operating budget is $5 billion.

In Boston, the rider pays 33 percent of the cost of a ride, far less than most systems and New York's 55 percent. The remaining 67 percent is born by the property taxes of the 79 municipalities served by the system and state appropriations.

Little things seem to matter here. the front and sides of trains, signs clearly indicate destinations. The doors work. And in two days of riding trains throughout the system, a visitor found no cars darkened by nonfunctioning lights.

Although access to the system for the disabled is still difficult to impossible, a network of vans, called ''The Ride,'' shuttles blind or wheelchair- bound commuters door to door. New stations and those undergoing major reconstruction are to be made accessible to wheelchairs.

**Graphic**

chart comparing New York and Boston's transit system

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[***Pittsburgh Pirates***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M8N-BYD0-TW8F-G1XN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By RICHARD PARKER

Richard Parker, who teaches at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard, is the author of ''John Kenneth Galbraith: His Life, His Politics, His Economics.''

**Body**

ANDREW CARNEGIE

By David Nasaw.

Illustrated. 878 pp. The Penguin Press. $35.

MELLON

An American Life.

By David Cannadine.

Illustrated. 779 pp. Alfred A. Knopf. $35.

How should we think about the very rich? The easy answer, of course, is to mime their uncritical celebration by television and Madison Avenue -- even though great wealth has provoked sharp doubts and even bitter anger since the nation's founding. In the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson subtly anticipated our complex feelings by substituting ''the pursuit of happiness'' at the end of Locke's familiar statement that all men had an inalienable right to ''life, liberty and property.'' Benjamin Franklin then offered practical application of his co-signer's implicit ideals by telling in his autobiography how, after business success, he'd found a far richer life cultivating science, philosophy and public service. Getting and spending, these founders seemed to say, should be thought of as instruments, not ends, lest we (their heirs) recreate Old Europe's ancient inequalities, and thereby undermine our fragile new democracy.

A century later, a second American revolution, ignited by industrialization, gave us a new generation of leaders -- we might even call them the second founders. But as they swept away Jefferson's hopes for an enduring rural, agrarian and small-town America, their new world of cities, factories and vast inequalities indeed revealed all the dangers our original founders had feared.

Presiding over that Gilded Age (or robber-baron era, if you prefer), those second founders -- the Rockefellers, Fricks, Morgans, Goulds, Carnegies and Mellons -- between the Civil War and 1900 transformed America into the world's largest and fastest-growing economy. Exercising far more unchecked power than today's billionaires, these gargantuan figures grew rich beyond imagining, but also nearly overturned democracy, as poverty and corruption spread like a plague across the land.

David Nasaw's ''Andrew Carnegie'' and David Cannadine's ''Mellon'' recreate those tumultuous times through the often related stories of two of the best-known second founders. Yet reading these two hefty biographies (between them almost 1,700 pages), one quickly sees that their subjects' contrasting characters, behaviors and worldviews -- and the reactions they produced -- give us much to reflect on, including our own era of globalization and postindustrial titans.

At first glance, Carnegie and Mellon look a good deal alike. Both were of Scots descent (Carnegie freshly arrived, Mellon a first-generation Scotch-Irish American). Both acquired fortunes in the violent, exploitative and dankly polluted world of coal-and-steel Pittsburgh, the Silicon Valley of its day, through ingrained Calvinist self-discipline and persistence -- calling them ''inspired'' at what they did is not too strong -- but also, despite their pious denials, through ruthlessness and deceit. Eventually both also won fame and influence as more than industrial titans, Carnegie as America's best-known philanthropist and Mellon as one of the nation's longest-serving secretaries of the Treasury and as founding donor of the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

But there the similarities end, and a revealing set of juxtapositions emerges. Carnegie was always far better known, not just because his authentic rags-to-riches life fit the Horatio Alger archetype (unlike Mellon, who'd been born to wealth) but, more important, because he -- also unlike Mellon -- early on mastered the new ''science'' of public relations, cultivating the press as assiduously as Donald Trump has done today. The popularity of his autobiography and of essays like ''The Gospel of Wealth'' in fact made him an unusual Gilded Age star -- Bono-cum-Warren-Buffett is the best analogy -- because even as he helped drive the forces upending the old Jeffersonian world, Carnegie was declaring (seditiously, quite a few fellow plutocrats thought) that all the new wealth was ''not chiefly the product of the individual ... but largely the joint product of the community,'' and that therefore, while ambitious men might naturally pursue great fortunes, those riches should be returned in one's lifetime to do public good. To the era's compassionate conservatives, his famous claim that ''the man who dies thus rich dies disgraced'' deftly attached the first founders' values to the new super-rich, an updated affirmation of both Calvinist ''election'' and democracy's community duties (though to middle-class reformers and ***working-class*** radicals, such talk was scandalous pettifoggery, a bromide that substituted charity for equality).

Who was this unusual man? Carnegie had migrated to Pittsburgh in the 1840's as a young boy who grew into a diminutive dynamo -- he was just over five feet tall -- of charm, diligence, intelligence and stamina. As Nasaw -- a historian at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York -- fluidly and colorfully tells the story, Carnegie swiftly rose from teenage messenger to district manager of the powerful Pennsylvania Railroad, promoted by bosses who valued his whirlwind drive and mastery of railroads' complex accounting and scheduling systems.

He soon discovered how smart young railroad men made real money. Following his bosses, he borrowed heavily to invest in the stock of railroad contractors who'd secretly taken the railroad managers as silent partners, thereby assuring a steady flow of well-padded contracts. By his mid-30's, Carnegie had followed this early ''crony capitalism'' to his first fortune, at which point he decamped for Manhattan and further fortune, first by selling the bonds of the same railroads and suppliers, then by managing his growing investments in them.

Yet over the next 30 years, he was hardly a conventional capitalist: working only a few hours each day, he spent most of his time as a budding author, world traveler (he usually spent half the year abroad), patron of the arts and bon vivant who chastely charmed (as best one can tell, since he lived with his mother) attractive women half his age, as well as an ever-growing list of presidents, prime ministers, scientists, professors and poets on both sides of the Atlantic.

Riding the winds of industrialization, his fortune soared. Shifting shrewdly from iron to steel, then from rails to structural steel, he constantly reinvested in modernization -- as well as in clandestine price-fixing and market-pooling deals, hefty rewards for pliant Republican legislators and party bosses (he hated Democrats), and when needed, ruthless suppression of organized labor. (His avowed support for both ''socialism'' and Herbert Spencer led one wit to call him a ''Socialist Darwinist.'')

When his partner Henry Clay Frick violently put down the Homestead strike in 1892, the damage to Carnegie's cherished reputation was enormous -- but he was privately soothed by the profits he and Frick made thereafter. Expanding to produce steel-plate armor for the American and Russian navies, by 1900 Carnegie was manufacturing half the nation's structural steel and soon after, thanks to J. P. Morgan's purchase of his empire, he arguably became the world's richest man.

Still boundlessly energetic at 65, Carnegie threw himself into a new role as the world's pre-eminent philanthropist. Many thought he resembled Santa Claus -- he was now plump and wore a snow-white halo of hair and beard -- as he bestowed free public libraries by the hundreds here and abroad; offered free tuition to students and pensions to professors; built scientific research centers, art galleries, music halls and museums; endowed a fund to honor everyday heroes; and -- as World War I grew closer -- earnestly financed all manner of projects devoted to world peace. The war's carnage shattered not just the Gilded Age's residual faith in benign private wealth but the confidence of its most visible exponent: Carnegie died, cut off from friends and influence, less than a year after the war ended.

Andrew Mellon, who presided over a much more diverse business empire -- an iron-and-steel fortune, Gulf Oil, Alcoa, Koppers, Carborundum, the Mellon National Bank, and extensive insurance, real estate and shipbuilding investments -- by comparison comes across today as a paler, more pinched, much less likable or even interesting figure. Unlike Carnegie, Mellon was unusually reserved, even dour. (For years, he walked daily to his office past scores of employees without speaking a word.) He was also, for most of his life, parsimonious. On his death bed, when his son Paul asked for two small Corot paintings, he replied by offering to sell them for $50,000. He was, needless to say, not the ideal father.

Nor, apparently, was he the ideal husband. Like Carnegie, he waited until his 40's before marrying a woman half his age. Carnegie's was by all accounts a happy union, but Mellon's wife soon felt so neglected that she commenced a scandalous affair, then abruptly left him. Her husband's passions, according to his biographer's account, were far more animated by the bitter divorce proceedings than they ever had been by the marriage.

Cannadine, a historian at the University of London who wrote this book at the request of Mellon's son, consequently faces greater difficulty than Nasaw in holding our interest, a problem he occasionally compounds. As Mellon builds his art collection, for example, we're never taken past the prices paid (and some tawdry backroom dealings) to savor the beauty of what he'd bought. But Cannadine does try to raise Mellon in our estimation by emphasizing how, late in life, he chose public service as Treasury secretary -- a post he held under Harding, Coolidge and Hoover -- and then, shortly before death, gave us the National Gallery of Art, an authentic treasure. One senses Cannadine would like us to feel these acts somehow balance -- on an admittedly complicated measure -- Mellon's far less attractive behaviors.

Yet do they? Cannadine exaggerates the economic impact of Mellon's tax-cutting at a time when few earned enough to pay income tax at all, and is too uncritical of his support for the gold standard, tight money and balanced budgets even as the Depression closed in, policies modern economists agree exacerbated the economy's collapse. And we soon learn that Mellon compromised the integrity of his ''public service'' at Treasury by continuing to oversee his business empire, covertly intervening with other government officials for his own interests, and even using the department's tax specialists to prepare -- and artfully minimize -- his own taxes. (The ''brazen lies'' Mellon told in defending himself, Cannadine writes, reflect the fact that ''he simply never understood or accepted the notion of conflict of interest.'') And Mellon's art collecting leaves its own troubling questions: ignoring a strict trade embargo on the Soviet Union, Mellon secretly paid millions for old masters that Stalinist agents had taken from the Hermitage on the dictator's orders, money that indirectly helped finance the starvation of millions of Russian peasants who resisted collectivization.

After leaving office when the New Deal arrived, Mellon soon found himself facing both congressional and Internal Revenue Service investigations. Cannadine argues (rather lopsidedly) against the merits of these inquiries, conducted, as he sees it, in a ''stridently hostile'' soak-the-rich atmosphere fostered by Franklin Roosevelt's ''infuriating raillery'' and demagogic desire for revenge against men like Mellon. Under such circumstances, we are meant to see nobility in Mellon's donation of the National Gallery -- but not all will, after noticing that he focused on it only after hostile tax audits began and waited until the jury in his prolonged tax trial adjourned before proposing his gift to the government.

Do these long-gone men offer us lessons for today -- and for our own titans, the Gateses and the Buffetts (not to mention the Lays, the Ebberses and the Kozlowskis)? Earlier in our own Gilded Age, the financier Ivan Boesky, now disgraced, declared to surprisingly wide acclaim that ''greed is healthy.'' Is it -- or is it merely greed? America's first founders left us with one set of answers, while the second gave us another. It's fair to say we haven't decided yet which is right.

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

**Graphic**

Photos (Photographs by Bettmann/Corbis

Getty Images)

**Load-Date:** November 5, 2006

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[***Budget Offers Cornucopia of Tax Breaks For Everyone***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-5YM0-000P-N1YK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 6, 1997, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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By RICHARD PEREZ-PENA

**Dateline:** ALBANY, Aug. 5

**Body**

Alongside large tax cuts with mass appeal, like reductions in property taxes and the sales tax on clothing, New York's new state budget is sprinkled with smaller cuts tailored for particular industries, some reflecting the lobbying of particular companies like International Business Machines and the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus.

Ringling and its lobbyists, the influential firm of Davidoff & Malito, won the elimination of the state sales tax on circus tickets, a cut that will cost the state a mere $100,000 a year. Because other major circuses, like the Big Apple Circus, are already exempt as "teaching circuses," only Ringling and perhaps one or two others that pass through the state each year were paying the tax, and only they will benefit from its elimination.

Another tax gives businesses up to 15 years to use tax credits they earn from making capital investments in the state, instead of 10 years. State officials said the company behind the measure -- and perhaps the only one that stands to benefit right away -- is I.B.M., which has not yet used all of the credits it earned for investments made in the 1980's, and stood to lose them under the 10-year rule. The extension is projected to cost the state about $5 million a year.

There are several smaller examples: wineries in New York State won elimination of the sales tax on wine tastings, at a cost to the state of $100,000 a year. Several industries that offer coin-operated amenities -- vending machines, photocopiers, car washes and airport luggage cart dispensers -- also won exemption from sales taxes, worth about $8 million a year.

"A lot of these were just nuisance taxes," said John McArdle, a spokesman for the Republican majority in the Senate. "The amounts for the state were small, but for the companies it was a lot of paperwork and a lot of hassle."

The budget also includes tax savings of $14 million a year for the insurance industry, $5 million a year for troubled banks, 1 cent on the sale of each canned or bottled drink, for a total of $26 million a year, $25 million a year for retailers, $3 million a year for unincorporated businesses that hire new workers, $9 million a year for family farmers and $1 million a year for people who put solar power units on their homes.

The Legislature and Gov. George E. Pataki agreed to cut 29 taxes in all, from those that dip into the bank accounts of millions of state residents and businesses to those that affect the fortunes of just one company or industry. The list reflects the state's fiscal bounty nearly three years into a Wall Street boom, and perhaps a dose of wishful thinking about the future, as well. The reductions are to be phased in over five years, costing the state just $117 million this fiscal year and ballooning to $4.8 billion, or about $260 per person, in 2001-02.

The Governor and Senate Republicans began the year by proposing ambitious tax cuts and declaring them the top priority. The conventional wisdom was that, as in years past, they would get less than they asked for, demanding the stars and settling for the moon; instead, they got the stars. Nearly every tax cut on the wish lists released last winter appears in the budget.

Not everyone is pleased. Independent fiscal monitors and a handful of legislators have worried aloud that the state is creating huge deficits for itself in future years because the growth of revenue from the personal income tax and other economically sensitive taxes could slow or drop dramatically. Senator Franz S. Leichter, a Manhattan Democrat, called the budget "fiscal suicide for the state."

When state lawmakers set about cutting taxes two years ago, they aimed at the state's largest source of revenue, the personal income tax, which also happens to be one of the broadest-based levies, paid by everyone from the ***working class*** to the wealthy. Most elements of this year's package are for more limited groups of beneficiaries, and many are for businesses rather than individuals.

The largest cut, by far, is a state program to reduce the property taxes localities charge to support local school systems, a program that benefits only homeowners, and that delivers the greatest savings to people in the wealthiest communities. The reduction, to be phased in over five years, will ultimately cost the state $2.24 billion a year.

The impact of the change will vary enormously from place to place, in part because property taxes differ widely. And the cut also gives a larger tax exemption on homes in counties where real estate is expensive, a feature that will almost exclusively benefit residents of the suburban counties around New York City.

In the city, the average savings for a homeowner will be $390 a year. In Westchester, it will be over $1,000.

To make up for the fact that most New York City residents, as renters, pay no direct property taxes, the state will pay to lower the city income tax by 10 percent by 2001, at a cost of $464 million a year.

The state will eliminate the gross receipts tax on hospitals, nursing homes and home care companies, which amounts to a sales tax on health care, at a cost of $530 million a year. It will also reduce by 30 percent the gross receipts tax on utilities, for another $440 million a year.

"The utility tax is probably the best tax cut in terms of fairness, because it's a heavier burden on low-income people and small businesses," said Frank J. Mauro, director of the Fiscal Policy Institute, a research group that studies state policies and is funded primarily by unions and foundations. "I would say the health care tax is the second-most-defensible tax cut, because it supports other important public policy goals, like keeping the hospitals viable and keeping down the cost of health care."

The state sales tax on clothing, up to $100 per article, will be eliminated in December 1999, at a cost of $445 million a year.

The budget will also greatly reduce the state's taxes on estates, at a cost of $400 million a year, in a way that will have little effect on low- and middle-income people, who rarely pay any estate taxes. Mr. Pataki has argued that the reduction was needed because elderly people were leaving New York to escape its high estate taxes.

Under the current system, when a person dies, there is no state tax on the first $115,000 of taxable assets left to heirs, on the first $250,000 in value of the person's primary residence, or on the first 5 percent of the value of a business the person owned. Above those limits, assets are taxed at a graduated scale, beginning at 2 percent and rising to 21 percent.

But effectively, the top marginal rate is actually 5 percent. That is because any state estate taxes paid, up to 16 percent of the value of the estate, can be counted as a credit against Federal estate taxes.

Starting next year, the new state law will raise the basic exemption from $115,000 to $300,000 and will lower the top rate from 21 percent to 16 percent, meaning that nearly the entire state tax bill can be credited against the Federal levy.

In 2000, the new state law will replace all three exemptions -- basic, home and small business -- with a single exemption set at the same level as the Federal exemption, or $700,000 in 2000. The Federal exemption is set to rise in steps to $1.3 million in 2006, but the state exemption will be capped at $1 million.

**Graphic**

Chart: "DOLLARS AND CENTS: Tailored Tax Cuts"

New York State's New Budget cuts 29 different taxes, including these.

THE CUT -- Elimination of the sales tax on circus admissions.

WHO BENEFITS -- Ringling Brothers and Barnum Baily

ANNUAL COST -- $100,000

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THE CUT -- Elimination of the 1-cent charge on any drink sold in a bottle or can.

WHO BENEFITS -- Bottlers, retailers and, perhaps, consumers, if the savings are passed on through lower prices.

ANNUAL COST -- $26 million

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THE CUT -- Elimination of the sales tax on receipts by several kinds of vending machines, including drink and food machines, carwashes and airport luggage cart racks.

WHO BENEFITS -- The vending machine industry

ANNUAL COST -- $8 million

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THE CUT -- Elimination of the sales tax on wine tastings.

WHO BENEFITS -- New York wineries, particularly on Long Island and in the Finger Lakes region, that host wine tastings and charge admission

ANNUAL COST -- $100,000

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[***BEST SELLERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J820-0008-Y1VH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 9, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 40, Column 2; Book Review Desk; List

**Length:** 1238 words

**Body**

FICTION 116

POLAND, by James A. Michener. (Random House, $17.95.) Seven centuries of history in fictional form.225

CHANGES, by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte, $15.95.) The crises that arise when a television anchorwoman and a glamorous physician fall in love. 3316

THE NAME OF THE ROSE, by Umberto Eco. (Helen & Kurt Wolff/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $15.95.) Unraveling the mystery of a murder in a 14th-century Italian monastery. 4510

Season passes for 1984 World's Fair, New Orleans, La, to go on sale Nov 1; fair is schedule to open May 12 (S)HOLLYWOOD WIVES, by Jackie Collins. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) The struggle for money and power in Tinsel Town. 549

AUGUST, by Judith Rossner. (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95.) The five-year relationship of two women, a teen-age patient and her analyst. 666

WHO KILLED THE ROBINS FAMILY?, created by Bill Adler and written by Thomas Chastain. (Morrow, $9.95.) The publisher offers a $10,000 prize to the reader who submits the best answer. 7718

RETURN OF THE JEDI, adapted by Joan D. Vinge. (Random House, $6.95.) Illustrated storybook based on the latest ''Star Wars'' film. 8123

WINTER'S TALE, by Mark Helprin. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95.) Heroic lives in Manhattan between the late 19th century and the year 2000. 994

MONIMBO, by Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave. (Simon & Schuster, $15.95.) What happens after Castro unveils a plan to stir racial tension in the United States. 10133

THE AUERBACH WILL, by Stephen Birmingham. (Little, Brown, $16.95.) Three generations of a German-Jewish family in New York. 11827

CHRISTINE, by Stephen King. (Viking, $16.95.) A car that kills is at large among a Pennsylvania town's high school set. 121030

THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL, by John le Carre. (Knopf, $15.95.) A British actress caught between agents of Israeli intelligence and of the Palestine Liberation Organization. 131112

THE SEDUCTION OF PETER S., by Lawrence Sanders. (Putnam, $15.95.) The sudden danger-filled success of a long out-of-work actor. 14153

EVERYTHING AND MORE, by Jacqueline Briskin. (Putnam, $15.95.) Life after Beverly Hills High School: the careers of four women. 151424

HEARTBURN, by Nora Ephron. (Knopf , $11.95.) A *roman a clef* about a marriage breaking up.

NONFICTION

1139

IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE, by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman Jr. (Harper & Row, $19.95.) Lessons to be learned from well-run American corporations. 2348

MEGATRENDS, by John Naisbitt. (Warner, $17.50.) Predictions about America in the next decade based on an analysis of conditions today. 326

ON WINGS OF EAGLES, by Ken Follett. (Morrow, $17.95.) The rescue of a Texas businessman from an Iranian prison. 4454

THE ONE MINUTE MANAGER, by Kenneth Blanchard and Spencer Johnson. (Morrow, $15.) How to increase the productivity of those with whom you work, as well as your own. 5520

CREATING WEALTH, by Robert G. Allen. (Simon & Schuster, $15.95.) Making money in real estate. 672

FATAL VISION, by Joe McGinniss. (Putnam, $17.95.) The case of Jeffrey MacDonald, Ivy League graduate, respected physician and convicted killer of his wife and daughters. 793

MOTHERHOOD: The Second Oldest Profession, by Erma Bombeck. (McGraw-Hill, $12.95.) A humorous look at the biggest on-the-job training program ever. 81154

NOTHING DOWN, by Robert G. Allen. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) How to buy real estate with little or no money: a 1980 book. 9 1

THE BODY PRINCIPAL, by Victoria Principal. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) Exercises for women by a television personality. 10104

THE BEST OF JAMES HERRIOT. (St. Martin's Press, $19.95.) Selections from the writings of the Yorkshire veterinarian. 11613

OUT ON A LIMB, by Shirley MacLaine. (Bantam, $15.95.) The actress tells of her mid-life ''journey to find her true self.'' 12890

JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT BOOK, by Jane Fonda. (Simon & Schuster, $19.95.) Exercise for women by the film actress. 13132

OUTRAGEOUS ACTS AND EVERYDAY REBELLIONS, by Gloria Steinem. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $14.95.) Essays by a leading feminist writer. 141234

BLUE HIGHWAYS, by William Least Heat Moon. (Atlantic/Little, Brown, $17.50.) A report on a trip through the back roads of America. 15 10

HOW TO SATISFY A WOMAN EVERY TIME, by Naura Hayden. (Dutton/Bibli O'Phile, $7.95.) Advice from a televison and radio personality. *The listings above are based on computer-processed sales figures from about 2,000 bookstores in every region of the United States. And Bear in Mind Other recent books that in the opinion of the Book Review staff are of particular literary, topical or scholarly interest:*

ARISTOTLE TO ZOOS: A Philosophical Dictionary of Biology, by P. B. Medawar and J. S. Medawar. (Harvard University Press, $18.50.) One can learn a tremendous amount of modern biology from this accessible, opinionated and delightfully eccentric work by the winner of the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1960 and his wife.

CAL, by Bernard Mac Laverty. (George Braziller, $12.95.) A novel of the Troubles in Northern Ireland, whose emotional impact is grounded in a complete avoidance of sentimentality.

THE CANNIBAL GALAXY, by Cynthia Ozick. (Alfred A. Knopf, $11.95.) Miss Ozick's second novel is about a Jewish survivor of Nazi-dominated France who establishes a primary school in the American Midwest.

CATHEDRAL, by Raymond Carver. (Alfred A. Knopf, $13.95.) Short stories by a writer who draws upon the American voice of loneliness and stoicism.

CHILDREN OF WAR, by Roger Rosenblatt. (Anchor Press/Doubleday, $13.95.) A journalist and father of three travels in five weeks to five war zones around the world to interview and understand children caught up in those wars.

HUGGING THE SHORE: Essays and Criticism, by John Updike. (Alfred A. Knopf, $19.95.) A large selection of Mr. Updike's essays and reviews that documents his achievements as a man of letters.

LITERARY THEORY: An Introduction, by Terry Eagleton. (University of Minnesota Press, cloth, $29.50; paper, $9.95.) A vigorous, lucid examination of current literary theories with an eye to their political underpinnings.

LOCAL KNOWLEDGE: Futher Essays in Interpretive Anthropology, by Clifford Geertz. (Basic Books, $18.50.) Eight essays, comparing different cultures, written over the past decade by an anthropologist who has attracted attention well outside his discipline.

MY NAME IS SAROYAN, by William Saroyan. Edited by James H. Tashjian. (Coward- McCann, $22.50.) A collection of 106 poems, stories, plays and essays Saroyan wrote in his early days, most of them never before in book form.

THE ROSENBERG FILE: A Search for the Truth, by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $22.50.) An account, using new evidence, of the controversial case in which Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were tried for conspiracy to commit espionage, found guilty and executed in 1953.

THE STORIES OF WILLIAM TREVOR. (Penguin Books, $8.95.) All the stories from five previous collections of the last 20 years by an Anglo-Irish master of short fiction.

THE TROUBLED CRUSADE: American Education, 1945-1980, by Diane Ravitch. (Basic Books, $19.95.) A narrative history whose central theme is the rise and fall of American education since World War II.

UNION STREET, by Pat Barker. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $13.95.) Divided into seven sections, each named for a particular female, this first novel explores every permutation and nuance of ***working-class*** life in a grimy industrial town in England.

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[***Whittle's School Unit Gains Prestige and Pressure***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8CT0-000P-20W0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SUSAN CHIRA

By SUSAN CHIRA

**Body**

Christopher Whittle, the maverick media entrepreneur, gained instant credibility and considerable publicity when he landed Benno C. Schmidt Jr., the president of Yale University, to lead his ambitious effort to create a national private-school system.

But the hard questions begin now. Can they succeed when generations of equally ambitious school reformers have failed? And will the pressure to produce profits make it harder to run radically different schools at the same or lower costs than public schools?

Mr. Whittle spills over with provocative ideas, but cheerfully admits he and Mr. Schmidt are two years away from producing any concrete plans, so it will be some time before the public and their own investors have any idea how viable their venture, the Edison Project, really is.

Many educators said they welcomed the competition and the investment of $60 million that Mr. Whittle's backers have made to design new schools. But several also raised questions of elitism, the role of profitability in education and the project's political agenda in a time of fierce debate over the Bush Administration's proposals to use public money to pay private-school tuitions.

'A Dual Educational System'

"I wish Whittle well, but this still leaves the problem of solving the condition of public education," said Christopher T. Cross, executive director of Education Intiative, a part of the Business Roundtable, an association of major corporations. "If we aren't careful as a society you could go back to creating a dual educational system, this time not based on race but on economic capability."

Mr. Whittle proposes a network of 1,000 private schools charging about $5,500 tuition, with about 20 percent of all students on scholarship. A few of these schools would be in inner cities, where scholarship help would have to be greater, subsidizied by tuitions paid in wealthier areas..

Mr. Whittle believes his private schools will, indeed, change public schools -- through the same kind of consumer pressure that underpins the Administration's education strategy. This is the idea of "choice," or voucher system, that allows dissatisfied parents to leave public schools and take their tax money with them.

Such voucher plans have already been met with stiff political opposition, and Congress has effectively killed President Bush's proposals for now. But vouchers or no vouchers, Mr. Whittle says his schools will be so good they will convince parents of the need for choice.

The Weapon of Choice

At the heart of the Edison Project is an idea that also guides the strategy developed under Education Secretary Lamar Alexander, a former business associate of Mr. Whittle. It is hopeless to expect change from within this school system, this reasoning runs, so parents must be given the weapon of choice to force changes in public schools.

Indeed, the prime architect of the Bush strategy, Chester E. Finn Jr., is a longtime critic of public schools who is now a member of the Edison Project's design team.

Although Mr. Whittle's schools would be private, his Edison Project is remarkably similar to Mr. Alexander's New American Schools proposal to create 535 radically different public schools, one in each Congressional district and two in each state, which would then spur other schools to change. Later this summer the New American Schools Development Corporation will give out privately financed grants to design teams, many of whom have suggested proposals similar to Mr. Whittle's.

Secretary Alexander said that because of his past business dealings with Mr. Whittle, he has made it a practice not to comment on his former associate's ventures.

Although Mr. Whittle says his own ideas may bear no resemblance to the ones his design team eventually adopts, he now envisions a nationwide network of campuses combining day care and elementary and high schools, open 11 months a year and running at least eight hours a day. The $5,500 tuition is the average cost per child in a public school.

To make a profit he will have to keep actual costs far lower than that, and is betting he can do so by relying on more volunteers, fewer bureaucrats and teachers, the latest technology and students who perform a wide array of services, ranging from tutoring others to cleaning bathrooms.

Virtually all of these ideas are culled from existing schools or educators' proposals, but no single school or district combines them.

"It's easy to say these things but tough to put them into practice," said Theodore R. Sizer, an educator who has spent years working to overhaul the Coalition of Essential Schools, a network of about 200 public schools scattered around the country.

Mr. Whittle contends that he will succeed precisely because he is able to start from scratch, while reformers like Mr. Sizer must struggle with existing schools that often fight change. "Very few have had the luxury to say, 'Were we to start completely over, how would we do this?' " he said. "There is a luxury in being a new entry."

Almost half of all money spent in public schools is not spent directly in classrooms, but on such support services as guidance counselors, librarians, psychologists, food services, transportation and administration. And it is here that Mr. Whittle believes he can dramatically cut costs.

Mr. Sizer said he was skeptical that Mr. Whittle's cost-saving ideas would save as much money as he would need to offset the investments he promises to make in new technology, day care and other services.

Some other entrepreneurs have already started to test the waters Mr. Whittle wants to roil. Education Alternatives Inc., a Minneapolis-based company, is the first in the United States to run a public school under contract for profit -- an option Mr. Whittle is also considering. The company runs the South Pointe Elementary School in Miami Beach and is serving as the interim superintendent for public schools in Duluth, Minn.

A Dubious Marriage

Other educators are uneasy about the marriage of profits and education. Would a bad year force a school to close abruptly, stranding students? Would a squeeze on profits mean compromising on quality?

"There's a public good in education that seems to me to be absolutely critical, and how that gets played out in a profit system is completely unclear to me," said Marshall Smith, dean of the Stanford School of Education. He and several other educators cited the example of "proprietary" or trade schools, some of which have been accused of exploiting ***working-class*** students who enroll and failing to teach them the promised skills.

Mr. Whittle dismisses such questions, saying that if he cut back on quality no one would enroll in his schools.

Many of his critics are suspicious about Mr. Whittle's grandest educational venture to date, Channel One, a news show for teen-agers now shown in 10,000 schools, which received free televisions and video equipment in return for showing the 12-minute show in its entirety, including 2 minutes of commercials.

A recent report commissioned by Whittle Communications on Channel One's first year found that it was popular among students and teachers but did little to increase students' knowledge of current events. Mr. Whittle says the researchers wrongly labeled insignificant a 3.3 percent difference in scores on a current-events test given to students who watched Channel One. The venture is by far his company's most profitable.

Despite questions, many educators say let Mr. Whittle try -- and they will gladly eat crow if he succeeds.

"It's easy to throw stones at Chris Whittle," Mr. Sizer said. "To make public schols that people don't want to leave -- that's the challenge."

**Graphic**

Photo: Christopher Whittle, chairman of Whittle Communications, believes his schools could prove to parents how much better consumer-sensitive schools could be than traditional private schools and public schools. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 27, 1992

**End of Document**



[***BEST SELLERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J1V0-0008-Y2RT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 30, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 36, Column 2; Book Review Desk; list

**Length:** 1300 words

**Body**

FICTION 119

POLAND, by James A. Michener. (Random House, $17.95.) Seven centuries of history in fictional form. 2219

THE NAME OF THE ROSE, by Umberto Eco. (Helen & Kurt Wolff/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $15.95.) Unraveling the mystery of a murder in a 14th-century Italian monastery. 338

CHANGES, by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte, $15.95.) The crises that arise when a television anchorwoman and a glamorous physician fall in love. 4413

HOLLYWOOD WIVES, by Jackie Collins. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) The struggle for money and power in Tinsel Town. 5512

AUGUST, by Judith Rossner. (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95.) The five-year relationship of two women, a teen-age patient and her analyst. 689

WHO KILLED THE ROBINS FAMILY?, created by Bill Adler and written by Thomas Chastain. (Morrow, $9.95.) The publisher offers a $10,000 prize to the reader who submits the best answer. 766

WINTER'S TALE, by Mark Helprin. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95.) Heroic lives in Manhattan between the late 19th century and the year 2000. 876

THE AUERBACH WILL, by Stephen Birmingham. (Little, Brown, $16.95.) Three generations of a German-Jewish family in New York. 9126

EVERYTHING AND MORE, by Jacqueline Briskin. (Putnam, $15.95.) Life after Beverly Hills High School: the careers of four women. 101121

RETURN OF THE JEDI, adapted by Joan D. Vinge. (Random House, $6.95.) Illustrated storybook based on the latest ''Star Wars'' film. 11107

MONIMBO, by Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) What happens after Castro unveils a plan to stir racial tension in the United States. 121330

CHRISTINE, by Stephen King. (Viking, $16.95.) A car that kills is at large among a Pennsylvania town's high school set. 131433

THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL, by John le Carre. (Knopf, $15.95.) A British actress caught between agents of Israeli intelligence and of the Palestine Liberation Organization. 141527

HEARTBURN, by Nora Ephron. (Knopf, $11.95.) A *roman a clef* about a marriage breaking up. 15 14

THE SEDUCTION OF PETER S., by Lawrence Sanders. (Putnam, $15.95.) The sudden danger-filled success of a long out-of-work actor.

NONFICTION 116

MOTHERHOOD: The Second Oldest Profession, by Erma Bombeck. (McGraw-Hill, $12.95.) A humorous look at the biggest on-the-job training program ever. 2242

IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE, by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman Jr. (Harper & Row, $19.95.) Lessons to be learned from well-run American corporations. 344

THE BODY PRINCIPAL, by Victoria Principal. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) Exercises for women by a television personality. 4651

MEGATRENDS, by John Naisbitt. (Warner, $17.50.) Predictions about America in the next decade based on an analysis of conditions today. 559

ON WINGS OF EAGLES, by Ken Follett. (Morrow, $17.95.) The rescue of two Americans from an Iranian prison. 633

THE MARY KAY GUIDE TO BEAUTY. (Addison-Wesley, $19.95.) An illustrated guide for women prepared by the staff of a cosmetic firm. 775

FATAL VISION, by Joe McGinniss. (Putnam, $17.95.) The case of Jeffrey MacDonald, Ivy League graduate, respected physician and convicted killer of his wife and daughters. 887

THE BEST OF JAMES HERRIOT. (St. Martin's Press, $19.95.) Selections from the writings of the Yorkshire veterinarian. 995

THE PETER PAN SYNDROME, by Dan Kiley. (Dodd, Mead, $14.95.) A psychologist's analysis of the plight of men who have never grown up. 10135

OUTRAGEOUS ACTS AND EVERYDAY REBELLIONS, by Gloria Steinem. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $14.95.) Essays by a leading feminist writer. 111057

THE ONE MINUTE MANAGER, by Kenneth Blanchard and Spencer Johnson. (Morrow, $15.) How to increase the productivity of those with whom you work, as well as your own. 121123

CREATING WEALTH, by Robert G. Allen. (Simon & Schuster, $15.95.) Making money in real estate. 13122

VIETNAM: A History, by Stanley Karnow. (Viking, $19.95.) Profusely illustrated history of the war: tie-in with the current PBS television series. 14 92

JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT BOOK, by Jane Fonda. (Simon & Schuster, $19.95.) Exercises for women by the film actress. 15 56

NOTHING DOWN, by Robert G. Allen. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) How to buy real estate with little or no money: a 1980 book. *The listings above are based on computer-processed sales figures from about 2,000 bookstores in every region of the United States. And Bear in Mind Other recent books that in the opinion of the Book Review staff are of particular literary, topical or scholarly interest:*

DASHIELL HAMMETT, by Diane Johnson. (Random House, $17.95.) A cool, steady-eyed and engrossing biography of a writer who is perhaps as much fun to read about as his most notable creation, the private eye Sam Spade.

A FEELING FOR THE ORGANISM: The Life and Work of Barbara McClintock, by Evelyn Fox Keller. (W. H. Freeman & Co., $14.95.) An excellent biography of the 81-year-old ''loner'' from Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., who won the 1983 Nobel Prize for Medicine for work in genetics that scientists once regarded as heretical.

LIGHT, by Eva Figes. (Pantheon, $10.95.) Technique is all or nearly all in this slender, fastidious novel of a day in the life of Claude Monet - a kind of Impressionism in words.

LOCAL KNOWLEDGE: Futher Essays in Interpretive Anthropology, by Clifford Geertz. (Basic Books, $18.50.) Eight essays, comparing different cultures, written over the past decade by an anthropologist who has attracted attention well outside his discipline.

MARBOT: A Biography, by Wolfgang Hildesheimer. (George Braziller, $16.50.) Introducing a new genre - fictional biography. The author has made up Sir Andrew Marbot (1801-1830), an English art connoisseur, critic and minor man of letters, out of whole cloth. But it is quality cloth, through which we can see the spirit of the age and some of its prime movers.

REVOLUTION IN TIME: Clocks and the Making of the Modern World, by David S. Landes. (Harvard University Press, $20.) The story of the evolution of the mechanical timekeeper from the crude tower clocks of 13th-century Europe to the modern wristwatch. A feat of scholarship, and also fun to read.

THE STORIES OF BERNARD MALAMUD. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $17.95.) Twenty-five stories from 1950 to the present, chosen by the author, whose special province has been the everyday, unspectacular anguish of ordinary people.

THE STORIES OF WILLIAM TREVOR. (Penguin Books, $8.95.) All the stories from five previous collections of the last 20 years by an Anglo-Irish master of short fiction.

TURTLE BEACH, by Blanche d'Alpuget. (Simon & Schuster, $14.95.) The first novel by an Australian journalist to appear in America is set in a troubled and changing Malaysia, and its author clearly knows how it smells and feels and how its people, both Western and Eastern, think. An auspicious American debut.

UNION STREET, by Pat Barker. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $13.95.) Divided into seven sections, each named for a particular female, this first novel explores every nuance of ***working-class*** life in a grimy industrial town in England.

VANESSA BELL, by Frances Spalding. (Ticknor & Fields, $22.95.) This biography takes Virginia Woolf's elder sister from the shadow of Woolf's greater fame to establish her identity as a remarkable and appealing woman and a gifted painter.

VITA: The Life of Vita Sackville-West, by Victoria Glendinning. (Alfred A. Knopf, $17.95.) A biography of the writer to whom Virginia Woolf dedicated ''Orlando.'' If the author cannot make this arrogant, selfish woman attractive, she can - and does - make her vivid and memorable.

WATCH TIME FLY, by Laura Furman. (The Viking Press, $14.95.) Short stories about the Vietnam-influenced generation of passively waiting lost souls by a writer who combines apparent artlessness with a moving and very sophisticated esthetic sensibility.

**End of Document**



[***ONE APPROACH TO THE SHORTAGE OF MEN IS SHARING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JHS0-0008-Y1S5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 9, 1983, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section B; Page 4, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1133 words

**Byline:** By KENNETH B. NOBLE

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Sept. 8

**Body**

Four years ago, when Audrey Chapman announced to her friends in New Haven that she was moving to Washington for a new job, they prepared her for the worst.

''They warned me that I was heading for a social jungle,'' she said. ''If you're going down there to meet a man, they said, forget it.''

It was probably just as well that Miss Chapman, a 39-year-old family therapist at Howard University, had other plans. ''When I got here,'' she said, ''the first thing I noticed was that many of the women behaved in a manner that had an air of insecurity, tinged with an overcoating of desperation.''

Article on shortage of men in Washington, DC, resulting in women man-sharing; Audrey Chapman, therapist who is offering workshop on dating, comments; illustration (M)

''And many of the men,'' she said, ''had a talky, arrogant air about them.''

To help women cope with finding a man under these conditions, Miss Chapman is offering a workshop sponsored by Howard University's counseling service called ''Man Sharing: Dilemma or Choice.''

Lest there be any doubts about her intentions, Miss Chapman is quick to stress that she is not promoting the idea of women sharing men with other women. Rather, she is trying to help women recognize the problem, especially here, and deal with it in a positive way.

'No One Should Have to Share'

''Man sharing is probably one of the most awkward, painful and probably rejecting situations to find oneself in,'' Miss Chapman said, ''and quite frankly, I think no one should have to share anyone that they are intimately involved in.''

''One of the things I try to work with women on,'' she added, ''is that there's nothing they can do about the fact that some men choose to relate intimately to more than one individual at the same time. What we can control are the choices that we have about how we're going to react emotionally, and whether we're going to subject ourselves to oppressive, demoralizing situations.''

Women in the workshop are encouraged to take control of their romantic lives rather than let men determine what is best for them. One approach she calls '' a la carte'' in which women see several different men for various emotional needs. Another is ''serial'' relationships, in which women see several different men for short periods of time.

And asked about her own preferences, Miss Chapman said, ''I'm an old-fashioned girl. I like to be wined and dined. I like flowers. I don't think you get that with fly-by-night type affairs.''

''I will not man share,'' she insisted. ''I want one individual for my very own.'' Asked whether she now had a monogamous relationship with a man, she said, ''I can't answer that.''

But Miss Chapman, who has been divorced for 11 years, counsels that single women here must be realistic. ''The awful reality is that if every woman in Washington said she wanted a man all to herself, to relate to in a monogamous way, there would be a large number who would go without.''

Government figures appear to support Miss Chapman. Calvin Beale, chief of population studies for the Agriculture Department, says that the District of Columbia has the second lowest percentage of males in relation to females in its population of any major city. In New York in 1980, there were 86 males for every 100 females; in Chicago there were 90; in Denver, 93. The only city that had a lower ratio was St. Louis, where there were 81.7 males for every 100 females.

The ratio weighs even more heavily here against black women, according to Miss Chapman. ''Many of our men are dying at a young age of homicides and suicides, and the birth mortality rate of black males at birth is high,'' she said. ''Then you've got incarceration. The largest number of males in prison are black.''

Miss Chpman says she decided to offer the workshop after she noticed that many of the women in her counseling practice complained that they were seeing men who were involved with other women. About a year ago, she recalls, a woman came to her office disconsolate because she had been unwittingly involved in a number of man-sharing relationships.

''She was a young black woman, tall, thin and very attractive,'' Miss Chapman said, ''and she said she had reached her limit, and she couldn't go another week like this.''

Last May, more than 100 women signed up for Miss Chapman's first man-sharing session at Howard, which she taught with JoKatherine Page, a psychiatric social worker. Since then, Miss Chapman has hired a public relations firm and has appeared on local radio and televison programs, and the Phil Donahue Show.

But Miss Chapman insists that dating patterns in Washington are like those of no other city.

''It's not the quantity - I see hordes of men here in the street,'' she said. ''It's the quality that's hard to find.''

''It seems to me that in D.C., when people select a mate, they are often looking for someone as a showpiece. They want to marry up for financial security, and they feel that a man who works for the phone company can't carry the weight that a lawyer or an M.D. can.''

Judith Dobbins, a 38-year-old project director of a youth counseling center, has attended Miss Chapman's workshop. ''It's become a reality,'' she said, ''that many women are not going to have a man all to themselves, and a lot of us have some problems coping with that fact.''

Another woman who attended the workshop, but asked not to be identified, said that many Washington women set their sights unrealistically high. ''I found the women in her workshop to be extremely naive,'' she said. ''They were fantasizing about a three-piece suit, attache case and Mercedes Benz. And they failed to recognize that many men in this city are laborers, taxi drivers and have manual type jobs. And of the men that might fit that three-piece suit sterotype, I would say that 95 percent are married, or already involved.''

Miss Chapman said that most of the women who attended her workshop were professionals, including doctors and lawyers. Asked whether a female doctor should consider dating a telephone repairman, she said:

''Generally all women, both ***working class*** and professional are going after the same man and there aren't that many of them. They all want the same thing - financial security. I tell them that they need to really look at the person.''

The reaction to her class, Miss Chapman says, has been decidedly mixed. ''Several women called thinking I had come up with a new formula for controlling men, or with a fantasy that I had developed a new way to find a find.''

About 20 men also made inquiries about the workshop, and some even tried to attend, although it was made clear that it would be limited to women. ''They were afraid,'' said Miss Chapman, ''that their supply of women would be cut off.''

Miss Chapman is preparing a workshop for men to be called ''mate sharing.''

**Graphic**

photo of Audrey Chapman

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[***A Fighter Pilot Who Aimed for Novels but Lives on Film***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2WK0-000P-N263-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 30, 1997, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 13; Column 2; Cultural Desk ; Column 2; ; Biography

**Length:** 1361 words

**Byline:** James Salter

By DINITIA SMITH

By DINITIA SMITH

**Body**

In the universe of James Salter's novels, men are men and women don't have jobs. The characters drink Chateau Margaux and kirs and Calvados. The women give the men long, narrow looks and say wry things, and when they make love, the earth does not just move. It quakes.

Sitting one recent day in Bobby Vann's restaurant, a writers' hang-out in Bridgehampton, N.Y., Mr. Salter, 72, looked like a hero from one of his own novels, tanned, with his steely gray hair in a crew cut and eyes so blue you would think he wore colored contacts, only he doesn't.

The critic James Wolcott once called Mr. Salter the most underrated underrated writer in America. He is the author of five novels and a collection, "Dusk and Other Stories," which won the 1988 PEN/Faulkner Award. He is also the writer of the 1968 movie "Downhill Racer," which starred Robert Redford. "Like the stories of John Cheever, James Salter's tales shine with light," Michiko Kakutani wrote in The New York Times. They "glimmer with the magic of fiction; they pull us, hungrily, into the mundane drama of their characters' lives." But despite the encouragement, the books have been slow in coming. And none have sold more than 12,000 copies.

Now, Random House has published Mr. Salter's long-awaited memoir, "Burning the Days," which has been 10 years in the writing. It is a chronicle of Mr. Salter's adventurous life as a fighter pilot, screenwriter and great lover of women. In his review in The Times, Richard Bernstein praised Mr. Salter's "chiseled sentences and deft evocations of mood."

The book is filled with light, the light of the the French countryside, the light of the Hudson Valley, the light on a woman's body. It is a chronicle of a vanished era, the late 50's and the 60's, a time when New York was a city of "Athenian brilliance," the city of Robert Motherwell and George Balanchine. It is about the era before the sexual revolution and feminism.

"You have to make a living," Mr. Salter said, explaining the memoir's long delay. "You can't resolve it. You've got to fight your way out. Great lives come out of struggle." He spoke in short, clipped tones, like a fighter pilot. "You're writing the definitive book. You're not going to write it again. In a sense, you're finishing your life."

But "Burning the Days" is an elliptical book, a recollection, not really a memoir, Mr. Salter said. There are only brief mentions of his marriage and children. A daughter was killed in an accident in 1980, and in the book he describes finding her: "I have never been able to write the story. The death of kings can be recited, but not of one's child. It was an electrical accident. It happened in the shower. I found her lying naked on the floor, water running."

Mr. Salter is not long on self-revelation. He was born James Horowitz in Passaic, N.J. His parents were Jewish, and as an adult, he changed his name. "It was for the usual reasons," he said, "practical and personal. I was writing while I was still in the Air Force. At that time you had to have approval of what you were writing. I didn't want to soil the record by letting them know I was a writer." Speaking of people who change their names, he added, "They do that to rid themselves of any hindrance in their lives."

Mr. Salter's father was first in his class at West Point, an engineer and a real estate broker, a man who had cycles of prosperity and just scraping by during Mr. Salter's childhood. Mr. Salter, an only child, followed in his father's footsteps to West Point. Briefly, he writes in his memoir, he attended the Jewish chapel, then switched to church. After graduating from West Point, Mr. Salter enrolled in the Army Air Corps. He was an officer for a dozen years and saw more than 100 combat missions as a fighter pilot in the Korean War. (He shot down one MIG.) He was also stationed in Europe and briefly led an aerial acrobatic team. In "Burning the Days" some of his most lyrical passages are about flying: "an incandescent, steady roar, in solitude, slamming every moment against invisible waves of air," he writes. "A pure pale halo formed in back of his canopy and remained there, streaming like smoke."

While Mr. Salter was flying, he was also trying to write fiction. In 1956 his first novel, "The Hunters," about fighter pilots, was published. The book was made into a movie with Robert Mitchum and has just been republished by Counterpoint. In 1957, Mr. Salter resigned his commission to write full time.

His next novel was "The Arm of Flesh" (1961), also about flying. "It was derivative Faulkner," he said. "Embarrassing. It vanished without a trace." Mr. Salter had a wife, Ann Altemus, and four children to support. He was living upstate in Grandview, on the Hudson, and with a friend, Lane Slate, made a documentary about football, "Team Team Team." To their surprise, it won a first prize at the 1962 Venice Film Festival. Twelve documentaries with Mr. Slate followed, then a career writing feature films.

Mr. Salter's biggest success was "Downhill Racer," with Mr. Redford. In "Burning the Days," he writes of Mr. Redford's "aura of purest youth" and his " dreamlike quality."

Mr. Salter dismisses most of his other films. There was "The Appointment" (1968), with Omar Sharif and Anouk Aimee: "so awful!" he said; then "Three" (1969), with Sam Waterston and Charlotte Rampling. "Poorly written." Another movie, "Threshold" (1981), starred Donald Sutherland and was "pretty good."

In 1966, Mr. Salter finished his third novel, "A Sport and a Pastime," about a Yale graduate who has an affair with a ***working-class*** French girl. The novel is vividly erotic, a fantasy of France, fine food and beautiful women. His publisher, Harper, said: " 'Oh no. It's very repetitive and the characters aren't interesting,' " he said. "They said it had more than the normal amount of sex, and it would be very thin without it."

The book was turned down by other publishers, too. George Plimpton, editor of The Paris Review, came to Mr. Salter's rescue. Mr. Plimpton had a contract for a series of books with Doubleday, and he agreed to publish the manuscript. But "Doubleday was embarrassed," Mr. Salter said. "They were holding it like it was a pair of dirty socks." The novel was reissued as a paperback by North Point Press in 1981.

He continued writing serious fiction, all the while supporting himself by writing screenplays, most of which went unproduced but earned him a good living. "People were deceived by my scripts," Mr. Salter said. "They thought they were good. But the movies weren't very good."

In 1975 he published "Light Years," a novel about the end of a marriage, written when his marriage was unraveling. Nedra and Viri, living in an unnamed town on the Hudson, seem to have perfect lives. They are beautiful, they drink good wine and they have adorable children with whom they do crafts and play imaginative games. But both are having affairs.

Both "Light Years" and "A Sport and a Pastime" have imagery that disturbed some readers. In "A Sport and Pastime," a character observes a group of black soldiers in a bar. "They have thick mouths, a certain crudity," he writes, and the men speak "in that rich, melodious under-language." In "Light Years," he writes of a character: "He was a Jew. The most elegant Jew, the most romantic." He goes on, "His breath smelled faintly bad like the breath of an uncle who is no longer well."

In 1976 Mr. Salter met Kay Eldredge, a journalist. They have a 12-year-old son, Theo, but have never married. They want to be married in France, he said, "but you need 40 days' residency."

Ms. Eldredge saw Mr. Salter's frustration with the film business and encouraged him to write full time. In 1980 she printed business cards for him that said: "Mr. James Salter regrets he is far too occupied to: Write a Movie Script. Polish a Movie Script. Read a Movie Script. Take a Meeting." He has since made his living teaching and as a freelance journalist. He spends half his year in Aspen, Colo., the other half in Bridgehampton, N.Y.

Mr. Salter is at work on another novel now, but he won't talk about it. "I don't like to spoil it," he said. "I'm sick of being known as a writer's writer."

**Graphic**

Photo: The good life: James Salter in the screened-in porch of his home in Bridgehampton, N.Y., which he built 12 years ago. He spends half the year in Aspen, Colo. (Lois Raimondo for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 30, 1997

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[***BEST SELLERS FICTION 117***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J630-0008-Y48P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 40, Column 2; Book Review Desk; list

**Length:** 1234 words

**Body**

POLAND, by James A. Michener. (Random House, $17.95.) Seven centuries of history in fictional form. 226

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THE NAME OF THE ROSE, by Umberto Eco. (Helen & Kurt Wolff/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $15.95.) Unraveling the mystery of a murder in a 14th-century Italian monastery. 4411

HOLLYWOOD WIVES, by Jackie Collins. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) The struggle for money and power in Tinsel Town. 5510

AUGUST, by Judith Rossner. (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95.) The five-year relationship of two women, a teen-age patient and her analyst. 684

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NONFICTION

1140

IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE, by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman Jr. (Harper & Row, $19.95.) Lessons to be learned from well-run American corporations. 274

MOTHERHOOD: The Second Oldest Profession, by Erma Bombeck. (McGraw-Hill, $12.95.) A humorous look at the biggest on-the-job training program ever. 337

ON WINGS OF EAGLES, by Ken Follett. (Morrow, $17.95.) The rescue of two Americans from an Iranian prison. 4249

MEGATRENDS, by John Naisbitt. (Warner, $17.50.) Predictions about America in the next decade based on an analysis of conditions today. 5 1

THE MARY KAY GUIDE TO BEAUTY. (Addison-Wesley, $19.95.) An illustrated guide for women prepared by the staff of a cosmetic firm. 692

THE BODY PRINCIPAL, by Victoria Principal. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) Exercises for women by a television personality. 763

FATAL VISION, by Joe McGinniss. (Putnam, $17.95.) The case of Jeffrey MacDonald, Ivy League graduate, respected physician and convicted killer of his wife and daughters. 8455

THE ONE MINUTE MANAGER, by Kenneth Blanchard and Spencer Johnson. (Morrow, $15.) How to increase the productivity of those with whom you work, as well as your own. 9105

THE BEST OF JAMES HERRIOT. (St. Martin's Press, $19.95.) Selections from the writings of the Yorkshire veterinarian. 10521

CREATING WEALTH, by Robert G. Allen. (Simon & Schuster, $15.95.) Making money in real estate. 11 3

THE PETER PAN SYNDROME, by Dan Kiley. (Dodd, Mead, $14.95.) A psychologist's analysis of the plight of men who have never grown up. 12855

NOTHING DOWN, by Robert G. Allen. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) How to buy real estate with little or no money: a 1980 book. 13133

OUTRAGEOUS ACTS AND EVERYDAY REBELLIONS, by Gloria Steinem. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $14.95.) Essays by a leading feminist writer. 141114

OUT ON A LIMB, by Shirley MacLaine. (Bantam, $15.95.) The actress tells of her mid-life ''journey to find her true self.'' 151291

JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT BOOK, by Jane Fonda. (Simon & Schuster, $19.95.) Exercises for women by the film actress. *The listings above are based on computer-processed sales figures from about 2,000 bookstores in every region of the United States. And Bear in Mind Other recent books that in the opinion of the Book Review staff are of particular literary, topical or scholarly interest:*

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CAL, by Bernard Mac Laverty. (George Braziller, $12.95.) A novel of the Troubles in Northern Ireland, whose emotional impact is grounded in a complete avoidance of sentimentality.

THE CANNIBAL GALAXY, by Cynthia Ozick. (Alfred A. Knopf, $11.95.) Miss Ozick's second novel is about a Jewish survivor of Nazi-dominated France who establishes a primary school in the American Midwest.

CATHEDRAL, by Raymond Carver. (Alfred A. Knopf, $13.95.) Short stories by a writer who draws upon the American voice of loneliness and stoicism.

CHILDREN OF WAR, by Roger Rosenblatt. (Anchor Press/Doubleday, $13.95.) A journalist and father of three travels in five weeks to five war zones around the world to interview and understand children caught up in those wars.

HUGGING THE SHORE: Essays and Criticism, by John Updike. (Alfred A. Knopf, $19.95.) A large selection of Mr. Updike's essays and reviews that documents his achievements as a man of letters.

LITERARY THEORY: An Introduction, by Terry Eagleton. (University of Minnesota Press, cloth, $29.50; paper, $9.95.) A vigorous, lucid examination of current literary theories with an eye to their political underpinnings.

LOCAL KNOWLEDGE: Futher Essays in Interpretive Anthropology, by Clifford Geertz. (Basic Books, $18.50.) Eight essays, comparing different cultures, written over the past decade by an anthropologist who has attracted attention well outside his discipline.

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 40, Column 2; Book Review Desk; List

**Length:** 1256 words

**Body**

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POLAND, by James A. Michener. (Random House, $17.95.) Seven centuries of history in fictional form. 2318

THE NAME OF THE ROSE, by Umberto Eco. (Helen & Kurt Wolff/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $15.95.) Unraveling the mystery of a murder in a 14th-century Italian monastery. 327

CHANGES, by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte, $15.95.) The crises that arise when a television anchorwoman and a glamorous physician fall in love. 4412

HOLLYWOOD WIVES, by Jackie Collins. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) The struggle for money and power in Tinsel Town. 5511

AUGUST, by Judith Rossner. (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95.) The five-year relationship of two women, a teen-age patient and her analyst. 665

WINTER'S TALE, by Mark Helprin. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95.) Heroic lives in Manhattan between the late 19th century and the year 2000. 785

THE AUERBACH WILL, by Stephen Birmingham. (Little, Brown, $16.95.) Three generations of a German-Jewish family in New York. 878

WHO KILLED THE ROBINS FAMILY?, created by Bill Adler and written by Thomas Chastain. (Morrow, $9.95.) The publisher offers a $10,000 prize to the reader who submits the best answer. 9 1

THE SAGA OF BABY DIVINE, by Bette Midler. (Crown, $11.95.) The entertainer imagines what her infancy was like in a fable lushly illustrated by Todd Schorr. 1096

MONIMBO, by Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) What happens after Castro unveils a plan to stir racial tension in the United States. 111020

RETURN OF THE JEDI, adapted by Joan D. Vinge. (Random House, $6.95.) Illustrated storybook based on the latest ''Star Wars'' film. 12115

EVERYTHING AND MORE, by Jacqueline Briskin. (Putnam, $15.95.) Life after Beverly Hills High School: the careers of four women. 131229

CHRISTINE, by Stephen King. (Viking, $16.95.) A car that kills is at large among a Pennsylvania town's high school set. 141532

THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL, by John le Carre. (Knopf, $15.95.) A British actress caught between agents of Israeli intelligence and of the Palestine Liberation Organization. 151426

HEARTBURN, by Nora Ephron. (Knopf, $11.95.) A *roman a clef* about a marriage breaking up.

NONFICTION 125

MOTHERHOOD: The Second Oldest Profession, by Erma Bombeck. (McGraw-Hill, $12.95.) A humorous look at the biggest on-the-job training program ever. 2141

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VIETNAM: A History, by Stanley Karnow. (Viking, $19.95.) Profusely illustrated history of the war: tie-in with the current PBS television series. 13134

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DASHIELL HAMMETT, by Diane Johnson. (Random House, $17.95.) A cool, steady-eyed and engrossing biography of a writer who is perhaps as much fun to read about as his most notable creation, the private eye Sam Spade.

A FEELING FOR THE ORGANISM: The Life and Work of Barbara McClintock, by Evelyn Fox Keller. (W. H. Freeman & Co., $14.95.) An excellent biography of the 81-year-old ''loner'' from Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., who won the 1983 Nobel Prize for Medicine for work in genetics that scientists once regarded as heretical.

HUGGING THE SHORE: Essays and Criticism, by John Updike. (Alfred A. Knopf, $19.95.) A large selection of Mr. Updike's essays and reviews that documents his achievements as a man of letters.

LIGHT, by Eva Figes. (Pantheon, $10.95.) Technique is all or nearly all in this slender, fastidious novel of a day in the life of Claude Monet - a kind of Impressionism in words.

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